

MASTERWORKS
OF
Autobiography

DIGESTS OF 10 GREAT CLASSICS



Edited by
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R. D. M.

PREFACE BY THE EDITORS

THIS VOLUME is one of a series of books which will make available to the modern reader the key classics in each of the principal fields of knowledge.

The plan of this series is to devote one volume to each subject, such as Philosophy, Economics, Science, History, Government, and Autobiography, and to have each volume represent its field by authoritative condensations of ten to twelve famous books universally recognized as masterworks of human thought and knowledge. The names of the authors and the books have long been household words, but the books themselves are not generally known, and many of them are quite inaccessible to the public. With respect to each subject represented, one may say that seldom before have so many original documents of vital importance been brought together in a single volume. Many readers will welcome the opportunity of coming to know these masterworks at first hand through these comprehensive and carefully prepared condensations, which include the most significant and influential portion of each book—in the author's own words. Furthermore, the bringing together in one volume of the great classics in individual fields of knowledge will give the reader a broad view and a historical perspective of each subject.

Each volume of this series has a general introduction to the field with which it deals, and in addition each of the classics is preceded by a biographical introduction.

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All these books have had a profound effect upon the thinking and activities of mankind. To know them is to partake of the world's great heritage of wisdom and achievement. Here, in the Masterworks Series, epoch-making ideas of past and present stand forth freshly and vividly—a modern presentation of the classics to the modern reader.

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MASTERWORKS OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

INTRODUCTION

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHIES presented in this volume are among the great and enduring literary documents. Ever since there has been a reading public of any size biography has ranked next in popularity to fiction. Moreover, most readers have shown in their approval or disapproval of literary efforts their agreement with Dr. Johnson, who wrote in 1759:

Those relations are therefore commonly of most value in which the writer tells his own story . . . The writer of his own life has at least the first qualification of an historian, the knowledge of the truth; and though it may be plausibly objected that his temptations to disguise it are equal to his opportunities of knowing it, yet I cannot but think that impartiality may be expected with equal confidence from him that relates the passages of his own life, as from him that delivers the transactions of another . . . He that speaks of himself has no motive to falsehood or partiality except self-love, by which all have so often been betrayed that we are on the watch against its artifices.

Why, we may ask, do we read autobiography with such pleasure? There are probably a variety of reasons, not all, perhaps, of equal importance to every reader. Many of us read an autobiography simply as a work of art, for the author's style and for the pleasure we obtain from all great literature. Some of us read these accounts great men have given of their lives in order that we may, so to speak, live vicariously; escape, that is, from ourselves momentarily and heighten our own lives by living a number of other lives at the same time. And we are usually aware, once we have given a little thought to the matter, that biography and autobiography teach us to live better lives by helping us to establish contact with men and women who have faced the same perplexing problems that we must face.

We all love to reminisce. We all love to tell others what we have done, what we have thought, what we have dreamed. Some of us confide most readily in our close friends; some of us, oddly enough, confide in strangers. Others of us again find it impossible to talk of ourselves except in a letter, a diary, or an outright narrative addressed to a general audience. But whatever form it may take, our desire to reminisce and to confess is bound to have expression, for it arises from our sense of the unity of human life. We know that we are alone; we are at the same time part of a

group There is, we are sure, a very real connection between our life and the lives of others. And just as we are driven to confess our innermost secrets in the hope of establishing contact with others, so we find most interesting of all the words of those who have written their autobiographies.

A biography, we say, is the history of one man's life; an autobiography is such a history written by the man himself. For a long time, autobiography, under such various names as *memoirs*, *journal*, *diary*, and *history by self*, was considered simply a subdivision of biography. By the seventeenth century, however, it was becoming evident that much of the success of great biographies was owing to autobiographical material used by the biographer. More and more attention was given to self-records and documents of self-study, especially after the publication of Rousseau's *Confessions*. The modern interest in psychology also helped to separate the two forms. The word "biography" was coined by Dryden in 1683; "biographer" by Addison in 1715. By 1809 the word "autobiography" had been coined by Robert Southey, and since that time it has become increasingly clear that autobiography is a type of literature worth reading and studying in its own right.

Like its parent, biography, autobiography springs from the instinctive desire of man to secure some kind of immortality for the story of his life. "Marble and the gilded monuments of princes" are all very well, but, as Shakespeare goes on to say, they are less durable than "powerful rime." It is natural, then, that men should wish to record in verse or prose some account of themselves. Until Plutarch showed that biography might be separated from history, writers of historical narratives produced works which were little more than a series of memorials to great men. In the Middle Ages an author was scarcely to be distinguished from the book he wrote. Because of this passion for anonymity there are no autobiographical documents of any importance after Augustine's *Confessions* until the Renaissance, with its growing interest in personalities, gives us Benvenuto Cellini.

As biography developed toward its ideal of a narrative from birth to death of one man's life, more and more life narratives became attempts to portray character. In older biographies the subject was more often than not almost lost in the history of his time or else was seen merely as one member of a group. If he happened to be a great king or public figure (as he usually was) there was real danger that his personality would be obscured by the outward events in which he participated. The alternative—pure panegyric—was an unsatisfactory one. Readers wanted the inner workings of a man's life as well as its outer manifestations; they wanted to know what a man *was* as well as what he *did*. And since presumably every man knew more about himself than the most talented of his biographers could ever know, it was only natural that biographers should make increasing use of autobiographical material. "Had Dr. Johnson," says Boswell, "written his own life, in conformity with the opinion which he has given, that every man's life may be best written by himself; had he

employed in the preservation of his own history, that clearness of narration and elegance of language in which he has embalmed so many eminent persons, the world would probably have had the most perfect example of biography that was ever exhibited. But although he at different times, in a desultory manner, committed to writing many particulars of the progress of his mind and fortunes, he never had persevering diligence enough to form them into a regular composition. Of these memorials a few have been preserved; but the greater part was consigned by him to the flames, a few days before his death."

When the autobiography emerges as a distinct form—when men make a more sustained effort to perpetuate themselves through self-memorial than did Johnson—two major kinds of autobiography develop. There is, first, the narrative principally of the outward events of the narrator's life. He regards himself as important chiefly because he lived during memorable days. The second and more highly regarded form is the record of inner events, in which the narrator directs attention to himself as an individual and in which he is principally concerned with describing his own thoughts and feelings. Seldom do we find a great autobiography that does not to some extent combine these two types. Offhand, one would say that direct self-study is the greater form. Although it is undoubtedly true that sometimes the narrative of external events makes the personality of the narrator emerge more sharply than any discussion of the soul's struggles could ever do, it is now generally agreed that mere external narrative does not constitute the highest form of autobiography. What we call the great autobiographies have almost without exception been records of inner experiences rather than of outward events.

Our survey of the great autobiographies begins with Saint Augustine, a fourth-century bishop, and ends with Henry Adams, historian and scholar of the late nineteenth century. As we trace the course of autobiography over a period of sixteen hundred years, we are struck by the fact that no external differences can disguise the fundamental identity of man. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo in the fourth century, was stirred and disturbed by the same impulses which agitated John Henry Newman in the nineteenth century. Both found peace in much the same way. Henry Adams, aghast at the accelerating mass of modern knowledge and modern ignorance, sought to resolve his problems through a study of his own educational history. Samuel Pepys kept his diary for the purpose of analyzing himself. Benjamin Franklin wrote out an inventory of his faults and weaknesses and, like Pepys, set about the task of self-improvement.

Each succeeding age shows us a man grappling with the inescapable problem and attempting to settle the question of man's place in the world, in nature, in society. He who in these days is never aware of an unfulfilled craving for spiritual satisfaction in the face of all the vast complexity of the world is a poor thing indeed. Few of us there must be who have never echoed the despairing cry of Bunyan's Pilgrim: "What shall I do?" We may postpone action; in the end we must solve the riddle in our fashion. The men who have written the great autobiographies tell us many things

about themselves and their deeds. Their narratives differ in externals but have this in common: inevitably, the man who writes of his own life confronts the riddle of existence and attempts an answer.

Autobiography as we have come to know it begins, then, with Augustine, the influence of whose *Confessions* upon all subsequent self-studies can hardly be exaggerated. From Augustine derive the later autobiographies, such as Rousseau's, in which the author gives us a detailed account of the errors of his misguided youth, and Cardinal Newman's, in which the uncertainty of youth is contrasted with the peace of mind of maturity. Ever since Paul stood before Agrippa and told of his experience on the road to Damascus there have been accounts of the important process called conversion. Augustine's own story set the standard for most later writers, and we do not really need Henry Adams's remarks about wanting to complete Augustine's *Confessions* to remind us of his ever-continuing influence.

Rousseau disclaimed all knowledge of earlier documents of self-study. "I am commencing an undertaking," he says, "hitherto without precedent." But Rousseau's "conversion" is in every way as important in its effects as Augustine's, much as it may differ from it. When Jean-Jacques in 1750 tried to answer the question propounded by the Academy of Dijon as subject for a prize essay: "Has the progress of the arts and sciences contributed more to the corruption or purification of morals?" he had a vision of the truth, and this vision he held for the rest of his troubled life. That he preached a "return to nature" everyone knows. Just how he developed his theory of the essential goodness of human nature and how he worked out a scheme for preserving this goodness in a materialistic age we learn from his novels; what sort of man evolved these theories we learn from his *Confessions*.

Inevitably we contrast the tears, ecstasies, and self-lamentations of Rousseau with the friendly common sense of his contemporary, Benjamin Franklin. Few men have deserved better of their nation by virtue of their acts and ideas than has the Philadelphia printer and statesman. Without formal education he became a cultivated and important man of the world before his death in 1790. He was endowed with a great capacity for learning and a keen appetite for knowledge. When he approached the problem of religion and morals, he did so as a typical eighteenth-century gentleman. With Rousseau, to feel was to know. There could be no compromise. Franklin drew up his "Articles of Belief" in the best traditions of the Age of Enlightenment; abstained, for the most part, from theological controversy (as a good businessman and public servant should); and went serenely through life apparently (and probably quite truly) indifferent to all questions of good and evil which did not directly affect practical conduct. Unlike Rousseau, he had no theory of "natural goodness" as his inspiration. No conflicts rage today about his personality. We remember him, not as a man whose life was "one long war with self-sought foes" but as a prudent, friendly, prosperous citizen with a healthy moral code. In the straightforward document which is his *Autobiography*, Franklin,

toward the close of a successful life, looks back sympathetically and with understanding upon Franklin the busy citizen of Philadelphia, and writes one of the truly great American books.

If Franklin advocated order and decency in life, so did Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, who published the first fragmentary portion of his *Faust* in the year that Franklin died. Into his great philosophical poem, by general consent one of the most important attempts ever made to express a philosophy of life in dramatic poetry, Goethe put the experience of a long and varied lifetime. The poem was not completed until 1831, one year before the author's death. In *Faust* and *Wilhelm Meister* we read Goethe's answer to the question that confronts us all. The author of the second part of *Faust* had passed through the "Storm and Stress" period, had given it literary expression, and had gone on to unite German romanticism with Greek and Latin classicism. He saw clearly the dangers of uncontrolled emotion and looked for salvation in an aristocracy of culture. As he remarked to Eckermann: "Man is born, not to solve the problems of the universe, but to find out where the problem begins and then restrain himself within the limits of the comprehensible."

In *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, Goethe gives us no mere historical account of his boyhood and youth before the Weimar period but rather an artistic version of what he regarded as the most important part of his life. Even those who find in it a lack of precise detail and a tendency on the part of the aging author to soften the picture of his youthful follies admit the book's charm. Biographers of Goethe find the autobiography of little assistance in establishing the chronology of his life, but the general reader will have no difficulty in understanding why Tolstoy chose it as a model for his own *Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth*.

Tolstoy's narrative was his earliest literary effort. If philosophers like Goethe are right, we should find these early self-studies helpful in our attempt to understand the later Tolstoy who startled the world by renouncing all his possessions. This is not the place to discuss the mystery of Tolstoy's life. It will be enough, perhaps, to suggest that his conversion experience may profitably be studied along with those of Augustine, Rousseau, and Newman. Tolstoy has been called the symbol of a restless and searching century. His contemporaries Newman and Adams, each in his own way, also sought for some harmonious adjustment of the individual to his environment, and each, in his own opinion at least, failed in his attempt. But the "failures" of Newman and Adams are not likely to mislead many readers of the *Apologia* and the *Education*. Newman set himself resolutely against the "liberalism" in thought that he felt was threatening to destroy religion. Adams was moved by the spectacle of a machine age to ask if the American people knew whither they were driving. He readily admitted that he, for one, did not know, but he stated also that he would try to find out.

Autobiographies are of necessity incomplete. Only a biography gives the full account of a man's life from birth to death. And it often happens, too, that the autobiography is left in fragmentary or incomplete form.

Often it covers only a relatively small portion of a man's life. Franklin's *Autobiography*, for example, carries the story only to 1775 and remained unpublished until it appeared in a French translation in 1791. Andersen wrote his while traveling to Spain and sent the sheets off to Berlin as he finished them. Newman wrote the *Apologia* at top speed.

But the autobiographer usually describes with some minuteness his childhood and youth. Much of the fascination of this kind of literature comes from the opportunity it gives us to observe great men as children. We watch with interest Saint Augustine disliking school and having trouble with the Greek language; Cellini taking music lessons only to please his father; Rousseau showing no promise whatsoever, much to the despair of his relatives; Goethe visiting art galleries instead of attending law lectures; Franklin planning to run away; Tolstoy failing to pass his examinations and utterly unable to get along with his tutor; Newman reading the *Arabian Nights* and wishing they were true; Andersen playing with his puppet theater; young Henry Adams serenely confident that he would one day be President. We look instinctively for a clue to later greatness in these accounts of childhood and youth, and probably most of us feel some encouragement in discovering how much these great men have in common with us, so far as early experiences are concerned.

If we have ever attempted anything resembling an autobiography ourselves, we read the great autobiographies with full appreciation of one special difficulty of this type: the author's attitude toward himself. How can a man who has accomplished something write of his accomplishments without laying himself open to the charge of vanity? Cellini swaggers through the pages of his own story as he swaggered through life. Pepys, writing a secret diary, could speak without reserve of the self-satisfaction he felt after delivering a speech in defense of the administration of naval affairs. Inevitably the author must talk about himself, and whoever talks about himself publicly may be accused of egotism. Sometimes he will justify himself by claiming that he is a person vastly different from others, as did Rousseau. Sometimes he will insist upon his early sins and wickednesses in order to make more emphatic his later reformation. But it is still egotism, however indirect. The author still calls attention to himself, and rightly so, for "the autobiographer," as an eminent critic puts it, "in writing about himself, is writing about you and me. If he were not, we would not listen to him for a moment."

THE CONFESSIONS
OF
SAINT AUGUSTINE

SAINT AUGUSTINE

354-430

FIRST of a long line of great autobiographies is the *Confessions* of Saint Augustine, Numidian Bishop of Hippo. It is a book that would be called great in any period of history. Coming as it did at a time when the ancient classics were either unknown or, at best, but dimly and imperfectly perceived, it assumes even greater importance. The *Confessions* and the *City of God* are books which must be read by all who would understand the mind of fourth-century man and who would understand how the Holy Roman Empire emerged from the chaos created by the barbarians.

In the pages of the *Confessions* are recorded the spiritual struggles of a young African provincial, for many years under the spell of the Manichæans but ultimately baptized a Christian. Augustine's account of his actual conversion constitutes one of the most moving passages in all literature, and its poignancy is enhanced when the story is read, not merely as a famous single passage, but as a part of Augustine's own story of his early life. The autobiography of Augustine does not give us primarily a picture of the state of the Christian Church, for it deals with a man who was not a Christian during the years covered by the *Confessions*. But in some ways we get, as a result, an even better picture of the fourth-century Church. We see the talented young rhetorician vacillating between the allurements of the pagan world and the peace of his mother's faith. We follow him as he renounces Manichæism, turns to the Neo-Platonists, and at last to the Latin Bible.

Once he is baptized, Augustine is able to speak of the sins and errors of his youth as if speaking of the events of a former life. He can condemn them without fear or uneasiness, for they are truly, for him, part of a dead past. It has been said that Augustine—essentially modest—does not enjoy talking about himself. This is probably true. The sins he tells us

he committed during his unregenerate years are apparently not selected for special mention because they are particularly heinous, but rather because they are the errors to which his readers may be exposed. Thus Augustine never revels in a discussion of sin for its own sake. He always tells how the sin is to be corrected or how the heretical belief is to be proved false.

Augustine was born in the village of Thagaste in Numidia (now Algeria) on November 13, A.D. 354. Although his father did embrace Christianity just before his death, he remained a pagan throughout his life, and his influence on the young Augustine must not be discounted. The boy's mother, Monica, was a devout Christian who lived long enough to see her son accept her faith and, in so doing, fulfill the major ambition of her life. It is well to note that Augustine's parents were Africans and that Augustine was always conscious of his provincial origins. Except for the tumultuous years in Milan and Rome, Augustine passed his entire life in North Africa.

In the *Confessions* we read of Augustine's early dislike for the schools at Thagaste, at Madaura (a town some thirty miles away, famous as the birthplace of Apuleius), and even at the great city of Carthage. He especially disliked the study of Greek, and it is perhaps to this dislike that we are to trace his strictures upon the educational system in vogue during his youth. He became, somewhat halfheartedly, a Manichaean, while preparing himself for a career as a teacher of rhetoric. In 384 he traveled to Rome and thence to Milan, where he heard the great Bishop Ambrose, whose sermons shook his faith in Manichæism and led ultimately to his becoming a Christian in the year 387.

After his return to North Africa, Augustine was, in the year 396, consecrated Bishop of Hippo (the modern Bône in Algeria), and the story of his life becomes the story of his devotion to his episcopal duties and to the defense of his adopted Church against the heretics and schismatics whom he knew so well.

His polemical tracts are no longer generally read today, but his major work, *The City of God*, upon which he worked from 414 to 426, is one of the landmarks of literature. It is a treatise in twenty-two books, which began as a refutation of the charge that the Christian Church was directly responsible for the Empire's disintegration after the fall of Rome in 410. It became an elaborate picture of the calamities of Roman history, leading up to the collapse of the earthly city and stressing the need for a "city of God." Men who are sanctified, said Augustine, constitute the City of God on earth, organized as they are into the Church ruled by the Vicar of Christ, the

Pope. To this conception of a theocratic state may be traced the general scheme of the later Holy Roman Empire.

Augustine died during the siege of Hippo by the Vandals under the leadership of Genseric. The Vandals, a Germanic tribe, invaded North Africa from Spain, swept all before them, and before long had entirely supplanted the Roman provincial government. Twenty-five years after Augustine's death this same Genseric led his Vandals to Italy and captured Rome.

THE CONFESSIONS OF SAINT AUGUSTINE

Book One

GREAT art Thou, O Lord, and greatly to be praised; great is Thy power, and Thy wisdom infinite. And Thee would man praise; man, but a particle of Thy creation; man, that bears about him his mortality, the witness of his sin, the witness, that *Thou resistest the proud* yet would man praise Thee; he, but a particle of Thy creation. Thou awakest us to delight in Thy praise; for Thou madest us for Thyself, and our heart is restless, until it repose in Thee. Grant me, Lord, to know and understand which is first, to call on Thee or to praise Thee? and, again, to know Thee or to call on Thee? For who can call on Thee, not knowing Thee? For he that knoweth Thee not, may call on Thee as other than Thou art. Or, is it rather, that we call on Thee that we may know Thee? But *how shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? or how shall they believe without a preacher?* And *they that seek the Lord shall praise Him. For they that seek shall find Him*, and they that find shall praise Him. I will seek Thee, Lord, by calling on Thee; and will call on Thee, believing in Thee; for to us hast Thou been preached. My faith, Lord, shall call on Thee, which Thou hast given me, wherewith Thou hast inspired me, through the Incarnation of Thy Son, through the ministry of the Preacher.

Do the heaven and earth then contain Thee, since Thou fillest them? or dost Thou fill them and yet overflow, since they do not contain Thee? And whither, when the heaven and the earth are filled, pourest Thou forth the remainder of Thyself? Or hast Thou no need that aught contain Thee, who containest all things, since what Thou fillest Thou fillest by containing it?

What art Thou then, my God? What, but the Lord God? *For who is Lord but the Lord? or who is God save our God?* Most highest, most good, most potent, most omnipotent; most merciful, yet most just; most hidden, yet most present; most beautiful, yet most strong; stable, yet incomprehensible; unchangeable, yet all-changing; never new, never old; all-renewing, and *bringing age upon the proud, and they know it not*; ever working, ever at rest; still gathering, yet nothing lacking; supporting,

filling, and overspreading; creating, nourishing, and maturing; seeking, yet having all things.

Narrow is the mansion of my soul; enlarge Thou it, that Thou mayest enter in. It is ruinous; repair Thou it. It has that within which must offend Thine eyes; I confess and know it. But who shall cleanse it? or to whom should I cry, save Thee?

Yet suffer me to speak unto Thy mercy, me, *dust and ashes*. Yet suffer me to speak, since I speak to Thy mercy, and not to scornful man. Thou too, perhaps, despisest me, yet wilt Thou *return and have compassion* upon me. For what would I say, O Lord my God, but that I know not whence I came into this dying life (shall I call it?) or living death. Then immediately did the comforts of Thy compassion take me up, as I heard (for I remember it not) from the parents of my flesh, out of whose substance Thou didst sometime fashion me. Thus there received me the comforts of woman's milk. For neither my mother nor my nurses stored their own breasts for me; but Thou didst bestow the food of my infancy through them, according to Thine ordinance, whereby Thou distributest Thy riches through the hidden springs of all things. Thou also gavest me to desire no more than Thou gavest; and to my nurses willingly to give me what Thou gavest them. For they, with an heaven-taught affection, willingly gave me, what they abounded with from Thee. For this my good from them, was good for them. Nor, indeed, from them was it, but through them; for from Thee, O God, are all good things, and *from my God is all my health*. This I since learned, Thou, through these Thy gifts, within me and without, proclaiming Thyself unto me. For then I knew but to suck; to repose in what pleased, and cry at what offended my flesh; nothing more.

Afterwards I began to smile; first in sleep, then waking: for so it was told me of myself, and I believed it; for we see the like in other infants, though of myself I remember it not. Thus, little by little, I became conscious where I was; and to have a wish to express my wishes to those who could content them, and I could not; for the wishes were within me, and they without; nor could they by any sense of theirs enter within my spirit. So I flung about at random limbs and voice, making the few signs I could, and such as I could, like, though in truth very little like, what I wished. And when I was not presently obeyed, (my wishes being hurtful or unintelligible,) then I was indignant with my elders for not submitting to me, with those owing me no service, for not serving me; and avenged myself on them by tears. Such have I learnt infants to be from observing them; and, that I was myself such, they, all unconscious, have shewn me better than my nurses who knew it.

Say, Lord, to me, Thy suppliant; say, all-pitying, to me, Thy pitiable one; say, did my infancy succeed another age of mine that died before it? Was it that which I spent within my mother's womb? for of that I have heard somewhat, and have myself seen women with child? and what before that life again, O God my joy, was I any where or any body? For this have I none to tell me, neither father nor mother, nor experience of

others, nor mine own memory. Dost Thou mock me for asking this, and bid me praise Thee and acknowledge Thee, for that I do know?

Hear, O God. Alas, for man's sin! So saith man, and Thou pitiest him; for Thou madest him, but sin in him Thou madest not. Who remindeth me of the sins of my infancy? *for in Thy sight none is pure from sin, not even the infant whose life is but a day upon the earth.* Who remindeth me? Doth not each little infant, in whom I see what of myself I remember not? The weakness then of infant limbs, not its will, is its innocence. Myself have seen and known even a baby envious; it could not speak, yet it turned pale and looked bitterly on its foster-brother. Who knows not this? Mothers and nurses tell you, that they allay these things by I know not what remedies. Is that too innocence, when the fountain of milk is flowing in rich abundance, not to endure one to share it, though in extremest need, and whose very life as yet depends thereon? We bear gently with all this, not as being no or slight evils, but because they will disappear as years increase; for, though tolerated now, the very same tempers are utterly intolerable when found in riper years.

Passing hence from infancy, I came to boyhood, or rather it came to me, displacing infancy. Nor did that depart,—(for whither went it?)—and yet it was no more. For I was no longer a speechless infant, but a speaking boy. This I remember; and have since observed how I learned to speak. It was not that my elders taught me words (as, soon after, other learning) in any set method; but I, longing by cries and broken accents and various motions of my limbs to express my thoughts, that so I might have my will, and yet unable to express all I willed, or to whom I willed, did myself, by the understanding which Thou, my God, gavest me, practise the sounds in my memory. When they named any thing, and as they spoke turned towards it, I saw and remembered that they called what they would point out, by the name they uttered. And that they meant this thing and no other, was plain from the motion of their body, the natural language, as it were, of all nations, expressed by the countenance, glances of the eye, gestures of the limbs, and tones of the voice, indicating the affections of the mind, as it pursues, possesses, rejects, or shuns. And thus by constantly hearing words, as they occurred in various sentences, I collected gradually for what they stood; and having broken in my mouth to these signs, I thereby gave utterance to my will. Thus I exchanged with those about me these current signs of our wills, and so launched deeper into the stormy intercourse of human life, yet depending on parental authority and the beck of elders.

Next I was put to school to get learning, in which I (poor wretch) knew not what use there was; and yet, if idle in learning, I was beaten. For this was judged right by our forefathers; I began, as a boy, to pray to Thee, my aid and refuge; and broke the fetters of my tongue to call on Thee, praying Thee, though small, yet with no small earnestness, that I might not be beaten at school. And when Thou heardest me not, (*not thereby giving me over to folly,*) my elders, yea, my very parents, who yet wished me no ill, mocked my stripes, my then great and grievous ill.

For we feared not our torments less; nor prayed we less to Thee to escape them. And yet we sinned, in writing or reading or studying less than was exacted of us. For we wanted not, O Lord, memory or capacity, whereof Thy will gave enough for our age; but our sole delight was play; and for this we were punished by those who yet themselves were doing the like. But elder folks' idleness is called "business"; that of boys, being really the same, is punished by those elders; and none commiserates either boys or men. For will any of sound discretion approve of my being beaten as a boy, because, by playing at ball, I made less progress in studies which I was to learn, only that, as a man, I might play more unbecomingly? And what else did he, who beat me? who, if worsted in some trifling discussion with his fellow-tutor, was more embittered and jealous than I, when beaten at ball by a play-fellow?

And yet, I sinned herein, O Lord God, the Creator and Disposer of all things in nature, of sin the Disposer only, O Lord my God, I sinned in transgressing the commands of my parents and those of my masters.

In boyhood itself, however, (so much less dreaded for me than youth,) I loved not study, and hated to be forced to it. Yet I was forced; and this was well done towards me, but I did not well; for, unless forced, I had not learnt. But no one doth well against his will, even though what he doth, be well.

But why did I so much hate the Greek, which I studied as a boy? I do not yet fully know. For the Latin I loved; not what my first masters, but what the so-called grammarians taught me. For those first lessons, reading, writing, and arithmetic, I thought as great a burden and penalty as any Greek.

For what more miserable than a miserable being who commiserates not himself; weeping the death of Dido for love to Æneas, but weeping not his own death for want of love to Thee, O God. Thou light of my heart, Thou bread of my inmost soul, Thou Power who givest vigour to my mind, who quickenest my thoughts, I loved Thee not. I committed fornication against Thee, and all around me thus fornicating there echoed "Well done! well done!" *for the friendship of this world is fornication against Thee*; and "Well done! well done!" echoes on till one is ashamed not to be thus a man. And all this I wept not, I who wept for Dido slain, and "seeking by the sword a stroke and wound extreme," myself seeking the while a worse extreme, the extremest and lowest of Thy creatures, having forsaken Thee, earth passing into the earth. And if forbid to read all this, I was grieved that I might not read what grieved me. Madness like this is thought a higher and a richer learning, than that by which I learned to read and write.

But now, my God, cry Thou aloud in my soul; and let Thy truth tell me, "Not so, not so. Far better was that first study." For, lo, I would readily forget the wanderings of Æneas and all the rest, rather than how to read and write. For if I question them whether it be true, that Æneas came on a time to Carthage, as the Poet tells, the less learned will reply that they know not, the more learned that he never did. But should I ask

with what letters the name "Æneas" is written, every one who has learnt this will answer me aright, as to the signs which men have conventionally settled. If, again, I should ask, which might be forgotten with least detriment to the concerns of life, reading and writing or these poetic fictions? who does not foresee, what all must answer who have not wholly forgotten themselves? I sinned, then, when as a boy I preferred those empty to those more profitable studies, or rather loved the one and hated the other. "One and one, two;" "two and two, four;" this was to me a hateful sing-song: "the wooden horse lined with armed men," and "the burning of Troy," and "Creusa's shade and sad similitude," were the choice spectacle of my vanity.

Why then did I hate the Greek classics, which have the like tales? For Homer also curiously wove the like fictions, and is most sweetly-vain, yet was he bitter to my boyish taste. And so I suppose would Virgil be to Grecian children, when forced to learn him as I was Homer. Difficulty, in truth, the difficulty of a foreign tongue, dashed, as it were, with gall all the sweetness of Grecian fable. For not one word of it did I understand, and to make me understand I was urged vehemently with cruel threats and punishments.

Bear with me, my God, while I say somewhat of my wit, Thy gift, and on what dotages I wasted it. For a task was set me, troublesome enough to my soul, upon terms of praise or shame, and fear of stripes, to speak the words of Juno, as she raged and mourned that she could not

This Trojan prince from Latium turn.

Which words I had heard that Juno never uttered; but we were forced to go astray in the footsteps of these poetic fictions, and to say in prose much what he expressed in verse. And his speaking was most applauded, in whom the passions of rage and grief were most pre-eminent, and clothed in the most fitting language, maintaining the dignity of the character. What is it to me, O my true life, my God, that my declamation was applauded above so many of my own age and class? Is not all this smoke and wind? And was there nothing else whereon to exercise my wit and tongue? Thy praises, Lord, Thy praises might have stayed the yet tender shoot of my heart by the prop of Thy Scriptures; so had it not trailed away amid these empty trifles, a defiled prey for the fowls of the air. For in more ways than one do men sacrifice to the rebellious angels.

This was the world at whose gate unhappy I lay in my boyhood; this the stage, where I had feared more to commit a barbarism, than having committed one, to envy those who had not. These things I speak and confess to Thee, my God; for which I had praise from them, whom I then thought it all virtue to please. For I saw not the abyss of vileness, wherein *I was cast away from Thine eyes*. Before them what more foul than I was already, displeasing even such as myself? with innumerable lies deceiving my tutor, my masters, my parents, from love of play, eagerness to see vain shows, and restlessness to imitate them! Thefts also I committed, from my parents' cellar and table, enslaved by greediness, or that I might have

to give to boys, who sold me their play, which all the while they liked no less than I. In this play, too, I often sought unfair conquests, conquered myself meanwhile by vain desire of pre-eminence. And what could I so ill endure, or, when I detected it, upbraided I so fiercely, as that I was doing to others? and for which if, detected, I was upbraided, I chose rather to quarrel, than to yield. And is this the innocence of boyhood? Not so, Lord, not so; I cry Thy mercy, O my God. For these very sins, as riper years succeed, these very sins are transferred from tutors and masters, from nuts and balls and sparrows, to magistrates and kings, to gold and manors and slaves, just as severer punishments displace the cane. It was the low stature then of childhood, which Thou our King didst commend as an emblem of lowliness, when Thou saidst, *Of such is the kingdom of heaven.*

Book Two

I WILL NOW call to mind my past foulness, and the carnal corruptions of my soul: not because I love them, but that I may love Thee, O my God.

Oh! that some one had then attempered my disorder, and turned to account the fleeting beauties of these, the extreme points of Thy creation! had put a bound to their pleasurable ness, that so the tides of my youth might have cast themselves upon the marriage shore, if they could not be calmed, and kept within the object of a family, as Thy law prescribes, O Lord: who this way formest the offspring of this our death, being able with a gentle hand to blunt the thorns, which were excluded from Thy paradise? For Thy omnipotency is not far from us, even when we be far from Thee. Else ought I more watchfully to have heeded the voice from the clouds; *Nevertheless such shall have trouble in the flesh, but I spare you.* And, *it is good for a man not to touch a woman.* And, *he that is unmarried thinketh of the things of the Lord, how he may please the Lord; but he that is married careth for the things of this world, how he may please his wife.*

But while in that my sixteenth year I lived with my parents, leaving all school for a while, (a season of idleness being interposed through the narrowness of my parents' fortunes,) the briers of unclean desires grew rank over my head, and there was no hand to root them out. When that my father saw me at the baths, now growing toward manhood, and endued with a restless youthfulness, he, as already hence anticipating his descendants, gladly told it to my mother; rejoicing in that tumult of the senses wherein the world forgetteth Thee its Creator, and becometh enamoured of Thy creature, instead of Thyself, through the fumes of that invisible wine of its self-will, turning aside and bowing down to the very basest things. But in my mother's breast Thou hadst already begun Thy temple, and the foundation of Thy holy habitation, whereas my father

was as yet but a catechumen, and that but recently. She then was startled with an holy fear and trembling; and though I was not as yet baptized, feared for me those crooked ways, in which they walk, who *turn their back to Thee, and not their face*.

Behold with what companions I walked the streets of Babylon, and wallowed in the mire thereof, as if in a bed of spices, and precious ointments.

Theft is punished by Thy law, O Lord, and the law written in the hearts of men, which iniquity itself effaces not. For what thief will abide a thief? not even a rich thief, one stealing through want. Yet I lusted to thieve, and did it, compelled by no hunger, nor poverty, but through a cloyedness of welldoing, and a pamperedness of iniquity. For I stole that, of which I had enough, and much better. Nor cared I to enjoy what I stole, but joyed in the theft and sin itself. A pear tree there was near our vineyard, laden with fruit, tempting neither for colour nor taste. To shake and rob this, some lewd young fellows of us went, late one night, (having according to our pestilent custom prolonged our sports in the streets till then,) and took huge loads, not for our eating, but to fling to the very hogs, having only tasted them. And this, but to do, what we liked only, because it was misliked. Behold my heart, O God, behold my heart, which Thou hadst pity upon in the bottom of the bottomless pit. Now, behold let my heart tell Thee, what it sought there, that I should be gratuitously evil, having no temptation to ill, but the ill itself. It was foul, and I loved it; I loved to perish, I loved mine own fault, not that for which I was faulty, but my fault itself. Foul soul, falling from Thy firmament to utter destruction; not seeking aught through the shame, but the shame itself!

What then did wretched I so love in thee, thou theft of mine, thou deed of darkness, in that sixteenth year of my age? Lovely thou wert not, because thou wert theft. But art thou anything, that thus I speak to thee? Fair were the pears we stole, because they were Thy creation, Thou fairest of all, Creator of all, Thou good God; God, the sovereign good and my true good. Fair were those pears, but not them did my wretched soul desire; for I had store of better, and those I gathered, only that I might steal. For, when gathered, I flung them away, my only feast therein being my own sin, which I was pleased to enjoy. Behold my God, before Thee, the vivid remembrance of my soul; alone, I had never committed that theft, wherein what I stole pleased me not, but that I stole; nor had it alone liked me to do it, nor had I done it. O friendship too unfriendly! thou incomprehensible inveigler of the soul, thou greediness to do mischief out of mirth and wantonness, thou thirst of others' loss, without lust of my own gain or revenge: but when it is said, "Let's go, let's do it," we are ashamed not to be shameless.

Book Three

To CARTHAGE I came, where there sang all around me in my ears a cauldron of unholy loves. To love then, and to be beloved, was sweet to me; but more, when I obtained to enjoy the person I loved. I defiled, therefore, the spring of friendship with the filth of concupiscence, and I beclouded its brightness with the hell of lustfulness; and thus foul and unseemly, I would fain, through exceeding vanity, be fine and courtly. I fell headlong then into the love, wherein I longed to be ensnared.

Stage-plays also carried me away, full of images of my miseries, and of fuel to my fire. Why is it, that man desires to be made sad, beholding dolful and tragical things, which yet himself would by no means suffer? yet he desires as a spectator to feel sorrow at them, and this very sorrow is his pleasure.

In the theatres I rejoiced with lovers, when they wickedly enjoyed one another, although this was imaginary only in the play. And when they lost one another, as if very compassionate, I sorrowed with them, yet had my delight in both.

I dared even, while Thy solemnities were celebrated within the walls of Thy Church, to desire, and to compass a business, deserving death for its fruits, for which Thou scourgedst me with grievous punishments, though nothing to my fault, O Thou my exceeding mercy, my God, my refuge from those terrible destroyers, among whom I wandered with a stiff neck, withdrawing further from Thee, loving mine own ways, and not Thine; loving a vagrant liberty.

And now I was chief in the rhetoric school, whereat I joyed proudly, and I swelled with arrogance.

In the ordinary course of study, I fell upon a certain book of Cicero, whose speech almost all admire, not so his heart. This book of his contains an exhortation to philosophy, and is called "*Hortensius*." But this book altered my affections, and turned my prayers to Thyself, O Lord; and made me have other purposes and desires. Every vain hope at once became worthless to me; and I longed with an incredibly burning desire for an immortality of wisdom, and began now to arise, that I might return to Thee.

For with Thee is wisdom. But the love of wisdom is in Greek called "philosophy," with which that book inflamed me.

I resolved then to bend my mind to the holy Scriptures, that I might see what they were. But behold, I see a thing not understood by the proud, nor laid open to children, lowly in access, in its recesses lofty, and veiled with mysteries; and I was not such as could enter into it, or stoop my neck to follow its steps. For not as I now speak, did I feel when I turned to those Scriptures; but they seemed to me unworthy to be com-

pared to the stateliness of Tully: for my swelling pride shrunk from their lowliness, nor could my sharp wit pierce the interior thereof. Yet were they such as would grow up in a little one. But I disdained to be a little one; and, swoln with pride, took myself to be a great one.

Therefore I fell among men proudly doting, exceeding carnal and prating, in whose mouths were the snares of the Devil, lined with the mixture of the syllables of Thy name, and of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete, our Comforter. These names departed not out of their mouth, but so far forth, as the sound only and the noise of the tongue, for the heart was void of truth. Yet they cried out "Truth, Truth," and spake much thereof to me, yet *it was not in them*: but they spake falsehood, not of Thee only, (who truly art Truth,) but even of those elements of this world, Thy creatures.

Where then wert Thou then to me, and how far from me? Far verily was I straying from Thee, barred from the very husks of the swine, whom with husks I fed. For how much better are the fables of poets and grammarians, than these snares? For verses, and poems, and "Medea flying," are more profitable truly, than these men's five elements, variously disguised, answering to five dens of darkness, which have no being, yet slay the believer. For verses and poems I can turn to true food, and "Medea flying," though I did sing, I maintained not; though I heard it sung, I believed not: but those things I *did* believe. Woe, woe, by what steps was I brought down to *the depths of hell!*

That which really is I knew not; and was, as it were through sharpness of wit, persuaded to assent to foolish deceivers, when they asked me, "whence is evil?" "is God bounded by a bodily shape, and has hairs and nails?" "are they to be esteemed righteous, who had many wives at once, and did kill men, and sacrificed living creatures?" At which I, in my ignorance, was much troubled, and departing from the truth, seemed to myself to be making towards it; because as yet I knew not that evil was nothing but a privation of good, until at last a thing ceases altogether to be; which how should I see, the sight of whose eyes reached only to bodies, and of my mind to a phantasm? And I knew not *God to be a Spirit*, not One who hath parts extended in length and breadth, or whose being was bulk.

Nor knew I that true inward righteousness, which judgeth not according to custom, but out of the most rightful law of God Almighty.

And Thou *sentest Thine hand from above*, and drewest my soul out of that profound darkness, my mother, Thy faithful one, weeping to Thee for me, more than mothers weep the bodily deaths of their children. For she, by that faith and spirit which she had from Thee, discerned the death wherein I lay, and Thou heardest her, O Lord; Thou heardest her, and despisedst not her tears, when streaming down, they watered the ground under her eyes in every place where she prayed; yea Thou heardest her. For whence was that dream whereby Thou comfortedst her; so that she allowed me to live with her, and to eat at the same table in the house, which she had begun to shrink from, abhorring and detesting the

blasphemies of my error? For she saw herself standing on a certain wooden rule, and a shining youth coming towards her, cheerful and smiling upon her, herself grieving, and overwhelmed with grief. But he having (in order to instruct, as is their wont, not to be instructed) enquired of her the causes of her grief and daily tears, and she answering that she was bewailing my perdition, he bade her rest contented, and told her to look and observe, "That where she was, there was I also." And when she looked, she saw me standing by her in the same rule. Whence was this, but that Thine ears were towards her heart? O Thou Good omnipotent, who so carest for every one of us, as if Thou caredst for him only; and so for all, as if they were but one!

Whence was this also, that when she had told me this vision, and I would fain bend it to mean, "That she rather should not despair of being one day what I was;" she presently, without any hesitation, replies; "No; for it was not told me that, 'where he, there thou also;' but 'where thou, there he also?'" I confess to Thee, O Lord, that to the best of my remembrance, (and I have oft spoken of this), that Thy answer, through my waking mother, even then moved me more than the dream itself, by which a joy to the holy woman, to be fulfilled so long after, was, for the consolation of her present anguish, so long before foresignified. For almost nine years passed, in which I wallowed in the mire of that deep pit, and the darkness of falsehood, often assaying to rise, but dashed down the more grievously. All which time that chaste, godly, and sober widow, (such as Thou lovest,) now more cheered with hope, yet no whit relaxing in her weeping and mourning, ceased not at all hours of her devotions to bewail my case unto Thee. And her *prayers entered into Thy presence*; and yet Thou sufferest me to be yet involved and reinvolved in that darkness.

Thou gavest her meantime another answer, which I call to mind; for much I pass by, hasting to those things which more press me to confess unto Thee, and much I do not remember. Thou gavest her then another answer, by a Priest of Thine, a certain Bishop brought up in Thy Church, and well studied in Thy books. Whom when this woman had entreated to vouchsafe to converse with me, refute my errors, unteach me ill things, and teach me good things, (for this he was wont to do, when he found persons fitted to receive it,) he refused, wisely, as I afterwards perceived. For he answered, that I was yet unteachable, being puffed up with the novelty of that heresy, and had already perplexed divers unskilful persons with captious questions, as she had told him: "but let him alone a while," (saith he,) "only pray God for him, he will of himself by reading find what that error is, and how great its impiety." At the same time he told her, how himself, when a little one, had by his seduced mother been consigned over to the Manichees, and had not only read, but frequently copied out almost all, their books, and had (without any argument or proof from any one) seen how much that sect was to be avoided; and had avoided it. Which when he had said, and she would not be satisfied, but urged him more, with intreaties and many tears, that he

would see me, and discourse with me, he, a little displeased at her importunity, saith, "Go thy ways, and God bless thee, for it is not possible that the son of these tears should perish." Which answer she took (as she often mentioned in her conversations with me) as if it had sounded from heaven.

Book Four

FOR THIS SPACE of nine years then (from my nineteenth year, to my eight and twentieth) we lived seduced and seducing, deceived and deceiving, in divers lusts, openly, by sciences which they call liberal; secretly, with a false named religion, here proud, there superstitious, every where vain!

In those years I taught rhetoric, and, overcome by cupidity, made sale of a loquacity to overcome by. In those years I had one,—not in that which is called lawful marriage, but whom I had found out in a wayward passion, void of understanding; yet but one, remaining faithful even to her; in whom I in my own case experienced, what difference there is betwixt the self-restraint of the marriage-covenant, for the sake of issue, and the bargain of a lustful love, where children are born against their parents' will, although, once born, they constrain love.

I remember also, that when I had settled to enter the lists for a theatrical prize, some wizard asked me what I would give him to win: but I, detesting and abhorring such foul mysteries, answered, "Though the garland were of imperishable gold, I would not suffer a fly to be killed to gain me it." For he was to kill some living creatures in his sacrifices, and by those honours to invite the devils to favour me.

Those impostors then, whom they style Mathematicians, I consulted without scruple; because they seemed to use no sacrifice, nor to pray to any spirit for their divinations: which art, however, Christian and true piety consistently rejects and condemns. All wholesome advice they labour to destroy, saying, "The cause of thy sin is inevitably determined in heaven;" and "This did Venus, or Saturn, or Mars."

There was in those days a wise man, very skilful in physic, and renowned therein. When he had gathered by my discourse, that I was given to the books of nativity-casters, he kindly and fatherly advised me to cast them away, and not fruitlessly bestow a care and diligence, necessary for useful things, upon these vanities; saying, that he had in his earliest years studied that art, so as to make it the profession whereby he should live, and that, understanding Hippocrates, he could soon have understood such a study as this; and yet he had given it over, and taken to physic, for no other reason, but that he found it utterly false; and he, a grave man would not get his living by deluding people. "But thou," saith he, "hast rhetoric to maintain thyself by, so that thou followest this of free choice, not of necessity: the more then oughtest thou to give me

credit herein, who laboured to acquire it so perfectly, as to get my living by it alone." Of whom when I had demanded, how then could many true things be foretold by it, he answered me (as he could) "that the force of chance, diffused throughout the whole order of things, brought this about. For if when a man by hap-hazard opens the pages of some poet, who sang and thought of something wholly different, a verse oftentimes fell out, wondrously agreeable to the present business: it were not to be wondered at, if out of the soul of man, unconscious what takes place in it, by some higher instinct an answer should be given, by hap, not by art, corresponding to the business and actions of the demander."

And thus much, either from or through him, Thou conveyedst to me, and tracedst in my memory, what I might hereafter examine for myself. But at that time neither he, nor my dearest Nebridius, a youth singularly good and of a holy fear, who derided the whole body of divination, could persuade me to cast it aside, the authority of the authors swaying me yet more, and as yet I had found no certain proof (such as I sought) whereby it might without all doubt appear, that what had been truly foretold by those consulted was the result of hap-hazard, not of the art of the star-gazers.

In those years when I first began to teach rhetoric in my native town, I had made one my friend, but too dear to me, from a community of pursuits, of mine own age, and, as myself, in the first opening flower of youth. I had warped him also to those superstitious and pernicious fables, for which my mother bewailed me. With me he now erred in mind, nor could my soul be without him. But behold Thou wert close on the steps of Thy fugitives. Thou tookest that man out of this life, when he had scarce filled up one whole year of my friendship, sweet to me above all sweetness of that my life.

For long, sore sick of a fever, he lay senseless in a death-sweat; and his recovery being despaired of, he was baptized, unknowing; myself meanwhile little regarding, and presuming that his soul would retain rather what it had received of me, not what was wrought on his unconscious body. But it proved far otherwise: for he was refreshed, and restored. Forthwith, as soon as I could speak with him, I essayed to jest with him, as though he would jest with me at that baptism which he had received, when utterly absent in mind and feeling, but had now understood that he had received. But he so shrunk from me, as from an enemy; and with a wonderful and sudden freedom bade me, as I would continue his friend, forbear such language to him. I, all astonished and amazed, suppressed all my emotions till he should grow well, and his health were strong enough for me to deal with him, as I would. But he was taken away from my phrenzy, that with Thee he might be preserved for my comfort; a few days after, in my absence, he was attacked again by the fever, and so departed.

At this grief my heart was utterly darkened; and whatever I beheld was death. My native country was a torment to me, and my father's house a strange unhappiness.

Wretched I was; and wretched is every soul bound by the friendship of perishable things; he is torn asunder when he loses them, and then he feels the wretchedness, which he had, ere yet he lost them. So was it then with me.

I fretted then, sighed, wept, was distracted; had neither rest nor counsel. For I bore about a shattered and bleeding soul, impatient of being borne by me, yet where to repose it, I found not. Not in calm groves, not in games and music, nor in fragrant spots, nor in curious banquettings, nor in the pleasures of the bed and the couch; nor (finally) in books or poesy, found it repose. All things looked ghastly, yea, the very light; whatsoever was not what he was, was revolting and hateful, except groaning and tears. For in those alone found I a little refreshment.

Times lose no time; nor do they roll idly by; through our senses they work strange operations on the mind. Behold, they went and came day by day, and by coming and going, introduced into my mind other imaginations, and other remembrances; and little by little patched me up again with my old kind of delights, unto which that my sorrow gave way. What restored and refreshed me chiefly, was the solaces of other friends, with whom I did love, what instead of Thee I loved: and this was a great fable, and protracted lie.

I was sinking to the very depths, and to my friends I said, "do we love any thing but the beautiful? What then is the beautiful? and what is beauty? What is it that attracts and wins us to the things we love? for unless there were in them a grace and beauty, they could by no means draw us unto them." And I marked and perceived that in bodies themselves, there was a beauty, from their forming a sort of whole, and again, another from apt and mutual correspondence, as of a part of the body with its whole, or a shoe with a foot, and the like. And this consideration sprang up in my mind, out of my inmost heart, and I wrote "on the fair and fit," I think, two or three books. Thou knowest, O Lord, for it is gone from me; for I have them not, but they are strayed from me, I know not how.

But what moved me, O Lord my God, to dedicate these books unto Hierius, an orator of Rome, whom I knew not by face, but loved for the fame of his learning which was eminent in him, and some words of his I had heard, which pleased me?

I was then some six or seven and twenty years old when I wrote those volumes; revolving within me corporeal fictions, buzzing in the ears of my heart, which I turned, O sweet truth, to Thy inward melody, meditating on the "fair and fit," and longing to stand and hearken to Thee, and *to rejoice greatly at the Bridegroom's voice*, but could not; for by the voices of mine own errors, I was hurried abroad, and through the weight of my own pride, I was sinking into the lowest pit. For Thou didst not *make me to hear joy and gladness*, nor did *the bones exult which were not yet humbled*.

And what did it profit me, that scarce twenty years old, a book of Aristotle, which they call the ten Predicaments, falling into my hands,

(on whose very name I hung, as on something great and divine, so often as my rhetoric master of Carthage, and others, accounted learned, mouthed it with cheeks bursting with pride,) I read and understood it unaided?

And what did it profit me, that all the books I could procure of the so-called liberal arts, I, the vile slave of vile affections, read by myself, and understood? And I delighted in them, but knew not whence came all, that therein was true or certain. For I had my back to the light, and my face to the things enlightened; whence my face, with which I discerned the things enlightened, itself was not enlightened. Whatever was written, either on rhetoric, or logic, geometry, music, and arithmetic, by myself without much difficulty or any instructor, I understood, Thou knowest, O Lord my God; because both quickness of understanding, and acuteness in discerning, is Thy gift: yet did I not thence sacrifice to Thee. So then it served not to my use, but rather to my perdition.

Book Five

I WOULD lay open before my God that nine and twentieth year of mine age. There had then come to Carthage, a certain Bishop of the Manichees, Faustus by name, a great snare of the Devil, and many were entangled by him through that lure of his smooth language: which though I did commend, yet could I separate from the truth of the things which I was earnest to learn: nor did I so much regard the service of oratory, as the science which this Faustus, so praised among them, set before me to feed upon. Fame had before bespoken him most knowing in all valuable learning, and exquisitely skilled in the liberal sciences. And since I had read and well remembered much of the philosophers, I compared some things of theirs with those long fables of the Manichees, and found the former the more probable.

For with their understanding and wit, which Thou bestowdest on them, they search out these things; and much have they found out; and foretold, many years before, eclipses of those luminaries, the sun and moon,—what day and hour, and how many digits,—nor did their calculation fail; and it came to pass as they foretold; and they wrote down the rules they had found out, and these are read at this day, and out of them do others foretell in what year, and month of the year, and what day of the month, and what hour of the day, and what part of its light, moon or sun is to be eclipsed, and so it shall be, as it is foreshewed. At these things men, that know not this art, marvel and are astonished, and they that know it, exult, and are puffed up; and by an ungodly pride departing from Thee, and failing of Thy light, they foresee a failure of the sun's light, which shall be, so long before, but see not their own, which is. For they search not religiously whence they have the wit, wherewith they

search out this. And finding that Thou madest them, they give not themselves up to Thee.

Yet many truths concerning the creature retained I from these men, and saw the reason thereof from calculations, the succession of times, and the visible testimonies of the stars; and compared them with the saying of Manichæus, which in his phrenzy he had written most largely on these subjects; but discovered not any account of the solstices, or equinoxes, or the eclipses of the greater lights, nor whatever of this sort I had learned in the books of secular philosophy. But I was commanded to believe; and yet it corresponded not with what had been established by calculations and my own sight, but was quite contrary.

And for almost all those nine years, wherein with unsettled mind I had been their disciple, I had longed but too intensely for the coming of this Faustus. For the rest of the sect, whom by chance I had lighted upon, when unable to solve my objections about these things, still held out to me the coming of this Faustus, by conference with whom, these and greater difficulties, if I had them, were to be most readily and abundantly cleared. When then he came, I found him a man of pleasing discourse, and who could speak fluently and in better terms, yet still but the self-same things which they were wont to say.

I found him first utterly ignorant of liberal sciences, save grammar, and that but in an ordinary way. But because he had read some of Tully's Orations, a very few books of Seneca, some things of the poets, and such few volumes of his own sect, as were written in Latin and neatly, and was daily practised in speaking, he acquired a certain eloquence, which proved the more pleasing and seductive, because under the guidance of a good wit, and with a kind of natural gracefulness.

After it was clear, that he was ignorant of those arts in which I thought he excelled, I began to despair of his opening and solving the difficulties which perplexed me. For he knew that he knew not these things, and was not ashamed to confess it. For he was not one of those talking persons, many of whom I had endured, who undertook to teach me these things, and said nothing. But this man had a heart, though not right towards Thee, yet neither altogether treacherous to himself. For he was not altogether ignorant of his own ignorance, nor would he rashly be entangled in a dispute, whence he could neither retreat, nor extricate himself fairly. Even for this I liked him the better. For fairer is the modesty of a candid mind, than the knowledge of those things which I desired; and such I found him, in all the more difficult and subtile questions.

My zeal for the writings of Manichæus being thus blunted, and despairing yet more of their other teachers, seeing that in divers things which perplexed me, he, so renowned among them, had so turned out; I began to engage with him in the study of literature. But all my efforts whereby I had purposed to advance in that sect, upon knowledge of that man, came utterly to an end; not that I detached myself from them altogether, but as one finding nothing better, I had settled to be content meanwhile with what I had in whatever way fallen upon, unless by chance

something more eligible should dawn upon me. Thus that Faustus, to so many a snare of death, had now, neither willing nor witting it, begun to loosen that wherein I was taken. For Thy hands, O my God, in the secret purpose of Thy providence, did not forsake my soul; and out of my mother's heart's blood, through her tears night and day poured out, was a sacrifice offered for me unto Thee; and Thou didst deal with me, that I should be persuaded to go to Rome, and to teach there rather, what I was teaching at Carthage.

I did not wish to go to Rome, because higher gains and higher dignities were warranted me by my friends who persuaded me to this, (though even these things had at that time an influence over my mind,) but my chief and almost only reason was, that I heard that young men studied there more peacefully, and were kept quiet under a restraint of more regular discipline. Whereas at Carthage, there reigns among the scholars a most disgraceful and unruly licence. They burst in audaciously, and with gestures almost frantic, disturb all order which any one hath established for the good of his scholars.

The manners then which, when a student, I would not make my own, I was fain, as a teacher, to endure in others: and so I was well pleased to go where, all that knew it, assured me that the like was not done.

I began then diligently to practise that for which I came to Rome, to teach rhetoric; and first, to gather some to my house, to whom, and through whom, I had begun to be known; when lo, I found other offences committed in Rome, to which I was not exposed in Africa.

When therefore they of Milan had sent to Rome to the prefect of the city, to furnish them with a rhetoric reader for their city, and send him at the public expense, I made application, that Symmachus, then prefect of the city, would try me by setting me some subject, and so send me. To Milan I came, to Ambrose the Bishop, known to the whole world as among the best of men, Thy devout servant; whose eloquent discourse did then plentifully dispense unto Thy people the flour of Thy wheat, the gladness of Thy oil, and the sober inebriation of Thy wine. To him was I unknowing led by Thee, that by him I might knowingly be led to Thee. That man of God received me as a father, and shewed me an Episcopal kindness on my coming. Thenceforth I began to love him, at first indeed not as a teacher of the truth, (which I utterly despaired of in Thy Church,) but as a person kind towards myself. And I listened diligently to him preaching to the people, not with that intent I ought, but, as it were, trying his eloquence, whether it answered the fame thereof, or flowed fuller or lower than was reported; and I hung on his words attentively; but of the matter I was as a careless and scornful looker-on; and I was delighted with the sweetness of his discourse, more recondite, yet in manner, less winning and harmonious, than that of Faustus.

Hereupon I earnestly bent my mind, to see if in any way I could by any certain proof convict the Manichees of falsehood. I settled so far, that the Manichees were to be abandoned; judging that, even while doubting, I might not continue in that sect, to which I already preferred some of the

philosophers; to which philosophers notwithstanding, for that they were without the saving Name of Christ, I utterly refused to commit the cure of my sick soul. I determined therefore so long to be a Catechumen in the Catholic Church, to which I had been commended by my parents, till something certain should dawn upon me, whither I might steer my course.

Book Six

MY MOTHER had now come to me, resolute through piety, following me over sea and land, in all perils confiding in Thee. For in perils of the sea, she comforted the very mariners, (by whom passengers unacquainted with the deep, use rather to be comforted when troubled,) assuring them of a safe arrival, because Thou hadst by a vision assured her thereof. She found me in grievous peril, through despair of ever finding truth. But when I had discovered to her, that I was now no longer a Manichee, though not yet a Catholic Christian, she was not overjoyed, as at something unexpected. Her heart then was shaken with no tumultuous exultation, when she heard that what she daily with tears desired of Thee, was already in so great part realized, in that, though I had not yet attained the truth, I was rescued from falsehood; but, as being assured, that Thou, who hadst promised the whole, wouldest one day give the rest, most calmly, and with an heart full of confidence, she replied to me, "She believed in Christ, that before she departed this life, she should see me a Catholic believer."

Doubt, then, what to hold for certain, the more sharply gnawed my heart, the more ashamed I was, that so long deluded and deceived by the promise of certainties, I had with childish error and vehemence, prated of so many uncertainties. For that they were falsehoods, became clear to me later. However I was certain that they were uncertain, and that I had formerly accounted them certain, when with a blind contentiousness, I accused Thy Catholic Church, whom I now discovered, not indeed as yet to teach truly, but at least not to teach that, for which I had grievously censured her. So I was confounded, and converted: and I joyed, O my God, that the One Only Church, the body of Thine Only Son, (wherein the name of Christ had been put upon me as an infant,) had no taste for infantine conceits; nor in her sound doctrine, maintained any tenet which should confine Thee, the Creator of all, in space, however great and large, yet bounded every where by the limits of a human form.

I joyed also, that the old Scriptures of the Law and the Prophets, were laid before me, not now to be perused with that eye to which before they seemed absurd, when I reviled Thy holy ones for so thinking, whereas indeed they thought not so: and with joy I heard Ambrose in his sermons to the people, oftentimes most diligently recommend this text for a rule, *The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life*; whilst he drew aside the

mystic veil, laying open spiritually what according to the letter, seemed to teach something unsound; teaching herein nothing that offended me, though he taught what I knew not as yet, whether it were true.

I panted after honours, gains, marriage; and Thou deridest me. In these desires I underwent most bitter crosses, Thou being the more gracious, the less Thou sufferedst aught to grow sweet to me, which was not Thou. How miserable was I then, and how didst Thou deal with me, to make me feel my misery on that day, when I was preparing to recite a panegyric of the Emperor, wherein I was to utter many a lie, and lying, was to be applauded by those who knew I lied, and my heart was panting with these anxieties, and boiling with the feverishness of consuming thoughts. For, passing through one of the streets of Milan, I observed a poor beggar, then, I suppose, with a full belly, joking and joyous: and I sighed, and spoke to the friends around me, of the many sorrows of our phrenzies; for that by all such efforts of ours, as those wherein I then toiled, dragging along, under the goading of desire, the burthen of my own wretchedness, and, by dragging, augmenting it, we yet looked to arrive only at that very joyousness, whither that beggar-man had arrived before us, who should never perchance attain it. For what he had obtained by means of a few begged pence, the same was I plotting for by many a toilsome turning and winding; the joy of a temporary felicity. For he verily had not the true joy; but yet I with those my ambitious designs was seeking one much less true. And certainly he was joyous, I anxious; he void of care, I full of fears.

These things we, who were living as friends together, bemoaned together, but chiefly and most familiarly did I speak thereof with Alypius and Nebridius, of whom Alypius was born in the same town with me, of persons of chief rank there, but younger than I. For he had studied under me, both when I first lectured in our town, and afterwards at Carthage, and he loved me much, because I seemed to him kind, and learned; and I him, for his great towardliness to virtue, which was eminent enough in one of no greater years.

He, not forsaking that secular course which his parents had charmed him to pursue, had gone before me to Rome, to study law, and there he was carried away incredibly with an incredible eagerness after the shows of gladiators. For being utterly averse to and detesting such spectacles, he was one day by chance met by divers of his acquaintance and fellow-students coming from dinner, and they with a familiar violence haled him, vehemently refusing and resisting, into the Amphitheatre, during these cruel and deadly shows, he thus protesting; "Though you hale my body to that place, and there set me, can you force me also to turn my mind or my eyes to those shows? I shall then be absent while present, and so shall overcome both you and them." They hearing this, led him on nevertheless, desirous perchance to try that very thing, whether he could do as he said. When they were come thither, and had taken their places as they could, the whole place kindled with that savage pastime. But he, closing the passages of his eyes, forbade his mind to range abroad after such evils; and would he had stopped his ears also! For in the fight, when one fell, a

mighty cry of the whole people striking him strongly, overcome by curiosity, and as if prepared to despise and be superior to it whatsoever it were, even when seen, he opened his eyes, and was stricken with a deeper wound in his soul, than the other, whom he desired to behold, was in his body, and he fell more miserably than he, upon whose fall that mighty noise was raised, which entered through his ears, and unlocked his eyes, to make way for the striking and beating down of a soul, bold rather than resolute, and the weaker, in that it had presumed on itself, which ought to have relied on Thee. For so soon as he saw that blood, he therewith drunk down savageness; nor turned away, but fixed his eye, drinking in phrenzy, unawares, and was delighted with that guilty fight, and intoxicated with the bloody pastime. Nor was he now the man he came, but one of the throng he came unto, yea, a true associate of theirs that brought him thither. Why say more? He beheld, shouted, kindled, carried thence with him the madness which should goad him to return not only with them who first drew him thither, but also before them, yea and to draw in others. Yet thence didst Thou with a most strong and most merciful hand pluck him, and taughtest him to have confidence not in himself, but in Thee. But this was after.

Him then I had found at Rome, and he clave to me by a most strong tie, and went with me to Milan, both that he might not leave me, and might practise something of the law he had studied, more to please his parents, than himself.

Nebridius also, who having left his native country near Carthage, yea and Carthage itself, where he had much lived, leaving his excellent family-estate and house, and a mother behind, who was not to follow him, had come to Milan, for no other reason, but that with me he might live in a most ardent search after truth and wisdom.

Alypius indeed kept me from marrying; alleging, that so could we by no means with undistracted leisure live together in the love of wisdom, as we had long desired. For himself was even then most pure in this point, so that it was wonderful; and that the more, since in the outset of his youth he had entered into that course, but had not stuck fast therein; rather had he felt remorse and revolting at it, living thenceforth until now most continently. But I opposed him with the examples of those, who as married men had cherished wisdom, and served God acceptably, and retained their friends, and loved them faithfully.

Continual effort was made to have me married. I wooed, I was promised, chiefly through my mother's pains, that so once married, the health-giving baptism might cleanse me, towards which she rejoiced that I was being daily fitted, and observed that her prayers, and Thy promises, were being fulfilled in my faith. At which time verily, both at my request and her own longing, with strong cries of heart she daily begged of Thee, that Thou wouldest by a vision discover unto her something concerning my future marriage; Thou never wouldest. She saw indeed certain vain and phantastic things, such as the energy of the human spirit, busied thereon, brought together; and these she told me of, not with that confidence she

was wont, when Thou shewedst her any thing, but slighting them. For she could, she said, through a certain feeling, which in words she could not express, discern betwixt Thy revelations, and the dreams of her own soul. Yet the matter was pressed on, and a maiden asked in marriage, two years under the fit age; and, as pleasing, was waited for.

Meanwhile my sins were being multiplied, and my concubine being torn from my side as a hindrance to my marriage, my heart which clave unto her was torn and wounded and bleeding. And she returned to Afric, vowing unto Thee never to know any other man, leaving with me my son by her. But unhappy I, who could not imitate a very woman, impatient of delay, inasmuch as not till after two years was I to obtain her I sought, not being so much a lover of marriage, as a slave to lust, procured another, though no wife, that so by the servitude of an enduring custom, the disease of my soul might be kept up and carried on in its vigor or even augmented, into the dominion of marriage. Nor was that my wound cured, which had been made by the cutting away of the former, but after inflammation and most acute pain, it mortified, and my pains became less acute, but more desperate.

Book Seven

DECEASED was now that my evil and abominable youth, and I was passing into early manhood; the more defiled by vain things as I grew in years, who could not imagine any substance, but such as is wont to be seen with these eyes. I thought not of Thee, O God, under the figure of an human body; since I began to hear aught of wisdom, I always avoided this; and rejoiced to have found the same in the faith of our spiritual mother, Thy Catholic Church. But what else to conceive Thee I knew not. And I, a man, and such a man, sought to conceive of Thee the sovereign, only, true God; and I did in my inmost soul believe that Thou wert incorruptible, and uninjurable, and unchangeable; because though not knowing whence or how, yet I saw plainly and was sure, that that which may be corrupted, must be inferior to that which cannot; what could not be injured I preferred unhesitatingly to what could receive injury; the unchangeable to things subject to change. My heart passionately cried out against all my phantoms, and with this one blow I sought to beat away from the eye of my mind all that unclean troop, which buzzed around it. And lo, being scarce put off, in the twinkling of an eye they gathered again thick about me, flew against my face, and beclouded it; so that though not under the form of the human body, yet was I constrained to conceive of Thee (that incorruptible, uninjurable, and unchangeable, which I preferred before the corruptible, and injurable, and changeable) as being in space, whether infused into the world, or diffused infinitely without it. Because what-

soever I conceived, deprived of this space, seemed to me nothing, yea altogether nothing, not even a void, as if a body were taken out of its place, and the place should remain empty of any body at all, of earth and water, air and heaven, yet would it remain a void place, as it were a spacious nothing.

And I strained to perceive what I now heard, that freewill was the cause of our doing ill, and Thy just judgment, of our suffering ill. But I was not able clearly to discern it. So then endeavouring to draw my soul's vision out of that deep pit, I was again plunged therein, and endeavouring often, I was plunged back as often.

And I sought, "whence is evil," and sought in an evil way; and saw not the evil in my very search. I set now before the sight of my spirit, the whole creation, whatsoever we can see therein, (as sea, earth, air, stars, trees, mortal creatures;) yea, and whatever in it we do not see, as the firmament of heaven, all angels moreover, and all the spiritual inhabitants thereof. But these very beings, as though they were bodies, did my fancy dispose in place, and I made one great mass of Thy creation, distinguished as to the kinds of bodies; some, real bodies, some, what myself had feigned for spirits. And this mass I made huge, not as it was, (which I could not know,) but as I thought convenient, yet every way finite. But Thee, O Lord, I imagined on every part environing and penetrating it, though every way infinite: as if there were a sea, every where, and on every side, through unmeasured space, one only boundless sea, and it contained within it some sponge, huge, but bounded; that sponge must needs, in all its parts, be filled from that unmeasurable sea: so conceived I Thy creation, itself finite, full of Thee, the Infinite; and I said, Behold God, and behold what God hath created; and God is good, yea, most mightily and incomparably better than all these: but yet He, the Good, created them good; and see how He environeth and full-fills them. Where is evil then, and whence, and how crept it in hither? What is its root, and what its seed? Or hath it no being? Why then fear we and avoid what is not? Or if we fear it idly, then is that very fear evil, whereby the soul is thus idly goaded and racked. Yea, and so much a greater evil, as we have nothing to fear, and yet do fear. Therefore either is that evil which we fear, or else evil is, that we fear. Whence is it then? seeing God, the Good, hath created all these things good.

By this time also had I rejected the lying divinations and impious dotages of the astrologers. Thou madest provision for my obstinacy where-with I struggled against Vindicianus, an acute old man, and Nebridius, a young man of admirable talents; the first vehemently affirming, and the latter often (though with some doubtfulness) saying, "That there was no such art whereby to foresee things to come, but that men's conjectures were a sort of lottery, and that out of many things, which they said should come to pass, some actually did, unawares to them who spake it, who stumbled upon it, through their oft speaking." Thou providedst then a friend for me, no negligent consulter of the astrologers; nor yet well skilled in those arts, but (as I said) a curious consulter with them, and

yet knowing something, which he said he had heard of his father, which how far it went to overthrow the estimation of that art, he knew not. This man then, Firminus by name, having had a liberal education, and well taught in rhetoric, consulted me, as one very dear to him, what, according to his so-called constellations, I thought on certain affairs of his, wherein his worldly hopes had risen, and I, who had herein now begun to incline towards Nebridius' opinion, did not altogether refuse to conjecture, and tell him what came into my unresolved mind; but added, that I was now almost persuaded, that these were but empty and ridiculous follies. Thereupon he told me, that his father had been very curious in such books, and had a friend as earnest in them as himself, who with joint study and conference fanned the flame of their affections to these toys, so that they would observe the moments, whereat the very dumb animals, which bred about their houses, gave birth, and then observed the relative position of the heavens, thereby to make fresh experiments in this so-called art. He said then that he had heard of his father, that what time his mother was about to give birth to him, Firminus, a woman-servant of that friend of his father's, was also with child, which could not escape her master, who took care with most exact diligence to know the births of his very puppies.

An opening thus made, ruminating with myself on the like things, that no one of those dotards (who lived by such a trade, and whom I longed to attack, and with derision to confute) might urge against me, that Firminus had informed me falsely, or his father him; I bent my thoughts on those that are born twins, who for the most part come out of the womb so near one to other, that the small interval (how much force soever in the nature of things folk may pretend it to have) cannot be noted by human observation, or be at all expressed in those figures which the Astrologer is to inspect, that he may pronounce truly. Yet they cannot be true: for looking into the same figures, he must have predicted the same of Esau and Jacob, whereas the same happened not to them. Therefore he must speak falsely; or if truly, then, looking into the same figures, he must not give the same answer. Not by art, then, but by chance, would he speak truly. For Thou, O Lord, most righteous Ruler of the Universe, while consulters and consulted know it not, dost by Thy hidden inspiration effect that the consulter should hear what according to the hidden deservings of souls, he ought to hear, out of the unsearchable depth of Thy just judgment, to Whom let no man say, What is this? Why that? Let him not so say, for he is man.

And Thou, willing first to shew me, how Thou *resistest the proud, but givest grace unto the humble*, and by how great an act of Thy mercy Thou hadst traced out to men the way of humility, in that Thy WORD was made flesh, and dwelt among men:—Thou procuredst for me, by means of one puffed up with most unnatural pride, certain books of the Platonists, translated from Greek into Latin.

But having then read those books of the Platonists, and thence been taught to search for incorporeal truth, I saw Thy *invisible things, understood by those things which are made*; and though cast back, I perceived

what that was, which through the darkness of my mind I was hindered from contemplating, being assured, "That Thou wert, and wert infinite, and yet not diffused in space, finite or infinite; and that Thou truly art who art the same ever, in no part nor motion, varying; and that all other things are from Thee, on this most sure ground alone, that they are." Of these things I was assured, yet too unsure to enjoy Thee. I prated as one well skilled, but had I not sought Thy way in Christ our Saviour, I had proved to be, not skilled, but killed. For now I had begun to wish to seem wise, being filled with mine own punishment, yet I did not mourn, but rather scorn, puffed up with knowledge. For where was that charity building upon the *foundation* of humility, *which is Christ Jesus?* or when should these books teach me it? Upon these, I believe, Thou therefore willedst that I should fall, before I studied Thy Scriptures, that it might be imprinted on my memory, how I was affected by them; and that afterwards when my spirits were tamed through Thy books, and my wounds touched by Thy healing fingers, I might discern and distinguish between presumption and confession; between those who saw whither they were to go, yet saw not the way, and the way that leadeth not to behold only but to dwell in the beatific country. For had I first been formed in Thy Holy Scriptures, and hadst Thou, in the familiar use of them, grown sweet unto me, and had I then fallen upon those other volumes, they might perhaps have withdrawn me from the solid ground of piety, or, had I continued in that healthful frame which I had thence imbibed, I might have thought, that it might have been obtained by the study of those books alone.

Most eagerly then did I seize that venerable writing of Thy Spirit; and chiefly the Apostle Paul. Whereupon those difficulties vanished away, wherein he once seemed to me to contradict himself, and the text of his discourse not to agree with the testimonies of the Law and the Prophets. And the face of that pure word appeared to me one and the same; and I learned to *rejoice with trembling*. So I began; and whatsoever truth I had read in those other books, I found here amid the praise of Thy Grace. These things did wonderfully sink into my bowels, when I read that *least of Thy Apostles*, and had meditated upon Thy works, and trembled exceedingly.

Book Eight

OF THY eternal life I was now certain, though I saw it in a figure and as *through a glass*. Yet I had ceased to doubt that there was an incorruptible substance, whence was all other substance; nor did I now desire to be more certain of Thee, but more steadfast in Thee. But for my temporal life, all was wavering, and *my heart had to be purged from the old leaven*.

The Way, the Saviour Himself, well pleased me, but as yet I shrunk from going through its straitness. And Thou didst put into my mind, and it seemed good in my eyes, to go to Simplicianus, who seemed to me a good servant of Thine; and Thy grace shone in him.

For, I saw the church full; and one went this way, and another that way. But I was displeased, that I led a secular life; yea now that my desires no longer inflamed me, as of old, with hopes of honour and profit, a very grievous burden it was to undergo so heavy a bondage. For, in comparison of Thy sweetness, *and the beauty of Thy house which I loved*, those things delighted me no longer. But still I was enthralled with the love of woman; nor did the Apostle forbid me to marry, although he advised me to something better, chiefly wishing *that all men were as himself was*. But I being weak, chose the more indulgent place; and because of this alone, was tossed up and down in all beside, faint and wasted with withering cares, because in other matters, I was constrained against my will to conform myself to a married life, to which I was given up and intralled. To Simplicianus then I went, the father of Ambrose (a Bishop now) in receiving Thy grace, and whom Ambrose truly loved as a father. To him I related the mazes of my wanderings. But when I mentioned that I had read certain books of the Platonists, he testified his joy that I had not fallen upon the writings of other philosophers, full of *fallacies and deceits, after the rudiments of this world*, whereas the Platonists many ways led to the belief in God, and His Word. Then to exhort me to the humility of Christ, *hidden from the wise, and revealed to little ones*, he spoke of Victorinus whom while at Rome he had most intimately known.

When the hour was come for making profession of his faith, (which at Rome they, who are about to approach to Thy grace, deliver, from an elevated place, in the sight of all the faithful, in a set form of words committed to memory,) the presbyters, he said, offered Victorinus (as was done to such, as seemed likely through bashfulness to be alarmed) to make his profession more privately: but he chose rather to profess his salvation in the presence of the holy multitude. "For it was not salvation that he taught in rhetoric, and yet that he had publicly professed. How much less then ought he, when pronouncing Thy word, to dread Thy meek flock, who, when delivering his own words, had not feared a mad multitude!" When, then, he went up to make his profession, all, as they knew him, whispered his name one to another with the voice of congratulation. And who there knew him not? and there ran a low murmur through all the mouths of the rejoicing multitude, Victorinus! Victorinus! Sudden was the burst of rapture, that they saw him; suddenly were they hushed that they might hear him. He pronounced the true faith with an excellent boldness, and all wished to draw him into their very heart: yea by their love and joy they drew him thither; such were the hands wherewith they drew him.

Good God! what takes place in man, that he should more rejoice at the salvation of a soul despaired of, and freed from greater peril, than if there had always been hope of him, or the danger had been less?

What then takes place in the soul, when it is more delighted at finding or recovering the things it loves, than if it had ever had them? yea, and other things witness hereunto; and all things are full of witnesses, crying out, "so is it." The conquering commander triumpheth; yet had he not conquered, unless he had fought; and the more peril there was in the battle, so much the more joy is there in the triumph. The storm tosses the sailors, threatens shipwreck; all wax pale at approaching death; sky and sea are calmed, and they are exceeding joyed, as having been exceeding afraid. A friend is sick, and his pulse threatens danger; all who long for his recovery, are sick in mind with him. He is restored, though as yet he walks not with his former strength; yet there is such joy, as was not, when before he walked sound and strong. Yea, the very pleasures of human life men acquire by difficulties, not those only which fall upon us unlooked for, and against our wills, but even by self-chosen, and pleasure-seeking trouble. Eating and drinking have no pleasure, unless there precede the pinching of hunger and thirst. Men, given to drink, eat certain salt meats, to procure a troublesome heat, which the drink allaying, causes pleasure. It is also ordered, that the affianced bride should not at once be given, lest as a husband he should hold cheap whom, as betrothed, he sighed not after.

By how much the more welcome then the heart of Victorinus was esteemed, which the devil had held as an impregnable possession, the tongue of Victorinus, with which mighty and keen weapon he had slain many; so much the more abundantly ought Thy sons to rejoice, for that our King *hath bound the strong man*, and they saw his *vessels taken from him and cleansed*, and *made meet for Thy honour*, and become *serviceable for the Lord, unto every good work*.

But when that man of Thine, Simplicianus, related to me this of Victorinus, I was on fire to imitate him; for for this very end had he related it. But when he had subjoined also, how in the days of the Emperor Julian, a law was made, whereby Christians were forbidden to teach the liberal sciences or oratory; and how he, obeying this law, chose rather to give over the wordy school, than Thy *Word*, by which Thou *makest eloquent the tongues of the dumb*; he seemed to me not more resolute than blessed, in having thus found opportunity to wait on Thee only. Which thing I was sighing for, bound as I was, not with another's irons, but by my own iron will.

Thus with the baggage of this present world was I held down pleasantly, as in sleep: and the thoughts wherein I meditated on Thee, were like the efforts of such as would awake, who yet overcome with a heavy drowsiness, are again drenched therein. And as no one would sleep for ever, and in all men's sober judgment, waking is better, yet a man for the most part, feeling a heavy lethargy in all his limbs, defers to shake off sleep, and, though half displeased, yet, even after it is time to rise, with pleasure yields to it, so was I assured, that much better were it for me to give myself up to thy charity, than to give myself over to mine own cupidity; but though the former course satisfied me and gained the mastery,

the latter pleased me and held me mastered. Nor had I any thing to answer Thee calling to me, *Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.* And when Thou didst on all sides shew me, that what Thou saidst was true, I, convicted by the truth, had nothing at all to answer, but only those dull and drowsy words, "Anon, anon," "presently;" "leave me but a little." But "presently, presently," had no present, and my "little while" went on for a long while; in vain I *delighted in Thy law according to the inner man, when another law in my members, rebelled against the law of my mind, and led me captive under the law of sin which was in my members.* For the law of sin is the violence of custom, whereby the mind is drawn and holden, even against its will; but deservedly, for that it willingly fell into it. *Who then should deliver me thus wretched from the body of this death, but Thy grace only, through Jesus Christ our Lord?*

Amid increasing anxiety, I was doing my wonted business, and daily sighing unto Thee. I attended Thy Church, whenever free from the business under the burden of which I groaned. Alypius was with me, now after the third sitting released from his law business, and awaiting to whom to sell his counsel, as I sold the skill of speaking, if indeed teaching can impart it.

Upon a day then, Nebridius being absent, (I recollect not why,) lo, there came to see me and Alypius, one Pontitianus, our countryman so far as being an African, in high office in the Emperor's court. What he would with us, I know not, but we sat down to converse, and it happened that upon a table for some game, before us, he observed a book, took, opened it, and contrary to his expectation, found it the Apostle Paul; for he had thought it some of those books, which I was wearing myself in teaching. Whereat smiling, and looking at me, he expressed his joy and wonder, that he had on a sudden found this book, and this only before my eyes. For he was a Christian, and baptized, and often bowed himself before Thee our God in the Church, in frequent and continued prayers. When then I had told him, that I bestowed very great pains upon those Scriptures, a conversation arose (suggested by his account) on Antony the Egyptian Monk: whose name was in high reputation among Thy servants, though to that hour unknown to us. Which when he discovered, he dwelt the more upon that subject, informing and wondering at our ignorance of one so eminent.

Thence his discourse turned to the flocks in the Monasteries, and their holy ways, a sweet smelling savour unto Thee, and the fruitful deserts of the wilderness, whereof we knew nothing. And there was a Monastery at Milan, full of good brethren, without the city walls, under the fostering care of Ambrose, and we knew it not. He went on with his discourse, and we listened in intent silence. He told us then how one afternoon at Triers, when the Emperor was taken up with the Circensian games, he and three others, his companions, went out to walk in gardens near the city walls, and there as they happened to walk in pairs, one went apart with him, and the other two wandered by themselves; and these, in

their wanderings, lighted upon a certain cottage, inhabited by certain of thy servants, *poor in spirit, of whom is the kingdom of heaven*, and there they found a little book, containing the life of Antony. This one of them began to read, admire, and kindle at it, and as he read, to meditate on taking up such a life, and giving over his secular service to serve Thee. And these two were of those whom they style agents for the public affairs. Then suddenly, filled with an holy love, and a sober shame, in anger with himself he cast his eyes upon his friend, saying, "Tell me, I pray thee, what would we attain by all these labours of ours? what aim we at? what serve we for? Can our hopes in court rise higher than to be the Emperor's favourites? and in this, what is there not brittle, and full of perils? and by how many perils arrive we at a greater peril? And when arrive we thither? But a friend of God, if I wish it, I become now at once." So spake he. And in pain with the travail of a new life, he turned his eyes again upon the book, and read on, and was changed inwardly, where Thou sawest, and his mind was stripped of the world, as soon appeared. For as he read, and rolled up and down the waves of his heart, he stormed at himself a while, then discerned, and determined on a better course; and now being Thine, said to his friend, "Now have I broken loose from those our hopes, and am resolved to serve God; and this, from this hour, in this place, I begin upon. If thou likest not to imitate me, oppose not." The other answered, he would cleave to him, to partake so glorious a reward, so glorious a service.

Such was the story of Pontitianus; but Thou, O Lord, while he was speaking, didst turn me round towards myself, taking me from behind my back, where I had placed me, unwilling to observe myself; and setting me before my face, that I might see how foul I was, how crooked and defiled, bespotted and ulcerous. And I beheld and stood aghast; and whither to flee from myself I found not. And if I sought to turn mine eye from off myself, he went on with his relation, and Thou again didst set me over against myself, and thrustest me before my eyes, that *I might find out mine iniquity, and hate it*. I had known it, but made as though I saw it not, winked at it, and forgot it.

Thus was I gnawed within, and exceedingly confounded with an horrible shame, while Pontitianus was so speaking. And he having brought to a close his tale and the business he came for, went his way; and I into myself. What said I not against myself? with what scourges of condemnation lashed I not my soul, that it might follow me, striving to go after Thee! Yet it drew back; refused, but excused not itself. All arguments were spent and confuted; there remained a mute shrinking; and she feared, as she would death, to be restrained from the flux of that custom, whereby she was wasting to death.

A little garden there was to our lodging, which we had the use of, as of the whole house; for the master of the house, our host, was not living there. Thither had the tumult of my breast hurried me, where no man might hinder the hot contention wherein I had engaged with myself, until it should end as Thou knewest, I knew not. Only I was healthfully dis-

tracted and dying, to live; knowing what evil thing I was, and not knowing what good thing I was shortly to become. I retired then into the garden, and Alypius, on my steps. For his presence did not lessen my privacy; or how could he forsake me so disturbed? We sate down as far removed as might be from the house.

Thus soul-sick was I, and tormented, accusing myself much more severely than my wont, rolling and turning me in my chain, till that were wholly broken, whereby I now was but just, but still was, held. And Thou, O Lord, pressedst upon me in my inward parts by a severe mercy, redoubling the lashes of fear and shame, lest I should again give way, and not bursting that same slight remaining tie, it should recover strength, and bind me the faster. For I said within myself, "Be it done now, be it done now." And as I spake, I all but enacted it. I all but did it, and did it not: yet sunk not back to my former state, but kept my stand hard by, and took breath. And I essayed again, and wanted somewhat less of it, and somewhat less, and all but touched and laid hold of it; and yet came not at it, nor touched, nor laid hold of it: hesitating to die to death and to live to life: and the worse whereto I was inured, prevailed more with me than the better, whereto I was unused: and the very moment wherein I was to become other than I was, the nearer it approached me, the greater horror did it strike into me; yet did it not strike me back, nor turned me away, but held me in suspense.

The very toys of toys, and vanities of vanities, my ancient mistresses, still held me; they plucked my fleshly garment, and whispered softly, "Dost thou cast us off? and from that moment shall we no more be with thee for ever? and from that moment shall not this or that be lawful for thee for ever?" Yet they did retard me, so that I hesitated to burst and shake myself free from them, and to spring over whither I was called; a violent habit saying to me, "Thinkest thou, thou canst live without them?"

But now it spake very faintly. For on that side whither I had set my face, and whither I trembled to go, there appeared unto me the chaste dignity of Continency, serene, yet not relaxedly gay, honestly alluring me to come and doubt not; and stretching forth to receive and embrace me, her holy hands full of multitudes of good examples. There were so many young men and maidens here, a multitude of youth and every age, grave widows and aged virgins; and Continence herself in all, not barren, but a *fruitful mother of children* of joys, by Thee her Husband, O Lord. And she smiled on me with a persuasive mockery, as would she say, "Canst not thou what these youths, what these maidens can? or can they either in themselves, and not rather in the Lord their God? The Lord their God gave me unto them. Why standest thou in thyself, and so standest not? Cast thyself upon Him, fear not He will not withdraw Himself that thou shouldest fall; cast thyself fearlessly upon Him, He will receive, and will heal thee." And I blushed exceedingly, for that I yet heard the muttering of those toys, and hung in suspense. And she again seemed to say, "Stop thine ears against *those* thy unclean *members on the earth*, that they may

be mortified. *They tell thee of delights, but not as doth the law of the Lord thy God.*" This controversy in my heart was self against self only. But Alypius sitting close by my side, in silence waited the issue of my unwonted emotion.

But when a deep consideration had from the secret bottom of my soul drawn together and heaped up all my misery in the sight of my heart; there arose a mighty storm, bringing a mighty shower of tears. Which that I might pour forth wholly, in its natural expressions, I rose from Alypius: solitude was suggested to me as fitter for the business of weeping; so I retired so far that even his presence could not be a burthen to me. Thus was it then with me, and he perceived something of it; for something I suppose I had spoken, wherein the tones of my voice appeared choked with weeping, and so had risen up. He then remained where we were sitting, most extremely astonished. I cast myself down I know not how, under a certain fig-tree, giving full vent to my tears; and the floods of mine eyes gushed out, an *acceptable sacrifice to Thee*. And, not indeed in these words, yet to this purpose, spake I much unto Thee: *And Thou, O Lord, how long? how long, Lord, wilt Thou be angry, for ever? Remember not our former iniquities*, for I felt that I was held by them. I sent up these sorrowful words; How long? how long, "to-morrow, and to-morrow?" Why not now? why not is there this hour an end to my uncleanness?

So was I speaking, and weeping in the most bitter contrition of my heart, when, lo! I heard from a neighbouring house a voice, as of boy or girl, I know not, chanting, and oft repeating, "Take up and read; Take up and read." Instantly, my countenance altered, I began to think most intently, whether children were wont in any kind of play to sing such words: nor could I remember ever to have heard the like. So checking the torrent of my tears, I arose; interpreting it to be no other than a command from God, to open the book, and read the first chapter I should find. For I had heard of Antony, that coming in during the reading of the Gospel, he received the admonition, as if what was being read, was spoken to him; *Go, sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come and follow me*. And by such oracle he was forthwith converted unto Thee. Eagerly then I returned to the place where Alypius was sitting; for there had I laid the volume of the Apostle, when I arose thence. I seized, opened, and in silence read that section, on which my eyes first fell: *Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, in concupiscence*. No further would I read; nor needed I: for instantly at the end of this sentence, by a light as it were of serenity infused into my heart, all the darkness of doubt vanished away.

Then putting my finger between, or some other mark, I shut the volume, and with a calmed countenance made it known to Alypius. And what was wrought in him, which I knew not, he thus shewed me. He asked to see what I had read: I shewed him; and he looked even further

than I had read, and I knew not what followed. This followed, *him that is weak in the faith, receive*, which he applied to himself, and disclosed to me. And by this admonition was he strengthened, and by a good resolution and purpose, and most corresponding to his character, wherein he did always very far differ from me, for the better, without any turbulent delay he joined me. Thence we go into my mother; we tell her; she rejoiceth: we relate in order how it took place; she leaps for joy, and triumpheth, and blesseth Thee, *Who art able to do above that which we ask or think*; for she perceived that Thou hadst given her more for me, than she was wont to beg by her pitiful and most sorrowful groanings. For Thou convertedst me unto Thyself, so that I sought neither wife, nor any hope of this world, standing in that rule of faith, where Thou hadst shewed me unto her in a vision, so many years before. And Thou didst *convert her mourning into joy*, much more plentiful than she had desired, and in a much more precious and purer way than she erst required, by having grandchildren of my body.

Book Nine

Now was my soul free from the biting cares of canvassing and getting, and weltering in filth, and scratching off the itch of lust. And my infant tongue spake freely to Thee, my brightness, and my riches, and my health, the Lord my God.

And I resolved in Thy sight, not tumultuously to tear, but gently to withdraw, the service of my tongue from the marts of lip-labour: that the young, no students in Thy law, nor in Thy peace, but in lying dotages and law-skirmishes, should no longer buy at my mouth arms for their madness. And very seasonably, it now wanted but very few days unto the Vacation of the Vintage, and I resolved to endure them, then in a regular way to take my leave, and having been purchased by Thee, no more to return for sale. Our purpose then was known to Thee; but to men, other than our own friends, was it not known.

Moreover, it had at first troubled me, that in this very summer my lungs began to give way, amid too great literary labour, and to breathe deeply with difficulty, and by the pain in my chest to shew that they were injured, and to refuse any full or lengthened speaking; this had troubled me, for it almost constrained me of necessity, to lay down that burthen of teaching, or, if I could be cured and recover, at least to intermit it. But when the full wish for leisure, that I might see *how that Thou art the Lord*, arose, and was fixed, in me; my God, Thou knowest, I began even to rejoice that I had this secondary, and that no feigned, excuse, which might something moderate the offence taken by those, who for their sons' sake, wished me never to have the freedom of Thy sons. Full then of such

joy, I endured till that interval of time were run; it may have been some twenty days, yet they were endured manfully; endured, for the covetousness which aforetime bore a part of this heavy business, had left me, and I remained alone, and had been overwhelmed, had not patience taken its place. Perchance, some of Thy servants, my brethren, may say, that I sinned in this, that with a heart fully set on Thy service, I suffered myself to sit even one hour in the chair of lies. Nor would I be contentious. But hast not Thou, O most merciful Lord, pardoned and remitted this sin also, with my other most horrible and deadly sins, in the holy water?

Now was the day come, wherein I was indeed to be freed of my rhetoric professorship, whereof in thought I was already freed. And it was done. Thou didst rescue my tongue, whence Thou hadst before rescued my heart. And I blessed Thee, rejoicing; retiring with all mine to the villa.

I read, and kindled; nor found I what to do to those deaf and dead, of whom myself had been, a pestilent person, a bitter and a blind bawler against those writings, which are honied with the honey of heaven, and lightsome with Thine own light: and I was consumed with zeal at the enemies of this Scripture.

When shall I recall all which passed in those holy-days? Yet neither have I forgotten, nor will I pass over the severity of Thy scourge, and the wonderful swiftness of Thy mercy. Thou didst then torment me with pain in my teeth; which when it had come to such height, that I could not speak, it came into my heart to desire all my friends present to pray for me to Thee, the God of all manner of health. And this I wrote on wax, and gave it them to read. Presently so soon as with humble devotion we had bowed our knees, that pain went away. But what pain? or how went it away? I was affrighted, O my Lord, my God; for from infancy I had never experienced the like. And the power of Thy Nod was deeply conveyed to me, and rejoicing in faith, I praised Thy Name. And that faith suffered me not to be at ease about my past sins, which were not yet forgiven me by Thy baptism.

The vintage-vacation ended, I gave notice to the Milanese to provide their scholars with another master to sell words to them; for that I had both made choice to serve Thee, and through my difficulty of breathing and pain in my chest, was not equal to the professorship. And by letters I signified to Thy Prelate, the holy man ~~advise~~ ^{advise} my former errors and present desires, begging his advice what of Thy Scriptures I had best read, to become readier and fitter for receiving so great grace. He recommended Isaiah the Prophet: I believe, because he above the rest is a more clear foreshewer of the Gospel and of the calling of the Gentiles. But I, not understanding the first lesson in him, and imagining the whole to be like it, laid it by, to be resumed when better practised in our Lord's own words.

Thence, when the time was come, wherein I was to give in my name, we left the country and returned to Milan. It pleased Alypius also to be with me born again in Thee, being already clothed with the humility befitting Thy Sacraments; and a most valiant tamer of the body, so as, with

unwonted venture, to wear the frozen ground of Italy with his bare feet. We joined with us the boy Adeodatus, born after the flesh, of my sin. Excellently hadst Thou made him. He was not quite fifteen, and in wit surpassed many grave and learned men. I confess unto Thee Thy gifts, O Lord my God, Creator of all, and abundantly able to reform our deformities: for I had no part in that boy, but the sin. For that we brought him up in Thy discipline, it was Thou, none else, had inspired us with it. I confess unto Thee Thy gifts. There is a book of ours entitled *The Master*; it is a dialogue between him and me. Thou knowest, that all there ascribed to the person conversing with me, were his ideas, in his sixteenth year. Much besides, and yet more admirable, I found in him. That talent struck awe into me. And who but Thou could be the workmaster of such wonders? Soon didst Thou take his life from the earth: and I now remember him without anxiety, fearing nothing for his childhood or youth, or his whole self. Him we joined with us, our contemporary in grace, to be brought up in Thy discipline; and we were baptized, and anxiety for our past life vanished from us. Nor was I sated in those days with the wondrous sweetness of considering the depth of Thy counsels concerning the salvation of mankind. How did I weep, in Thy Hymns and Canticles, touched to the quick by the voices of Thy sweet-attuned Church! The voices flowed into mine ears, and the Truth distilled into my heart, whence the affections of my devotion overflowed, and tears ran down, and happy was I therein.

Not long had the Church of Milan begun to use this kind of consolation and exhortation, the brethren zealously joining with harmony of voice and hearts. For it was a year, or not much more, that Justina, mother to the Emperor Valentinian, a child, persecuted Thy servant Ambrose, in favour of her heresy, to which she was seduced by the Arians. The devout people kept watch in the Church, ready to die with their Bishop Thy servant. There my mother Thy handmaid, bearing a chief part of those anxieties and watchings, lived for prayer. We, yet unwarmed by the heat of Thy Spirit, still were stirred up by the sight of the amazed and disquieted city. Then it was first instituted that after the manner of the Eastern Churches Hymns and Psalms should be sung, lest the people should wax faint through the tediousness of sorrow: and from that day to this the custom is retained, divers, yea, almost all Thy congregations, throughout other parts of the world, following herein.

Then didst Thou by a vision discover to Thy forenamed Bishop, where the bodies of Gervasius and Protasius the martyrs lay hid, (whom Thou hadst in Thy secret treasury stored uncorrupted so many years,) whence Thou mightest seasonably produce them to repress the fury of a woman, but an Empress. For when they were discovered and dug up, and with due honour translated to the Ambrosian Basilica, not only they who were vexed with unclean spirits (the devils confessing themselves) were cured, but a certain man, who had for many years been blind, a citizen, and well known to the city, asking and hearing the reason of the people's confused joy, sprang forth, desiring his guide to lead him thither. Led thither, he

begged to be allowed to touch with his handkerchief the bier of Thy *saints, whose death is precious in Thy sight*. Which when he had done, and put to his eyes, they were forthwith opened. Thence did the fame spread, thence Thy praises glowed, shone; thence the mind of that enemy, though not turned to the soundness of believing, was yet turned back from her fury of persecuting. Thanks to Thee, O my God.

Thou *that makest men to dwell of one mind in one house*, didst join with us Euodius also, a young man of our own city. Who being an officer of Court, was before us converted to Thee and baptized: and quitting his secular warfare, girded himself to Thine. We were together, about to dwell together in our devout purpose. We sought where we might serve Thee most usefully, and were together returning to Africa: whitherward being as far as Ostia, my mother departed this life. Much I omit, as hastening much. Receive my confessions and thanksgivings, O my God, for innumerable things whereof I am silent.

The day now approaching whereon she was to depart this life, (which day Thou well knewest, we knew not,) it came to pass, Thyselt, as I believe, by Thy secret ways so ordering it, that she and I stood alone, leaning in a certain window, which looked into the garden of the house where we now lay, at Ostia; where removed from the din of men, we were recruiting from the fatigues of a long journey, for the voyage. We were discoursing then together, alone, very sweetly; and *forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before*, we were enquiring between ourselves in the presence of the Truth, which Thou art, of what sort the eternal life of the saints was to be, *which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man*.

We were saying then: If to any the tumult of the flesh were hushed, hushed the images of earth, and waters, and air, hushed also the poles of heaven, yea the very soul be hushed to herself, and by not thinking on self surmount self, hushed all dreams and imaginary revelations, every tongue and every sign, and whatsoever exists only in transition, since if any could hear, all these say, *We made not ourselves, but He made us that abideth for ever*—If then having uttered this, they too should be hushed, having roused only our ears to Him who made them, and He alone speak, not by them, but by Himself, that we may hear His Word, not through any tongue of flesh, nor Angel's voice, nor sound of thunder, nor in the dark riddle of a similitude, but, might hear Whom in these things we love, might hear His Very Self without these, (as we two now strained ourselves, and in swift thought touched on that Eternal Wisdom, which abideth over all;)—could this be continued on, and other visions of kind far unlike be withdrawn, and this one ravish, and absorb, and wrap up its beholder amid these inward joys, so that life might be for ever like that one moment of understanding which now we sighed after; were not this, *Enter into thy Master's joy?* And when shall that be? *When we shall all rise again, though we shall not all be changed?*

Such things was I speaking, and even if not in this very manner, and these same words, yet, Lord, Thou knowest, that in that day when we

were speaking of these things, and this world with all its delights became, as we spake, contemptible to us, my mother said, "Son, for mine own part I have no further delight in any thing in this life. What I do here any longer, and to what end I am here, I know not, now that my hopes in this world are accomplished. One thing there was, for which I desired to linger for a while in this life, that I might see thee a Catholic Christian before I died. My God hath done this for me more abundantly, that I should now see thee withal, despising earthly happiness, become His servant: what do I here?"

What answer I made her unto these things, I remember not. For scarce five days after, or not much more, she fell sick of a fever; and in that sickness one day she fell into a swoon, and was for a while withdrawn from these visible things. We hastened round her; but she was soon brought back to her senses; and looking on me and my brother standing by her, said to us enquiringly, "Where was I?" And then looking fixedly on us, with grief amazed; "Here," saith she, "shall you bury your mother." I held my peace and refrained weeping; but my brother spake something, wishing for her, as the happier lot, that she might die, not in a strange place, but in her own land. Whereat, she with anxious look, checking him with her eyes, for that he still *savoured such things*, and then looking upon me; "Behold," saith she, "what he saith;" and soon after to us both, "Lay," she saith, "this body any where; let not the care for that any way disquiet you: this only I request, that you would remember me at the Lord's altar, wherever you be." And having delivered this sentiment in what words she could, she held her peace, being exercised by her growing sickness.

But I, considering Thy gifts, Thou unseen God, which Thou instillest into the hearts of Thy faithful ones, whence wondrous fruits do spring, did rejoice and give thanks to Thee, recalling what I before knew, how careful and anxious she had ever been, as to her place of burial, which she had provided and prepared for herself by the body of her husband. For because they had lived in great harmony together, she also wished (so little can the human mind embrace things divine) to have this addition to that happiness, and to have it remembered among men, that after her pilgrimage beyond the seas, what was earthly of this united pair had been permitted to be united beneath the same earth. But when this emptiness had through the fulness of Thy goodness begun to cease in her heart, I knew not, and rejoiced admiring what she had so disclosed to me; though indeed in that our discourse also in the window, when she said, "What do I here any longer?" there appeared no desire of dying in her own country. I heard afterwards also, that when we were now at Ostia, she with a mother's confidence, when I was absent, one day discoursed with certain of my friends about the contempt of this life, and the blessing of death: and when they were amazed at such courage which Thou hadst given to a woman, and asked, "Whether she were not afraid to leave her body so far from her own city?" she replied, "Nothing is far to God; nor was it to be feared lest at the end of the world, He should not recognize whence He

were to raise me up." On the ninth day then of her sickness, and the fifty-sixth year of her age, and the three and thirtieth of mine, was that religious and holy soul freed from the body

I closed her eyes; and there flowed withal a mighty sorrow into my heart, which was overflowing into tears; mine eyes at the same time, by the violent command of my mind, drank up their fountain wholly dry; and woe was me in such a strife! But when she breathed her last, the boy Adeodatus burst out into a loud lament; then, checked by us all, held his peace. In like manner also a childish feeling in me, which was, through my heart's youthful voice, finding its vent in weeping, was checked and silenced. For we thought it not fitting to solemnize that funeral with tearful lament, and groanings for thereby do they for the most part express grief for the departed, as though unhappy, or altogether dead; whereas she was neither unhappy in her death, nor altogether dead. Of this, we were assured on good grounds, the testimony of her good conversation and her *faith unfeigned*.

The boy then being stilled from weeping, Euodius took up the Psalter, and began to sing, our whole house answering him, the Psalm, *I will sing of mercy and judgment to Thee, O Lord*. But hearing what we were doing, many brethren and religious women came together; and whilst they (whose office it was) made ready for the burial, as the manner is, I (in a part of the house, where I might properly), together with those who thought not fit to leave me, discoursed upon something fitting the time; and by this balm of truth, assuaged that torment, known to Thee, they unknowing and listening intently, and conceiving me to be without all sense of sorrow.

And behold, the corpse was carried to the burial; we went and returned without tears. It seemed also good to me to go and bathe, having heard that the bath had its name (*balneum*) from the Greek *βαλανεον*, for that it drives sadness from the mind. And this also I confess unto Thy mercy, *Father of the fatherless*, that I bathed, and was the same as before I bathed. For the bitterness of sorrow could not exude out of my heart. Then I slept, and woke up again, and found my grief not a little softened.

And then by little and little I recovered my former thoughts of Thy handmaid, her holy conversation towards Thee, her holy tenderness and observance towards us, whereof I was suddenly deprived: and I was minded to weep in Thy sight, for her and for myself, in her behalf and in my own. And I gave way to the tears which I before restrained, to overflow as much as they desired; reposing my heart upon them; and it found rest in them, for it was in Thy ears, not in those of man, who would have scornfully interpreted my weeping. And now, Lord, in writing I confess it unto Thee.

May she rest then in peace with the husband, before and after whom she had never any; whom she obeyed, *with patience bringing forth fruit* unto Thee, that she might win him also unto Thee. And inspire, O Lord my God, inspire Thy servants my brethren, Thy sons my masters, whom

with voice, and heart, and pen I serve, that so many as shall read these Confessions, may at Thy Altar remember Monnica Thy handmaid, with Patricius, her sometimes husband, by whose bodies Thou broughtest me into this life, how, I know not. May they with devout affection remember my parents in this transitory light, my brethren under Thee our Father in our Catholic Mother, and my fellow citizens in that eternal Jerusalem, which Thy pilgrim people sigheth after from their Exodus, even unto their return thither. That so, my mother's last request of me, may through my confessions, more than through my prayers, be, through the prayers of many, more abundantly fulfilled to her.

Book Ten

LET me know Thee, O Lord, who knowest me: *let me know Thee, as I am known*. What then have I to do with men, that they should hear my confessions; as if they could *heal all my infirmities*? A race, curious to know the lives of others, slothful to amend their own. Why seek they to hear from me what I am; who will not hear from Thee what themselves are?

But what I now am, at the very time of making these confessions, divers desire to know, who have or have not known me, who have heard from me or of me; but their ear is not at my heart, where I am, whatever I am. They wish then to hear me confess what I am within; whither neither their eye, nor ear, nor understanding, can reach; they wish it, as ready to believe—but will they know? For charity, whereby they are good, telleth them, that in my confessions I lie not; and she in them, believeth me

But for what fruit would they hear this? do they desire to joy with me, when they hear how near, by Thy gift, I approach unto Thee? and to pray for me, when they shall hear how much I am held back by my own weight? To such will I discover myself. For it is no mean fruit, O Lord my God, *that by many thanks should be given to Thee on our behalf*, and Thou be by many intreated for us. Let the brotherly mind love in me, what Thou teachest is to be loved, and lament in me, what Thou teachest is to be lamented.

This is the fruit of my confessions of what I am, not of what I have been, to confess this, not before Thee only, in a secret *exultation with trembling*, and a secret sorrow with hope; but in the ears also of the believing sons of men, sharers of my joy, and partners in my mortality, my fellow-citizens, and fellow-pilgrims, who are gone before, or are to follow on, companions of my way.

Not with doubting, but with assured consciousness, do I love Thee, Lord. But what do I love, when I love Thee? not beauty of bodies, nor the

fair harmony of time, nor the brightness of the light, so gladsome to our eyes, nor sweet melodies of varied songs, nor the fragrant smell of flowers, and ointments, and spices, not manna and honey, not limbs acceptable to embracements of flesh. None of these I love, when I love my God, and yet I love a kind of light, and melody, and fragrance, and meat, and embracement, when I love my God, the light, melody, fragrance, meat, embracement of my inner man: where there shineth unto my soul, what space cannot contain, and there soundeth, what time beareth not away, and there smelleth, what breathing disperseth not, and there tasteth, what eating diminisheth not, and there clingeth, what satiety divorceth not. This is it which I love, when I love my God.

And what is this? I asked the earth, and it answered me, "I am not He;" and whatsoever are in it, confessed the same. I asked the sea and the deeps, and the living creeping things, and they answered, "We are not thy God, seek above us." I asked the moving air; and the whole air with its inhabitants answered, "Anaximenes was deceived, I am not God." I asked the heavens, sun, moon, stars, "Nor (say they) are we the God whom thou seekest." And I replied unto all the things which encompass the door of my flesh; "Ye have told me of my God, that ye are not He; tell me something of Him." And they cried out with a loud voice, "He made us." My questioning them, was my thoughts on them: and their form of beauty gave the answer. And I turned myself unto myself, and said to myself, "Who art thou?" And I answered, "A man." And behold, in me there present themselves to me soul, and body, one without, the other within. By which of these ought I to seek my God? I had sought Him in the body from earth to heaven, so far as I could send messengers, the beams of mine eyes. But the better is the inner, for to it as presiding and judging, all the bodily messengers reported the answers of heaven and earth, and all things therein, who said, "We are not God, but He made us." These things did my inner man know by the ministry of the outer: I the inner, knew them; I, the mind, through the senses of my body. I asked the whole frame of the world about my God; and it answered me, "I am not He, but He made me."

I will pass then beyond this power of my nature also, rising by degrees unto Him, who made me. And I come to the fields and spacious palaces of my memory, where are the treasures of innumerable images, brought into it from things of all sorts perceived by the senses. There is stored up, whatsoever besides we think, either by enlarging or diminishing, or any other way varying those things which the sense hath come to; and whatever else hath been committed and laid up, which forgetfulness hath not yet swallowed up and buried. When I enter there, I require what I will, to be brought forth, and something instantly comes; others must be longer sought after, which are fetched, as it were, out of some inner receptacle; others rush out in troops, and while one thing is desired and required, they start forth, as who should say, "Is it perchance I?" These I drive away with the hand of my heart, from the face of my remembrance; until what I wished for be unveiled, and appear in sight, out of its secret

place. Other things come up readily, in unbroken order, as they are called for; those in front making way for the following; and as they make way, they are hidden from sight, ready to come when I will. All which takes place, when I repeat a thing by heart

These things do I within, in that vast court of my memory. For there are present with me, heaven, earth, sea, and whatever I could think on therein, besides what I have forgotten. There also meet I with myself, and recall myself, and when, where, and what I have done, and under what feelings.

Great is this force of memory, excessive great, O my God; a large and boundless chamber¹ who ever sounded the bottom thereof? yet is this a power of mine, and belongs unto my nature; nor do I myself comprehend all that I am. Therefore is the mind too strait to contain itself. And where should that be, which it containeth not of itself? Is it without it, and not within? how then doth it not comprehend itself? A wonderful admiration surprises me, amazement seizes me upon this. And men go abroad to admire the heights of mountains, the mighty billows of the sea, the broad tides of rivers, the compass of the ocean, and the circuits of the stars, and pass themselves by; nor wonder, that when I spake of all these things, I did not see them with mine eyes, yet could not have spoken of them, unless I then actually saw the mountains, billows, rivers, stars, which I had seen, and that ocean which I believe to be, inwardly in my memory, and that, with the same vast spaces between, as if I saw them abroad. Yet did not I by seeing draw them into myself, when with mine eyes I beheld them; nor are they themselves with me, but their images only. And I know by what sense of the body, each was impressed upon me.

Yet not these alone does the unmeasurable capacity of my memory retain. Here also is all, learnt of the liberal sciences and as yet unforgotten; removed as it were to some inner place, which is yet no place: nor are they the images thereof, but the things themselves. For, what is literature, what the art of disputing, how many kinds of questions there be, whatsoever of these I know, in such manner exists in my memory, as that I have not taken in the image, and left out the thing, or that it should have sounded and passed away like a voice fixed on the ear by that impress, whereby it might be recalled, as if it sounded, when it no longer sounded; or as a smell while it passes, and evaporates into air affects the sense of smell, whence it conveys into the memory an image of itself, which remembering, we renew, or as meat, which verily in the belly hath now no taste, and yet in the memory still in a manner tasteth; or as any thing which the body by touch perceiveth, and which when removed from us, the memory still conceives. For those things are not transmitted into the memory, but their images only are with an admirable swiftness caught up, and stored as it were in wondrous cabinets, and thence wonderfully by the act of remembering, brought forth.

The memory containeth also reasons and laws innumerable of numbers and dimensions, none of which hath any bodily sense impressed; seeing they have neither colour, nor sound, nor taste, nor smell, nor touch.

The same memory contains also the affections of my mind, not in the same manner that my mind itself contains them, when it feels them; but far otherwise, according to a power of its own. For without rejoicing I remember myself to have joyed; and without sorrow do I recollect my past sorrow. And that I once feared, I review without fear; and without desire call to mind a past desire.

Great is the power of memory, a fearful thing, O my God, a deep and boundless manifoldness; and this thing is the mind, and this am I myself.

What shall I do then, O Thou my true life, my God? I will pass even beyond this power of mine which is called memory: yea, I will pass beyond it, that I may approach unto Thee, O sweet Light. For even beasts and birds have memory, else could they not return to their dens and nests, nor many other things they are used unto: nor indeed could they be used to any thing, but by memory. I will pass then beyond memory also, that I may arrive at Him who hath separated me from the four-footed beasts and made me wiser than the fowls of the air. I will pass beyond memory also, and where shall I find Thee, Thou truly good and certain sweetness? And where shall I find Thee? If I find Thee without my memory, then do I not retain Thee in my memory. And how shall I find Thee, if I remember Thee not?

But what when the memory itself loses any thing, as falls out when we forget and seek that we may recollect? Where in the end do we search, but in the memory itself? For we have not as yet utterly forgotten that, which we remember ourselves to have forgotten. What then we have utterly forgotten, though lost, we cannot even seek after.

How then do I seek Thee, O Lord? For when I seek Thee, my God, I seek a happy life. *I will seek Thee, that my soul may live.*

We hear the name, and we all confess that we desire the thing; for we are not delighted with the mere sound. For when a Greek hears it in Latin, he is not delighted, not knowing what is spoken; but we Latins are delighted, as would he too, if he heard it in Greek; because the thing itself is neither Greek nor Latin, which Greeks and Latins, and men of all other tongues, long for so earnestly. Known therefore it is to all, for could they with one voice be asked, "would they be happy?" they would answer without doubt, "they would." And this could not be, unless the thing itself whereof it is the name, were retained in their memory.

Where then and when did I experience my happy life, that I should remember, and love, and long for it? Nor is it I alone, or some few besides, but we all would fain be happy; which, unless by some certain knowledge we knew, we should not with so certain a will desire. But how is this, that if two men be asked whether they would go to the wars, one, perchance, would answer that he would, the other, that he would not; but if they were asked, whether they would be happy, both would instantly without any doubting say they would; and for no other reason would the one go to the wars, and the other not, but to be happy. Is it perchance, that as one looks for his joy in this thing, another in that, all agree in their desire of being happy, as they would, (if they were asked,) that they wished to

have joy, and this joy they call a happy life? Although then one obtains this joy by one means, another by another, all have one end, which they strive to attain, namely, joy. Which being a thing, which all must say they have experienced, it is therefore found in the memory, and recognized whenever the name of a happy life is mentioned.

Why doth "truth generate hatred," and the *man of thine*, preaching the truth, become an enemy to them? whereas a happy life is loved, which is nothing else but joying in the truth; unless that truth is in that kind loved, that they who love any thing else, would gladly have that which they love to be the truth; and because they would not be deceived, would not be convinced that they are so? Therefore do they hate the truth, for that thing's sake, which they love instead of the truth. They love truth when she enlightens, they hate her when she reproves. For since they would not be deceived, and would deceive, they love her, when she discovers herself unto them, and hate her, when she discovers them. Whence she shall so repay them, that they who would not be made manifest by her, she both against their will makes manifest, and herself becometh not manifest unto them. Thus, thus, yea thus doth the mind of man, thus blind and sick, foul and ill-favoured, wish to be hidden, but that aught should be hidden from it, it wills not. But the contrary is required it, that itself should not be hidden from the Truth; but the Truth is hid from it. Yet even thus miserable, it had rather joy in truths than in falsehoods. Happy then will it be, when, no distraction interposing, it shall joy in that only Truth, by Whom all things are true.

See what a space I have gone over in my memory seeking Thee, O Lord; and I have not found Thee, without it. Nor have I found any thing concerning Thee, but what I have kept in memory, ever since I learnt Thee. For since I learnt Thee, I have not forgotten Thee. For where I found Truth, there found I my God, the Truth Itself; which since I learnt, I have not forgotten. Since then I learned Thee, Thou residest in my memory; and there do I find Thee, when I call Thee to remembrance, and delight in Thee. These be my holy delights, which Thou hast given me in Thy mercy, having regard to my poverty.

But where in my memory residest Thou, O Lord, where residest Thou there? what manner of lodging hast Thou framed for Thee? what manner of sanctuary hast Thou builded for Thee? Thou hast given this honour to my memory, to reside in it; but in what quarter of it Thou residest, that am I considering. For in thinking on Thee, I passed beyond such parts of it, as the beasts also have, for I found Thee not there among the images of corporeal things: and I came to those parts to which I committed the affections of my mind, nor found Thee there. And I entered into the very seat of my mind, (which it hath in my memory, inasmuch as the mind remembers itself also,) neither wert Thou there: for as Thou art not a corporeal image, nor the affection of a living being; (as when we rejoice, condole, desire, fear, remember, forget, or the like;) so neither art Thou the mind itself; because Thou art the Lord God of the mind; and all these are changed, but Thou remainest unchangeable over all, and yet

hast vouchsafed to dwell in my memory, since I learnt Thee. And why seek I now, in what place thereof Thou dwellest, as if there were places therein? Sure I am, that in it Thou dwellest, since I have remembered Thee, ever since I learnt Thee, and there I find Thee, when I call Thee to remembrance.

Where then did I find Thee, that I might learn Thee? For in my memory Thou wert not, before I learned Thee. Where then did I find Thee, that I might learn Thee, but in Thee above me? Place there is none; *we go backward and forward*, and there is no place. Every where, O Truth, dost Thou give audience to all who ask counsel of Thee, and at once answerest all, though on manifold matters they ask Thy counsel.

Woe is me! Lord, have pity on me. My evil sorrows strive with my good joys; and on which side is the victory, I know not. Woe is me! Lord, have pity on me. Woe is me! lo! I hide not my wounds; Thou art the Physician, I the sick; Thou merciful, I miserable. And all my hope is now where but in Thy exceeding great mercy. Give what Thou enjoinest, and enjoin what Thou wilt. Thou enjoinest us continency; and *when I knew*, saith one, *that no man can be continent, unless God give it, this also was a part of wisdom to know whose gift she is*. By continency verily, are we bound up and brought back into One, whence we were dissipated into many. For too little doth he love Thee, who loves any thing with Thee, which he loveth not for Thee. O love, who ever burnest and never consumest! O charity, my God! kindle me. Thou enjoinest continency. give me what Thou enjoinest, and enjoin what Thou wilt.

Verily Thou enjoinest me continency from the *lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the ambition of the world*. Thou enjoinest continency from concubinage; and, for wedlock itself, Thou has counselled something better than what Thou hast permitted. And since Thou gavest it, it was done, even before I became a dispenser of Thy Sacrament. But there yet live in my memory (whereof I have much spoken) the images of such things, as my ill custom there fixed; which haunt me, strengthless when I am awake: but in sleep, not only so as to give pleasure, but even to obtain assent, and what is very like reality. Yea, so far prevails the illusion of the image, in my soul and in my flesh, that, when asleep, false visions persuade to that which when waking, the true cannot. Am I not then myself, O Lord my God? And yet there is so much difference betwixt myself and myself, within that moment wherein I pass from waking to sleeping, or return from sleeping to waking! Where is reason then, which, awake, resisteth such suggestions? And should the things themselves be urged on it, it remaineth unshaken. Is it clasped up with the eyes? is it lulled asleep with the senses of the body? And whence is it that often even in sleep we resist, and mindful of our purpose, and abiding most chastely in it, yield no assent to such enticements? And yet so much difference there is, that when it happeneth otherwise, upon waking we return to peace of conscience: and by this very difference discover that we did not, what yet we be sorry that in some way it was done in us.

Art Thou not mighty, God Almighty, so as to *heal all the diseases of*

my soul, and by Thy more abundant grace to quench even the impure motions of my sleep? Thou wilt increase, Lord, Thy gifts more and more in me, that my soul may follow me to Thee, disentangled from the bird-lime of concupiscence; that it rebel not against itself, and even in dreams not only not, through images of sense, commit those debasing corruptions, even to pollution of the flesh, but not even to consent unto them.

There is another *evil of the day*, which I would were *sufficient for it*. For by eating and drinking we repair the daily decays of our body, until Thou *destroy both belly and meat*, when Thou shalt slay my emptiness with a wonderful fulness, and *clothe this incorruptible* with an eternal *incorruption*.

This hast Thou taught me, that I should set myself to take food as physic. But while I am passing from the discomfort of emptiness to the content of replenishing, in the very passage the snare of concupiscence besets me. For that passing, is pleasure, nor is there any other way to pass thither, whither we needs must pass. And health being the cause of eating and drinking, there joineth itself as an attendant a dangerous pleasure, which mostly endeavours to go before it, so that I may for her sake do what I say I do, or wish to do, for health's sake. Nor have each the same measure; for what is enough for health, is too little for pleasure. And oft it is uncertain, whether it be the necessary care of the body which is yet asking for sustenance, or whether a voluptuous deceptableness of greediness is proffering its services. In this uncertainty the unhappy soul rejoiceth, and therein prepares an excuse to shield itself, glad that it appeareth not what sufficeth for the moderation of health, that under the cloak of health, it may disguise the matter of gratification. These temptations I daily endeavour to resist, and I call on Thy right hand, and to Thee do I refer my perplexities; because I have as yet no settled counsel herein.

Placed then amid these temptations, I strive daily against concupiscence in eating and drinking. For it is not of such nature, that I can settle on cutting it off once for all, and never touching it afterward, as I could of concubinage. The bridle of the throat then is to be held at-tempered between slackness and stiffness.

With the allurements of smells, I am not much concerned. When absent, I do not miss them; when present, I do not refuse them; yet ever ready to be without them. So I seem to myself; perchance I am deceived.

The delights of the ear, had more firmly entangled and subdued me; but Thou didst loosen, and free me. Now, in those melodies which Thy words breathe soul into, when sung with a sweet and attuned voice, I do a little repose; yet not so as to be held thereby, but that I can disengage myself when I will. At other times, shunning over-anxiously this very deception, I err in too great strictness; and sometimes to that degree, as to wish the whole melody of sweet music which is used to David's Psalter, banished from my ears, and the Church's too. Thus I fluctuate between peril of pleasure, and approved wholesomeness; inclined the rather (though not as pronouncing an irrevocable opinion) to approve

of the usage of singing in the church; that so by the delight of the ears, the weaker minds may rise to the feeling of devotion. Yet when it befalls me to be more moved with the voice than the words sung, I confess to have sinned penally, and then had rather not hear music. See now my state; weep with me, and weep for me, ye, who so regulate your feelings within, as that good action ensues.

There remains the pleasure of these eyes of my flesh, on which to make my confessions in the hearing of the ears of Thy temple, those brotherly and devout ears; and so to conclude the temptations of the *lust of the flesh*, which yet assail me, *groaning earnestly, and desiring to be clothed upon with my house from heaven*. The eyes love fair and varied forms, and bright and soft colours. Let not these occupy my soul; let God rather occupy it, *who made these things, very good* indeed, yet is He my good, not they. And these affect me, waking, the whole day, nor is any rest given me from them, as there is from musical, sometimes, in silence, from all voices. For this queen of colours, the light, bathing all which we behold, wherever I am through the day, gliding by me in varied forms, soothes me when engaged on other things, and not observing it. And so strongly doth it entwine itself, that if it be suddenly withdrawn, it is with longing sought for, and if absent long, saddeneth the mind.

To this is added, another form of temptation more manifoldly dangerous. For besides that concupiscence of the flesh which consisteth in the delight of all senses and pleasures, wherein its slaves, who *go far from Thee*, waste and *perish*, the soul hath, through the same senses of the body, a certain vain and curious desire, veiled under the title of knowledge and learning, not of delighting in the flesh, but of making experiments through the flesh. The seat whereof being in the appetite of knowledge, and sight being the sense chiefly used for attaining knowledge, it is in Divine language called, *The lust of the eyes*.

In this so vast wilderness, full of snares and dangers, behold many of them I have cut off, and thrust out of my heart, as Thou hast given me, O God of my salvation. And yet when dare I say, since so many things of this kind buzz on all sides about our daily life—when dare I say, that nothing of this sort engages my attention, or causes in me an idle interest? True, the theatres do not now carry me away, nor care I to know the courses of the stars, nor did my soul ever consult ghosts departed; all sacrilegious mysteries I detest.

Notwithstanding, in how many most petty and contemptible things is our curiosity daily tempted, and how often we give way, who can recount? How often do we begin, as if we were tolerating people telling vain stories, lest we offend the weak; then by degrees we take interest therein! I go not now to the circus to see a dog coursing a hare; but in the field, it passing, that coursing peradventure will distract me even from some weighty thought, and draw me after it: not that I turn aside the body of my beast, yet still incline my mind thither. And unless Thou, having made me see my infirmity, didst speedily admonish me either through the sight itself, by some contemplation to rise towards Thee, or

altogether to despise and pass it by, I dully stand fixed therein. What, when sitting at home, a lizard catching flies, or a spider entangling them rushing into her nets, oft-times takes my attention? Is the thing different, because they are but small creatures? I go on from them to praise Thee the wonderful Creator and Orderer of all, but this does not first draw my attention. It is one thing to rise quickly, another not to fall. And of such things is my life full; and my one hope is Thy wonderful great mercy. For when our heart becomes the receptacle of such things, and is over-charged with throngs of this abundant vanity, then are our prayers also thereby often interrupted and distracted, and whilst in Thy presence we direct the voice of our heart to Thine ears, this so great concern is broken off, by the rushing in of I know not what idle thoughts. Shall we then account this also among things of slight concernment, or shall aught bring us back to hope, save Thy complete mercy, since Thou hast begun to change us?

By these temptations we are assailed daily, O Lord; without ceasing are we assailed. Our daily *furnace* is the tongue of men. And in this way also Thou commandest us continence. Give what Thou enjoinest, and enjoin what Thou wilt. Behold, in Thee, O Truth, I see, that I ought not to be moved at my own praises, for my own sake, but for the good of my neighbour. And whether it be so with me, I know not. For herein I know less of myself, than of Thee. I beseech now, O my God, discover to me myself also, that I may confess unto my brethren, who are to pray for me, wherein I find myself maimed. Let me examine myself again more diligently. If in my praise I am moved with the good of my neighbour, why am I less moved if another be unjustly dispraised than if it be myself? Why am I more stung by reproach cast upon myself, than at that cast upon another, with the same injustice, before me? Know I not this also? or is it at last that I *deceive myself*, and do not the truth before Thee in my heart and tongue? This madness put far from me, O Lord, lest mine own mouth be to me the *sinner's oil to make fat my head*. I am poor and needy; yet best, while in hidden groanings I displease myself, and seek Thy mercy, until what is lacking in my defective state be renewed and perfected, on to that peace which the eye of the proud knoweth not.

Thus then have I considered the sicknesses of my sins in that three-fold concupiscence, and have called Thy right hand to my help.

Whom could I find to reconcile me to Thee? was I to have recourse to Angels? by what prayers? by what sacraments? Many endeavouring to return unto Thee, and of themselves unable, have, as I hear, tried this, and fallen into the desire of curious visions, and been accounted worthy to be deluded. For they, being high minded, sought Thee by the pride of learning, swelling out rather, than smiting upon, their breasts, and so by the agreement of their heart, drew unto themselves the *princes of the air*, the fellow-conspirators of their pride, by whom, through magical influences, they were deceived, seeking a mediator, by whom they might be purged, and there was none.

But the true Mediator, Whom in Thy secret mercy Thou hast shewed

to the humble, and sentest, that by His example also they might learn that same humility, that *Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus*, appeared betwixt mortal sinners and the immortal Just One; mortal with men, just with God: that because the wages of righteousness is life and peace, He might by a righteousness conjoined with God, make void that death of sinners, now made righteous, which He willed to have in common with them. Hence He was shewed forth to holy men of old; that so they, through faith in His Passion to come, as we through faith of it passed, might be saved. For as Man, He was a Mediator; but as the Word, not in the middle between God and man, because equal to God, and God with God, and together one God.

Affrighted with my sins and the burthen of my misery, I had cast in my heart, and had purposed to *flee to the wilderness*: but Thou forbadeest me, and strengthenedst me, saying, *Therefore Christ died for all, that they which live may now no longer live unto themselves, but unto Him that died for them*. See, Lord, I cast my care upon Thee, that I may live, and consider wondrous things out of Thy law. Thou knowest my unskilfulness, and my infirmities; teach me, and heal me. He Thine only Son, in Whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, hath redeemed me with His blood. *Let not the proud speak evil of me*, because I meditate on my ransom, and eat and drink, and communicate it, and poor, desired to be satisfied from Him, amongst those that eat and are satisfied, and they shall praise the Lord who seek Him.

Book Eleven

LORD, since eternity is Thine, art Thou ignorant of what I say to Thee? or dost Thou see in time, what passeth in time? Why then do I lay in order before Thee so many relations? Not, of a truth, that Thou mightest learn them through me, but to stir up mine own and my readers' devotions towards Thee, that we may all say, *Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised* I have said already, and again will say, for love of Thy love do I this.

The day is Thine, and the night is Thine; at Thy beck the moments flee by. Grant thereof a space for our meditations in the *hidden things of Thy law*, and close it not against us who knock. For not in vain wouldest Thou have the darksome secrets of so many pages written; nor are those forests without their harts which retire therein and range and walk, feed, lie down, and ruminate. *Perfect me, O Lord, and reveal them unto me*.

I would hear and understand, how "In the Beginning Thou madest the heaven and earth." Moses wrote this, wrote and departed, passed hence from Thee to Thee; nor is he now before me. For if he were, I would hold him and ask him, and beseech him by Thee to open these

things unto me, and would lay the ears of my body to the sounds bursting out of his mouth. And should he speak Hebrew, in vain will it strike on my senses, nor would aught of it touch my mind; but if Latin, I should know what he said. But whence should I know, whether he spake truth? Yea, and if I knew this also, should I know it from him? Truly within me, within, in the chamber of my thoughts, Truth, neither Hebrew, nor Greek, nor Latin, nor barbarian, without organs of voice or tongue, or sound of syllables, would say, "It is truth," and I forthwith should say confidently to that man of Thine, "thou sayest truly." Whereas then I cannot enquire of him, Thee, Thee I beseech, O Truth, full of Whom he spake truth, Thee, my God, I beseech, forgive my sins; and Thou, who gavest him Thy servant to speak these things, give to me also to understand them.

Behold, the heavens and the earth are; they proclaim that they were created; for they change and vary. Thou therefore, Lord, madest them; who art beautiful, for they are beautiful; who art good, for they are good; who art, for they are; yet are they not beautiful nor good, nor are they, as Thou their Creator art; compared with Whom, they are neither beautiful, nor good, nor are. This we know, thanks be to Thee. And our knowledge, compared with Thy knowledge, is ignorance.

But how dost Thou make them? how, O God, didst Thou *make heaven and earth*? Verily, neither in the heaven, nor in the earth, didst Thou *make heaven and earth*; nor in the air, or waters, seeing these also belong to *the heaven and the earth*; nor in the whole world didst Thou make the whole world; because there was no place where to make it, before it was made, that it might be. Nor didst Thou hold any thing in Thy hand, whereof to make heaven and earth. For whence shouldst Thou have this, which Thou hadst not made, thereof to make any thing? For what is, but because Thou art? Therefore *Thou spakest, and they were made*, and *in Thy Word Thou madest them*.

But how didst Thou speak?

If in sounding and passing words Thou saidst that *heaven and earth should be made*, and so *madest heaven and earth*, there was a corporeal creature before heaven and earth, by whose motions in time that voice might take his course in time. But there was nought corporeal before *heaven and earth*; or if there were, surely thou hadst, without such a passing voice, created that, whereof to make this passing voice, by which to say, *Let the heaven and the earth be made*. For whatsoever that were, whereof such a voice were made, unless by Thee it were made, it could not be at all. By what Word then didst Thou speak, that a body might be made, whereby these words again might be made?

Thou callest us then to understand the *Word, God, with Thee God*, Which is spoken eternally, and by It are all things spoken eternally. For what was spoken was not spoken successively, one thing concluded that the next might be spoken, but all things together and eternally. Else have we time and change; and not a true eternity nor true immortality. This I know, O my God, and give thanks.

At no time then hadst Thou not made any thing, because time itself Thou madest. And no times are coeternal with Thee, because Thou abidest; but if they abode, they should not be times. For what is time? Who can readily and briefly explain this? Who can even in thought comprehend it, so as to utter a word about it? But what in discourse do we mention more familiarly and knowingly, than time? And, we understand, when we speak of it, we understand also, when we hear it spoken of by another. What then is time? If no one asks me, I know: if I wish to explain it to one that asketh, I know not: yet I say boldly, that I know, that if nothing passed away, time past were not; and if nothing were coming, a time to come were not; and if nothing were, time present were not. Those two times then, past and to come, how are they, seeing the past now is not, and that to come is not yet? But the present, should it always be present, and never pass into time past, verily it should not be time, but eternity. If time present (if it is to be time) only cometh into existence, because it passeth into time past, how can we say that either this is, whose cause of being is, that it shall not be; so, namely, that we cannot truly say that time is, but because it is tending not to be?

And yet we say, "a long time" and "a short time;" still, only of time past or to come. A long time past (for example) we call an hundred years since; and a long time to come, an hundred years hence. But a short time past, we call (suppose) ten days since; and a short time to come, ten days hence. But in what sense is that long or short, which is not? For the past, is not now; and the future is not yet.

Thus my childhood, which now is not, is in time past, which now is not: but now when I recall its image, and tell of it, I behold it in the present, because it is still in my memory. Whether there be a like cause of foretelling things to come also; that of things which as yet are not, the images may be perceived before, already existing, I confess, O my God, I know not. This indeed I know, that we generally think before on our future actions, and that that forethinking is present, but the action whereof we forethink is not yet, because it is to come.

Let now the numerous variety of things furnish me some example. I behold the day-break, I foreshew, that the sun is about to rise. What I behold, is present; what I foreshew, to come; not the sun, which already is; but the sun-rising, which is not yet. And yet did I not in my mind imagine the sun-rising itself, (as now while I speak of it,) I could not foretell it. But neither is that day-break which I discern in the sky, the sun-rising, although it goes before it; nor that imagination of my mind; which two are seen now present, that the other which is to be may be foretold. Future things then are not yet: and if they be not yet, they are not: and if they are not, they cannot be seen; yet foretold they may be from things present, which are already, and are seen.

Thou then, Ruler of Thy creation, by what way dost Thou teach souls things to come? For Thou didst teach Thy Prophets. By what way dost Thou, to whom nothing is to come, teach things to come; or rather of the future, dost teach things present? For, what is not, neither can it be

taught. Too far is this way out of my ken: *it is too mighty for me, I cannot attain unto it*; but from Thee I can, when Thou shalt vouchsafe it, O sweet light of my hidden eyes.

Suppose, now, the voice of a body begins to sound, and does sound, and sounds on, and list, it ceases; it is silence now, and that voice is past, and is no more a voice. Before it sounded, it was to come, and could not be measured, because as yet it was not, and now it cannot, because it is no longer. Then therefore while it sounded, it might; because there then was what might be measured. But yet even then it was not at a stay; for it was passing on, and passing away. Could it be measured the rather, for that? For while passing, it was being extended into some space of time, so that it might be measured, since the present hath no space. If therefore then it might, then, lo, suppose another voice hath begun to sound, and still soundeth in one continued tenor without any interruption; let us measure it while it sounds; seeing when it hath left sounding, it will then be past, and nothing left to be measured; let us measure it verily, and tell how much it is. But it sounds still, nor can it be measured but from the instant it began in, unto the end it left in. For the very space between is the thing we measure, namely, from some beginning unto some end. Wherefore, a voice that is not yet ended, cannot be measured, so that it may be said how long, or short it is; nor can it be called equal to another, or double to a single, or the like. But when ended, it no longer is. How may it then be measured? And yet we measure times; but yet neither those which are not yet, nor those which no longer are, nor those which are not lengthened out by some pause, nor those which have no bounds. We measure neither times to come, nor past, nor present, nor passing; and yet we do measure times.

I am about to repeat a Psalm that I know. Before I begin, my expectation is extended over the whole; but when I have begun, how much soever of it I shall separate off into the past, is extended along my memory; thus the life of this action of mine is divided between my memory as to what I have repeated, and expectation as to what I am about to repeat; but "consideration" is present with me, that through it what was future, may be conveyed over, so as to become past. Which the more it is done again and again, so much the more the expectation being shortened, is the memory enlarged; till the whole expectation be at length exhausted, when that whole action being ended, shall have passed into memory. And this which takes place in the whole Psalm, the same takes place in each several portion of it, and each several syllable; the same holds in that longer action, whereof this Psalm may be a part; the same holds in the whole life of man, whereof all the actions of man are parts; the same holds through the whole age of the sons of men, whereof all the lives of men are parts.

Book Twelve

THIS THEN is what I conceive, O my God, when I hear Thy Scripture saying, *In the beginning God made Heaven and Earth and the Earth was invisible and without form, and darkness was upon the deep*, and not mentioning what day Thou createdst them; this is what I conceive, that because of the *Heaven of heavens*,—that intellectual Heaven, whose Intelligences know all at once, not *in part*, not *darkly*, not *through a glass*, but as a whole, *in manifestation, face to face*, not, this thing now, and that thing anon; but (as I said) know all at once, without any succession of times;—and because of the *earth invisible and without form*, without any succession of times, which succession presents “this thing now, that thing anon;” because where is no form, there is no distinction of things—it is, then, on account of these two, a primitive formed, and a primitive formless; the one, *heaven* but *the Heaven of heaven*, the other *earth* but the *earth invisible and without form*; because of these two do I conceive, did Thy Scripture say without mention of days, *In the Beginning God created Heaven and Earth*. For forthwith it subjoined what earth it spake of; and also, in that the *Firmament* is recorded to be created the second day, and *called Heaven*, it conveys to us of which Heaven He before spake, without mention of days.

Again, what He tells me in my inner ear, the expectation of things to come becomes sight, when they are come, and this same sight becomes memory, when they be past. Now all thought which thus varies is mutable; and no mutable is eternal: but our God is eternal. These things I infer, and put together, and find that my God, the eternal God, hath not upon any new will made any creature, nor doth His knowledge admit of any thing transitory. “What will ye say then, O ye gainsayers? Are these things false?” “No,” they say; “What then? Is it false, that every nature already formed, or matter capable of form, is not, but from Him Who is supremely good, because He is supremely?” “Neither do we deny this,” say they. “What then? do you deny this, that there is a certain sublime creature, with so chaste a love cleaving unto the true and truly eternal God, that although not coeternal with Him, yet is it not detached from Him, nor dissolved into the variety and vicissitude of times, but reposeth in the most true contemplation of Him only?” Because Thou, O God, unto him that loveth Thee so much as Thou commandest, dost shew Thyself, and sufficest him; and therefore doth he not decline from Thee, nor toward himself. This is the house of God, not of earthly mould, nor of any celestial bulk corporeal, but spiritual, and partaker of Thy eternity, because without defection for ever. *For Thou hast made it fast for ever and ever, Thou hast given it a law which it shall not pass*. Nor yet

is it coeternal with Thee, O God, because not without beginning; for it was made

O house most lightsome and delightsome! *I have loved thy beauty, and the place of the habitation of the glory of my Lord*, thy builder and possessor. Let my wayfaring sigh after thee; and I say to Him that made thee, let Him take possession of me also in thee, seeing He hath made me likewise. *I have gone astray like a lost sheep: yet upon the shoulders of my Shepherd*, thy builder, hope I to be brought back to thee.

For those who deny these things, let them bark and deafen themselves as much as they please; I will essay to persuade them to quiet, and to open in them a way for Thy word. But those who do not affirm all these truths to be false, who honour Thy holy Scripture, set forth by holy Moses, placing it, as we, on the summit of authority to be followed, and do yet contradict me in some thing, I answer thus: Be Thyself Judge, O our God, between my Confessions and these men's contradictions.

But which of us shall, among those so many truths, which occur to enquirers in those words, as they are differently understood, so discover that one meaning, as to affirm, "this Moses thought," and "this would he have understood in that history;" with the same confidence as he would, "this is true," whether Moses thought this or that?

For as a fountain within a narrow compass, is more plentiful, and supplies a tide for more streams over larger spaces, than any one of those streams, which, after a wide interval, is derived from the same fountain; so the relation of that dispenser of Thine, which was to benefit many who were to discourse thereon, does out of a narrow scantling of language, overflow into streams of clearest truth, whence every man may draw out for himself such truth as he can upon these subjects, one, one truth, another, another, by larger circumlocutions of discourse. For some, when they read, or hear these words, conceive that God like a man or some mass endued with unbounded power, by some new and sudden resolution, did, exterior to itself, as it were at a certain distance, *create heaven and earth*, two great bodies above and below, wherein all things were to be contained. And when they hear, *God said, Let it be made, and it was made*; they conceive of words begun and ended, sounding in time, and passing away; after whose departure, that came into being, which was commanded so to do; and whatever of the like sort, men's acquaintance with the material world would suggest. In whom, being yet little ones and carnal, while their weakness is by this humble kind of speech, carried on, as in a mother's bosom, their faith is wholesomely built up, whereby they hold assured, that God made all natures, which in admirable variety their eye beholdeth around. Which words, if any despising, as too simple, with a proud weakness, shall stretch himself beyond the guardian nest; he will, alas, fall miserably. Have pity, O Lord God, lest they who go by the way trample on the unfledged bird, and send Thine angel to replace it into the nest, that it may live, till it can fly.

Behold, O Lord my God, how much we have written upon a few

words, how much I beseech Thee! What strength of ours, yea what ages would suffice for all Thy books in this manner? Permit me then in these more briefly to confess unto Thee, and to choose some one true, certain, and good sense that Thou shalt inspire me, although many should occur, where many may occur; this being the law of my confession, that if I should say that which Thy minister intended, that is right and best; for this should I endeavour, which if I should not attain, yet I should say that, which Thy Truth willed by his words to tell me, which revealed also unto him, what It willed.

Book Thirteen

Lo, now the Trinity appears unto me in a *glass darkly*, which is Thou my God, because Thou, *O Father*, in Him Who is *the Beginning* of our wisdom, Which is Thy Wisdom, born of Thyself, equal unto Thee and coeternal, that is, in Thy Son, *createdst heaven and earth*. Much now have we said of the *Heaven of heavens*, and of the earth *invisible and without form*, and of the darksome *deep*, in reference to the wandering instability of its spiritual detour, unless it had been converted unto Him, from Whom it had its then degree of life, and by His enlightening became a beautiful life, and *the heaven of that heaven*, which was afterwards *set between water and water*. And under the name of God, I now held the Father, who made these things, and under the name of Beginning, the Son, in whom He made these things; and believing, as I did, my God as the Trinity, I searched further in His holy words, and lo, Thy *Spirit moved upon the waters*. Behold the Trinity, my God, Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost, Creator of all creation.

But was not either the Father, or the Son, *borne above the waters*? if this means, in space, like a body, then neither was the Holy Spirit; but if the unchangeable supereminence of Divinity above all things changeable, then were both Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost borne *upon the waters*. Why then is this said of Thy Spirit only, why is it said *only of Him*? As if He had been in place, Who is not in place, of Whom only it is written, that He is Thy gift? In Thy Gift we rest; there we enjoy Thee. Our rest is our place. Love lifts us up thither, and Thy good Spirit *lifts up* our lowliness *from the gates of death*. In Thy *good pleasure* is our peace. The body by its own weight strives towards its own place. Weight makes not downward only, but to his own place. Fire tends upward, a stone downward. They are urged by their own weight, they seek their own places. Oil poured below water, is raised above the water; water poured upon oil, sinks below the oil. They are urged by their own weights to seek their own places. When out of their order, they are restless; restored to order, they are at rest. My weight, is my love; thereby am I borne, whithersoever I am borne. We are inflamed, by Thy Gift we are

kindled; and are carried upwards; we glow inwardly, and go forwards. We *ascend Thy ways that be in our heart*, and sing a song of degrees; we glow inwardly with Thy fire, with Thy good fire, and we go; because we go upwards to the peace of Jerusalem: for *gladdened was I in those who said unto me, We will go up to the house of the Lord*. There hath Thy good pleasure placed us, that we may desire nothing else, but to abide there for ever.

Which of us comprehendeth the Almighty Trinity? and yet which speaks not of It, if indeed it be It? Rare is the soul, which while it speaks of It, knows what it speaks of. And they contend and strive, yet, without peace, no man sees that vision. I would that men would consider these three, that are in themselves. These three be indeed far other than the Trinity: I do but tell, where they may practise themselves, and there prove and feel how far they be. Now the three I spake of are, To Be, to Know, and to Will. For I Am, and Know, and Will: I Am Knowing and Willing; and I Know myself to Be, and to Will: and I Will to Be, and to Know. In these three then, let him discern that can, how inseparable a life there is, yea one life, one mind, and one essence, yea lastly how inseparable a distinction there is, and yet a distinction. Surely a man hath it before him; let him look into himself, and see, and tell me. But when he discovers and can say any thing of these, let him not therefore think that he has found that which is above these Unchangeable, which Is unchangeably, and Knows unchangeably, and Wills unchangeably; and whether because of these three, there is in God also a Trinity, or whether all three be in Each, so that the three belong to Each; or whether both ways at once, wondrously, simply and yet manifoldly, Itself a bound unto Itself within Itself, yet unbounded; whereby It is, and is Known unto Itself, and sufficeth to Itself, unchangeably the Self-same, by the abundant greatness of its Unity,—who can readily conceive this? who could any ways express it? who would, any way, pronounce thereon rashly?

Thy Divine Scripture is of more eminent authority, since those mortals by whom Thou dispensest it unto us, underwent mortality.

The clouds pass away, but the heaven abideth. The preachers of Thy word pass out of this life into another; but Thy Scripture is spread abroad over the people, even unto the end of the world. Yet *heaven and earth also shall pass away, but Thy words shall not pass away*.

Thy Sacraments, O God, by the ministry of Thy holy ones, have moved amid the waves of temptations of the world, to hallow the Gentiles in Thy Name, in Thy Baptism. And amid these things, many great wonders were wrought, as it were *great whales*: and the voices of Thy messengers *flying above the earth, in the open firmament* of Thy Book; that being set over them, as their authority under which they were to fly, whithersoever they went. For *there is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard: seeing their sound is gone through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world*, because Thou, Lord, *multipliest* them by *blessing*.

And, in Thy Word, not the deepness of the sea, but the earth sepa-

rated from the bitterness of the waters, brings forth, not the *moving* creature *that hath life*, but *the living soul*. *The living soul* takes his beginning from the *earth*: for it profits only those already among the Faithful, to contain themselves from the love of this world, that so their soul may live unto Thee, which was *dead while it lived in pleasures*; in death-bringing pleasures, Lord, for Thou, Lord, art the life-giving delight of the pure heart.

Now then let Thy ministers work upon *the earth*, and let them be a pattern unto the Faithful, by living before them, and stirring them up to imitation. For thus do men hear, so as not to hear only, but to do also. *Seek the Lord, and your soul shall live*, that the *earth* may *bring forth the living soul*. *Be not conformed to the world*. Contain yourselves from it: the soul lives by avoiding what it dies by affecting.

And I looked narrowly to find, whether seven, or eight times Thou sawest that Thy works were good, when they pleased Thee; but in Thy seeing I found no times, whereby I might understand that Thou sawest so often, what Thou madest. And I said, "Lord, is not this Thy Scripture true, since Thou art true, and being Truth, hast set it forth? why then dost Thou say unto me, 'that in Thy seeing there be no times;' whereas this Thy Scripture tells me, that what Thou madest each day, Thou *sawest that it was good*: and when I counted them, I found how often." Unto this Thou answerest me, for Thou art my God, and with a strong voice tellest Thy servant in his inner ear, breaking through my deafness and crying, "O man, that which My Scripture saith, I say: and yet doth that speak in time; but time has no relation to My Word; because My Word exists in equal eternity with Myself. So the things which ye see through My Spirit, I see; like as what ye speak by My Spirit, I speak. And so when ye see those things in time, I see them not in time; as when ye speak in time, I speak them not in time."

Thanks to Thee, O Lord. We behold *the heaven and earth*, whether the corporeal part, superior and inferior, or the spiritual and corporeal creature; and in the adorning of these parts, whereof the universal pile of the world, or rather the universal creation, doth consist, we see *light* made, and *divided from the darkness*. We see the *firmament of heaven*, whether that primary body of the world, *between the* spiritual upper *waters and the* inferior corporeal *waters*, or (since this also is called heaven) this space of air through which wander the fowls of heaven, *betwixt those waters* which are in vapours borne above them, and in clear nights distil down in dew; and those heavier *waters* which flow along the earth. We behold a face of *waters gathered together* in the fields of *the sea*, and *the dry land* both void, and formed so as to be visible and harmonized, yea and the matter of herbs and trees. We behold *the lights* shining from above, *the sun* to suffice for *the day*, *the moon and the stars* to cheer *the night*; and that by all these, *times* should be marked and signified. We behold on all sides a moist element, replenished with fishes, beasts, and birds; because the grossness of the air, which bears up the flights of birds, thickeneth itself by the exhalation of the waters. We

behold the face of the earth decked out with earthly creatures, and *man, created after Thy image and likeness*, even through that Thy *very image and likeness*, (that is the power of reason and understanding,) set over all irrational creatures. And as in his soul there is one power which has dominion by directing, another made subject, that it might obey; so was there for the man, corporeally also, made a woman, who in the mind of her reasonable understanding should have a parity of nature, but in the sex of her body, should be in like manner subject to the sex of her husband, as the appetite of doing is fain to conceive the skill of right-doing, from the reason of the mind. These things we behold, and they are severally *good* and altogether *very good*.

We have also examined what Thou willedst to be shadowed forth, whether by the creation, or the relation of things in such an order. And we have seen, that things singly *are good*, and together *very good*, in Thy Word, in Thy Only-Begotten, both *heaven and earth*, the Head and the body of the Church, in Thy predestination before all times, without *morning and evening*. But when Thou begankest to execute in time the things predestinated, to the end Thou mightest reveal hidden things, and rectify our *disorders*; for our sins hung over us, and we had sunk into the *dark deep*, and Thy good Spirit *was borne* over us, to help us *in due season*; and Thou didst *justify the ungodly*, and *dividest* them from the wicked; and Thou *madest the firmament* of authority of Thy Book between those placed *above*, who were to be docile unto Thee, and those *under*, who were to be subject to them: and Thou *gatheredst together* the society of unbelievers *into one* conspiracy, that the zeal of the faithful might appear, and they might *bring forth* works of mercy, even distributing to the poor their earthly riches, to obtain heavenly. And after this didst Thou kindle certain *lights in the firmament*, Thy Holy ones, having *the word of life*; and shining with an eminent authority set on high through spiritual gifts; after that again, for the initiation of the unbelieving Gentiles, didst Thou out of corporeal matter produce the Sacraments, and visible miracles, and forms of words according to the firmament of Thy Book, by which the faithful should be *blessed* and *multiplied*. Next didst Thou form the *living soul* of the faithful, through affections well ordered by the vigour of continency: and after that, the mind subjected to Thee alone and needing to imitate no human authority, hast Thou renewed *after Thy image and likeness*; and didst subject its rational actions to the excellency of the understanding, as *the woman* to the man; and to all Offices of Thy Ministry, necessary for the perfecting of the faithful in this life, Thou willedst, that for their temporal uses, good things, fruitful to themselves in time to come, be given by the same faithful. *All* these we see, and they are *very good*, because Thou seest them in us, Who hast given unto us Thy Spirit, by which we might see them, and in them love Thee.

O Lord God, *give peace unto us*: (for Thou hast given us all things;) the peace of rest, the peace of the Sabbath, which hath no evening. For all this most goodly array of things *very good*, having finished their courses, is to pass away, for in them there *was morning and evening*.

But the seventh day hath no evening, nor hath it setting; because Thou hast sanctified it to an everlasting continuance; that that which Thou didst *after Thy works* which were *very good, resting the seventh day*, although Thou madest them in unbroken rest, that may the voice of Thy Book announce beforehand unto us, that we also after our works, (therefore *very good*, because Thou hast given them us,) shall *rest* in Thee also in the Sabbath of eternal life.

For then shalt Thou so rest in us, as now Thou workest in us; and so shall that be Thy rest through us, as these are Thy works through us. But Thou, Lord, ever workest, and art ever at rest. Nor dost Thou see in time, nor art moved in time, nor retest in a time; and yet Thou makest things seen in time, yea the times themselves, and the rest which results from time.

We therefore see these things which Thou madest, because they are: but they are, because Thou seest them. And we see without, that they are, and within, that they are good, but Thou sawest them there, when made, where Thou sawest them, yet to be made. And we were at a later time moved to do well, after our hearts had conceived of Thy Spirit; but in the former time we were moved to do evil, forsaking Thee; but Thou, the One, the Good God, didst never cease doing good. And we also have some *good works*, of Thy gift, but not eternal; *after them* we trust to *rest* in Thy great *hallowing*. But Thou, being the Good which needeth no good, art ever at rest, because Thy rest is Thou Thyself. And what man can teach man to understand this? or what Angel, an Angel? or what Angel, a man? Let it be *asked* of Thee, *sought* in Thee, *knocked* for at Thee, so, so shall it be *received*, so shall it be *found*, so shall it be *opened*. Amen.

GRATIAS TIBI DOMINE

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
BENVENUTO CELLINI

BENVENUTO CELLINI

1500-1571

THE *Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini*, according to most critics, is fully as characteristic of its gifted author as the magnificent bronze statue of Perseus in the Loggia dei Lanzi in Florence. The bronze group of "Perseus holding the head of Medusa" is, says William Michael Rossetti, "full of the fire of genius and the grandeur of a terrible beauty, one of the most typical and unforgettable monuments of the Italian Renaissance." Cellini's account of the casting of this great work of art is but one of the many animated episodes preserved for us in his racy and energetic memoirs.

Connoisseurs of art will read these memoirs for the artist's own story of the production of such masterpieces as the saltcellar made for Francis I, the colossal Mars at Fontainebleau, and the gold "button" for the cope of Clement VII, now unfortunately lost. Students of the Italian Renaissance will turn to the *Autobiography* for intimate glimpses of the Papal Court, the Court of Francis I, and the entourage of Cosimo de' Medici at Florence, as well as for the vivid picture of the sixteenth-century Italy of intrigue and assassination. But most of all the memoirs will be read for the portrait of Cellini himself: artist, goldsmith, sculptor, lover, braggart, soldier, duelist.

Benvenuto (the name means "welcome") was the third son of Giovanni, a Florentine musician who had great hopes of directing the energies of his son to music rather than to the metalwork for which he showed genuine aptitude at an early age. Unwilling to disappoint his father, of whom he was extremely fond, Benvenuto did learn to play the flute and was even appointed, some years later, as one of the court musicians of Pope Clement. But his undoubted genius as a worker in gold and silver could not be repressed and, after a series of escapades, he found himself in Rome at the age of nineteen,

where he soon attracted attention by executing a vase for the Bishop of Salamanca.

This is not the place to detail the varied experiences of his crowded life. For he has, in his *Autobiography*, recorded them all for us—often with such high-flown exaggeration as to make us wonder just how much is sheer fantasy, but always with persuasive charm and characteristic but seldom offensive complacency.

Cellini fought bravely during the year 1527 in defense of the Pope against the attacks of the Constable of Bourbon. Two years later, at the age of twenty-nine, he avenged with his sword the death of his brother and fled to Naples. During the lawless interregnum following the death of Pope Clement, he again killed a man and, although eventually pardoned, was, not long after, imprisoned on a trumped-up charge of having embezzled certain jewels belonging to the previous Pope. After his release and his recovery (the imprisonment had shattered his health) he entered the service of the French king and served him faithfully until the hostility of the Duchesse d'Etampes, mistress of Francis I, made him return to Italy, where he was for some years in the service of Cosimo de' Medici in his native Florence.

The *Autobiography* ends with the year 1562, but from other sources we know something of Cellini's later life. He married in 1565 a woman who had been his mistress for many years and who was the mother of his natural son Giovanni. Two other children were born to them, but Giovanni was always his favorite. Cellini was deeply affected by the boy's death and by the ingratitude of his adopted son Antonio, whom he was obliged, finally, to disinherit. Still another source of discouragement was his treatment by Duke Cosimo, who not only underpaid him but often withheld his salary for no apparent reason. Cellini had always been interested in making money and, as he grew older, he became more and more concerned about the danger of dying a pauper.

He was buried, after an elaborate service, in the Church of the Annunziata in February 1571.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI

I

ALL MEN, whatever be their condition, who have done anything of merit, or which verily has a semblance of merit, if so be they are men of truth and good repute, should write the tale of their life with their own hand. Yet it were best they should not set out on so fine an enterprise till they have passed their fortieth year. And now this very thing occurs to me, when I am fifty-eight years old and more, here in Florence, where I was born. Many are the adversities I can look back on such as fall to the lot of man; yet am I freer from the same than I have ever been till now. In truth it seems to me I have greater content of mind and health of body than at any time in the past. Some pleasant happenings I recall, and, again, some unspeakable misfortunes, which, when I remember, strike terror into me and wonder that I have, indeed, come to this age of fifty-eight, from which, by God's grace, I am now going on my way rejoicing.

My name is Benvenuto Cellini, and I am the son of Maestro Giovanni, son of Andrea, son of Cristofano Cellini. My mother was Madonna Elisabetta, daughter of Stefano Granacci; and both my parents were citizens of Florence.

For eighteen years they rejoiced in their youth and their blessed love, yet longing greatly for children; after which time Elisabetta miscarried of two male children by reason of the doctor's blundering. Later she was again with child, and bore a girl, to whom they gave the name of Cosa, after my father's mother. Two years passed and she was once more with child; and whereas the strong cravings to which pregnant women are slaves were precisely like those she had on the former occasion, they all made up their minds she was about to bear another daughter, and the name of Reparata was agreed on, after my mother's mother. Now it happened that the child was born on the night after All Saints' Day of the year 1500, at half-past four exactly. The midwife, who knew that a woman-child was expected, so soon as she had washed the creature and swaddled it in finest white linen, crept up softly to Giovanni, my father, and said, "I bring you a good gift which you were not looking for." My

father, who had been pacing up and down the floor, said, like the true philosopher he was, "What God sends is ever dear to me." Then he took off the swaddling clothes and beheld the unexpected male child. Claspings his old hands together, and raising his eyes to God, he said, "Lord, I thank Thee with all my heart. This is very precious unto me. I bid him welcome." Everybody who was there asked him in their joy what name he had given the child, and Giovanni gave no other answer than to say, "He is Welcome [Benvenuto]." And so was it determined. This name was given me in Holy Baptism; and with it I am living still by the grace of God.

My father began to teach me to play the flute and to sing music; and though I was of very tender years when little children are wont to be pleased with a whistle and suchlike playthings, I had a particular dislike to it, so that only from obedience did I ever play or sing.

When my father worried me to become a musician, I answered begging him to let me draw so many hours a day, promising him that all the rest of the time I would give myself up to playing, just to please him. "Then you have no pleasure in music?" he asked. Whereupon I said "No"; for it seemed to me an art far below the one on which my own mind was set. Then in despair the good man placed me in the shop of the Cavaliere Bandinello's father, who was called Michel Agnolo, a goldsmith of Pinzi di Monti, very strong in his craft. He had no advantages of birth, being the son of a coal chandler. I had only been there a few days when my father took me away from Michel Agnolo, being so made that he could not live without seeing me constantly. So, ill content, I gave myself up to music till I was fifteen.

When I was fifteen I placed myself against my father's wish in a goldsmith's shop with a man called Antonio di Sandro, known to most as Marcone the goldsmith. An excellent craftsman was he, and a right honest man, high-minded and liberal in all his dealings. My father did not wish him to pay me wages as he did his other lads, so that, as I had chosen this art for my own pleasure, I might be free to draw as much as ever I liked. This I did very willingly, and my good master took endless pleasure in my work. He had an only and natural son to whom he was wont to give orders so that I might be spared. My desire to excel in this art was great, or rather, I might say, my love for it; but, indeed, both were strong in me; so that in a few months my work came up to that of the good, nay, to that of the best young practitioners of the art, and I began to reap the fruit of my labours. Nevertheless I did not fail to give my father pleasure now and then by playing on the flute or on the cornet; and every time I played, I drew tears and deep sighs from him as he sat listening. And so I would often dutifully please him in this way, as if it had been a joy to me as well.

At that time I had a brother two years younger than myself, a very daring, proud-spirited lad, who later became one of the great soldiers in the school of the marvellous Giovannino de' Medici, father of Duke Cosimo. This child was then about fourteen, and I was two years older. One Sunday, about two hours before nightfall, between the San Gallo and

the Pinti gates, he fell out with a young man of twenty or so. They fought with swords, and so valorously did he close with his opponent that he dealt him a serious wound, and was for following the thing up. Among the crowd that stood about were many of the young man's kinsfolk, who, seeing the affair go ill for him, took out their slings. One of the stones struck my poor young brother's head, and he fell suddenly to the ground, where he lay senseless and as if dead. Now I, who happened to be there without friends and unarmed, had been crying to my brother to make off, that he had done enough, just at the very moment when, as chance willed it, he was struck down. Running to him speedily, I took his sword and planted myself between him and the other threatening swords and the shower of stones. Nor did I leave him till from the San Gallo gate came up some valiant fighting men and saved me from the wild rage of the crowd. And much they marvelled to find such bravery in so young a lad. Then I carried my unconscious brother home, where with much difficulty he came to his senses. When he was better, the Eight—who had already arrested our adversaries and sentenced them to several years' banishment—ordered us also to a six months' exile at a distance of ten miles from Florence. "Come with me," said I to my brother. And so we parted from our poor father, who instead of providing us with money, of which he had none, gave us his blessing. I set off to Siena to find a certain good friend of mine, Maestro Francesco Castoro by name. Once before this, when I had run away from my father, I had sought out this good man, and had stayed with him some days, working at my goldsmith's craft till my father sent for me. When I reached him this time he recognised me, and set me to work. Besides that he gave me lodgings for such time as I should be in Siena, and thither I repaired with my brother, and stuck to my work for many months.

So I gave myself up to goldsmith's work, and by that means I was of help to my dear father. His other son, my brother Cecchino, had made a beginning in the study of Latin letters. It was my father's wish that I, the elder, should be a great musician and performer, and that his younger son should become a great and learned lawyer. But he could not force us from our natural bents, which bound me to the art of design, and my brother, who was finely proportioned and full of grace, to the profession of arms. When he was still a young lad, he came home once from his first lesson in the school of the marvellous Signor Giovannino de' Medici. I was not in when he arrived. In want of seemly clothes to wear, he sought out our sisters, and they, unknown to my father, gave him a doublet and cloak of mine, both of them fine and new. (For, besides helping my father and my good honest sisters, I had been able to buy myself these fine clothes out of my savings.) When I discovered I had been cheated and robbed of my clothes, and could not find my brother, from whom I would have taken them away, I asked my father why he let me be so wronged, seeing that I laboured so hard and with such good will to help him. To this he replied that I was his good son, but that he had got back again the one he had thought lost. Moreover, it was but right, and,

indeed, according to the word of God Himself, that he who had possessions should give unto him who had none. Therefore, he begged me for his sake to bear this injury, and God would give me increase of good things. Then I, being an inexperienced youth, answered my afflicted father with heat; and taking with me the poor remains of my clothes and money, I made off towards one of the gates of the city. But not knowing which one led towards Rome, I found myself at Lucca; and from Lucca I went on to Pisa.

When I reached Pisa—I was about sixteen at the time—I stopped near the middle bridge, just where the Fish Stone is, and in front of a goldsmith's workshop. While I was watching attentively what the master was doing, he came out and asked me who I was, and what was my calling. I replied that I worked a little in his own business. The good man then invited me into his shop, and gave me work to do on the spot.

While I was in Pisa I used to go and see the Campo Santo; and there I found many fine antique marble sarcophagi. Also in other places in Pisa I found beautiful antiques, which I studied zealously every day when I could be spared from the labours of the workshop. And when my master paid me visits in the little room he had given me, and came to know that I spent all my time so virtuously, he took as great a liking for me as if he had been my father. In the year I was with him I made a great advance, working in silver and gold, and at most important and beautiful things; and this gave me the keenest desire to get on still further. My father, in the meantime, kept writing to me most piteously to return to him; and in every letter he reminded me not to lose the music which had cost him so much trouble to teach me. Whereupon all desire to return to him left me, so much did I loathe that damnable playing on the flute; and it seemed to me I was in Paradise the whole year I stayed in Pisa, where I never played at all. But when the year was up, Ulivieri, my master, had occasion to go to Florence. And as the unwholesome air had given me a little fever, I returned, before I had shaken it off, in my master's company to Florence. There my father gave him the heartiest welcome, but, unknown to me, begged him piteously not to take me back. I was ill for about two months.

As soon as I was well again I returned to my friend Marcone, the honest goldsmith, who gave me such good wages I was able to help my father and the rest of my family. While I was in Florence I took as my pattern the fine style of Michel Agnolo, and from that I have never wavered.

Now there was a certain Giovanbatista, commonly known as Tasso, a wood carver, a young man of my own age; and one day he said to me that if I cared to go to Rome, he would willingly come with me. I was just nineteen years old then, and so was the century.

As soon as we reached Rome I placed myself in a workshop under a master called Firenzuola. He set me to work on a very beautiful silver piece for a cardinal. This was a little box copied from the porphyry sarcophagus which stands at the door of the Rotunda. Not content merely

to copy the design, I enriched it with some charming masks done all out of my head; so that my master went about showing it through all the trade, and boasting of the skilled work that came out of his shop. It was about the size of half a cubit, and was meant for a saltcellar for the table. This brought me the first of my earnings in Rome. Part of the money I sent to help my dear father; the rest served to keep me while I went round studying the antiquities, till, my money coming to an end, I had to go back and work in the shop. My friend Batista del Tasso had not been long in Rome when he returned to Florence. I took new works in hand; but the desire came upon me, as soon as I should have finished them, to change my master, being cajoled thereto by a certain Milan man called Maestro Pagolo Arsago. But Firenzuola, my first master, had hot words with this same Arsago, flinging insults at him in my presence; whereupon I took up the cudgels for the latter, telling Firenzuola I was born free, and that free I would live; that of Arsago he had no reason to complain, and still less of me, for some crowns were owing to me for my wages; that as a free craftsman I should go wherever it pleased me, and doing so I wronged no one. Then my new master took up the word, saying he had never asked me to come, and that I should be doing a pleasure if I were to return to Firenzuola. To this I retorted that I could not see I was doing him any wrong whatsoever, and that having finished the works I had begun, I wanted to be my own man and no one else's; and whoever wanted me might come and seek me. To which Firenzuola answered, "I'll not come and seek your services. And don't show your face here again on any account." When I reminded him of my money he laughed at me; whereupon I said that well as I had worked at the making of those things he had seen, I should handle the sword no less well in the recovery of my rights. Now as we were disputing in this fashion, an old man chanced to come up to us, Messer Antonio da San Marino by name. He was the foremost of the goldsmiths of Rome, and had been Firenzuola's master. Hearing my case, which I stated plainly for their comprehension, he immediately took my part, and ordered Firenzuola to pay me. The quarrel grew fierce, for indeed Firenzuola shone more as a swordsman than as a goldsmith. Still justice made its way, though I helped its victory by my firm determination, so that I was paid at last. Some time after, the said Firenzuola and I became friends again; and at his request I was godfather to a child of his.

Continuing to work with Messer Pagolo Arsago, I earned good wages, and I always sent the bigger share to my good father. At the end of two years, moved by his prayers, I went back to Florence, and set myself once more to work with Francesco Salimbene.

In those days I used to go and draw, now in the chapel of Michel Agnolo, and now in the house of Agostino Chigi, the Sienese, where there were a great many beautiful paintings from the hand of the most excellent Raffaello of Urbino. There I went on holidays, for Gismondo, brother of Messer Agostino Chigi, lived in the palace; and they were very proud when young men of my standing were seen studying in their houses. The

wife of Messer Gismondo had often seen me there—a most noble lady was she, and of wonderful beauty—and so one day she approached me, and, looking at my drawings, asked me if I were a sculptor or a painter. I answered the lady that I was a goldsmith. Whereupon she said that I drew too well for a goldsmith; and she ordered one of her maids to fetch a lily of wonderful diamonds set in gold. Showing it to me, she begged me to price it. I estimated the value to be eight hundred crowns, and she told me that I had valued it very exactly. Then she asked me if I had a mind to contrive a fine new setting for it. "Right willingly," said I; and there and then drew a little sketch of the design. And my skill was the greater for my pleasure in dealing with this lovely and most pleasant lady. When I had finished the design, in came another noble Roman lady, who was also very beautiful. She had been upstairs, and now, coming down, she asked Madonna Porzia what she was doing, who answered, smiling, "I am amusing myself in watching this worthy young man at his drawing, for he is both honest and comely." By this time I had summoned up some boldness, yet was it still mixed with a trifle of shy modesty, and I blushed as I said, "Whatever I am, Madonna, I shall ever be most ready for your service." The lady also reddened a little as she added, "You know well that I desire your service," and, handing me the lily, told me to take it away. Moreover, she gave me twenty gold crowns which she had in her pocket, saying, "Set the jewel for me according to the design you have made, and return to me the old gold of its present setting." Then the other Roman lady said, "If I were in that young man's shoes, I'd soon make off with it." Whereupon Madonna Porzia rejoined that virtues rarely exist alongside vices, and that if I were to do such a thing I should much belie my honest face. Then, turning away, she took the Roman gentlewoman's hand and said, with a pleasant smile, "Adieu, Benvenuto!" I stopped for some time busy on the drawing I had in hand, which was a copy of a figure of Jupiter by Raffaello of Urbino. As soon as I had finished I set off for home, and began to make a little model of wax, to show how the thing would look in the end. This I took to Madonna Porzia. The Roman lady who had been there before was again present, and both, greatly pleased with my labours, showed me such favour that, gathering some boldness, I promised them the work should be twice as good as the model. Then I set about the thing, and in twelve days I had finished the lily-shaped jewel, adorning it with little masks, cherubs, animals, all of them charmingly enamelled, so that the diamonds which made the lily looked ever so much better than before.

In the meanwhile, through a pupil of Raffaello of Urbino the painter, I got a commission from the Bishop of Salamanca to make a great water-pot, of the kind called *acquedecia*, which serve as sideboard ornaments. The bishop wished to have two made of the same size, and commissioned Lucagnolo to make one, and me the other.

While I was hard at work on Salamanca's fine vase I had as my sole help a little lad, whom, at the earnest prayers of friends, and half against my own will, I had taken as apprentice. This child, who was about four-

teen years old, was called Paolino, and he was the son of a Roman citizen, who lived on his rents. He was the best bred, the most honest, and the handsomest boy I have ever seen in my life; and for his modest ways and habits, his wonderful beauty, and the great affection he bore me, I loved him with all the love the heart of man can hold. This tenderness drew me once more to music, that I might sit and watch his lovely face, naturally so modest and so melancholy, lighten at the sound. For when I took up my cornet, there dawned there a smile so charming and so beautiful that I in nowise wonder at those fables which the Greeks wrote of the divine gods. Indeed, had Paolino lived in those days, perhaps he would have set them fabling still more extravagantly. Now Paolino had a sister called Faustina; and I think that the other Faustina, of whom there is such a talk in the ancient books, never was so fair. Sometimes he brought me home to their vineyard, and, so far as I could judge, that worthy man, his father, would have willingly had me for his son-in-law. All this made me play a great deal more than I had been doing. It happened at that time that a certain Giangiacomo, a fifer from Cesena, who was in the Pope's household, and a most admirable musician, sent word to me by Lorenzo, the trumpeter from Lucca—who today is in the service of our Duke—asking if I would help them for the Pope's Ferragosto by playing the soprano part on my cornet in certain lovely movements they had chosen for that day. Although I had the greatest desire to finish the fine vase I had begun, yet, since music has a marvellous power, and also that I might give some satisfaction to my old father, I consented to play in their company. So for eight days before the Ferragosto, and every day for two hours, we rehearsed together. Then on the appointed day in August we went to the Belvedere, and while Pope Clement dined we played our well-rehearsed movements in such a fashion that the Pope declared he had never heard music more sweetly played, or more harmoniously. Calling Giangiacomo to him, he asked him where and how he had managed to procure so good a soprano cornet, and inquired most minutely who I was. Giangiacomo told him my name with all exactness, to which the Pope rejoined, "So he is the son of Maestro Giovanni?" And he was told that it was so. Then the Pope said he wished to have me in his service among the other musicians. But Giangiacomo replied, "Most holy Father, I have no hope of procuring him for you; for his profession, to which he gives the whole of his time, is the goldsmith's art, wherein he works with wonderful skill, drawing from it much more profit than he would from music." Then said the Pope, "I want him all the more for his having a talent over and above the one I looked for. Settle on him the same salary you others have, and tell him from me to enter my service, and that I will give him quite enough daily employment in his other profession." Then he handed him a hundred gold crowns of the Camera in a handkerchief, saying, "Divide them so that he may have his share." Giangiacomo left the Pope and came and told me exactly all that his Holiness had said to him. Then he divided the money among the eight of us; and as he gave me my share said, "I am going to inscribe you in the number of our com-

pany." To which I answered, "Leave it for today; and tomorrow I shall give you the answer." When I left them, I went on my way wondering if I should accept the proposal, knowing how harmful it would be, were I distracted from the great studies of my art. The night following, my father appeared to me in a dream and, with most loving tears, begged me for the love of God and of himself to consent. In my dream I seemed to answer him that I would have nothing to do with it. Then suddenly I saw him in horrible guise, so that I was terrified, and he said, "If you refuse, your father's curse shall rest upon you. If you consent, you shall ever be blessed of me." Waking up, in sheer fright I ran and had my name put down; and then I wrote to my old father, who, out of his excessive joy, fell into a sickness which brought him to the verge of death. But before long he wrote to me that he, too, had had almost the same dream as myself.

Cardinal Cibo sent for me, and after some pleasant talk, he ordered a vase from me larger than Salamanca's. So did Cardinal Cornaro and many others of the College, especially Ridolfi and Salviati. I had commissions from all of them, so that my earnings were very good. Madonna Porzia, of whom I have already spoken, advised me to open a shop of my own, and this I did. Indeed, I never stopped working for that noble and most worthy gentlewoman, who paid me handsomely, and to whom I probably owed my chance of showing the world I was good for something.

II

EVEN THOUGH I break off a little from the story of my professional career, I must—since I am writing my life—tell shortly something of other matters, though not in minute detail. Well, one St. John's morning I was dining with some of my compatriots of diverse professions—painters, sculptors, and goldsmiths. Among the notable men were Rosso the painter, and Gianfrancesco, a pupil of Raffaello of Urbino. There were others, too. I had assembled them at our meeting place very informally, and we were all laughing and jesting as men will do when they get together to rejoice on such a great festival. Now there happened to pass the house a feather-brained youth, who was a soldier belonging to the company of Signor Rienzo da Ceri. Hearing our noise, he made mock of us, and cast insults on our Florentine nation. Since I was the host of all those distinguished men, it seemed right to take the insults to myself. So quietly, without anyone seeing me, I went out and accosted the fellow. He had one of his loose women with him, and he was going on with his ribald jesting to make her laugh. Going up to him, I asked him if it was he had been bold enough to speak ill of the Florentines; and he flashed back, "Yes, I'm the man." Hearing which, I up with my hand and struck him in the face, saying, "Well, and I'm the other man." In a trice each of us had out his sword: but our fight had no sooner begun than people came between us, though most of them took my part rather than his, convinced by what they heard

and saw that I was in the right. Next day a challenge from him was brought to me, which I received very gladly, saying this was a thing I could put through much more speedily than anything pertaining to my own business. So without delay I went off to take counsel with a veteran called Bevilacqua, who had the name of being the first swordsman in Italy—for in his time he had fought more than twenty duels, and come out of them all with honour. This worthy man was a great friend of mine. I was known to him as a goldsmith, and, besides, he had been mediator between me and others in certain serious quarrels. So now with right good will he said, "Benvenuto, my friend, if Mars had challenged you, I'm sure you'd come out of the business with honour; for in all the years I have known you, I have never seen you enter a quarrel without right on your side." So he undertook my affair. Then we went armed to the appointed place; but no blood was shed. My enemy sought for peace, and I came out of the thing with great credit. I shall go into no more particulars, for though they would be very interesting of their kind, I shall rather keep my words to speak of my art, which is the thing that has drawn me on to all this scribbling. And about that I have only too much to say.

At this time, when I was a young man of twenty-three or thereabouts, so terrible a pestilence broke out that in Rome every day many thousands died of it. Being somewhat afraid, I began to take recreation of a kind to my liking, drawn thereto for a reason which I shall relate. I was in the habit of going on fete days to the ancient monuments, and there making copies, now modelling in wax, and now drawing. As these old places are all in ruins, a great number of pigeons have taken to breed there, and I took it into my head I should like to have a shot at them. So thus, to avoid contact with other people, for I was afraid of the plague, I put my gun on the shoulders of my Paolino, and he and I by ourselves set off for the ruins; and, as it came about, many a time I returned laden with fine fat pigeons. I never liked loading my gun with more than one ball, so that it was by real marksman's skill I brought down so many. My gun I had made myself, and inside and outside it shone like a mirror. With my own hand, too, I made the finest powder, discovering wonderful secrets, which to this day are unknown to anyone else. I will not enlarge on the matter, but just give one hint to astonish skilled sportsmen. It is this—that with a charge a fifth of the weight of my ball, it carried two hundred paces point-blank. Now although the great pleasure which I got from sport might seem to have distracted me from my art and my studies—and it really did so—yet in another sense it gave me much more than it took away, for every time I went out shooting, my health was much the better for it, the air putting fresh vigour into me. I am naturally of a melancholy temper, but while I was amusing myself in this way I grew lighthearted, and so I worked the better and with more skill than when I had no distraction from my studies and the exercise of my art. Thus in the end my gun was more of a gain than a loss to me.

Besides, while I was engaged in this amusement, I made the acquaintance of some collectors, who followed in the steps of those Lombard

peasants who used to come and dig the vineyards in the due season. In turning up the soil they would find antique medals, agates, chrysoprases, cornelians, cameos, and even precious stones like emeralds, sapphires, diamonds, and rubies. The collectors sometimes got such things from the peasants for trifling sums; and so now and then—indeed frequently—I bought them from the curiosity hunters for as many golden crowns as they had given giulios. Apart from the considerable gain I drew from the business, tenfold and more, my collection made me welcome amongst not a few of the Roman cardinals.

By this time the plague had almost passed away, and all who survived lived a merry life and made much of each other. From this there sprang up a society of painters, sculptors, and goldsmiths, the best in Rome; and the founder of it was a sculptor, Michel Agnolo.

When we had been meeting over and over again, our great master of the ceremonies suggested that the Sunday following we should all come to supper at his house, and that everyone should be obliged to bring with him his "crow"—such was the name Michel Agnolo gave to these ladies. If any man failed to bring one, he should be fined a supper to the whole club. Whoever of us had no traffic with such women of the town had to provide himself with one, at whatever expense and trouble, that he might not be shamed among all the great artists at the supper. Now I had thought I was very well provided for in a pretty girl called Pantasilea, who was very much in love with me; but I was forced to concede her to one of my best friends called Bachiacca, who had been, and still was, very amorous of her. This gave rise to a slight lover's quarrel, for when she saw that I gave her up to Bachiacca without a word, she thought I held her of very little account. Out of this there grew a very big affair in the course of time, when she wished to revenge herself for the slight I had put upon her; but that I shall recount in its own place. Now as the hour drew near when we were to present ourselves to the worthy assembly, each man with his "crow," I found myself with nobody. I thought it would be ridiculous to fail for so silly a reason, yet I could not make up my mind to take some foul drab under my wing into such a distinguished company. Then I bethought me of a pleasant jest which might add to our amusement. So having made up my mind on the point, I called a young lad of sixteen who lived near me, the son of a Spanish coppersmith. This youth was giving himself to Latin letters, and was very studious. His name was Diego. He was handsome, and had a marvellously beautiful complexion, while the moulding of his head was even more beautiful than that of an antique Antinous; and many a time had I drawn him, and had got much reputation where I had used him as a model. The boy was acquainted with no one, so that he was not known. He dressed in a careless, slovenly fashion, the one thing he loved being his precious studies. Calling him into my house, I begged him to let me deck him out in the women's garments I had got ready. He made no objection, and put on the things at once. By dressing his hair in elegant fashion I much enhanced the beauty of his face, and I put rings in his ears. These rings were split; and only

clipped the ears, which had, nevertheless, the look of being pierced. After that I put round his neck a golden necklace, set with beautiful and rich jewels; and I adorned his pretty hands with rings. Then I led him gently by the ear in front of my large mirror; and when the boy saw himself, he called out lustily, "Gracious Heaven! is this Diego?" Whereupon I answered, "Yes, it is Diego, of whom I have never yet asked a favour. Now all I ask of him is that he oblige me in an honest thing—to wit, that in these garments he come to supper with the distinguished company of artists of whom many a time I have spoken to him." The lad, who was modest, honest, and intelligent, lost his confidence of a moment ago, looked on the ground, and remained so some time without speaking a word. Then all at once he lifted his eyes and said, "With Benvenuto I am ready to go. So now let us set off."

Wrapping up his head in a great kerchief, which in Rome they call a summer cloth, we came to the appointed place, where already everybody else was assembled; and they all gave us greeting. When I took the kerchief from my pretty one's head, Michel Agnolo, who, as I said before, was the drollest and pleasantest man in the world, seized [his friend] Giulio with one hand and Giovanfrancesco with the other—he was sitting between them—and with all his strength forced them to bow down; while kneeling on the ground himself he begged for mercy, and called to all the company, saying, "Look, look, of such are the angels of Paradise—for though they are called angels (*Angeli*), yet are there some in women's form (*Angiole*)."

 Then he cried aloud—

*"Angel of goodness, angel fair,
Save and bless me! Hear my prayer!"*

At this my charming creature laughed, and with "her" right hand gave him a papal benediction, saying many pretty things besides. Then rising to his feet, Michel Agnolo said, "We kiss the Pope's feet, but we kiss the angels' cheeks"; and when he suited the action to the word, the youth flushed, and so did his beauty grow the more.

The viands being prepared, and we about to sit down, Giulio begged us to let him appoint our places at table. This being granted, he took the ladies by the hand, and led each in turn to the inner side of the board, and placed my companion in the middle. Then he arranged all the men on the outside, with me in the centre; for he said I deserved every honour. As a background to the ladies, there was a trellis covered with natural jasmine blossoms at their fairest, so becoming to them all, but especially to mine, that words must fail to tell it. And so we all gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of that rich supper, where every good thing was most abundantly provided. After we had supped, singers accompanied by instruments entertained us with wonderful music, and since they sang and played out of books, my lovely creature requested to sing a part too. Then when "she" performed her role almost better than the others, the astonishment was so great that Giulio and Michel Agnolo no longer spoke of her

jestingly, as at first, but their words were grave, serious, and full of real admiration.

After the music, a certain Aurelio Ascolano, a marvellous improvisatore, began to speak the praises of the ladies in divine and beautiful fashion, yet while his rhythmic words flowed out, the two ladies who sat by my fair one never stopped chattering. One of them told the story of her own misfortune; and the other asked my charmer how it had happened with her, and who were her friends, and how long she had been at Rome, and much else of the kind. Of course, if I had nothing better to do than to describe all the amusing little incidents that occurred, I could tell of many which arose out of Pantasilea's infatuation for me. But such things being not in my plan, I pass them over briefly. Now the conversation of those horrid women began to annoy my "girl"—to whom, by the way, we had given the name of Pomona; and Pomona, in her effort to escape from their foolish talk, turned now to one side and now to the other. Then the woman whom Giulio had brought asked her if she felt ill. She said yes, and that she believed she was a month or so gone with child, and that she was suffering great pain. The two who sat one on each side of her were at once full of compassion, and, putting their hands on her, found she was a boy. Quickly withdrawing their hands, they got up from the table, flinging words at her as might have befitted a handsome youth. Then cries broke out on all sides, and in the midst of the laughter and the astonishment, Michel Agnolo asked leave of all to impose on me a penance of his own fashioning. This granted, he hoisted me up, amid the loud cries of the guests, calling out, "*Viva il signore! Viva il signore!*" And this, said he, was the penance I merited, for having played them so fine a trick. Thus ended that very merry supper and that pleasant day; and we all went home.

If I were to describe minutely the kind and the number of works which I made for all sorts of people, my story would be too long. All I need say is, that I strove with every effort and diligence to attain skill in all the various arts of which I have already spoken.

III

AT THIS MOMENT the whole world was in arms. Pope Clement had sent to Giovanni de' Medici to ask for troops. But when they came to Rome, they were so unruly that it was not safe to be in public shops. This was the reason why I retired to a pretty little house behind the Banks, where I worked for all the friends I had made. My works, however, about this time were not of great importance, so I do not mean to speak of them. Just then I took great delight in music and similar pastimes.

Pope Clement, by the advice of Messer Jacopo Salviati, disbanded the five companies sent him by my lord Giovanni, who had died in Lombardy. Therefore, Bourbon, knowing that Rome was unprotected, forced on his army with all speed to our gates. Then all Rome rushed to arms.

Now I was a great friend of Alessandro, son of Piero del Bene. Indeed, when the Colonnese had attacked Rome, he had asked me to guard his house. So now, on this more important occasion, he begged me to enlist fifty men as a guard for his palace, and I was to be at the head of them, as in the Colonnese affair. So I collected fifty right gallant young fellows, and we took possession of his house, and were well paid and well entertained. When Bourbon's army appeared before the walls of Rome, Alessandro del Bene wished to go and see them, and begged me to accompany him. So with one of the best of my men we set out; and on the way a young man called Cecchino della Casa joined us. When we reached the walls near the Campo Santo, we caught sight of that wonderful army, now doing its very utmost to force an entrance. Just where we were posted on the walls many young fellows were lying dead, killed by the enemy's fire. The fight was at its hottest here, and the smoke as thick as you can imagine. Turning to Alessandro, I said, "Let us get home as quick as we can, for here it is hopeless. Look! they come up, and our men flee." Then Alessandro, desperately frightened, replied, "Would to God we had never come!" And with that he turned in the maddest terror to escape. But I checked him, saying, "Since you have brought me here, I must play the man"; and aiming my arquebuse where I saw the enemy was thickest, I fired at one I saw raised above the others. The cloud prevented me seeing whether he was on horseback or on foot. Turning hastily to Alessandro and Cecchino, I ordered them to discharge their guns, and showed them how to escape a return shot from the enemy outside. When we had each fired twice, I crept stealthily up to the wall, and saw an extraordinary tumult among the enemy, for one of our shots had knocked down Bourbon. And, so far as I could hear afterwards, he it was whom I had seen raised above the others. Leaving this place, we went through the Campo Santo, and entered by St. Peter's. Then we came out just at the Church of Sant' Agnolo, and reached the great gate of the castle with much difficulty; for Rienzo da Ceri and Orazio Baglioni were attacking and slaughtering all those who had left their places on the walls. Reaching this gate, we found some of the enemy had entered Rome, and they were at our heels. As the castellan wished to let the portcullis fall, he had to clear the way somewhat, and so we four got inside. No sooner had I entered than the captain, Pallone de' Medici, took possession of me as a member of the castle household, and thus forced me to leave Alessandro, which I did much against my will. While I was going up to the donjon, Pope Clement had entered by the corridors. He had been unwilling to leave the palace of St. Peter before this, never imagining that the enemy would make their way into the city. Now, having got inside in the way I have described, I took up my post near some big guns, which were under the charge of a bombardier called Giuliano the Florentine. This Giuliano, hanging over the battlements of the castle, saw his poor house being sacked and his wife and children outraged; so, lest he should massacre his own kith and kin, he did not dare discharge his guns, but threw his fuse upon the ground, and wailed aloud, and tore his face. And other bombardiers were doing the same. Therefore

I seized one of the fuses, and, with the help of some who were calmer in their minds, pointed some swivels and falconets where I saw a chance, slaughtering therewith a great many of the enemy. But for this, those that came into Rome that morning, marching straight to the castle, might have made an easy entry, for the artillery were doing nothing to stop them. I kept up the fire, for which several cardinals and noblemen blessed me, giving me the greatest encouragement. Of course, in my impetuous mood I was trying to do the impossible; enough that it was through me the castle was saved that morning, and that the other bombardiers came back to their duty. So I toiled on through all that day. When evening had come, while the army was entering Rome by the Trastevere, Pope Clement appointed a great Roman nobleman, Messer Antonio Santa Croce by name, head of all the gunners. This great lord came up to me at once, made much of me, and stationed me with five splendid pieces of artillery in the most exposed part of the castle, which is called the Angel. This place goes all round the keep, and looks over both Prati and Rome. Then he gave me a company of men to help me in the management of the guns, handed me an instalment of my pay, consigned me bread and a little wine, and entreated me to go on as I had begun. There have been times when I have been more inclined to the profession of arms than to the one of my choice, and with such good will did I give myself to it now, that I did better in it than in my own art. When night came on and the enemy were in Rome, we who were in the castle—but especially myself, who have always delighted in new experiences—stayed looking on at the extraordinary scene and the conflagration, which only those who were with us could have any clear idea of. Yet I will not set myself to describe the event, but will go on with the tale of my own life which I have begun, and of such things as appertain to it.

Continuing, as I did, my artillery practice for the whole month when we were besieged in the castle, I had a great many wonderful adventures the while, all worthy of being recounted. But as I do not wish to be too lengthy, nor to diverge overmuch from the tale of my profession, I shall leave the greater part of them untold, only mentioning those I am forced to, which will be few in number, but the most remarkable. And here is the first. Messer Santa Croce ordered me down from the Angel that I might fire on certain houses near the castle, where some of our enemies had been seen to enter. While I was firing, one of their cannons marked me; but as it struck a corner of a battlement and took away some of the stone, it did not do me much harm. The mass of stone, however, struck me in the chest, and, all breathless, I lay prone on the ground as one dead. Yet I could hear all that the bystanders were saying. Among them was Messer Antonio Santa Croce lamenting loud, "Alas! for we have lost our best helper." Hearing the noise, a certain companion of mine ran up. He was Gianfrancesco the fifer, but he had greater talents for medicine than for music. Bursting into tears at the sight of me, he ran for a flask of excellent Greek wine. Then he made a tile red-hot, sprinkled on it a good handful of wormwood, and then poured the Greek wine over it. When the worm-

wood was well soaked, he put it at once on my chest, where the mark of the blow was plainly to be seen. And such was the virtue of the thing that my wandering senses came back to me at once. But when I would fain have spoken I could not, for some foolish soldiers had filled my mouth with earth. To give me the sacrament had been their thought, but it was liker excommunication; and I could scarce regain my senses, for the earth was more harmful than the blow I had received. But that danger passed, I turned once again to the fury of the guns, keeping up the firing with the force and energy of my whole being.

My drawing, my fine studies, and my skill in music were all drowned in the roar of those guns; and were I to tell minutely all the fine things which I did in that infernally cruel business, I should strike the world with wonder. But not to be too lengthy, I shall pass them all over, save just a few of the most notable which I am forced to tell. So here, I kept thinking day and night how best I could do my part in the defence of the Church. Now I knew that when the enemy changed guard, they passed through the big gate of Santo Spirito, which was within a moderate range. So I began to fire in that direction. But as I had to fire obliquely, I did not do all the mischief I should have liked, though every day my slaughter was considerable. Then the enemy, seeing their passage hindered, one night piled up more than thirty barrels on the crest of a roof, thus blocking up my view. Considering the matter rather more carefully than I had done before, I turned all my five pieces of artillery right on the barrels, and waited till two hours before sunset, when the guard would be changed. Now, thinking themselves secure, they came along more slowly and in denser mass than had been their wont; so, when I fired, I not only knocked down the barrels in my way, but killed more than thirty men in that one blast. This I repeated twice again, and threw the soldiers into great disorder; and the incident, joined to the fact that they had stuffed themselves with loot from the great sack, and were longing to enjoy the fruits of their labours, was the cause of their threatening to revolt and to desert. They were restrained, however, by their valorous captain, Gian di Urbino. To their great inconvenience, they were forced henceforth to take another passage when changing guard, a roundabout way of three miles, instead of only half a mile as before. This business being successfully carried through, all the gentlemen in the castle showered favours on me. Inasmuch as it had important consequences, I have wished to relate this event and have done with it; for such things do not belong to the tale of my own art, which is the reason of my writing. If I cared to adorn my story with such things, too much would remain to tell.

I am now making a great leap forward when I tell how Pope Clement, desiring to save the tiaras and all the mass of jewels belonging to the Apostolic Camera, ordered me to come before him. Then he shut himself up in a room with only Cavalierino and me. This Cavalierino had been a stableman in the service of Filippo Strozzi, and was a Frenchman of the lowest birth. But being an excellent servant, Pope Clement had showered riches on him, and trusted him as he trusted himself. Now

when the Pope, Cavalierino, and I were shut up in this room, the tiaras and all the jewels of the Apostolic Camera were placed before me, and his Holiness ordered me to take them out of their gold settings. This I did, and then rolled each up in a little bit of paper, and we sewed them into the linings of the clothes which the Pope and Cavalierino wore. Then they handed all the gold over to me, telling me to melt it as secretly as I could. So I went up to the Angel, where my own room was, which I could lock, and where I might be free from disturbance. There I made myself a little furnace of brick, and put into the bottom of it a fair-sized ash pot shaped like a plate. Then I threw the gold on the top of the coals, and little by little it melted and fell down into the pot.

As soon as I had melted the gold, I took it to the Pope, who thanked me much for what I had done, and ordered Cavalierino to pay me twenty-five crowns, excusing himself that he had no more to give me.

I came to Florence with several of my companions. There the plague was raging furiously. On my arrival I found my dear father, who had been thinking I had died in the sack, or that I should return to him naked and despoiled. But it was just the contrary, as he discovered. Here I was, alive, with my pockets full of money, with a servant and a good mount. So great was the joy with which I saw my father that, when he embraced and kissed me, I certainly thought I should have died on the spot. I told him the whole internal history of the sack, and filled his hands with crowns, which I had gained in my military service, and we embraced each other over and over again. Then off he went to the Eight to redeem the ban on me. Now, as chance would have it, there still belonged to the Council one of those who had passed the sentence on me; indeed, the very man who had harshly told my father that he would send me into the country with the lances. So now my father had his revenge in some significant words, which were backed by his knowledge of the favour shown me by Orazio Baglioni.

Things were at this point when I told my father how Signor Orazio had made me captain; and that I must be thinking of gathering my company. At these words the poor old man was terribly disturbed; and he begged me, for the love of God, to undertake no such enterprise, though he was certain I was fit for it, and even for a greater. Then he added that his other son, my brother, was a mighty man of war, and my duty was to give myself up to that wonderful art at which, for so many years, I had laboured so earnestly. Though I promised to obey him, he was too shrewd not to know that if Signor Orazio came I could not but continue my military career. I had given my promise, and there were other reasons as well. So, bethinking himself of the best means of getting me out of Florence, he said to me, "Oh, my dear son, here the plague is terrible; and I am always imagining you coming home with it on you. Now, I remember when I was a young man, that I went away to Mantua, where I was made much of, and there I stayed several years. Therefore, I beg, nay, I command you, by your love for me, to leave this and go thither—and let it be rather today than tomorrow."

I should have too many things to tell were I to write down all the details of that little journey. The world lying under a cloud of pestilence and war, it was with the utmost difficulty I reached my destination. But once there, I immediately began to seek for work; and got employment from a certain Maestro Niccolò of Milan, who was goldsmith to the Duke of Mantua.

Setting off, therefore, with a good supply of Mantuan crowns, I came to Governolo, the place where the most valiant Signor Giovanni had been slain. Here I had another little bout of fever, which did not, however, hinder my journey, for I quickly threw it off and had no more of it. When I got to Florence I thought to find my dear father. But when I knocked at the door there appeared at the window an old, angry, hunchbacked woman, who drove me off with insults, telling me my face would be the death of her. Addressing the hunchback, I said, "Tell me, you cross, misshapen hag, is there no better-looking face in the house than yours?" "No," she answered. "The Devil take you!" And I shouted back, "May two hours see the end of it then!" Hearing this altercation, a neighbour woman came out and told me that my father and the whole household had died of the plague. As I had been thinking this might be the case, my grief was the less. Then she added that only my younger sister Liperata had survived, and that she had been taken in by a pious woman called Monna Andrea de' Bellacci.

Pope Clement had now declared war on the city of Florence, which made preparations for its defence. In every quarter the militia was organised, and I was under orders to serve too.

As soon as I reached Rome, I sought out some of my old friends, by whom I was welcomed with great affection. I set myself to work, which brought me in some money, but which is not worth describing.

My brother was now also in Rome, in the service of Duke Alessandro, to whom the Pope had lately given the duchy of Penna, and who attached to himself a number of right valiant soldiers, trained in the school of that distinguished captain, Giovanni de' Medici. My brother was of this company, and by the Duke esteemed among the best. Well, after dinner one day, he went to the shop of Baccino della Croce, in the Banks, which was a gathering place of these braves. There sitting down on a seat, he fell asleep. Just then passed by the Bargello guards, conducting a certain Captain Cisti, a Lombard, to prison. He, too, had been of the school of the great Lord Giovannino, but was not now in the service of the Duke. Captain Cattivanza degli Strozzi happened to be also in Baccino della Croce's shop. Cisti caught sight of him, and said to him in passing, "I was bringing you some crowns I owed you; if you want them, come for them before they lock me up." Now Cattivanza loved to egg others on, though he would not risk much himself; so seeing several young fellows of spirit, more ready to dare than fit to embark on such an adventure, he bade them step up to Captain Cisti and make him give them the money. Should the guard resist, they were to defy it, if they had spirit enough. There were only four of these youths, and all four beardless. One was

called Bertino Aldobrandi, another Anguillotto, of Lucca. The names of the others I cannot recall. Now Bertino had been trained by my brother, who felt the warmest affection for him. So, behold the four plucky young fellows coming up with the Bargello guards, who were more than fifty, and armed with pikes, arquebuses, and two-handed swords. Wasting but few words, the four put their hands to their weapons, and so harassed the guards that had Captain Cattivanza but shown himself, even had he never drawn his sword, they would have put the gang to flight. But he delayed, and Bertino was wounded sorely, and he fell. Then Anguillotto at the same moment was wounded in the right arm, and no longer able to hold his sword, he retired as well as he could. The others did the same, and Bertino Aldobrandi was lifted from the ground in a serious condition.

While all this was happening we were at table, for that morning we were dining more than an hour later than usual. Hearing the noise, one of the sons, the elder, Giovanni by name, rose to go and see the fight. I called to him, "For God's sake, don't go! There's always something to lose and nothing to gain in rows of that sort." And his father, too, said, "My son, I beg you not to go." But the youth would listen to none of us, and ran downstairs. Reaching the Banks, where the fight was going on, he saw Bertino being lifted from the ground. Then he turned and ran back. But on the way he met Cecchino, my brother, who asked him what was up. Some of the people standing by signed to Giovanni not to tell; but like the mad fool he was, he blurted out that Bertino Aldobrandi had been murdered by the guard. My poor brother set up such a roar you might have heard it ten miles off. Then he said to Giovanni, "Ah, could you but tell me which of them has been the death of my friend!" Giovanni answered, "Yes; it was a man with a two-handed sword and a blue feather in his cap." On rushed my poor brother, and recognising the murderer by these signs, he threw himself with all his marvellous agility and dash into the midst of the guards; and ere his particular enemy could help himself, he struck him in the belly, ran him through, and felled him to the ground with his sword hilt. Then he turned on the others with such skill and fire that he alone would have put the whole of them to flight, had he not wheeled round to have at an arquebuser, who, to defend himself, let off his gun and hit the brave unlucky youth just above the right knee. As soon as he had fallen, the scattered guards made off in haste, lest another, like unto this assailant, should come up. Hearing that the tumult still continued, I, too, rose from table, and girt on my sword—for every man carried one in those days. At the Santo Agnolo bridge I saw a large group of men. I pushed on, and being known to some of them, place was made for me; and I saw the last thing in the world I would have seen—yet there I was, all eagerness to look. At first I did not recognise him, for he was dressed in different clothes from those I had seen him in a little while before. So it was he that first knew me, and said, "Dearest brother, do not lament my evil case, for in my profession I was bound to look for this. Only let me be taken away from

here at once, for I have but a little while to live." While he was speaking they told me all that had happened, with the brevity the case called for. Then I replied, "Brother, this is the greatest grief, the greatest evil that can ever befall me. But be of good heart, for before you lose sight of him who wrought you this hurt, you shall see yourself revenged by my hands." His words and mine were to this clear effect, but of the briefest.

As soon as the wound had been seen to, Duke Alessandro appeared, and spoke words of kindly affection; and my brother, who was still clear in his mind, said to him: "My lord, for nothing do I grieve save that your Excellency loses a servant who might be excelled in valour in his profession, but than whom none ever served you with more love and faithfulness." The Duke bade him make up his mind to live; as for the rest, well did he know him for a man of worth and valour. Then turning to the men who were with him, he told them to let the gallant youth want for nothing. After the Duke had gone, Cecchino became delirious from the great flow of blood which could not be staunchcd; so that all next night he was quite frenzied, save that when they wished to give him the communion, he said, "You would have done well to confess me before. Now it is not possible for me to receive the divine sacrament in this wrecked body of mine. Be satisfied that I receive it with the divinity of the eyes, through which it shall reach my immortal soul, which begs mercy and pardon of God." When he had said these words, the host was raised; but he fell at once into the same delirium as before—nay, his ravings grew still worse, and he uttered the most horrible words imaginable all that night till daybreak. As the sun rose above the horizon, he turned to me and said, "My brother, I will stay no longer here, for these people will drive me to what will make them repent having meddled with me." Then he flung out both legs, and raised the injured one (which we had placed in a very heavy box) as if he were about to mount his horse. Turning his face to me, he said three times, "Adieu! adieu! adieu!" and with the last word that valiant soul passed out.

At the appointed hour, which was evening, at twenty-two of the clock, I had him buried with the greatest honour in the Church of the Florentines; and later I raised to him a beautiful marble monument, on which were cut trophies and banners.

I worked with the utmost energy to finish the gold work for Pope Clement, which he was in a great hurry for. Two or three times a week would he call me, so much did he want to see it, and each time he was better pleased. But frequently he reproved me, almost scolding me for my deep gloom on account of my brother's death; and still seeing me more overcome and wretched than was right, he said, one day, "Oh, Benvenuto, I did not know you were demented. Haven't you learnt before now that for death there is no remedy? You are doing your best to follow him."

I took my leave of the Pope, and went on with my gold work and dies for the Mint; but now better to me than courting a sweetheart was watching that arquebuser who had killed my brother. This man had once been a light cavalry soldier, and then had enlisted as arquebuser among

the Bargello's corporals. Now what added to my wrath was that he boasted of the thing, saying, "If it hadn't been for me, who killed that brave young fellow, in another minute, he, by himself, would have put us all to flight, with great damage, too." At last I saw that my suffering, caused by the constant sight of him, was hindering me from sleeping and from eating, and leading me along an evil road. I stifled the thought of how low and dishonourable the undertaking was, and one evening I resolved once and for all to be done with the trouble. The man lived near a place called Torre Sanguigna, next door to a house where lodged one of the most favourite courtesans of Rome, called Signora Antea. The clock had just struck twenty-four. The arquebusier stood in the doorway after supper, sword in hand. I crept up stealthily, and with a Pistoian dagger dealt him a back stroke, thinking to cut his head right off. But he wheeled round suddenly, and the blow fell on the top of his left shoulder, cleaving the bone. Up he sprang, and dazed by the sore pain, he threw aside his sword, and began to run. I followed after, and came up with him in a step or two. Then raising my dagger above his bent head, I struck him on the nape of the neck, and the weapon went in so deep that I could not for all my efforts draw it out. For just then out of Antea's house came four soldiers clutching their swords, so that I was forced to handle mine to defend myself from them. Leaving my dagger sticking there, I made off, for fear of being recognised, to Duke Alessandro's house, between the Piazza Navona and the Rotunda. As soon as I got there I told the Duke, who gave me to understand that, if I was alone, I had only to keep quiet and all should be well. I was to go on with the Pope's work, since he was so anxious to have it; and for eight days I had better work within doors. The soldiers who had stopped me had now arrived, and were relating the whole affair; they had the dagger in their hands, and told the great trouble they had had to pull it out of the neck bone and head of the dead man, whose name they did not know. At this up came Giovan Bandini and said to them, "This dagger is mine, and I lent it to Benvenuto, who wanted to revenge his brother." Then the soldiers could not say enough of their regret at having interrupted me, though, indeed, I had got my fill of revenge.

More than eight days passed, and the Pope did not send for me as was his wont; but at last he begged his chamberlain to fetch me. With courtesy, the messenger told me that his Holiness knew everything, that he wished me well in every way, and that I was to go on working and keep quiet. Nevertheless, when I was admitted, he glowered: his eyes alone were enough to scare me. But when he examined my work, his face softened; he heaped praises on me, and said I had done a very great deal in very little time. Then looking me straight in the face, he added, "Now that you have recovered, Benvenuto, give heed to your way of life." And I, catching his meaning, said I would do so. Without delay I opened a handsome shop in the Banks, opposite Raffaello's, and there in a few months' time I finished the piece of work I had in hand.

I had just nearly finished my work when the huge inundation took

place which flooded the whole of Rome. The day was waning as I stood watching it. Twenty-two o'clock had just struck, and I saw the water rising very fast. Now the front of my house and shop was towards the Banks; but the back was several cubits higher, and looked towards Monte Giordano. So thinking first of my safety, and then of my honour, I secured all the jewels on my person, and left my gold work in the keeping of my workmen. Then, barefoot, I got down through my back window, and, as well as I could, waded through the water till I found myself at Monte Cavallo, where I found Messer Giovanni Gaddi, clerk of the Camera, and Bastiano Veneziano, the painter. Greeting Messer Giovanni, I gave all the jewels into his custody; for he looked on me as his brother. A few days later, when the fury of the flood had passed, I went back to my shop, and finished my work so happily, by God's help and my own efforts, that it was held to be the finest thing of the kind ever seen in Rome. When I took it to the Pope, he could not sing my praises loud enough. "If I were a rich emperor," said he, "I would give my Benvenuto all the land his eyes could run over. But we in these days are poor bankrupt princes; nevertheless, we shall give him bread sufficient for his little wants." I let him chatter his fill; and then I asked him for a mace-bearer's place which was vacant. On which he said he wanted to give me something far more important than that. But I begged his Holiness to give me this little thing in the meanwhile as a pledge. He burst out laughing, and said he was willing, but he did not want me to serve; and he bade me arrange with the other mace-bearers that I should be exempt. Then he granted the favour which they had already asked of him, namely, leave to make legal claim for their salaries. This was done. And out of the mace-bearer's post I made little less than two hundred crowns a year.

A few days after, having finished my medal, I stamped it in gold, in silver, and in brass. It was after dinnertime on a lovely April day, and his Holiness was in the Belvedere. When I came into his presence, I gave the medals with the steel dies into his hands. He took them, and saw at a glance the magnificent art they displayed; then he said, "The ancients were never so well served with medals." While he and others were examining, now the dies, now the medals, I began to speak modestly as follows: "If a Higher Power had not ruled over my unlucky stars, preventing that violence with which they threatened me, your Holiness had lost, without fault on his side or mine, a faithful and loving servant. And so I hold, most holy Father, that one cannot go wrong in cases where all is staked upon a single throw, if, after the saying of poor simple men, we count seven before we cut one."

The Pope had stopped looking at the medals, and was listening to me with great attention. Then his Holiness began to discuss the medals, and asked me how I had managed to stamp them so admirably, considering their size, for he had never seen antique medals so large. About this we talked for a bit, and then he told me the medals were most beautiful, that he was much pleased with them, but that he should like to have another reverse according to his own fancy, if it were possible for a medal

to have alternative reverses. I said yes. Then his Holiness ordered from me the story of Moses when he struck the rock and the water came out, along with these words, *Ut bibat populus*. And he added, "Go now, Benvenuto, and before you have finished it, I shall have made provision for you." As soon as I was gone, the Pope declared before them all that he would endow me, so that I could live in riches without ever working for anyone else. And I went home and gave all my mind to the execution of the reverse with the Moses design.

When I took it to the Pope, I found him in bed in a very serious condition. Nevertheless he received me most affectionately, and wished to see the medal and the dies. He had his spectacles and candles brought him, but could see nothing at all. Then he began to feel them all over with his fingers, and having done this for some little time, he heaved a great sigh, and said to those who were standing near that he had me much on his mind; but if God gave him back his health, he would put everything to rights. Three days after the Pope died, and I found that all my pains had been for nothing. Yet I was of good courage, telling myself that through these medals I had become so well known that I should be employed by any Pope, and perhaps with greater profit than heretofore. So did I put heart into myself, and thrust behind me altogether the gross insults which [a Milanese jeweler named] Pompeo had cast on me. Then, in my armour and with my sword at my side, I set off to St. Peter's, and kissed the dead Pope's feet, not without tears.

Afterwards I came back to the Banks, to watch the great confusion which reigns at such a time. While I was sitting there with many friends around me, up came Pompeo with ten men about him, all fully armed. When he was just opposite, he stopped as if to pick a quarrel with me. The brave and adventurous young spirits who were with me signed to me to draw on him. But then quick came the thought, that if I drew, there might follow some dreadful consequence to those who had nothing to do with the thing at all. So I judged it better that I alone should put my life to the hazard. You could barely have said two Ave Marias before Pompeo, with a sneering laugh in my direction, made off again. His men, too, laughed, and there were many tossings of heads and other insulting gestures. My comrades would have begun to fight there and then, but I told them hotly that I was man enough to fight my own battles, that I needed no greater champion than myself, and that they were to mind their own business. This angered my friends, and, grumbling, they left me. Among them was my dearest comrade, Albertaccio del Bene, own brother to Alessandro and Albizzo, and today a very rich man in Lyons. This Albertaccio was the most splendid young fellow I have ever known, and the most courageous; he loved me as himself. Now he knew well that my patience was not for poor-spiritedness, but that it meant the most reckless bravery—for he had a perfect understanding of me—and taking up my words, he begged me to do him the favour of calling on him in any business I had a mind for. To which I answered, "Albertaccio mine, dear above all the others, be sure a time will come when you can help me; but in this affair,

if you love me, give no heed to me; go about your own business, and be off speedily like the rest, for there is no time to be lost." In my haste I could say no more.

Meanwhile my enemies of the Banks had gone off slowly towards the place called the Chiavica, and had reached a point where crossroads meet. But the street where my enemy Pompeo's house stood was that which goes straight to the Campo di Fiore. Now being in need of something, he had gone into the apothecary's at the corner of the Chiavica, and had stopped there awhile on his business. It had come to my ears that he had been bragging of his having braved me—for so he thought he had done; but in any case, it was the worse for him. For just when I had reached the corner, he came out of the apothecary's; his bravos made place for him, and closed about him. But with a little keen-edged dagger I forced their ranks, and had my hands upon his breast so quickly, and with such coolness, that not one of them could hinder me. I was aiming at his face, but in his terror he turned his head, so that I plunged the poniard in just below the ear. It only needed two strokes, for at the second he fell dead, which had not been at all my intention. But, as the saying is, there's no bargaining about blows. With my left hand I drew out the dagger, and in the right I took my sword for the defence of my life. But all his bravos ran to the dead body, and made no show of attacking me. So I withdrew by myself through the Strada Giulia, thinking where I could best hide. I had gone about three hundred paces when I was joined by Piloto the goldsmith, a very good friend of mine. "Brother," said he, "now that the ill is done, let's think of your safety." To which I answered, "Let's go to Albertaccio del Bene's house, for only a little ago I told him the time would soon come when I should have need of him." So we reached Albertaccio's house, and we embraced with boundless affection; and very soon there appeared the best of the young men about the Banks, of every nation save the Milanese; and each one of them offered his life to save mine. Messer Luigi Rucellai, too, sent with exquisite courtesy to say that what he had was at my service, as did many other substantial men of his condition; and there was not one of them but called down blessings on my hands; for they held my enemy had insulted me deeply, and it was a wonder I could have borne with him so long.

Meanwhile Cardinal Cornaro heard of the affair, and of his own accord sent thirty soldiers, with as many halberds, pikes, and arquebuses, to bring me with all due honour to his place. I accepted the offer and went off with them, while a still larger number of the young fellows swelled my guard. But by this time Messer Traiano, the dead man's relative, and chief chamberlain to the Pope, sent to the Cardinal de' Medici a great Milanese nobleman, who informed him of the grave crime I had committed, and protested his lordship was bound to punish me. The Cardinal retorted, "Great wrong would he, indeed, have done, leaving this lesser wrong undone! Thank Messer Traiano from me for his having told me what I did not know." Then suddenly turning, in the presence of the

nobleman, to the Bishop of Forlì, a gentleman of his court and his familiar friend, he said, "Search diligently for my Benvenuto, and bring him to me, for I have a good will to help and defend him. And who harms him, harms me." Thereupon the nobleman flushed angrily and took his leave; and the Bishop of Forlì came to seek me at Cardinal Cornaro's. Having found my host, he told him how the Cardinal de' Medici had sent for Benvenuto, and wished to be his protector. Now Cornaro, who was as irritable as a bear, answered the bishop hotly, telling him that he was just as well able to protect me as the Cardinal de' Medici. Whereupon the bishop asked as a favour to speak to me a word, outside this affair, on the Cardinal's business; but Cornaro told him that for that day he might pretend he had talked with me. The Cardinal de' Medici was highly indignant; but next night, with a good escort, I paid him a visit, unknown to my host. Then I begged him of his kindness to let me stay in Cornaro's house, telling him how kindly he had treated me. If only his most reverend lordship would permit this, I should have one more friend in my hour of need. For the rest, his lordship might dispose of me as he pleased. He replied that I was to do as I liked; and I returned to Cornaro's house. A few days later Cardinal Farnese was made Pope.

When he had put his greater affairs in order, the new Pope called for me, and let me know he wished no one but me to make his money. Whereupon one of his most intimate friends, Latino Juvinale by name, spoke to his Holiness, and said I was in hiding for a homicide committed on the person of one Pompeo, a Milanese; and then he added all that could be said in my favour. To which the Pope replied, "I did not know of Pompeo's death; but well I know of Benvenuto's excuse. So make out a safe-conduct for him, that he may rest perfectly secure."

Not many days after, I was told by a great friend of mine that Signor Pier Luigi had expressly ordered I should be seized that evening. Word of this reached me in the late afternoon. I spoke of the matter to some of my friends, who urged me to escape. The order had been given for one hour after sundown; and two hours before that I was off with the post bound for Florence.

I made haste to seek Duke Alessandro, and told his Excellency I was most ready to serve him in whatever I was good for. Thereupon he ordered me on the spot to make the dies for his money. As soon as I had made four sorts of money, I begged him to settle my salary, and also to grant me the apartments I had asked for, if he was pleased with what I had done. I showed him a few drawings, which he had asked me to make for some works in gold, intended as a gift to his wife, who was then in Naples. Once more I made the same request about the settlement of my affairs. But his Excellency replied that first of all he wished me to make a die for as fine a head of himself as I had made of Pope Clement. So I began this head in wax, and my lord ordered that at whatever hour I came to work on his portrait, I should be shown in to him.

The same day—it was a Thursday—there came to me from Rome an ample safe-conduct from the Pope, telling me to repair to him at once for

the pardon of the Saint Maries in the middle of August, so that I might free myself from the charge of homicide. I went to seek the Duke, whom I found in bed, after an excess, as I was told. In little more than two hours I finished what was wanting to his wax medal, and when he saw the thing complete he was much pleased. I then went off without formal leave-taking. The Duke, who did not believe that I was quitting Florence, said nothing more to me. But when he learned afterwards that I had really set off, he sent a servant after me, who overtook me at Siena, and gave me fifty gold ducats from his Excellency, also a message that I should spend them and remember him; likewise that I was to come back as soon as I could.

On my way to Rome, I carried the splendid arquebuse which the Duke had given me, and many a time did I use it on the journey, to my great enjoyment, while the feats I performed with it were extraordinary.

On the day of the Saint Maries, it is the custom that those about to obtain their pardon should surrender themselves prisoners. But I returned to the Pope and said to his Holiness I did not wish to be put in prison, and begged him to let me off. He said that such was the custom, and so it must be. Thereupon I knelt down once more, and thanked him for the safe-conduct he had given me, with which I should return to the service of my Duke of Florence, who waited me in all eagerness. Hearing this, he turned to one of his attendants and said, "Let Benvenuto have his pardon without the prison. Make out his papers to this effect." The document being drawn up, the Pope signed it, and it was registered at the Capitol. Then, on the appointed day, I walked in the procession, in an honourable place between two gentlemen, and received my full pardon.

Four days after I was seized with a very high fever and with a shaking fit. I went to bed, and thought I was about to die. The first physicians in Rome were called in, among whom was one Maestro Francesco da Norcia, the oldest doctor in the city, and one of most reputation. I explained to the doctors what I believed to be the cause of my grave illness; that I had wished to be bled, but was advised against it; and I begged them, if it were not too late, to bleed me now. Maestro Francesco answered that to draw blood now would do me no good, but if it had been done at the right time, I should not have been ill at all. Now he must cure me in some other way. So they enlisted all their zeal and skill for my cure, and every day I got violently worse. At the end of eight days the malady had increased so much that the doctors, despairing of the case, ordered that I should be indulged and given anything I asked for. Maestro Francesco said, "While he still breathes call on me at any hour, for one never knows what Nature will do for a young man of this sort; but if he should become unconscious, give him these five remedies, one on top of the other, and send for me. I will come at any hour of the night. For I should be better pleased to save him than any Cardinal in Rome." My strength was ebbing all away. I had not force enough to draw a breath, but my brain was as sound as when I was in health. Yet though I was not delirious, a terrible old man used to come to my bedside, and try to haul me

by force into a great boat. Then I would call for my [apprentice and partner] Felice to come to me and chase the old scoundrel away.

More than three hours passed ere I came to myself; and having applied all the physician's remedies, and seeing that I still did not revive, my beloved Felice set off running to Maestro Francesco of Norcia's house. He knocked so loud that he awoke him and made him rise. Weeping, he begged him to come to my house, for he thought I was dead. Whereupon Maestro Francesco, who was a very hot-tempered man, called down, "My son, what do you think I should do if I came? If he is dead, I am sorrier than you. Do you think that by coming with my medicine I could blow life into his body?" But seeing that the poor lad went off crying, he called him back, and gave him a certain oil wherewith to anoint my pulses and my heart, and told him to squeeze my little toes and little fingers very hard; adding that if I came to, he was to be sent for at once. Felice left Maestro Francesco and did his bidding. When it was almost daylight, and hope was given up by the watchers, orders were given to make my shroud and to wash my body. All of a sudden I came to myself, and called out to Felice to drive off the old man who was plaguing me, and, quick, quick, I said. Whereupon Felice wanted to send for Maestro Francesco; but I said no; he was to come to me and drive away the old man, who was afraid of him. When Felice came to my bedside, and I touched him, the furious old wretch seemed to make off; so I begged him to stay by me all the time. But Maestro Francesco came at last, and he said he was determined to save me in spite of everything, and that he had never seen greater force in any young man than in me. Then, sitting down to write, he ordered perfumes, lotions, unguents, plasters, and all sorts of wonderful things. In the meanwhile, having had more than twenty leeches applied to my posteriors, I came to, but I felt as if I had been pierced, bound, and pulverised. Many of my friends came to see the miracle of the revived corpse. So my illness lingered on, and I got little better.

My malady had been so terrible that it seemed as if it would never end; and that good man Francesco da Norcia gave himself more trouble than ever, and every day he kept bringing me new remedies, striving to repair that poor disordered instrument, my body. Yet with all these extraordinary efforts, it seemed impossible to weaken the malady's persistent hold on me; so that the doctors were almost in despair, and did not know what further they could do. I had an insatiable thirst, yet I had refrained from drinking for many days, in obedience to orders. Felice, who was very proud of having saved my life, never left me; and the old man troubled me less, though he still came to me sometimes in my dreams. But one day Felice had gone out, and an apprentice was left as nurse, with a servant called Beatrice. I asked the apprentice what had become of my lad Cencio, and why I had never seen him waiting on me. The lad told me that Cencio had been much more ill than I, and that now he lay at the point of death. Felice had ordered them not to tell me this. I was greatly grieved at the news, and I called Beatrice, the servant, a girl from Pistoja, and begged her to fill a great crystal wine cooler, that stood near, with clear fresh

water, and to bring it to me. The girl ran at once and brought it to me full. I asked her to hold it to my mouth, and promised, if she would let me drink as long a draught as I wished, I'd give her a gown. Now this servant had stolen a few little things of some importance, and in her terror lest the theft should be found out, she would have been glad for me to die. Therefore she let me drink twice of the water, and as much as I could each time, so that in truth I drank more than a flask. Then I lay down under the bedclothes, began to perspire, and fell asleep. Felice came back after I had slept about an hour, and asked the lad how I was. "I don't know," said the boy; "Beatrice brought him that wine cooler full of water, and he has nearly drunk it all. I don't know now if he be dead or alive." They say the poor young fellow almost fell down in a swoon from the vexation he felt. Then taking a thick stick, he beat the servant furiously, crying, "Alas, traitress! you have killed him." But while Felice was belabouring her, and she was howling, I dreamt. It seemed to me that I saw the old man again with ropes in his hand, and he was preparing to bind me with them. Felice now came on the scene, and was attacking him with a hatchet, so that the old wretch ran away, crying, "Let me go, and I shan't come back again in a hurry!" Meanwhile Beatrice ran into my room, screaming at the top of her voice. This woke me up, and I said, "Let her alone, for perhaps in meaning me harm, she has done me more good than you ever have been able to, with all your devotion. But come now and help me, for I am all of a sweat. Quick!" Felice took heart again, dried me, and made me comfortable; and feeling greatly better, I became assured of my recovery.

When Maestro Francesco came, he saw the great improvement in me, also the servant weeping, the prentice running hither and thither, and Felice laughing. This confusion made the doctor think some extraordinary thing had happened, which had worked this change in me for the better. Meanwhile, the other doctor, Maestro Bernardino, had come in, the one who, in the beginning, had not wished me to be bled. Maestro Francesco, that splendid fellow, cried out, "Oh, power of Nature! she knows her own needs. We doctors know nothing." Whereupon that fool of a Maestro Bernardino answered, "If only he had drunk another flask, he could have been cured at once." But Maestro Francesco, a venerable man, and of great authority, replied, "Please God that such a misfortune fall on your own head!" Then turning to me, he asked me if I could have drunk more. "No," I answered, "for I had quenched my thirst." Then to Maestro Bernardino he said, "See you, Nature had just satisfied her needs, neither more nor less. So was she craving what she needed, when the poor young man requested to be bled. If you knew that the saving of him depended on his drinking two flasks of water, why did you not say so before? Then you would have got the credit." At these words the quack went off in a surly temper, and he never turned up any more.

Then Maestro Francesco said I must be taken out of the room where I lay; and he had me carried up to one of the hills of Rome. Cardinal Cornaro, hearing of my recovery, had me brought to a place of his on

Monte Cavallo. That very night I was carried with the utmost care in a chair, well covered, and not jostled. As soon as I arrived, I began to vomit, and in the vomit which I brought up was a hairy worm, a quarter of a cubit in length. The hairs were long, and the worm was most hideous, and covered with different-coloured spots, green, black, and red. They kept it for the doctor, who declared he had never seen such a thing. Then he said to Felice, "Now take good care of your Benvenuto, for he is cured. Don't allow him any excesses. For though he has escaped this time, yet another disorder would kill him. You see his sickness has been so serious, that had we been bringing him the holy oil, we might have come too late. Now I am sure that with a little patience and time he will still do fine work." Then turning to me, he said, "Benvenuto, my friend, be wise, and lead a regular life; and when you are cured, I want you to make me a Madonna with your own hand, and I will say my prayers to her always for love of you." Afterwards I asked him whether I might prudently move to Florence. He told me that I should get a little stronger first, and wait to see what Nature did for me.

After eight days had passed, the improvement was so little that I was weary of myself; for I had been more than fifty days in this great trouble. But making up my mind, I prepared to set off, and in a double basket litter my dear Felice and I departed for Florence. Now as I had not written beforehand, when I got to my sister's house, she wept and laughed over me at the same time. The clever doctor, Francesco da Montevarchi, treated me with the greatest skill. He had been introduced by my friend Luca Martini, who stayed the greater part of every day with me.

IV

WHEN I got back to Rome, I amused myself among my friends, and then began the Duke's medal. In a few days I had completed the head in steel, and it was the finest thing of the kind I had ever done. I often amused myself out shooting with my dear Felice. We had many and many a talk together, but there was one day in particular—in Epiphany it was—when we were near La Magliana, and evening was coming on. That day a good many wild ducks and geese had fallen to my gun. When I had made up my mind to shoot no more, we rode in hot haste towards Rome. It was night by the time we reached a certain rising ground. There, looking towards Florence, we both of us with one accord cried out in wonder, "O God of Heaven! what marvel is this that we see above Florence?" It looked like a great beam of fire, which radiated a glorious light. I said to Felice, "For certain, we shall hear tomorrow that some great event has come to pass in Florence." When we got back to Rome it was pitch dark.

On reaching my house, I found some friends of mine, and while we were having supper, I told them of all the accidents of the chase, and of that devilry in the sky—the beam of fire we had seen. Some of them said, "What meaning shall tomorrow give to this?" And I answered, "This

marvel means some great event that has taken place in Florence." And so supper passed by pleasantly. Next day, late, came the news of the death of Duke Alessandro. So, many of my acquaintances came to me and said, "You spoke the truth, that in Florence some great event had happened." And then came Messer Francesco Soderini, jogging along on his old mule, laughing all the way like a fool, and saying, "This is the reverse of that rascally tyrant's medal, which your Lorenzino de' Medici promised you," adding, "You would immortalise dukes for us, would you? We'll have no more dukes"; and then he mocked at me, as if I had been head of the faction that makes the dukes. Then in came a certain Baccio Bettini, whose ugly head was as big as a corbel, and he, too, railed at me about dukes, saying, "We've unduked them. We'll have no more dukes! And you who would make them immortal for us!" and other wearisome jokes of the kind. This was too much for me in the end, and I burst out, "O you fools! I am a poor goldsmith, and I serve him who pays me, yet you rail at me as if I were the head of a party. Nevertheless, I won't cast up to you the greed, the folly, the cowardice of men like you in the past. But in answer to your foolish laughter, I tell you plainly that, before two or three days have gone by, you shall have another duke, and may be a much worse one than the last." Next day Bettini came to my shop and said, "What is the good of spending money on couriers, for you know things before they come to pass? What spirit tells them to you?" And he told me that Cosimo de' Medici, son of Lord Giovanni, was made Duke; but he was bound by certain conditions, so that he could not cut capers just as he liked. Then I began to laugh at this, saying, "Those Florentines have mounted a young man on a splendid horse; they have given him spurs, put the reins freely in his hand, set him out in a magnificent field full of flowers and fruits and all kinds of delicious things; then they tell him he must not pass certain prescribed boundaries. Now, tell me, who is he that can hold him in, once he has a mind to pass them? Laws cannot be enforced on the law's master." So they left me alone, and didn't trouble me any more.

Now let the world and every living man therein bear witness how evil stars and adverse fortune work against us mortals!

One morning I had been working more than three hours before dawn. While my servants were opening my shop and cleaning it, I went out to take a little walk. Going along the Strada Giulia, I came out at the Chia-vica corner; and there Crespino the Bargello, with all his men, came upon me. "You are the Pope's prisoner," said he; to which I replied, "Crespino, you take me for someone else." "No," said Crespino, "you are Benvenuto the artist. I know you quite well, and I have to take you to the Castle of St. Angelo; for that's the place where lords and distinguished men like you are sent." Thereupon four of his corporals threw themselves on me, and would have taken my dagger from me by force, and some rings I wore on my finger; but Crespino cried out, "Not one of you touch him! Only do your duty, and see he does not escape." Then approaching me, in courteous terms he asked for my weapons. While I was giving them up, the

thought came over me that just in this place I had killed Pompeo. Thence they took me to the castle, and locked me into the top chamber in the donjon. This was the first time I ever had a taste of prison, and I was then thirty-seven years old.

I was kept in prison eight whole days; and at the end of that time, to bring the thing to an issue, they sent me to be questioned. For this purpose, I was called into a hall of the Pope's castle, a place destined for great ceremonies. One of the examiners was the Governor of Rome, who was called Messer Benedetto Conversini, a Pistojan, afterwards Bishop of Jesi; another was the Procurator-fiscal, whose name I don't remember; and the third was the Judge of the Criminal Court, Messer Benedetto da Cagli. First, these three men began their examination mildly; but their language grew most harsh and threatening after I had said to them, "My lords, for the last half-hour you have been doing nothing but question me about cock-and-bull stories and suchlike nonsense; so that in truth you talk might not unjustly be called chatter or babble. For chattering is talking nonsense, isn't it? And babbling is uttering empty words. Therefore I entreat you to tell me what you want of me, that I may hear reasonable words from your mouths, and not idle fables and rubbish of that kind." At this the Governor, who was a Pistojan, no longer able to hold in his violent temper, broke out, "You speak very confidently; indeed, much too haughtily; but I will make that haughtiness of yours cringe lower than a shivering puppy, when you hear what I have to say—which will neither be chattering nor babbling, as you call it, but an ordered argument, to the consideration and the answering of which it will behove you to give your whole mind." And then he began:

"We know for a certainty that you were in Rome during the sack of this unhappy city; and at that time you were in the Castle of St. Angelo, and were employed as bombardier. And since your profession is that of goldsmith and jeweller, Pope Clement, because he had known you before, and because there were no others of your trade in the place, called you to a secret audience, and bade you take out all the jewels of his tiaras, mitres, and rings from their settings. Then, as he had confidence in you, he also ordered you to sew them into his garments. While about this business, unknown to his Holiness, you made away with property to the value of eighty thousand crowns. This has been reported to us by a workman of yours, to whom you confided it, boasting of the same. Now we say to you frankly: find the jewels, or the value of them. After that you may go free."

When I heard these words I could not help breaking out into an explosion of laughter, which lasted for some little time. "I thank God heartily," I said, "that this first time it has pleased His High Majesty to imprison me, by good fortune I am not confined for some little trifle, as generally happens to young men. Even if what you say were true, there is no danger at all of my being punished in my person; for at the time you speak of, the law did not run. Or, if the facts were as you declare, I might excuse myself by saying that, in my capacity of dutiful servant, I had guarded this treasure for the sacred, holy Apostolic Church, waiting till I

could give it back to a good pope, or, indeed, to whoever should request its return, as, for instance, you." Here that ferocious Pistoian refused to listen to another word, but broke in furiously, "Put what meaning on your villainy you please, Benvenuto; enough for us to have found our own. And now out with it, if you don't want something else from us besides words." As they were getting up to go away, I said, "I have not yet been fully examined. Finish that, and then go whenever you please." So they sat down again, much enraged, and in a humour to listen to nothing I should say. Yet much of their anxiety was gone, for they thought, perhaps, they had found out all they wished to know. So I began to speak to them after this fashion: "You must know, my lords, that I have lived in Rome nearly twenty years, and have never been imprisoned, neither here nor elsewhere." At this the jack-in-office governor called out, "Yet you have murdered men of our city." To which I answered, "You say so I make no such admission; for if a man was to try to kill you, priest though you are, you would defend yourself; and having killed him, the holy laws would hold you innocent. So let me say what I have to say, if you would refer the matter to the Pope, and judge me aright. I tell you once more, that for nearly twenty years I have been living in this marvellous city of Rome, and here I have carried out most important work in my profession. I know that this is the seat of Christ, and I had sure confidence that, if ever a temporal prince were to wrong me, I should have recourse to this holy chair and the Vicar of Christ, and he would defend my rights. Alas! what refuge have I now? And who is the prince who will defend me from such infamous wrong? Before arresting me, should you not have found out how I disposed of those eighty thousand ducats? Also, should you not have looked at the record of the jewels which the Apostolic Camera has carefully kept for five hundred years to this day? If you had found a gap in it, then you should have seized all my books as well as myself. I assure you that the books in which are recorded all the jewels of the Pope and the regalia are quite in order, and there is not a single gem belonging to Pope Clement which has not been carefully entered. Only one thing I can think of which might give colour to your proceedings. When Pope Clement was making terms with those Imperial thieves, who had pillaged Rome and outraged the Church, a man came to negotiate the terms of peace, whose name, if I rightly remember, was Cesare Iscatinaro. When he had almost concluded the treaty, the poor Pope, in desperation, and desiring to show him a little kindness, let fall from his finger a diamond ring worth about four thousand crowns. Iscatinaro stooped to pick it up, and the Pope bade him keep it for his sake. I was present at the time; and if the diamond be missing, I am now telling you where it has gone; but I have a sure conviction that this also will be found recorded. Therefore, you should be ashamed to persecute a man like me, who have served this apostolic seat so honourably. Do you not know, that had it not been for me, when the Imperial troops entered the Borgo, they would have made their way into the castle without the least hindrance? But I, who never got anything for my valorous conduct, betook myself vigorously to the

guns, which the bombardiers and soldiers had abandoned, and put heart into a comrade of mine, Raffaello da Montelupo, the sculptor, who had also given up, and was hiding frightened and useless in a corner. I shook life into him; and he and I by ourselves slew so many of the enemy that the soldiers went by another way. It was I who gave Iscatinaro a taste of my powder, when I saw him speaking with Pope Clement without doing reverence, displaying, indeed, the most boorish insolence, like the Lutheran and infidel he was. Pope Clement, hearing of the affair, had the castle searched to find who had fired the shot, meaning to hang him. Then it was I who wounded the Prince of Orange, hitting him on the head below here in the trenches of the castle. Then think of all I have done for Holy Church; consider the great number of ornaments of silver and gold and jewels I have made, and all the beautiful coins, too, which have received such praise. And priests like you dare give this reward to a man who has served you with such skill, and loved with such good faith! Now go and tell all I have said to the Pope; that, as to his jewels, he has them all; that I never had anything from the Church save the wounds from the enemy's guns during the sack; and that I never counted on anything, save some small recompense from Pope Paul, which he had promised me. Now am I clear in my mind about his Holiness, and about you, his ministers."

While I was speaking these words, they remained listening in astonishment. They looked in each other's faces, and then in much wonderment they left me. All three went away together to report to the Pope what I had said. Somewhat ashamed, his Holiness ordered all the records of the jewels to be examined with the utmost care. But after it was seen that nothing was missing, they left me still in the castle without saying anything more. And Signor Pier Luigi, too, had a bad conscience. Therefore they sought to compass my death.

The keeper of the Castle of St Angelo was one of our Florentines, Messer Giorgio, a knight, and one of the Ugolini. This worthy man showed me the greatest courtesy possible, leaving me free to wander about the castle on parole. He was very sensible of the great wrong that was being done to me; and when I wished to give security for this freedom, he said he could not accept it. The Pope was exaggerating this affair of mine, he declared; but he would fully trust my word, for he heard from every one that I was an honest man. I gave him my word of honour, and he allowed me the means of working a little at my own craft.

I ordered new coarse sheets to be brought me from outside; and I did not send away the soiled ones. When my servants asked me for them, I told them to be quiet about it, for I had given them to some needy soldiers; but that if the thing were known, the poor fellows ran the risk of the galleys. So my young apprentices and servants—but especially Felice—kept the affair of the sheets absolutely secret. Then I set about emptying a straw mattress, burning the straw, which, luckily, I could do, for in my prison was a chimney, and I could light a fire. The sheets I tore into strips, the third of a cubit in width. When I had torn up enough, as I thought, to enable me to descend from the high keep of the Castle of St. Angelo, I

said to my servants that I had given away all I wished; that now they must bring me finer sheets, and I should always return to them the soiled ones. This thing was soon forgotten.

The castellan was every year the victim of a certain infirmity which bereft him of his wits. When it was coming on, he would speak, or rather he would chatter without stopping. These humours of his varied every year. One time he thought he was an oil jar; another time a frog, and then he jumped just like one. Again he thought he was dead, and he had to be buried. Thus each year he had a different delusion. Now this time he began to imagine that he was a bat; and when he went for a walk, he would every now and then give a low scream as bats do, and flutter his hands and his body as if he were going to fly. When his doctors and his old servants saw the malady upon him, they indulged him in every possible way, and since it seemed to them he took great pleasure in hearing me talk, they were always fetching me to keep him company. And the poor man sometimes kept me four or five hours talking to him the whole time. He had me sit opposite him at table, and he never stopped talking and making me talk. In spite of all this conversation I ate well; but he, poor man, neither ate nor slept. Now all this tired me out, so that I was at the end of my forces, and sometimes when I looked at him, his eyes were terrible to see, one turning one way and one the other. One day he asked me if I had ever had a fancy to fly. I answered that I had always been most eager to do, and had done, such things as come hardest to men; and as for flying, the God of Nature had given me a body more than usually agile and fit for running and leaping; and so by the aid of what little wits I possessed, I could manage some kind of mechanical contrivance; and certainly I did not want courage for the attempt. Then he began to ask me what methods I should use; to which I answered, that if we observed the flying creatures, the one whose natural powers could best be imitated by art was the bat. When the poor man heard that name of bat, the mimicry of which was the form his mania took that year, he cried with a loud voice, saying, "He speaks the truth, he speaks the truth! That's the thing—the very thing!" Then turning to me, he said, "Benvenuto, if you had the chance, would you have the courage to fly?" Thereupon I said that, if he would give me my liberty, I had pluck enough to fly as far as Prati, and would make myself a pair of wings out of waxed linen for the purpose. Then he answered, "And I, too, should not be behindhand; but the Pope has commanded me to look after you as the apple of his eye; and I know you are a clever enough devil to make your escape. Therefore I am going to lock you up with a hundred keys, so that you don't make off." I entreated him, reminding him how I had had opportunities of escape, but that, for the sake of the word I had given him, I had never broken faith. Then I begged him, for the love of God, not to add a greater misery to what I was now suffering. But even while I was speaking, he gave strict orders for me to be bound and taken to my prison, and there securely locked up. Seeing there was no help for it, I said to him, in the presence of his household, "Make fast your locks and watch me well, for I shall get

out of here one way or another." Then they led me off, and shut me up with the greatest care.

From that moment I set to thinking about the best means of escape. As soon as they had shut the door on me, I went about examining the prison where I lay. When I believed I had certainly found a way of getting out, I began to devise a means of climbing down from the high castle keep. Then I took those new sheets of mine, which, as I have already said, I had torn into strips and well sewn together, and calculated what length would serve me to climb down by. When I had made up my mind about this, and prepared everything, I laid my hands on a pair of pincers, which I had stolen from a Savoyard warder of the castle. This man looked after the barrels and the cisterns; and he also worked at carpentering for his pleasure. Now he had several pincers, and amongst them some huge solid ones. Just my affair, I thought; and I stole them, and hid them in the mattress. Then the time came for me to use the tool, and I began to try the nails of the hinges. As the door was a double one, the riveting of the nails could not be seen, so that when I tried to draw one out, it gave me the greatest trouble; but in the end I succeeded. When I had drawn out the first nail, I bethought me how I should contrive that this should not be seen. I managed it by mixing some little rusty iron filings with a little wax, getting just the very colour of those long nails I had taken out. With this I began carefully imitating the nails in the supports of the hinges; and by degrees made a waxen counterfeit for everyone I drew out. I left the hinges still attached at top and bottom with some of the old nails, which, however, I only put back after they had been cut, and then only lightly, so that they just held the hinge plates and no more. This business gave me a deal of trouble; for the castellan dreamt each night that I had escaped, and every now and then he sent to have my prison examined. The man who came to investigate had a bumbailiff's name, Bozza, and behaved as such. He always brought with him another fellow called Giovanni, surnamed Pedignone. He was a soldier, and Bozza was a menial. This Giovanni never once came to my prison without insulting me. He was from Prato, where he had been an apothecary. Every evening he examined the hinges and the whole prison very carefully; and I would say to him, "Keep a good lookout on me, for I am going to slip through your hands for a certainty." These words stirred up a furious hatred between him and me. So with the utmost care I hid up my implements, that is, the pincers, a large dagger, and other things pertaining to my plan, in my mattress, along with the strips I had made. As soon as daylight came, I used to sweep my room; and though by nature I like cleanliness, I kept my place in specially good order then. When I had done my sweeping, I arranged my bed beautifully, and laid flowers on it, which I had a certain Savoyard bring me almost every morning. This was the Savoyard who had charge of the cisterns and barrels, and who worked at carpentering for his pleasure. It was from him I stole the pincers with which I picked out the nails from the hinge plates.

Now to return to what I was saying about my bed. When Bozza and

Pedignone came in, I told them they were to keep at a due distance from it, that they might not foul and spoil it. When sometimes, just to annoy me, they would touch it lightly, I would cry to them, "Oh, you dirty cowards! I'll get hold of those swords of yours, and serve you a turn that will astonish you! Do you think yourselves good enough to touch the bed of a man of my sort? No care for my own life shall hold me back, for I am sure to take yours. So leave me alone with my troubles and my tribulations, and don't add to them; otherwise, I'll let you see what a desperate man can do." All this they told to the castellan. But he expressly ordered them not to go near my bed, and to come to me without their swords; for the rest, they were to keep a sharp lookout on me.

When I was thus sure about the bed, I thought I had done everything, for therein lay what I needed most for the business. One feast night, when the castellan was feeling very ill, and his humours were at their height, he kept on saying that he was a bat; and if they heard that Benvenuto had flown away, they were to let him go, for he would overtake me, since at nighttime he could certainly fly better than I. "Benvenuto," said he, "is only a sham bat, but I'm a real one. And since he's been given into my keeping, leave the business to me, for I'll come up with him." He had been in this condition for several nights, and had tired out all his servants. And I heard about it through different channels, but especially from the Savoyard, who was a friend of mine. This feast-day evening I had made up my mind to escape at all hazards. First I prayed most devoutly to God, entreating His Divine Majesty to defend me, and aid me in my perilous enterprise. Then I prepared everything I needed for the business, working all through that night. When day was but two hours off, I removed the hinges with the greatest trouble. But the wooden frame and the bolt also resisted, so that I could not open the door, and had, therefore, to cut the wood. At last I succeeded; and then carrying the strips of linen, which I had rolled round two pieces of wood like flax on a spindle, I made my way out towards the privies of the keep. From inside I perceived two tiles on the roof, and thus I could climb up at once with the greatest ease. I was wearing at the time a white jerkin, white hosen, and a pair of buskins, into which I thrust my dagger. Taking one end of my linen rope, I tied it in the form of a stirrup round a piece of antique tile which was built into the wall, and which stuck out hardly the length of four fingers. This done, I turned my face to God, and said, "O Lord my God, defend my cause! for Thou knowest it is good; and that I help myself." Then I let myself go gently, and supporting myself by the strength of my arms, I reached the bottom. The moon was not shining, but the sky was fair and clear. When my feet were on the ground, I regarded the great descent I had made so bravely, and went off much heartened, for I thought I was free. But it was not so; for on that side the castellan had had two very high walls built enclosing a poultry run. This place was barred with great bolts on the other side. When I saw my way thus stopped, I was much vexed; but while walking to and fro, thinking what I should best do, I fell up against a large beam which had been cov-

ered up with straw. With great difficulty I set it up against the wall. Then by force of arm I climbed up on it to the top. But as the wall was pointed, I was not solidly enough placed there to draw the pole up after me. So I determined to use a piece of the second rope of linen, as the other I had left hanging from the keep. Well, binding it fast to the beam, I climbed down by it on the other side. This was very far from easy. I was quite worn out at the end, and, besides, I had galled the palms of my hands, so that they bled. I therefore stayed to rest a while, and bathed my hands in my own urine. When I felt sufficiently recovered, I made my way to the last wall, which looks towards Prati. There I laid down my linen rope intending to fix it to a battlement, and get down from the lesser height as I had done from the greater. But just at that moment I discovered that behind me was one of the sentinels on duty. Seeing here a hindrance to my plans, and knowing my life in danger, I made up my mind boldly to face the guard, who, perceiving my resolute demeanour, and that I was coming towards him with a weapon in my hand, quickened his step, and made as if to keep out of my way. I had left my ropes some way off; now I quickly turned back for them, and though I saw another sentinel, yet he appeared unwilling to see me. When I had picked up my linen ropes, I tied them to the battlement and let myself go. But either I thought that I had almost reached the ground, while I was still some distance off, and let go my hands and jumped; or else my hands were too feeble to keep up the effort. At all events I fell, and in falling I struck the back of my head, and lay there unconscious more than an hour and a half, so far as I could judge. The day was about to break, and the fresh, cool air that comes before the rising of the sun brought me to my senses; but yet my wits were not quite clear, for I thought my head was cut off, and that I was in purgatory. Little by little my powers came back to me, and I saw that I was outside the castle, and had a sudden remembrance of all I had done. Now I felt the hurt to my head before I perceived that my leg was broken; for putting up my hands, I found them all covered with blood. But examining the place thoroughly, I came to the conclusion that the wound was not serious. When, however, I wanted to get up from the ground, I found my right leg broken three inches above the knee. But even this did not discourage me. I drew out my dagger in its sheath, at the end of which was a large ball. This it was which had broken my leg; for the bone had been jammed against the ball, and unable to bend, had snapped just there. So I threw away the sheath; and with the dagger I cut off a piece of the remainder of the linen strip, and as well as I could bound up my leg. Then, my weapon in my hand, I crept on all fours towards the gate. I reached it only to find it shut; but I saw a stone just under the door, and as I thought it was probably not stuck very fast, I tried to move it. Putting my hands to it, I felt it move; it yielded at once, and I drew it out. Then I crawled through the hole it had stopped up.

There had been more than five hundred paces from the place where I fell, to the gate by which I entered the city. When I got inside Rome, some mastiffs threw themselves on me and bit me viciously. They set on me

several times and worried me, till at last I drew my dagger and dealt one of them such a blow that he yelped loudly. Then the other dogs, as their habit is, gathered about him, while I made haste, on hands and knees, towards the church of the Traspontina. When I reached the mouth of the street which turns towards Sant' Agnolo, I took the road to St. Peter's; for day was breaking above me, and I knew I was in danger. So meeting a water-carrier with his ass laden with full pitchers, I called him to me, and begged him to lift me up and carry me to the terrace by St. Peter's steps; explaining that I was a poor young man who, in getting down from the window of my lady, had fallen and broken my leg. The house I came out of was of great importance, I told him, and I was in danger of being cut in pieces. So I begged him to carry me off quickly, promising him a golden crown for his pains. And at the word I gave him a sight of my purse, which was by no means empty. He took hold of me at once, hoisted me on his back with a good will, and carried me to the open space above the steps of St. Peter's. There he put me down, and I told him to run back to his ass. At once I took the road again, crawling on all fours towards the house of the Duchess, the wife of Duke Ottavio. She was the natural daughter of the Emperor, and had been the wife of Duke Alessandro of Florence. Now I knew that with this great princess I should find many of my friends, who had come with her from Florence. Besides, I was in her favour, for the castellan had spoken well of me in her presence. Wishing to help me, he had said to the Pope one day, that when the Duchess made her entry into Rome, I had saved them more than a thousand crowns. The heavy rain had threatened great damage to the city, and he had been in despair. But I had put heart into him; for, as he told, I had pointed several heavy pieces of artillery towards that part of the sky where the clouds were thickest, and from whence torrents of water had already begun to pour. When the artillery was discharged, the rain stopped, and at the fourth round the sun came out. Thus, said he, I had been the sole cause of the festa passing off so happily. When the Duchess heard it, she said, "This Benvenuto is one of the artists who were in the good graces of my husband, Duke Alessandro; and I shall always keep them in mind when an opportunity comes to do them a good turn." She had also spoken of me to her present husband, Duke Ottavio.

So now I made straight for the house of her Excellency, a very fine palace in Borgo Vecchio. And there I should have been quite safe, and the Pope could not have touched me. But as the thing I had done was beyond the powers of an ordinary human creature, God wished to check my vain-glory through a still harder discipline than I had known in the past. And this was how it came about. While I was creeping on all fours up the steps, a servant of Cardinal Cornaro's household recognised me. Now, as it happened, the Cardinal was lodging in the palace, and the servant ran to his master's room, and waking him, said, "Most reverend monsignor, your Benvenuto is below. He has escaped from the castle, and is crawling along on hands and knees, and covered with blood. It looks as if he had broken his leg, and we do not know where he is going." The Cardinal said

at once, "Run and carry him into my room here." When I was brought to him, he told me to have no fear. Then he sent at once for the best doctors in Rome, and by them I was treated. One of them was Maestro Jacomo of Perugia, a most excellent surgeon. He set my leg very skilfully, then bandaged it, and with his own hand bled me. My veins were unusually swollen, and, besides, he wished to make a rather large incision; so the blood sputtered furiously out in his face, and bespattered him so abundantly that he had to stop his operations. This he took to be a very bad augury; and it was with great reluctance that he went on treating me. Several times, in truth, he would fain have left me, remembering that he was risking no slight penalty in doctoring me, or at least in continuing his attendance. The Cardinal had me put in a secret chamber, and went off at once to the palace to beg me from the Pope.

The Pope, somewhat ashamed of betraying his word, said, "I will send for Benvenuto, and, just for my own satisfaction, I will put him down there in the rooms of my secret garden, where he can do his best to get well, and no hindrance shall be put in the way of his friends coming to see him. Also I will pay his expenses till this whim passes out of my head."

His Holiness sent for me immediately, and had me housed, as he had said, in one of the lower rooms in his secret garden. The Cardinal warned me to eat nothing provided by the Pope, promising to supply me with food, and at night there came from the Pope's kitchen an abundant supply of food, as well as excellent provision from the Cardinal Cornaro's table. And some friends of mine happening to come in, I made them stay to supper. I was in bed with my leg in splints, yet I made good cheer with them, so that they stayed on. About an hour after sundown they left me; and two of my servants settled me for the night, and then lay down in the antechamber. Now I had a hairy dog as black as a mulberry. He was of the greatest use to me when I went shooting; and now he kept close to me all the time. That night he lay under my bed, and during the hours that followed I called my servant three times to take him out, for he was howling terribly. When the servants came, the dog threw himself on them, and would have bitten them. They were terrified, and feared he was mad, for he never stopped howling. So the night went on till the fourth hour. Just on the stroke of four, the Bargello with his band came into my room. The dog rushed out, flew at them with such fury, tearing their clothes and their hosen, and terrifying them so that they thought he was mad. But the Bargello, a man of experience, said, "Good dogs by instinct always divine and predict any harm threatening their masters. Here, two of you drive off the creature with sticks. You others, meanwhile, bind Benvenuto to this chair, and bring him you know where." All this happened on the night after the Corpus Domini, about the time of the fourth hour. Muffled about with wraps, I was carried off, four of the guards walking in front, to scatter the few persons who were still about the streets. Thus they brought me to the Torre di Nona—so it is called—and put me into the condemned cell. Laying me down on a bit of a mattress, they gave me in

charge to one of the warders, who all night long condoled with me on my evil fortune, saying, "Alas, poor Benvenuto! what have you done to set those people against you?" By this I was left in little doubt as to my fate, the place being what it was, and this man having warned me. I spent a portion of that night in agonised conjecture as to why it had pleased God so to punish me; and because I could think of no reason, I was much disturbed. The guard set to comforting me as well as he knew. But I entreated him, for the love of God, to be silent, and to leave me alone, so that I might the more speedily and the better possess my soul. He promised to do so. Then turning my whole heart towards God, I besought Him most devoutly to receive me into His kingdom. I had, indeed, murdered; but it was at the thought of leaving this world in such a fashion, while I was quite innocent, so far as the ordinary laws were concerned. True, I had committed homicides; but God's Vicar had called me from my own country and pardoned me, by his own authority, and in the name of the laws; and what I had done had been done in defence of that body which His Divine Majesty had lent to me, so that I could not own that I deserved this death, having regard to the conditions under which we live in the world. It seemed to me that I was in the position of unlucky persons walking in the streets, when a stone falls from some great height on their head and kills them, which may be clearly assigned to the influence of the stars. Not that the stars in any way plot against us, to do us good or ill; but these accidents come to pass through their conjunction, to which we are subject. Yet, I reflected, I know I have free will; and if my faith were active and devout, I am very certain that the angels of heaven would bear me out of this prison, and would bring me to a sure refuge from all my troubles. But since God thinks me unworthy of such a favour, it is clear that celestial influences work out their malignity on me. This struggle lasted for a time. Then I became calm, and ere long I fell asleep.

When the dawn broke, the warder woke me and said, "O unlucky man, yet undeserving of your fate! There is no more time for sleep." I was then taken to a dark cell under the garden. Water covered the floor, and it was full of tarantulas and venomous worms. A wretched mattress of hemp was thrown down on the ground for me. I was given no supper that night; and there was I left behind four locked doors. So I remained till the nineteenth hour of the next day. When at last they brought me something to eat, I asked the warders to let me have some of my books to read. Not a word did they answer; but they handed on my request to the poor castellan, who asked what I had said. Next morning I was given my Bible in the vulgar tongue, and another book which contained the *Chronicles of Giovanni Villani*. When I asked for certain others, I was told I should have no more, and that I had too many already.

And so in this unhappy state I continued, lying on the wretched damp mattress, which in three days' time was soaked through and through. I could barely move because of my broken leg; and when I wished to get out of bed for my natural needs, I crawled on hands and knees with the greatest

difficulty in order not to befoul the place where I slept. For an hour and a half each day a faint reflection of light entered my miserable dungeon by a tiny hole, and only during that little time could I read. The rest of the day and night I waited patiently in the darkness; nor were thoughts of God and of our human frailty ever far from me. I was certain that in a few brief days I should here, and in these conditions, end my unhappy life. Yet as best I could I comforted myself, thinking how much worse it would have been to have met my death by a blow of the executioner's horrid knife: whereas now I should pass away as if drugged to sleep, which made death seem much easier. Little by little I felt the flame of my life dying down, till my fine constitution accommodated itself to the purgatory. After I felt that it had become adapted and inured to circumstances, I made up my mind calmly to bear my terrible sufferings while strength enough remained.

I began the Bible from the beginning, reading and pondering it devoutly; and so fascinated was I by its study that, if I had been able, I should never have done anything else save pore over it. But as light failed me, then the burden of all my troubles came upon me, and tore so at my heart, that many a time I resolved to do away with myself in one way or another. Only, as they gave me no knife, it was not easy to find the means. My vigour came back once again, and I went on reading my Bible. My eyes had become so accustomed to the darkness that, whereas at first I could only read an hour and a half, now I read three whole hours. One thing, however, gave me great trouble, and that was the growth of my nails; for whenever I touched myself I made a wound, and I could not dress without their either turning inwards or outwards, and causing me much suffering. Also my teeth were decaying in my mouth. I became aware of this when the dead teeth were shoved up by the living ones, and little by little the gums were pierced, and the sharp points of the roots came through their cases. When I saw this, I drew them out one after the other, like knives from their scabbards, without pain or blood. However, I got used to these fresh troubles and annoyances. Sometimes I sang, sometimes I prayed, and sometimes I wrote with brick paste. It was then I began a *Capitolo* in praise of my prison, telling all the accidents that had happened to me.

Now this is what had happened. After the castellan had given a most brutal order for my death, all at once he withdrew it, saying, "Is he not Benvenuto whom I have defended so stoutly, and of whose innocence I am quite certain, knowing as I do all this cruelty is wrought on him unjustly? Oh, how can God ever have pity on me and on my sins, if I do not pardon those who have done me the greatest wrongs? Oh, why should I hurt a good innocent man, who has done me service and honour? Go to! instead of killing him, I will give him life and liberty; and I shall leave it written in my testament that no one is to ask him a single farthing of the great expenses I have undergone for him, which otherwise he would have to pay." Now this came to the ears of the Pope, and he was very angry.

Although the doctors had no hope of saving the castellan's life, yet he remained sane in mind; for those mad humours which were wont to afflict him every year were utterly departed. His one thought was now the saving of his soul; and his conscience gnawed him, for it was much on his mind that I had suffered, and was still suffering, a very great wrong. He let the Pope know the great things of which I spoke; but his Holiness sent back the answer of one who believes neither in God nor in anything else: that I was mad, and that he should give all his mind to the care of his own health.

The death of the castellan was drawing near. On the morning of All Saints' Day, he sent Piero Ugolini his nephew to show me some jewels. As soon as I saw them, I cried out: "This is the countersign of my deliverance." Whereupon the young man, who was somewhat slow-witted, said, "Don't be counting on that, Benvenuto." Then I answered, "Take away your jewels; for I am so ill-treated here that I have not light enough in this black cell; and without light it is impossible to discern the quality of the stones. But as to getting out of prison, before this day is done you will come to take me out of it. And this is fated; you cannot help yourself." Then he went away, and the key was turned on me again. But after he had been gone more than two hours by the clock, he came back for me without an armed guard, with only two lads who helped me to walk. Thus I was brought into the spacious apartment which I had in the beginning (that is in 1538), and was given all the comforts I could wish for.

A few days passed, and the Cardinal of Ferrara appeared in Rome. He went to do reverence to the Pope, who kept him so long that supper time came on; for his Holiness, who was a very able man, wished to talk over French affairs at leisure with him. Now at table people say things which otherwise they would leave unsaid. So was it now. The great King Francis was always most liberal in his dealings; and the Cardinal, who knew his character well, made promises on his behalf far beyond the Pope's expectations. So his Holiness was in high spirits about this. Besides, once a week, it was his habit to indulge in a great debauch, after which he vomited. So when the Cardinal saw the Pope was in a humour to confer favours, he asked for me in the name of his master with great insistence, bringing proof that King Francis had a strong feeling in the matter. Then the Pope, knowing the moment for vomiting was at hand—and besides, his deep potations were also having their effect—said to the Cardinal with a great laugh, "You shall take him home with you this instant"; and having given express orders to this effect, he rose from the table. So the Cardinal sent for me at once. The Pope's messenger arrived along with two great noblemen belonging to the suite of the Cardinal of Ferrara; and at past four of the night, they took me out of prison and brought me to their patron, who gave me the warmest welcome. There I was well lodged, and I stayed in comfort.

V

THE CARDINAL ordered me to make the model of a saltcellar; but it was not to be after the usual pattern of such things. Well, first I made an oval, a good deal more than half a cubit long, about two thirds, and on this oval, with the idea of showing the embrace of the Sea and the Land, I made two figures, somewhat more than a palm in height, sitting with their legs intertwined, just as you can observe long arms of the sea running up into the land. The Sea was figured by a man with a richly carved ship in his hand, which was conveniently arranged to hold a quantity of salt. Under him I had placed the four seahorses; and in his right hand I had put his trident. The Earth I had represented as a woman, the most beautiful and graceful I could fashion or even conceive of. Near her I had placed a richly adorned temple, on which she rested her hand. This I intended for holding the pepper. In her other hand was a cornucopia decorated with every lovely ornament imaginable. Beneath this goddess, in the part which was meant to represent land, I had grouped all the fairest animals which the earth brings forth; while on the sea side I had designed every sort of beautiful fish and shell which I could get into the small space. The rest of the oval I decorated elaborately. Then I awaited the Cardinal; and when he came with his two distinguished friends, I displayed my work in wax.

The Cardinal said the undertaking was too elaborate for him. Then I turned to them and said, "Most reverend monsignor, and you gentlemen, so full of learning as you are, I declare to you that I have every hope of carrying out this work for its destined possessor; and each man of you shall one day see it finished a hundred times more richly than the model. Indeed, I hope time may be left me to do much greater things than this." The Cardinal answered impatiently, "If it is not for the King, to whom I am going to take you, I don't think you are likely to make it for anyone else." Then he showed me letters from King Francis, wherein he was bid return immediately and bring Benvenuto with him. Lifting my hands to heaven, I cried, "Oh, when will that 'immediately' come?" The Cardinal told me to make my arrangements and hasten the settlement of my affairs in Rome during the next ten days.

In Ferrara the Cardinal assigned to me one of his palaces, a very fine place, called Belfiore, close to the city walls; and there he gave me everything I needed for my work. But afterwards he prepared to depart without me; and, perceiving I was very ill content, he said to me, "Benvenuto, all I do is for your good. For before I take you away from Italy, I wish you to be quite clear what you are meant to do in France. So in the meanwhile hurry on as fast as you can with my basin and ewer. I shall leave orders with my steward to give you all you may have need of."

Then he set off, and I remained behind very ill pleased.

The Cardinal's business man was a Ferrarese gentleman, Messer Al-

berto Bendedio by name, who had been a prisoner in his house for twelve years on account of some infirmity. One day he sent for me in the greatest hurry, and bade me take the post immediately and go to the King, who had asked for me most pressingly, thinking I was already in France. The Cardinal, to excuse himself, had said I was staying behind in an abbey of his at Lyons, somewhat indisposed; but that he would contrive that I should come speedily to his Majesty. That was the reason he urged me to come on by the post at once. This Messer Alberto was a most worthy man; but he was proud, and through his malady his arrogance had grown intolerable. And so, as I say, he ordered me to get ready at once and travel with the post. To this I replied that my art was not carried on in the post; and if I had to go, I would go at my leisure, taking with me Ascanio and Pagolo, my workmen, whom I had brought from Rome. Besides, I should need a servingman on horseback to attend me, and as much money as would take me to my journey's end. Then the infirm old man answered me in the haughtiest accents, that just in the manner I had described, the sons of the Duke were wont to travel. Thereupon I answered that the sons of my craft were used to go as I had said; that not being the son of a duke, I did not know the customs of such; also that if he used such language in my hearing, I would not go at all. The Cardinal having broken faith, and now this insolence being cast at me, I made up my mind not to trouble myself any more with the Ferrarese. So I turned my back on him; and I muttering, and he threatening, I took my leave. Then I went to see the Duke, taking him his medal, now finished; and received more compliments in return than were ever paid to any man whatsoever.

Meanwhile Messer Alberto had recovered his temper, and had provided me with all I had asked for. That very day I was determined to leave Ferrara at all hazards.

That evening I went more than ten miles, always at a trot; and when next day I was out of Ferrarese territory I felt greatly pleased. We took the Mont Cenis road, avoiding the city of Milan, so that we reached Lyons safe and sound. With Pagolo and Ascanio and a servant we were a company of four, and we were all well mounted. At Lyons we stopped for several days, waiting for the muleteer who carried the silver basin and jug, as well as our other baggage.

We found the King's court at Fontainebleau; and there we sought out the Cardinal, who at once consigned us lodgings; and that night we were comfortably installed. Next day the little wagon turned up. We took possession of our things, and let the Cardinal know of their arrival. He told the King, who sent for me at once. So I went to his Majesty with the basin and jug; and when I had come into his presence I kissed his knee, and he gave me the most gracious reception. I thanked him for having brought me out of prison, saying that it was binding on every good prince, and especially on the one great prince of the world, to wit, his Majesty, to liberate men who were good for anything, especially when they were innocent, as I was; and that such deeds were written in the books of God before any others whatsoever. The good

King stayed to listen till I had finished speaking, with the utmost courtesy, putting in a word or two now and then, such as could have only come from him. When I had ended, he took the vase and the basin and said, "Verily I believe even the ancients never saw such a beautiful piece of work. For I well remember to have examined the masterpieces of the best artists in all Italy; but never did I meet with anything that so roused my admiration as this" These words the King spoke in French to the Cardinal of Ferrara, and others too still more laudatory. Then he turned to me and, speaking in Italian, he said, "Benvenuto, amuse yourself for a day or two; comfort your heart, and make good cheer. In the meanwhile we shall be planning for you to do some fine work for us."

I went off to Paris, putting up in an apartment belonging to the Cardinal of Ferrara. There, in God's name, I set to work, and made four little wax models, two thirds of a cubit high—Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, and Vulcan. While I was doing this, the King came back to Paris; so I went off at once to seek him, taking the models with me, and my two young men, Ascanio and Pagolo. As soon as I saw that his Majesty was satisfied with the models, and had received orders to make the first—that is, the Jupiter—of the agreed height, I presented my two lads to him, telling him that I had brought them from Italy for his service; for since I had taught them myself, I could get much more help from them at the beginning than from any craftsmen belonging to the city of Paris. To this the King replied that I should fix a salary for them, sufficient for their maintenance. I said that one hundred gold crowns for each would be a handsome provision and that I should make them earn their money well. So it was agreed. Then I said that I had found a place which seemed to me just what I wanted for my work; that it was his Majesty's private property, and was called the Petit Nesle. The provost of Paris held it free at present, the King having lent it him. But since the provost was not using it, his Majesty might give it to me to use for his service. He answered at once, "The place is my own house; and I know quite well that he to whom I gave it does not live in it, nor use it in any way. Therefore, you can take it for your business." And on the spot he ordered his lieutenant to put me in possession of the Nesle.

As soon as I had put my house and shop in order, and fitted them up with everything I needed for my work, and for the honourable maintenance of my personal establishment, I set at once to making three models of the same size as the finished works in silver were to be. These were the Jupiter, Vulcan, and Mars. I made them of clay well supported with iron. Then I went off to the King, who let me have, if I remember rightly, three hundred pounds of silver, so that I might begin my work.

When I got the silver, I began the statue of Jupiter, hired a great many workmen, and pushed the thing forward, never resting day or night from my work; so that when Jupiter, Vulcan, and Mars were finished in clay, and the silver Jupiter was making speedy progress, the workshop made a goodly show. Just then the King came to Paris. I went to see him; and as soon as he set eyes on me, he called me in a cheerful

voice, and asked me if I had anything beautiful to show him; for if so, he would come to my house and see it. Accordingly I told him all I had been doing; and he was at once taken with the strongest desire to come. So after dinner he set out with Madame d'Etampes, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and some other of his lords. Among the company were the King of Navarre, his cousin, and the Queen of Navarre, his sister, as well as the Dauphin and Dauphiness; so that all the nobility of the French Court came to see me that day. In the meantime I had gone back home, and had set to work again. When the King appeared at the door of my castle, and heard the noise of our hammers, he ordered all his suite to be quiet. Every man in the shop was hard at work, so that his Majesty took me completely by surprise. When he entered my great hall, the first thing he saw was me with a large silver plate in my hand, which I was hammering for the body of Jupiter. Another man was making the head, and another the legs; so that the noise was tremendous. Now there was a little French boy working near me, who had been annoying me in some trifling way. I gave him a kick, and, as ill luck would have it, my foot caught him in the fork of the legs, and sent him reeling more than four cubits away; so that just as the King came in, the child fell up against him. His Majesty laughed heartily; but I was all in confusion. Then he began to ask me what I was doing, and would have me go on working. But he told me I should please him best by not wasting my strength on manual labour. I was to employ all the men I wanted, and make them do the main part of the work. He wished me to keep in good health, he said, so that I might remain in his service all the longer. I replied I should fall ill at once if I did not work; nor would the work, under these circumstances, be of that quality which I should desire for his Majesty. The King thought I said this from mere boastfulness, and not because I really thought so; and he made the Cardinal of Lorraine repeat what he had said. Then I explained my reasons so fully and frankly that the Cardinal was quite convinced, and advised the King to let me work little or much, just as I liked.

The King, well satisfied with what I was doing, went back to the palace, after taking leave of me with more compliments than I have time to write down. Next day, while he was at dinner, he sent for me. The Cardinal of Ferrara was dining with him; and when I got there, the King was at the second course. At once he began to speak to me, saying, that since he had such a beautiful basin and jug from my hand, he wished for a fine saltcellar to keep them company. So he asked me to make him a design for one, and without delay. I answered, "Your Majesty will see such a design sooner than you expect; for while I was making the basin, I thought a saltcellar should be made to go with it; so the thing is ready, and, if it please you, I can show it to you now." Then he turned with the greatest animation to his lords who were present—the King of Navarre, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and the Cardinal of Ferrara—and said, "Verily, this is a man to make himself loved and desired by every one who knows him!" Then to me he said he would, indeed, like to see my model.

Off I went, and speedily returned; for I had but to cross the Seine. I brought back with me a wax model, which I had already made at the request of the Cardinal of Ferrara in Rome. When I uncovered it, his Majesty exclaimed in his astonishment, "This is a hundred times more divine than I could ever have imagined. The man is a wonder! He should never lay down his tools." Then turning to me with a most joyful face, he said that the model pleased him very much, and that he would like me to carry it out in gold, whereupon he ordered his treasurer, Monseigneur le Vicomte d'Orbec, to give me without delay a thousand old gold crowns of good weight.

At this time the famous captain, Piero Strozzi, came to Paris, and recalled to the King the question of his letters of naturalisation. His Majesty gave orders they should be made out. At the same time he said, "Make out letters also for Benvenuto, *mon ami*, and take them at once to his house; and let him be at no expense in the matter." Piero Strozzi's cost him many hundred ducats. Mine were brought to me by one of the chief secretaries, called Monsieur Antoine le Maçon, who handed me the letters with the most courteous messages from his Majesty, saying, "The King presents you with these, so that you may be further encouraged to serve him. They are letters of naturalisation." And he told me how, only after a long delay, and as a great favour, they had been given to Piero Strozzi in accordance with his request. But his Majesty had sent mine of his own free will, and such a favour had never before been shown to anyone in the whole kingdom. Hearing this, I thanked the King effusively; and then I begged the secretary to be good enough to tell me what these letters of naturalisation were for. He was a most intelligent and well-bred man, and spoke excellent Italian. First he began to laugh heartily; then, collecting himself, he explained to me in my own Italian tongue what they were, adding that they conferred one of the highest dignities which can be given to a foreigner. "In truth," said he, "it is a greater thing than being made a Venetian noble." Then he left me, went back to the King, and told all to his Majesty, who laughed for a bit, and then said, "Now I would have him know why I have sent him letters of naturalisation. Go and make out for him a patent of lordship of the castle of the Little Nesle, where he lives. It is a part of my own patrimony. He will understand what that is much more easily than he did the other." Then a messenger came to me with this gift, and I wished to use him courteously. But he would accept nothing, saying such were his Majesty's orders. When I returned to Italy I brought those letters of naturalisation with me, together with the deeds of the castle; and wherever I go, and wherever I end my life, I shall strive to keep them by me always.

I set apart certain hours of the day for the saltcellar, and others for the Jupiter. As there were more persons working on the former than I could employ on the statue, the saltcellar was the first to be finished. When I set the piece before him, the King cried aloud in astonishment, and could not look at it long enough. But he told me to take it home with me again, and he would tell me in due time what I should do with it. I

did so, and at once invited some of my good friends, and we dined together very merrily, the saltcellar being in the centre of the table. And so we were the first to use it. Then I went on with the silver Jupiter, and worked also on the great vase I have already mentioned, which was covered with many delightful ornaments and figures.

Meanwhile I was making haste to finish the fine silver Jupiter, as also the gilded base for it. This latter I had placed on a wooden plinth, which was hardly seen, fixing in the plinth four casters of hard wood, half hidden in their sockets, like the nut of a crossbow. They were so delicately contrived that a little child could turn the statue round, or move it to and fro, without the least fatigue. Having arranged everything as I wished, I set off with it for Fontainebleau, where the King then was. Now about this time [the painter] Bologna had brought from Rome a group of statues, and had them cast in bronze with the greatest care. I knew nothing about it; first, because he had had the business done very secretly, and also because Fontainebleau is forty miles from Paris. When I asked the King where he wished me to place the Jupiter, Madame d'Etampes, who was present, said to him that there was no more suitable place for it than his fine gallery. This was what we should call a loggia in Tuscany—nay, more correctly, a corridor, for loggias should be open at one side. The place was more than a hundred paces long, and about twelve wide, and richly adorned with paintings by the hand of the admirable Rosso, our Florentine. Among the pictures were arranged a great many pieces of sculpture, some in the round, others in low relief. Now it was in this gallery also that Bologna had placed all his antique masterpieces, excellently cast in bronze; and he had arranged them beautifully, each one mounted on its pedestal; and, as I have already said, they were copied from the finest antiques in Rome. So when I brought my Jupiter into this same gallery, and saw the grand display, all arranged with such art, I said to myself, "This is being under a very hot fire. Now God be my aid!" So I set up my statue, placing it to the very best advantage possible; and then I waited till the great King came in. In his right hand my Jupiter grasped his thunderbolt, as if about to hurl it; in his left he held the world. Among the flames of the bolt I had skilfully inserted a white waxen torch. Now Madame d'Etampes kept the King away till night came on, seeking to harm me, either by preventing him from coming at all, or at least till darkness should hinder my work being seen to advantage. But God protects those who have faith in Him; and so just the contrary happened. For as soon as I saw night falling, I lit the torch in the hand of the Jupiter, and as it was somewhat raised above the head of the statue, the light fell from above and made it seem much more beautiful than it had appeared by daylight.

Well, the King appeared at last, with Madame d'Etampes, the Dauphin, his son (now the King), the Dauphiness, his brother-in-law, the King of Navarre, and Madame Marguerite, his daughter, besides several lords of the Court, who had been schooled by Madame d'Etampes to speak against me. When I saw his Majesty come in, I made my lad

Ascanio push the statue gently forward; and as my contrivance was arranged with some skill, this movement gave to the striking figure an additional appearance of life. The antiques were now left standing somewhat behind; and mine was the first to catch the eyes of the spectators. The King exclaimed on the instant, "This is by far the finest thing which has ever been seen; and much as I delight in works of art and understand them, I could never have imagined the hundredth part of the wonder of this one." Even the lords, whose part it was to speak against me, seemed as if they could not praise my work enough. But Madame d'Etampes said boldly, "Surely you have no eyes! Do you not see the fine bronze antiques over there? In them is displayed the real power of the sculptor's art; not in this modern rubbish." Then the King came forward—the others following him—and glanced at the casts; but as the light was below them, they did not show up well, and he cried, "Whoever wished to harm this man has done him a great benefit; for this statue of his is now proved to surpass these wonderful figures with which it is compared. So Benvenuto cannot be made too much of; for not only do his works hold their own with the antiques, but they surpass them." Thereupon Madame d'Etampes said, if they were to see the work by day, it would not seem a thousandth part as fine as now it did by night; besides, they had to consider that I had put a veil over the figure to cover up its faults. Now this was a very thin veil, which I had gracefully hung over the Jupiter, to enhance its majesty. At her words I removed it, lifting it from below, and disclosing the fine genital members. Then, giving vent to my anger, I tore it to pieces. She thought I had uncovered these parts to shame her; but the wise King, seeing her anger, and perceiving, too, that I was overcome by passion, and was about to speak my mind, said, uttering the words deliberately in his own tongue, "Benvenuto, not a word. Keep silence, and you shall have a thousandfold more money than you can wish for." When I might not speak, I writhed in my rage, which made her mutter even more angrily; and the King went off much sooner than he would have done, saying aloud, to put heart into me, that he had brought out of Italy the greatest man that ever was born—one full of talents.

I left the Jupiter where it was, meaning to set off in the morning. Before my departure I was paid a thousand gold crowns, part being my salary, and the rest to make up for what I had spent out of my own purse. With this money in my pocket, I returned to Paris in good spirits; and as soon as I reached home I made merry in my own house. After dinner I had all my clothes brought me. Among them were garments of silk, the costliest furs, and the finest cloth. I made presents from among these to all my workmen, giving to each according to his merit, down to the maids and stableboys, thus putting heart into them to help me with a good will.

Then being refreshed, with eagerness I set about finishing the great statue of Mars.

VI

By THIS TIME the King had made peace with the Emperor; but he was still fighting with the English; and those devils were giving us a great deal of worry. So his Majesty had other things than pleasures in his head. He had ordered Piero Strozzi to lead certain galleys into the English seas. Now this was a very great and difficult undertaking, even for that marvellous soldier, unique in his time and his profession, and unfortunate as he was distinguished. Thus several months went by without my receiving any money or any order for work, so that I sent away all my workmen save the two Italians, whom I employed upon great vases made out of my own silver—for they did not know how to work in bronze. As soon as they were finished, I went off with them to a town belonging to the Queen of Navarre, called Argentan, a few days' journey from Paris. When I reached there, I found that the King was ill. The Cardinal of Ferrara told him I had come; but he said nothing in reply; so that I had to remain there for days, not knowing what to do with myself. To tell the truth, I never was more disgusted. But after some little time I presented myself one evening to the King, and placed before him two fine vases, which pleased him vastly. When I saw him thus amiably disposed to me, I begged his Majesty to be good enough to give me permission to make a journey into Italy, saying that I would leave the seven months' salary due to me, and his Majesty might deign to pay this up, should I need it for my return. I begged him earnestly to grant me this favour, saying it was a time for fighting, not for making statues. Besides, he had been pleased to give such permission to his painter Bologna; and so I entreated him to grant a like favour to me. While I was speaking, the King looked intently at the two vases, but every now and then he stabbed me with his terrible eye. Nevertheless, as persuasively as I could, I kept on begging this grace, till all at once I saw him get angry. Then he rose from his chair, and, speaking to me in Italian, he said, "Benvenuto, you are a big fool. Take your vases back to Paris, for I wish them gilded." And with never another word he left me.

Going up to the Cardinal of Ferrara, who was present, I begged him, since he had done me so great a service in freeing me from the Roman prison, and had helped me in many ways besides, to do one more thing for me—get me leave to go back to Italy. The Cardinal replied that he would willingly do all he could to oblige me, and that I might leave the matter in his hands. Indeed, if I wished, I might set off now, and he would explain matters satisfactorily to the King. I answered that I knew his Majesty had given me in charge to him; and if his reverend lordship gave me leave, I should depart with an easy mind, and come back at the slightest sign from him. Then he told me to return to Paris, and stay there for eight days; by that time he should have obtained leave from the King for me to be off. Should his Majesty be

unwilling, he would not fail to warn me. It was agreed that if he did not write me to the contrary, it would be a sign that I was free to depart.

So to Paris I went, as the Cardinal had told me. There I made some serviceable cases for three silver vases. When twenty days had passed, I made my preparations, packing my vases on a mule lent me as far as Lyons by the Bishop of Pavia, whom I was again lodging in my castle.

So in an unlucky hour I set off, together with Signor Ippolito Gonzaga, who was in the King's pay and in the service of Count Galeotto della Mirandola. Several other gentlemen belonging to the Court were also with us, as well as Lionardo Tedaldi, our own countryman. I left Ascanio and Pagolo behind in charge of my castle and all my property, among which were several little vases already begun. These I left so that the two young men might have something to work at. There was a great deal of valuable furniture besides; for I had lived there in great state. In all, my property was worth more than fifteen hundred crowns. I bade Ascanio remember all the benefits he had received from me. Up till now he had been a heedless boy; but the time had come for him to think like a man. Therefore I was to leave all my property in his charge, and my honour too; and if those beasts of Frenchmen proved themselves vexatious in any way whatsoever, he was to let me know at once, and I should come posthaste from wherever I might be, both to fulfil the great obligation I was under to the good King, and also to preserve my own honour. Then Ascanio feigned to weep—rascal that he was!—and said, "You have been the best of fathers to me; and everything which becomes a good son to do for his dear father I will always do for you." So it was agreed; and I set off, attended by a servant and a little French boy.

Just after midday there came to my castle certain of the royal treasurers, who were not exactly friends of mine. Those mean scoundrels declared I had gone off with his Majesty's silver; and ordered Messer Guido and the Bishop of Pavia to send after me at once and seize the King's vases. If not, they would send a messenger themselves; and it would be the worse for me. The Bishop and Messer Guido were much more frightened than they need have been, and they sent that traitor Ascanio posthaste after me. He turned up about midnight. Now I was not sleeping but was lying lamenting my fate. "To whom am I leaving my property and my castle?" I was saying. "Oh, what a cruel destiny is mine, which forces me to take this journey! Pray God that the Cardinal be not leagued with Madame d'Etampes, who desires nothing so much in the world as that I should lose the favour of the good King."

While this strife was going on within me, I heard Ascanio call me, and in a moment I was out of bed and asking him if he brought me good or bad news. "Good news," answered the rascal. "Only, you must send back the three vases; for those rascally treasurers are shouting, 'Stop, thief!' and the Bishop and Messer Guido say you must certainly restore them. Otherwise do not worry yourself, but set off cheerfully on your journey."

I gave up the vases at once, though two of them were my own, even

to the silver of which they were made and everything about them. I was taking them to the Abbey of the Cardinal of Ferrara at Lyons. For though they declared I was carrying them off into Italy, everybody knows perfectly that one can't take money, or gold, or silver out of the country without special leave. I would have you think, then, if I could get out of France with those three great vases, which, in their cases, made up the whole load of a mule. It is quite true that, as these things were very beautiful and of great value, I feared for the death of the King—for I had certainly left him very much indisposed—and had said to myself, "Should such a thing take place, if I put them into the hands of the Cardinal, I shall not then lose them!" So now to be brief; I sent back the mule with the vases and other things of importance, and next morning I set forward with my companions; but the whole way I could not keep from sighing and weeping. Yet at times I found comfort in God, saying, "Lord God, Thou to whom all truth is known, knowest that this journey of mine is only undertaken to bring succour to six poor wretched maidens and their mother, who is my sister after the flesh. Though they still have their father, he is very old, and makes nothing at his trade, so that they might easily go to ruin. Therefore in this pious work I hope for aid and counsel from Thy Majesty." No other comfort had I save this as I went upon my road. When we were a day's journey from Lyons, about twenty-two o'clock, the thunder began to rattle in the sky, though the air was clear as possible. I was a bowshot in front of my companions. After the thunder, so great and terrible a noise was heard in the heavens, that, for me, I thought the Day of Judgment was at hand. I stopped for a time, and hail began to fall without a drop of rain, larger than chalk balls from an air gun. When they fell on me they hurt me greatly. Gradually they became bigger, till they were like balls from a crossbow. My horse was terrified; so I turned him about and galloped as furiously as I could till I found my companions, who had withdrawn into a pine wood in their fright. The hailstones were now as big as lemons. I began to sing a Miserere; and while I was thus speaking devoutly to God, there fell one of such a size that it snapped a huge branch of the pine tree under which I had thought myself safe. Another fell on my horse's head and almost knocked it down. Then one hit me, but not directly, else I should have been a dead man. At the same time poor old Lionardo Tedaldi, who was kneeling like me, was struck so hard that he fell on all fours. Then I saw that the branch was no longer a shelter, and that one must do something besides singing Misereres. So I began to wrap my garments around my head, and I told Lionardo, who was crying, "Jesus! Jesus!" at the top of his voice, that Jesus would help him if he helped himself. It was more trouble to save him than to save myself. The fury of the storm lasted for a considerable while; but it stopped at last; and, all bruised as we were, we got upon our horses as best we could. While we were riding towards a lodging, we showed each other our scars and our bruises. But when we had gone a mile, we found the marks of much greater damage than we had suffered; indeed, our eyes were met by a scene of ruin which is impossible to describe. All the trees

were stripped and broken; the beasts that had been out in the storm were killed, and many shepherds too. And we saw hailstones so big that you could not have spanned one with your two hands. We thought we had come off well, and owned then that calling on God and repeating the Misereres had served us better than if we had only tried to save ourselves by our own strength. So, with thanks to God, we set off for Lyons, reaching it next day; and there we put up for a time. At the end of eight days, when we were well rested, we set off once more on our journey, and with great ease we crossed the mountains. On the other side I bought a little pony; for the luggage I carried had rather overstrained my horse.

We had been one day in Italy when we were joined by the Count Galeotto della Mirandola, who was going on by post, and who put up at our inn. He told me that I had made a mistake in leaving, and that I should go no farther; for, were I to return, my affairs would go better than ever; but if I continued my journey, I was leaving the field to my enemies, and giving them full chance to work me harm. Whereas, he said, going back at once, I should put a spoke in their wheel, and hinder their further plots against me. Those, he went on, whom I trusted most were those who were playing me false. He would say no more, save that this he knew for a certainty, and that the Cardinal was in league with those two rascals of mine whom I had left in charge of all my property. And so he went on and on, repeating that I should certainly return. Then, mounting on the post, he set out on his way; and I, acting on the advice of my companions, made up my mind to go forward also. But strife was raging in my heart. Now I was fain to make for Florence with all speed, and now to go back to France. This irresolution fevered me so that I forced myself to a decision, which was to mount on the post and arrive as quickly as possible at Florence. My plan of travelling by the first post fell through; nevertheless I was still determined to press on and meet my troubles in Florence.

When I reached there, I found my sister with her six young daughters. One of them was of marriageable age, and one was still at nurse. My brother-in-law, in consequence of various unfortunate happenings in the city, worked no longer at his trade. More than a year before I had sent stones and French jewellery to the value of more than two thousand ducats; and what I brought with me was worth about a thousand crowns. I found that, though I had given them regularly four gold crowns a month, yet they always drew on the money which came from the sale of the jewellery. My brother-in-law was such an honest man that when the allowance I sent was not enough, for fear of vexing me, he chose to pawn nearly all he had in the world, and to let himself be eaten up by usurers, in his endeavour to leave untouched the money which was not meant for him. By this I knew he was a very honest man; so I was desirous to make him a better allowance, and, before leaving Florence, to provide for all his daughters.

It was now the month of August 1545; and our Duke was living at Poggio a Cajano, about ten miles from Florence. So there I went to see

him, merely in the course of my duty—since I, too, was a Florentine citizen; since my ancestors were very friendly with the house of Medici, and I as much as any man loved Duke Cosimo. So, as I say, I went to Poggio only to pay my respects, and with not the least intention of stopping with him—as it pleased God, who doeth all things well, that I should do. When I came into the Duke's presence, he received me with great kindness; and then he and the Duchess asked me all about the work I had been doing for the King. With the greatest good will I explained everything bit by bit. He listened, and then replied he had heard it was indeed so, adding, with a gesture of compassion, "A poor reward for all your great labours! Benvenuto, my friend, if you were to undertake work for me I should pay you very differently to that King of yours, of whom, out of your good nature, you speak so well." To this I replied by explaining the great obligations I was under to his Majesty, who had first freed me from an unjust prison, and then given me such a chance of making wonderful masterpieces as had never fallen to the lot of any of my artist peers. While I was speaking thus, the Duke writhed with impatience, and looked as if he could hardly stay to hear me out. When I had finished, he said, "If you will work for me, I will give you such rewards as may perhaps astonish you—provided the result pleases me, and of that I have no doubt at all." And so, poor unlucky wight! wishing to prove to the masters of our wonderful school that since I left Florence I had been striving for success in other departments of art besides those which they deemed mine, I answered that I would willingly make a great statue in marble or in bronze for his fine piazza. To this he replied that, to begin with, he would like from me a Perseus. This had been long in his mind; and he begged me to make a model of it for him. So I set to the task with great good will, and in a few weeks I had finished it. It was made of yellow wax, about a cubit in height, and very delicately wrought; for I had given all my best skill and knowledge to the making of it. The Duke returned to Florence; but several days went by before I could show him the model. Indeed, from his indifference you might have judged he had never seen or heard of me; and this boded ill, I thought, for my dealings with his Excellency. However, one day after dinner I took my model to the Wardrobe; and he came to see it along with the Duchess and some lords of his court. As soon as he set eyes on it, he was so pleased, and praised it so extravagantly that I had good hope of having found in him a patron of some discrimination. He examined it for a long time with ever-growing delight, and then he said, "Benvenuto, my friend, if you were to carry out this little model on a large scale, it would be the finest thing in the Piazza." Thereupon I replied, "My most excellent lord, in the Piazza are works by the great Donatello and the marvellous Michael Angelo, the two greatest men since the ancients. Nevertheless, as your most illustrious Excellency is so encouraging to my model, I feel within me the power to do the complete work three times as well." These words of mine stirred up a deal of argument; for the Duke kept saying that he understood such things perfectly, and knew just what could be done. I replied that my

work would decide this dispute and his doubt, though most certainly I should achieve more for his Excellency than I had promised him. Then I asked him to give me the means of carrying out the undertaking, as otherwise I could do nothing. The Duke replied that I should draw up a formal demand, stating precisely my wants, and he would order these to be amply provided for. Now of a truth, if I had been shrewd enough to obtain by contract all I needed for my work, I should have escaped the great annoyances which, by my own fault, I afterwards experienced. For he seemed most determined to have the work done, and to make the necessary preparations for it. But I, who did not know that his lordship was more of a merchant than a duke, treated with him most liberally, as duke rather than merchant. I drew up the petition, and it seemed to me that his Excellency most generously responded. In it I said, "Rarest of patrons, the real petition I make and the true contract between us do not consist in these words and writings. The essential is, that I succeed according to the word I have given. And when I have succeeded, I am as sure that your most illustrious Excellency will keep in good mind all he has promised me." The Duke was delighted with my words and my demeanour; and he and the Duchess heaped more favours on me than I can describe.

As I had the greatest desire to begin my operations, I told his Excellency that I needed a house where I could set up my furnaces for work in clay and bronze, also in gold and silver, which required other arrangements. "For," said I, "I know you are well aware how ready I am to serve you in all these various departments, and that I need suitable rooms for the purpose." To prove to his Excellency how eager I was for his service, I had already found the house that suited me, in a very convenient part of the town. And because I did not want to annoy the Duke with demands for money or anything else till he had seen my work, I offered him two jewels which I had brought from France, and begged him to buy the house with them, and to keep them till I had earned the amount by my labours. The jewels had been exquisitely set by my workmen under my direction. He looked at them for some time, and then said with an air of utmost frankness, which roused false hopes in me, "Take away your jewels, Benvenuto. It is you I want, not them; and you shall have your house free." After that he wrote a rescript under my petition—I have kept it to this hour—to this effect: "*Let this house be seen. Find who is the owner, and what price he asks; for we wish to oblige Benvenuto.*" I thought this written order made me sure of the house; for I felt certain that my works would give far more satisfaction than what I had promised. His Excellency then gave the matter into the hands of Pier Francesco Riccio. He was a Prato man, and had been the Duke's tutor. I spoke to the brute, and told him all the things I wanted—for instance, I mentioned that in the garden I wished to build a workshop. But he gave the business over to a paymaster, a dried-up scarecrow of a man, called Lattanzio Gorini. A curious little object he was, with spidery hands and a tiny voice that hummed like a gnat, and he crept about like a snail. As my ill luck

would have it, he sent to my house as much sand and lime and stones as would barely have built a dovecot. Things seemed to be going at a rather chilly pace, and I began to feel alarmed. But then I said to myself, "Little beginnings sometimes lead to great ends." And, besides, I could not but be hopeful when I thought of all the thousands of ducats the Duke had thrown away on hideous works of sculpture done by that beast Buaccio Bandinelli. So I took heart and goaded Lattanzio Gorini to make him bestir himself; but I might as well have shouted to a blind boy driving a pack of lame donkeys. In spite of all the difficulties, by dint of using my own money, I had marked out the plan of the shop, and cut down trees and vines; according to my wont, hurrying on with the work eagerly—nay, furiously would be the better word.

On the other hand, I was dependent on Tasso the carpenter, a great friend of mine, whom I had commissioned to make a wooden frame on which to set up the great Perseus. This Tasso was a very clever man, the best, I think, in his craft. He was good-humoured and cheerful, too; and every time I went to him he met me with a laugh, and trolled out a ballad in falsetto. At this time my affairs in France seemed to be going very ill; and from those at home I could look for little profit, owing to the coldness of the Duke; so that I was nearly desperate. Yet he always forced me to listen to at least half his song, and after a little I even made merry in his company; and thrust my dismal thoughts as far from me as I could.

I had arranged all the things I have spoken of; and my preparations for the great undertaking were well advanced—indeed I had already used some of the lime—when one day I was sent for in haste by the major-domo. I found him, after his Excellency's dinner, in the Clock hall. When I came in, I greeted him with the greatest respect; but his reception of me was most frigid. He asked me who had installed me in that house, and with whose authority I had begun to build on the premises; and said he was much astonished that I was so daring and presumptuous. I replied that his Excellency had put me in possession of the house; and that his lordship, in the Duke's name, had given the orders concerning the business to Lattanzio Gorini. Lattanzio had sent stone and sand and lime, and supplied everything I had asked for, and had said he was doing so by his lordship's orders. At this the brute turned on me with greater sharpness than before, and told me that neither I nor any of those I had named spoke the truth. Then I flew into a rage, and said to him, "Major-domo, so long as your Excellency speaks in accordance with the rank to which you have risen, I shall treat you with respect, and address you as submissively as I do the Duke. Otherwise I shall speak to you as to one Ser Pier Francesco Riccio." The man got in such a passion that I thought he was going mad there and then—even before the time appointed by Heaven—and he told me in the most insulting terms that he wondered greatly at himself for letting me speak at all to a man like him. At this I was roused to say, "Now listen to me, Ser Pier Riccio, and I'll let you know who are my equals. As for yours, they are pedagogues, just fit for teaching babes their A B C." At this the man's face grew distorted; he lifted

up his voice and repeated his words still more insolently; whereupon I, too, put on a threatening air, and assuming something of his own arrogant tone, declared that my peers were worthy to speak with Popes, and Emperors, and great Kings; and that there were perhaps not two of us in the world, while a dozen of his sort could be met going out or in at any door. At this he jumped on a window seat in the hall, and ordered me to repeat once more the words I had said, which I did more hardly than before, adding that I did not care to serve the Duke any longer, and that I should return to France, which I was free to do. The brute stood dazed and ashen-coloured; and I took myself off in a towering rage, intending to shake the dust of Florence from my feet. And would to God I had carried out my intention!

His Excellency the Duke can have known nothing of this devilry at first; for not a sign did he make for several days, while I thrust all thoughts of Florence out of my head, save what concerned my sister and my nieces. I was making arrangements to leave them as well provided for as I could with the little I had brought with me. That done, I meant to return to France, and never think of seeing Italy any more. I had made up my mind to set off as speedily as possible, without leave from the Duke or anyone else. But one morning the major-domo sent very humbly for me; and began one of his pedantic rigmaroles, in which I couldn't see any method, or art, or sense, or beginning or end. All I could make out was, he professed to be a good Christian, and he did not wish to cherish hatred towards anyone; so he asked me, on the part of the Duke, what salary I desired for my maintenance. I stood there cool and collected, making no answer, for I had made up my mind not to remain. Getting no reply, he was shrewd enough to say, "Oh, Benvenuto, an answer is due to Dukes; and my message comes from his Excellency." As it came from his Excellency, I said I was quite willing to reply; and so he was to tell the Duke that I did not wish to play second fiddle to any of those in my profession whom he employed. Then the major-domo answered, "Bandinelli gets two hundred crowns as a retaining fee; so if you are content with the same, your salary is arranged." I said I was satisfied; and that what I earned over and above this should be given me when my work had been proved; and that I left it all to the good sense of his most illustrious Excellency. So against my will, I picked up the thread again and set to work, the Duke heaping every imaginable favour upon me.

I very often received letters from France from my most devoted friend Messer Guido Guidi. These letters as yet had told me nothing that was not pleasant. My Ascanio also wrote, bidding me be of good cheer, for if anything of importance happened, he would let me know. But it was reported to the King how I was employed by the Duke of Florence. He was the most good-natured man in the world, and many a time used to say, "Why does not Benvenuto come back?" Then he made particular inquiries of my young men, both of whom said that, according to my letters, things were going well with me, and that I was not thinking of coming back again to serve his Majesty. The King got angry at these bold

words, which never came from me, and said, "Since he has left us without any reason, we shall not ask him again. Let him stop where he is." And so those dishonest rascals got their own way in the matter, for once I was back in France, they would have been labourers under me again, as they were before, whereas, if I did not return, they remained free and in my place. So they did their best that I should not come back.

While I was having the workshop built for making the Perseus, I worked in a basement chamber. There I made the Perseus of gesso, the same size as the finished statue was to be, intending to cast it from this mould. But when I saw that this method was a rather lengthy one, I resorted to another plan. By this time, I must tell you, there had been built, brick by brick, a miserable kind of a workshop, so wretchedly constructed that I can't bear to think of it. There I began the figure of the Medusa. First I made a framework of iron, then covered it with clay; and when that was done, I baked it. I had only some little apprentices to help me. One of these, a very handsome lad, the son of La Gambetta the prostitute, I used as a model, since no books teach art as does the human figure. I tried to secure workmen, that I might make speed with the business; but I could find none, and I could not do everything by myself. There were some in Florence who would have willingly come; but Bandinelli put a stop to that; and then after making me waste a deal of time, he told the Duke I was trying to steal away his workmen, because I found I should never be able to put together so large a figure by myself. I complained to the Duke how the brute annoyed me, and begged him to let me have some of the workmen belonging to the Opera del Duomo. But my words only convinced him of what Bandinelli had said; and seeing this, I began to do my best unaided. While I was working thus day and night, my sister's husband took ill, and died after a few days, leaving my sister, who was still young, with six daughters, big and little, to my care. This was the first great trouble I had in Florence, being left father and guide of such an unhappy family.

Anxious that nothing should go wrong, I sent for two labourers to clear the rubbish out of my garden. They came from the Ponte Vecchio, one of them an old man of sixty, the other a lad of eighteen. When they had been with me about three days, the lad told me that the old man refused to work, and that I should do better to send him away; for not only did he do nothing himself, but he kept him from working also. He said that the little there was to do, he could do by himself, without throwing money away on anyone else. This young man was called Bernardino Mannellini of Mugello. Seeing him so ready for hard work, I asked him if he would agree to be my servant; and the matter was settled on the spot. He took care of my house, worked in the garden, and afterwards learned to help me in the workshop; so that, bit by bit, he began to learn my art with great cleverness, and I never had a better helper. Thus, having resolved to do the whole business with only this young man's aid, I began to prove to the Duke that Bandinelli had been telling lies, and that I could get on excellently without any of his men.

About this time I suffered somewhat from an affection of the loins; and as I could not work, I was not ill pleased to hang about the Wardrobe of the Duke with certain young goldsmiths called Gianpagolo and Domenico Poggini. Under my orders they made a little gold vase, worked in low relief with figures and other lovely ornaments. It was for the Duchess. His Excellency had ordered it for her to drink water out of. He also asked me to make her a golden belt, which was to be very richly worked with jewels, and a great many charming masks and other things. This I also did. Every now and then the Duke would come into the Wardrobe; and he took the greatest pleasure in seeing me work and talking with me. When I got a little better, I sent for clay, and while the Duke was amusing himself there, I did his portrait larger than life. He was so satisfied with this work, and grew so fond of me, that he said nothing would please him better than that arrangements should be made for me to work in the palace. So he looked out large rooms where I could set up my furnaces and all my necessary apparatus; for he took the greatest interest in everything pertaining to my art. But I told his Excellency that it was not possible, for if I did so, I should not have finished the work I had undertaken in a thousand years.

From the Duchess I received extraordinary kindness; indeed, she would have liked me to have given myself up entirely to her service, throwing Perseus and everything else aside. In the midst of these vain favours I knew full well that my perverse and cruel fortune would surely deal me a blow from some new quarter ere long; for I never lost sight of the blunder I had made while striving to do the thing that was best. I am speaking now of the French business. The King found it impossible to swallow his great vexation at my departure; yet would he gladly have had me back, if it could have been contrived with due regard to his dignity. But, feeling myself altogether in the right, I would not bend the knee, being convinced that were I to demean myself by writing humbly, those French ill-wishers of mine would, after their fashion, say I had owned myself in the wrong, and that certain misdeeds of which I had been unjustly accused were now proved up to the hilt. Therefore I stood upon my dignity, and wrote in haughty terms, like a man with right upon his side. Nothing could have better pleased those two faithless apprentices of mine. In writing to them, I had vaunted the favours heaped on me by the lord and lady who held absolute sway in Florence, the city of my birth; and when they received these letters, off they would go to the King and beseech him to give them my castle, just as he had given it to me. His Majesty, who was an excellent man and very good-natured, would never agree to the audacious demands of those bandits; for he began to be aware of their villainous designs. But to keep them on tenter-hooks, and give me a chance of coming back, he ordered his treasurer, Messer Giuliano Buonaccorsi, a Florentine citizen, to write me an angry letter to this effect: if I would still keep the name of honest man which I had borne, I was bound, seeing I had taken my departure without any cause, to render account of all my expenditure and work for his Majesty.

When I got this letter I was greatly pleased; nothing else could so have tickled my palate. Sitting down to answer it, I filled nine sheets of ordinary paper, narrating minutely all the works I had done, the adventures I had had with them, and the sums of money expended on them, which had always been paid to me by two notaries and one of the royal treasurers, and formally acknowledged in detail by all the men who had had money from me, either for material they had supplied, or for work they had done. I had not put a farthing of this money in my own pocket; nor had I had a penny for my finished work. All I had brought back with me to Italy were some tokens of favour and some altogether royal promises, in very truth worthy of his Majesty. "I cannot boast of having made anything out of my labours," I continued, "save some maintenance money agreed to by your Majesty; and even of that more than seven hundred gold crowns are still due, which I had purposely refrained from touching, that they might be held in reserve for my journey back. Yet, though evilly disposed persons, from sheer envy, do me an ill turn, as I am well aware they have done, truth ever wins in the end. I glory in your most Christian Majesty, and am not moved by avarice. Moreover, though I know I have done much more for you than I promised, and the recompense agreed on has not followed, yet I have but one care in the world—to remain, in the opinion of your Majesty, the honest, upright man I have ever been. If your Majesty has the smallest doubt about this, you have but to lift a finger and I shall come flying to render an account of myself, even at the risk of my life. But seeing in what little respect you hold me, I have been unwilling to return and offer my services, aware that I shall never lack bread wherever I go. Yet were I to be called, I should always respond." In this letter there were, besides, other particulars worthy of the great King's notice, and necessary to be stated for the maintenance of my honour. Before I sent it off I took it to my Duke, who was pleased to read it. Then I addressed it to the Cardinal of Ferrara, and sent it to France.

VII

THE FIRST THING I ever cast in bronze was the large portrait bust of his Excellency, which I had modelled in clay in the Poggini's workshop, while I had the pain in my back. It was a work that gave much pleasure, yet I only did it to gain experience in clays suitable for casting in bronze. I knew that the wonderful Donatello had used Florence clay for casting his bronzes; but it seemed to me that he had worked under tremendous difficulties. This I believed to be due to some defect in the clay; so before beginning to cast my Perseus, I wished first to make some experiments. These taught me that the clay was good; only the admirable Donatello had not quite understood it: for I saw that his works had been cast with endless difficulty. So, as I have mentioned, I compounded the clay by a special process, and found it most serviceable. Then, as I have said, I cast the head with it. As I had as yet made no furnace, I used that of Maestro

Zanobi di Pagno, the bell founder. When I saw that the bust came out with great precision, I began without delay to set up a small furnace in the shop which the Duke had had arranged for me, according to my own plan and design, in the house which he had given me. As soon as the furnace was ready, with all haste possible I made my preparations for casting the statue of Medusa, that woman writhing under the feet of Perseus. The casting was a matter of the utmost difficulty; and to avoid any mistake, I determined to use all the knowledge I had been at such pains to acquire. Thus the first cast I made in my little furnace was perfectly successful; and so clean was it that my friends thought there was no need for me to touch it up again. Of course, certain Germans and Frenchmen, who plume themselves on knowing wonderful secrets declare they can cast bronze so that it needs no retouching; but this is foolish talk; for after bronze has been cast, it must be worked on with hammers and chisels in the fashion of the marvellous antique masters, and of the moderns too; at least, such moderns as have learnt anything at all about the matter. His Excellency was so much pleased that several times he came to my house to see it, thus putting heart into me to do my best. But the rabid envy of Bandinello, who was always whispering harm of me in the Duke's ears, had such influence on him, that he was persuaded to think my having cast a single statue was no proof I could put the whole together. It was a new art to me; and his Excellency should take heed lest he was throwing his money away, he said. Words like these, breathed in the ears of my glorious Duke, so swayed him that certain moneys for service were disallowed me after this, so that I was forced to expostulate somewhat warmly with his Excellency. One morning, therefore, when I had waited for him in the Via de' Servi, I said to him, "My lord, as I no longer receive my necessary supplies, I fear your Excellency has lost trust in me. But I assure you once more that I have it in me to carry out this work three times as well as the model. This, indeed, I have already promised you."

I perceived that my words had no effect on his Excellency, for he made me no answer. Then all at once rage took hold on me; and I was filled with an intolerable heat of passion, which broke forth in these words: "My lord, this city has in truth ever been the school of noble genius. But when a man has become conscious of his power, and has won some little skill in his art, if he would fain enhance the honour of his city and of his glorious prince, he had best go and work elsewhere. And that this is so, my lord, I need not insist; for your Excellency knows what manner of men were Donatello and the great Leonardo da Vinci, and what are the powers of the marvellous Michel Agnolo Buonarroti in our own day. Their great talents have given increase to the glory of your Excellency. And so I, too, hope to do my part. Therefore, my lord, give me leave to go. But let your lordship be warned; and give no such leave to Bandinello. Let him have even greater rewards than he asks of you; for were he to go abroad, such is his presumptuous ignorance, that he would of a surety bring shame on our most noble school. Now give me

leave to go, my lord; nor do I ask other recompense for my labours to this hour than the good will of your most illustrious Excellency." When he saw I was in earnest, he turned to me with something like vexation, and said, "Benvenuto, if you have a mind to finish the work, you shall want for nothing." Then I thanked him, and said my one desire was to prove to those envious persons that I was man enough to carry through the work as I had promised. So I parted from his Excellency; and after this some trifling help was given me; but I was forced to dip into my own pocket, that the work might advance at even a moderate pace.

One day his most illustrious Excellency supplied me with several pounds of silver, and said, "This is from my mines. Make me a fine vase." Now as I did not wish to stop working on my Perseus, and yet desired greatly to serve him, I gave it, with my designs and little models in wax, to a rascal called Piero di Martino, a goldsmith. He began it badly, and, besides, stopped working after a while; so that I lost more time than if I had done it with my own hand. When several months had been wasted like this, and I saw that Piero would neither work on it, nor let anyone else do so, I made him return it to me; but it was only after the utmost efforts that I got back the body of the vase, so ill begun as I have said, and the rest of the silver I had given him. The Duke, who heard something of our bickerings, sent for the vase and for the models, and never told me why or wherefore. Enough that he gave some designs of mine to be carried out by various persons in Venice and other places, and was very badly served by them. The Duchess would often ask me to do goldsmith's work for her, to which I was wont to answer that I was well known to everybody throughout all Italy for a skilful goldsmith, but that Italy had never yet seen sculpture from my hand. True, in the profession there were certain sculptors, mad with envy of me, who laughed at me and called me the new sculptor. "I hope to show these," said I, "that I am an old sculptor, if God but give me grace to complete my Perseus, and set it up in his Excellency's magnificent Piazza." Then I retired to my house, and gave my mind to work day and night, never showing myself in the palace. But nevertheless I was fain to keep in the good graces of the Duchess; and therefore I had some silver vases made for her, about the size of those little pots you buy for a farthing, chased with lovely masks after the rarest antique fashion. When I took them to her, she received me with the greatest kindness imaginable; and paid for the silver and gold I had used for them. Then I recommended myself to her, and begged her to say to his Excellency that I had had little help in my great work, also to counsel him to trust less in that evil-tongued Bandinello, who was keeping me from completing my Perseus. The tears stood in my eyes as I uttered these words. The Duchess shrugged her shoulders and said, "Surely the Duke must know this Bandinello to be a worthless creature."

About this time I was staying much at home, rarely appearing at the palace, and working with the utmost energy to finish my statue. I was forced to pay the workmen out of my own purse; for the Duke, who had

ordered Lattanzio Gorini to pay them for about eighteen months, got weary of the business and withdrew the order. When I asked Lattanzio why he no longer paid me, he answered, shaking his spidery hands, and in his tiny buzzing voice like a gnat's, "Why do you not finish your work? It is believed you'll never carry it through." I answered him hotly and said, "The devil take you and all who believe I shall never finish the thing!"

In despair, I went home to my unfortunate Perseus, and not without tears; for I called to mind the favourable conditions of my life in Paris when I was in the service of the great King Francis. There I had everything and to spare; and here all was lacking. More than once I was inclined to give up in desperation. One of these bad days I mounted my pretty little horse, and with a hundred crowns in my pocket, I went off to Fiesole to see my natural son, whom I had put out to nurse with a gossip of mine, the wife of one of my workmen. When I reached the place, I found the little boy in good health, and with my heart full of grief, I kissed him. When I was for going away, he would not let me, holding me fast with his little hands, and bursting into a passion of tears and cries—a wonderful thing indeed, seeing he was only about two years old. Now in my desperate condition I had made up my mind, if I came upon Bandinello—who was in the habit of going every evening to a farm he had above San Domenico—that I would be the death of him. So I tore myself from my baby, leaving him crying there bitterly, and set my face towards Florence. I had just reached the Piazza of San Domenico, when Bandinello came up from the other side. Now was the moment for my deed of blood; but when I approached him and raised my eyes, I saw he was unarmed, riding on a miserable mule, no better than an ass; and with him was a boy of ten years old. As soon as he set eyes on me, he became pale as death and shook from head to foot. Aware how vile such a deed would be, I called out, "Don't be afraid, you low coward; for I don't think you worth my blows!" He looked at me meekly and said never a word. Then I commanded my rage; and thanked God, who by His own strength had kept me from such a deed of violence. Thus having shaken off that devilish fury, I became myself again, and spoke thus: "If God lends me His grace so that I finish my work, I hope through its excellence to kill off all my rascally enemies; and thus shall my vengeance be far greater and more glorious than had I vented it all on one single man." And with this good resolution in my heart, I went home. At the end of three days I heard that my gossip had smothered my only son; and the news gave me as great grief as ever I have felt in all my life. However, I knelt down and, weeping, thanked God, according to my wont, saying, "Lord, Thou gavest him to me, and now Thou hast taken him; and for all I thank Thee from my heart." Though this great grief had almost overpowered me, yet I made a virtue of necessity, as is my habit, and as best I could resigned myself to facts.

VIII

Now one morning I was sharpening some chisels before beginning my work, when the finest splinter of steel flew into my right eye, entering the pupil so far that it could not be taken out by any means. I thought for certain I should lose the sight of that eye. At the end of several days I called in Maestro Raffaello de' Pilli, the surgeon. He brought with him two live pigeons. Then laying me down on my back on a table, with a knife he cut open a great vein in the birds' wings, so that the blood spurted out into my eye. This eased me at once; by two days the splinter was out, and I was at rest, with my eyesight better than before. The feast of St. Lucy coming on in three days, I made a golden eye out of a French crown; and had it offered at the saint's shrine by one of my six nieces, the daughters of my sister Liperata. She was about ten years old; and I went with her to church to thank God and St. Lucy.

I had cast the Medusa, and it had come out perfectly; so I had great hopes of doing as well with my Perseus. The wax had been worked over it; and I assured myself that in bronze it would be just as successful as the Medusa. In wax the thing looked so fine that the Duke was much pleased with its beauty. But either someone had made him believe that it would fail in bronze or he imagined this of himself; at all events one day, when he had come to see me, which he did with uncommon frequency at that time, he said to me, "Benvenuto, this statue cannot be a success in bronze—for the rules of the art do not permit of it." I felt the words of his Excellency very keenly, and I replied, "My lord, I know you have little faith in me; and this I believe is due to your having too much faith in those who speak ill of me, or because you know nothing of the matter." He hardly let me finish my words ere he cut in, "I profess to know a great deal; and what is more, I do know what I am talking about." Whereupon I replied, "Yes, like a prince; not as an artist. For did your Excellency understand the matter as you think you do, you would believe me on the strength of the great bronze bust I made of you, which was sent to Elba; also of my restoration of the beautiful marble Ganymede, a task of extreme difficulty, in the completion of which I had more trouble than if I had done it all over again; likewise the casting of the Medusa, which your Excellency sees now before you—and a difficult casting it was, such as no other man had ever done before me in this devilish art. Look, my lord! I made that furnace over again on a different system from any other; for besides the new improvements and clever inventions to be seen in it, I made two issues for the bronze; otherwise this difficult, contorted figure could never have come out successfully. It is all due to my intelligence that it did not fail, and that I carried through what none of the masters of the art believed possible. Know also, my lord, that of a truth, with all the great and complicated works I did in France under that marvellous King Francis, I succeeded admirably; and this only because of the encour-

agement which the good King gave me by his handsome provision for my needs, and his grant of as many workmen as I asked for. Indeed, there were times when I employed more than forty, all chosen by myself. That was the reason I did so many fine things in so short a time. Now, my lord, have faith in me, and grant me the help I need; for I have good hopes of carrying through a work which will please you. On the other hand, if your Excellency breaks my spirit, and gives me none of the help I need, it is impossible for me, or any other man in the world, to do anything of worth."

It was all he could do to stay and listen to my arguments. Now he turned this way, and now the other; and as for me, poor miserable wight, I was in despair, recalling the great state that had been mine in France, and grieving sorely after it. Then he said, "Now tell me, Benvenuto, how is it possible that that fine head of Medusa, up there in the clutch of Perseus, should ever come out well?" Whereupon I answered, "Now, see, my lord! If you had the acquaintance with the art you profess to have, you would have no fear for the success of that fine head; but you might be anxious about this right foot, seeing it is down here, and somewhat far apart from the rest." At these words he turned, half in anger, to some gentlemen who were present, and said, "I believe Benvenuto contradicts my every word out of mere conceit." Then with a half-contemptuous smile, reflected on the faces of his courtiers, he addressed me, "I am willing to listen with patience to any convincing arguments you can possibly give me in support of your statement." To this I replied, "I will present so good an argument that your Excellency shall see with the utmost clearness how the thing is." And I began, "You must know, my lord, that it is in the nature of fire to ascend, and, therefore, I can be sure that this Medusa's head will succeed perfectly; on the other hand, as it is not in its nature to descend, and I have to force it down six cubits by an ingenious device, it must be evident to your Excellency that it is impossible for the foot to come out. But I can remodel it easily." "And why," returned the Duke, "did you not think of some contrivance by which the foot would come out as you say the head will?" "I should have had to make a much larger furnace," I answered, "with a conduit pipe as thick as my leg; and all that weight of molten metal might then have run down far enough. My pipe, which is six cubits long to the foot, as I have said, is no thicker than two fingers. But it was not worth while making a bigger one, for I shall touch up the defective parts later. But when the mould is more than half full, as I hope, from the middle upwards, the fire will mount according to its nature, and this head of Perseus and that of the Medusa will come out to perfection; and of this you may be assured." When I had stated all these sound arguments, and endless others besides, which it would take too long for me to write down, the Duke shook his head, and left me without a word.

By my own efforts I regained tranquillity of mind, and chased away those thoughts which every now and then would rise up before me, bringing bitter tears of regret to my eyes that ever I had left France. True, I

had come to Florence, my dear fatherland, with the sole purpose of aiding my six nieces; but I saw this good deed had been the beginning of great ill for me. Yet all the same I looked forward to the time when, my Perseus finished, all my troubles should be turned to high delight and to glorious good.

And so I took heart again, and with all the resources of my body and my purse—though I had little enough money left—I set about procuring several loads of pine from the pine woods of Serristori, near Monte Lupo. While I was waiting for these, I covered my Perseus with the clay I had got ready several months before, in order that it might be well seasoned. When I had made its “tunic” of clay—for so is it called in our art—and had most carefully armed and girt it with iron, I began to draw off the wax by a slow fire through the various ventholes I had made. (The more of these you have, the better will your moulds fill.) When this was done, I built up round the mould of my Perseus a funnel-shaped furnace of bricks, arranged one above the other, so as to leave numerous openings for the fire to breathe through. Then very gradually I laid the wood on, and kept up the fire for two days and two nights on end. After I had drawn off all the wax, and the mould had been properly baked, I set to work at once to dig a hole to sink the thing in, attending to all the strictest rules of the great art. This done, I raised the mould with the utmost care by means of windlasses and strong ropes to an upright position; and suspended it a cubit above the level of the furnace, paying attention that it hung exactly over the middle of the pit. Then gently, gently I let it down to the bottom of the furnace, sparing no pains to settle it securely there. This difficult job over, I set about propping it up with the earth I had dug out of the hole; and as I built up the earth, I made ventholes, that is, little pipes of terra cotta such as are used for drains and things of that kind. Then I saw that it was quite firm, and that this way of banking it up and putting conduits in their proper places was likely to be successful. It was evident also that my workmen understood my mode of working, which was very different from that of any of the other masters in my profession. Sure, therefore, that I could trust them, I gave my attention to the furnace, which I had filled up with pigs of copper and pieces of bronze, laid one on top of the other, according to the rules of the craft—that is, not pressing closely one on the other, but arranged so that the flames could make their way freely about them; for in this manner the metal is more quickly affected by the heat and liquefied. Then in great excitement I ordered them to light the furnace. They piled on the pine logs; and between the unctuous pine resin and the well-contrived draught of the furnace, the fire burned so splendidly that I had to feed it now on one side and now on the other. The effort was almost intolerable, yet I forced myself to keep it up.

On top of all this the shop took fire, and we feared lest the roof should fall upon us. Then, too, from the garden the rain and the wind blew in with such chill gusts as to cool the furnace. All this fighting for so many hours with adverse circumstances, forcing myself to a labour such

as even my robust health could not stand, ended in a one-day fever of an indescribable severity. There was nothing for it but to fling myself on my bed, and I did so very ill-content. But first I appealed to my men—there were about ten or more helping me—master founders, hand labourers, peasants, and the workmen of my own shop. Among the last was Bernardino Mannellini of Mugello, who had been my pupil for several years. To him I said, after begging the good will of all the rest, "My dear Bernardino, see that you attend to everything I have taught you; and make all the haste you can, for the metal will soon be ready. You cannot make a mistake; the good fellows here will hurry up with the channels, and with these two crooks you can surely draw back the plugs. Then I know for certain my mould will fill beautifully. I feel worse than I ever did since I came into the world; and I am sure I shall be dead in a few hours." So, most ill-content, I left them and went to bed.

As soon as I was in bed I ordered my servant girls to take food and drink to all the men in the shop; and then I said to them, "By tomorrow morning I shall be dead." They did their best to put heart into me, saying that my sickness would pass over, and that it only arose from over-fatigue. Thus for two hours I fought the fever; but it went on rising all the time, so that I never stopped wailing that I was about to die. Now the woman who looked after all my household was Mona Fiore da Castel del Rio, and a cleverer woman was never born, nor a more devoted. Though now she went on scolding me for losing heart, yet all the same she tended me as affectionately as possible. Nevertheless, for all her brave heart, she could not keep her tears from flowing as she saw me overcome by such terrible pain and depression. Yet she hid her weeping from me so far as she could. While I lay there in this terrible distress, I saw a man come into my room, whose body was twisted like a capital S; and he spoke in the sad and grievous tones of those who proclaim to doomed men that their last hour has tolled. "O Benvenuto!" he said, "your work is spoiled; and no power on earth can save it now." Hardly had I heard the miserable creature's words, than I set up such a terrible cry as might have been heard in the heaven of fire; and rising from my bed, I took my clothes and began to dress; and I dealt kicks and blows to the servant girls, the boy, and everyone who came to help me, wailing the while, "Ah, traitors! jealous monsters! this is a malicious plot. But I swear by God that I shall come at the truth of it; and before I die I shall give such proof to the world of my strong hand as shall make more than one man stand in wonder!" When I had dressed, I hurried to the shop fuming with rage; and there I saw all the men I had left in the best of spirits standing dazed and at their wits' end. I broke into their stupor with, "Wake up! Listen to me! Since you've been either too great fools or too great knaves to do as I told you, attend to me now. I am here in front of my work. And not a word from any of you; for it's help, not advice, that will serve me now." On this up spoke Maestro Alessandro Lastricati, "Listen, Benvenuto! You are taking in hand a thing which defies the laws of art, and cannot be done, whatever means you try." At that I turned on him in

such a fury, and with murder in my eye, that he and all the others too cried out, "Come on! Give your orders! We are ready for all you may command, while there is any breath left in our bodies." But I believe they uttered these soothing words only because they thought I was on the point of falling down dead. Then I hurried to the furnace, and found the metal had all coagulated, or, as we say, "caked." I ordered two labourers to go to Capretta the butcher's opposite, for a load of young oak logs, which had been dry for more than a year, and which Madonna Ginevra, Capretta's wife, had already offered me. As soon as I got the first armfuls, I set about filling the ashpot below the furnace. Now oak of this kind makes a fiercer fire than any other sort of wood, and that is why alder or pine is used in the founding of gun metal, for which the fire should be slow. Ah, then, you should have seen how the cake of metal began to run, and how it glowed! Meanwhile, too, I forced it to flow along the channels, while I sent the rest of the men on the roof to look after the fire, which had broken out again more fiercely now the furnace was burning with such fury; and towards the garden side I made them pile up planks and rugs and old hangings to prevent the rain from pouring in.

When I had mastered all this confusion and trouble, I shouted now to this man, now to that, bidding them fetch and carry for me; and the solidified metal beginning to melt just then, the whole band were so excited to obedience that each man did the work of three. Then I had them fetch half a pig of pewter, weighing about sixty pounds, and this I threw right in the middle of the solid metal in the furnace. And what with the wood I had put in beneath, and all the stirring with iron rods and bars, in a little while the mass grew liquid. When I saw I had raised the dead, in despite of all those ignorant sceptics, such vigour came back to me that the remembrance of my fever and the fear of death passed away from me utterly. Then suddenly we heard a great noise, and saw a brilliant flash of fire, just as if a thunderbolt had rushed into being in our very midst. Every man of us was dazed by this prodigious and terrifying event, and I still more than the rest. Only when the great rumble and the flashing flame had passed, did we dare look each other in the face. Then I saw that the lid of the furnace had blown open, so that the bronze was running over. In the same instant I had every mouth of the mould open and the plugs closed. But perceiving that the metal did not run as freely as it should, I came to the conclusion that the intense heat had consumed the alloy. So I bade them fetch every pewter dish and porringer and plate I had in the house, nearly two hundred in all; and part of them I threw, one after another, into the channels, and put the rest into the furnace. Then they saw my bronze was really melted and filling up my mould, and gave me the readiest and most cheerful help and obedience. Now I was here, now I was there, giving orders or putting my own hand to the work, while I cried, "O God, who in Thy limitless strength didst rise from the dead, and glorious didst ascend to Heaven . . ." In an instant my mould filled up; and I knelt down and thanked God with all my

heart; then turned to a plate of salad lying on a bench there, and with splendid appetite ate and drank, and all my gang of men along with me. After that, as the day was but two hours off, I betook myself to bed, sound of body and in good heart; and, as if I had never known an ache in my life, sank gently to my rest. That good serving woman of mine, without my saying a word to her about it, had cooked a fine fat capon; and when I rose from my bed near dinnertime, she met me with a cheery face and cried, "Oh, so this is the man who thought he was dying? I do believe that the blows and the kicks you gave us last night, when you were so furious that one would have said you were possessed of the devil, so scared that terrible fever that it ran away, lest it should be belaboured too." Then all my poor family breathed once more after their fright and their formidable labours; and off they went to buy pots and pans of earthenware instead of the pewter vessels I had cast into the furnace. After which we sat down to dinner in the best of spirits; and in all my life I never remember eating with a gladder heart nor with a better appetite. After dinner all my helpers came to see me. They did nothing but congratulate each other, and thank God for the way things had turned out, and tell me they had seen things done which other masters held to be beyond anyone's power. And I was proud, for I thought myself a very clever fellow—nor did I hide my opinion of myself, and putting my hand into my pocket, I paid every man to his full content.

But that scoundrel, my mortal enemy, Messer Pierfrancesco Ricci, the Duke's major-domo, ferreted out the whole story of the affair. And the two men whom I suspected of having caused the caking of my bronze told him I was no man; that of a surety I was a great demon, for I had done what by mere art could not be achieved. And all sorts of other prodigies they related of me, which would indeed have taxed a devil's powers. As they made the thing out to be much more astounding than it had been in reality, the major-domo wrote to the Duke, who was at Pisa, adding to their tale still more fearful and marvellous inventions of his own.

For two days I let my work cool, and then uncovered a little bit at a time. First of all I found that, thanks to the vents, the head of Medusa had come out splendidly—had I not told the Duke that it is in the nature of fire to ascend? Then I went on uncovering the rest, and found the other head, that of Perseus, was just as perfect; at which I wondered more; for, as you can see, it is much lower than that of Medusa. I had placed the mouths of the mould above the head and on the shoulders of the Perseus, and now I found that this head had taken all the remaining bronze in my furnace. Wonderful to relate, there was nothing left in the mouth of the channel, and yet there had been enough for my purpose. This appeared to me so marvellous—indeed, nothing short of a miracle—that the whole operation seemed as if it had been guided and brought to a happy end by Almighty God. Luck still followed me as I uncovered farther; everything I found had come out successfully till I came to the right foot on which the figure rests. There I found the heel perfect, and

on further examination evidently the whole foot as well. On the one hand I rejoiced; on the other I was half annoyed, but only because I had said to the Duke that it could not happen so. However, when all was disclosed, I found the toes and a little portion above them were wanting, so that about half the foot would have to be added. Though this would give me a little extra work, I was glad, nevertheless; for I could show the Duke that I understood my own business. A larger part of the foot, indeed, had come out than I looked for; but the reason was that, from various causes, the metal had been subjected to a greater heat than is ordained by the laws of the art; and then, too, I had thrown in extra alloy in the shape of my pewter household vessels, as I have told you—a thing nobody ever thought of doing before.

Now seeing the great success of my work, I set off at once for Pisa to see the Duke. He received me as kindly as possible, and so did the Duchess; and though their major-domo had told them the whole story, their Excellencies thought it still more prodigious and astounding when they heard it from my own lips. When I came to the foot of the Perseus, and related how, just as I had warned his Excellency before, it had not come out, I could see his wonder grow every moment, and he told the Duchess how, indeed, I had foretold this. Perceiving that my lord and my lady were in good humour with me, I begged the Duke to let me go to Rome. He consented with the greatest kindness, bidding me return ere long to finish his Perseus; and gave me letters of recommendation to his ambassador, Averardo Serristori. These were the first years of Pope Giulio de' Monti's reign.

IX

NOW LISTEN, gentle reader, to a terrible tale I have to tell. I made all haste possible to finish my statue; but I used to spend every evening in the Wardrobe of the Duke, helping the goldsmiths who were working there for his Excellency, mostly after designs which I had made. And as I saw that the Duke liked to watch me at work and to talk with me, I made up my mind to go there during the day sometimes. So on one of these occasions he came in as usual, and the more willingly that he knew I was there. He began to converse with me very pleasantly on a great many different subjects; and I answered vivaciously, and so amused him that he was in a better temper than I had ever seen him in before. Suddenly one of his secretaries entered and spoke a word in his ear, as if on a matter of great importance. Then the Duke got up, and withdrew with the secretary to another room. Meanwhile the Duchess had sent to inquire what his Excellency was doing; and her page went back to tell her, "The Duke is talking and laughing with Benvenuto, and he is in the best of humours." When she heard this, she came to the Wardrobe; but not finding the Duke, she sat down beside us, and looked on for a while as we worked. Then in the pleasantest manner she turned to me, and

showed me a necklace of large pearls—very rare they were, in fact—and asked me what I thought of them. I replied that they were very beautiful. Then her Excellency said, “I want the Duke to buy them for me; therefore, my Benvenuto, say all you possibly can to him in their praise.” But at these words, I spoke out my real opinion to the Duchess, saying with the utmost respect, “My lady, I thought this necklace of pearls was yours already; in which case I might have refrained from uttering what was in my mind to say, nay, what I must say, now I know that they do not belong to your Excellency. Therefore, I would have you know that my trained eye sees so many defects in these pearls that I should never advise your buying them.” To this she replied, “The merchant will take six thousand crowns; if the necklace had none of these slight flaws, it would be worth more than twelve thousand.” But I went on to say that, were it perfect in quality and condition, I should never advise anyone to go as high as five thousand crowns; for pearls are not jewels, they are but fishes’ bones; and in time must lose their value. Whereas diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires never grow old; all these four are real jewels, and worth buying. At this the Duchess was somewhat piqued; but she persisted, “I am determined to have these pearls; and so I beg you to take them to the Duke, and say all you can think of in their praise; and if you have to tell some little lies about them, do so to serve me, and you will have no reason to repent it.” Now I have always been the greatest friend of truth and the enemy of lies; but such pressure being put upon me, and unwilling to lose the favour of so great a princess, I took those accursed pearls, and in a very ill humour went with them to the other room to which the Duke had retired. As soon as he saw me, he called out, “Well, Benvenuto, and what are you about?” So I showed him the pearls, and said, “My lord, I have come to let you see an exquisite necklace of pearls. Most rare they are, and really worthy of your Excellency; and I do not believe that eighty pearls could ever be strung together to better advantage. So buy them, my lord, for they are truly marvellous.” But he answered me at once, “I will not buy them; for they are neither so rare nor so beautiful as you say. I have seen them, and I don’t like them.” Then I replied, “Forgive me, my lord, these pearls far surpass any which were ever strung together before for a necklace.” The Duchess had got up in the meanwhile, and was standing behind a door listening to every word. So when I had gone on to say a thousand things more in their praise than I am writing here, the Duke turned an indulgent face on me and said, “O Benvenuto, my friend, I know that you understand all about these things; and if the pearls were as fine and rare as you say, I should not be unwilling to buy them, whether to give pleasure to the Duchess, or for the sake of possessing them; for such things I am always in need of, not so much for her use, as for that of my sons and daughters.” But as I had begun to lie, I now went on lying with still greater audacity, though very plausibly, trusting to the Duchess to support me at the proper time. I was to have more than two hundred crowns for doing the business—so the Duchess had signified to me; but I was quite determined not to touch

a penny of it, so as to be on the safe side, and that the Duke might never think I had done it from greed. Once more he spoke in the kindest tones to me, and said, "I know that you understand all about these things. So now on your faith as an honest man, which I have always thought you to be, tell me the truth." Then I blushed hotly, and my eyes grew wet with tears, as I said, "My lord, if I tell your most illustrious Excellency the truth, the Duchess will become my deadly enemy. I shall be forced to depart from Florence, and my enemies will immediately pour scorn on my Perseus, which I have held out to the expectations of your Excellency's most noble school. So now I recommend myself to your Excellency."

When the Duke learnt that all I had said I had been forced to say, he comforted me. "If you trust in me, fear nothing." But again I answered, "Alas, my lord, how can this be kept from the Duchess?" Whereat the Duke swore with uplifted hand, "Consider all you have said as buried in a diamond casket." Since he had honoured me by such words, I told him at once the truth about the pearls, so far as I knew it; that they were not worth much more than two thousand crowns. Now the Duchess thought we had made an end of talking, for we were speaking as softly as possible; so she came forward and said, "My lord, be so good as to buy me this necklace of pearls, for I have the greatest craving for it; and your Benvenuto has told me he never saw a finer one." Then the Duke replied, "I do not wish to buy it." "Why will not my lord please me by buying it?" "Because I don't want to throw money away." But the Duchess insisted, "Oh, why should it be throwing money away, since your Benvenuto, in whom you have, and rightly, so much confidence, told me that if you paid even more than three thousand crowns, it would be a very good bargain?" The Duke replied, "My lady, my Benvenuto has told me that were I to buy it, I should be throwing money away, for the pearls are not round, neither are they all of a size, and some of them are old; and if you don't believe it, look at this one, and this other; examine them all. No, no, they are not my affair!" At this the Duchess gave me the angriest look, and shaking her head at me in a threatening fashion, she left the room; and I was much inclined to be off and out of Italy without delay. But as my Perseus was nearly finished, I was unwilling to leave without exhibiting it publicly. Yet consider, every man of you, what a cruel position I was now in! The Duke had ordered the doorkeepers—for I heard him—to give me free entrance to his Excellency's apartments whenever I came to seek him; while the Duchess now gave counterorders to them that when I presented myself at the palace, they were to chase me away. So now as soon as they saw me, they would come outside and hustle me off; but they took care the Duke should not see them; for if he caught sight of me before these rascals, either he called out to me, or made me a sign I was to come to him.

Well, now the Duchess sent for Bernardone the broker, a man of whose meanness and worthlessness I had heard her many a time complain, and took counsel of him as she had done before of me. "My lady," he replied, "leave the affair to me." So this scoundrel presented himself

to the Duke with the necklace in his hands. As soon as the Duke caught sight of him, he told him to be off, whereupon the rascal raised that great voice of his, which came through his big nose for all the world like the braying of an ass, and said, "I pray you, my lord, buy this necklace for the poor lady, who is dying to have it; nor can she live without it." And he went on braying out his silly words, till the Duke lost patience and said, "Get out of this, I say; else come here and puff your cheeks out." Now this rascally buffoon knew quite well what was meant; for if by puffing out his cheeks, or by singing *La bella Fianceschina*, he could persuade the Duke to the purchase of the pearls, he would gain the good graces of the Duchess, and his commission into the bargain, which would come to several hundreds of crowns. And so he puffed out his cheeks; and the Duke gave him several sound smacks; and to be rid of him, did it rather harder than usual. Not only did his cheeks get very red with this sound smacking, but the tears came into his eyes as well. Nevertheless, he said, "Here, my lord, behold your faithful servant, who merely tries to do his duty, and is willing to suffer any disgrace, if only that poor lady have her will." Then the Duke, tired of the rascal, either to make up for the slaps he had given him or for love of the Duchess, whom his Excellency was ever anxious to please, called out, "Get out of this, and a murrain on you! Go and make the bargain, for I am content to do whatever the Duchess may desire." Now look you at the rage of evil fortune against a poor man, and how shamelessly she favours a gross rascal! I lost all the good will of the Duchess, which was well-nigh reason enough for my losing the Duke's too; and he got that big commission, and their favour besides. So it is not enough to be just an honest man of talent.

When the Duke heard that the whole of my Perseus was ready for exhibition, he came to see it one day; and it was very evident that he was much pleased. But turning to some gentlemen who were with him, he said, "Though this seems a very fine thing to us, it has still to please the people. And so, Benvenuto, my friend, before you give it the last touches, I should like you, just to please me, to uncover it towards the Piazza one midday, to see what they will say about it. For there is no doubt that when it is seen in the open, it will appear quite different from what it does now in this narrow space." I answered meekly, "My lord, I assure you it will look twice as well. Oh, does not your Excellency remember having seen it in the garden of my house? There, with abundant space about it, it made so fine an effect that Bandinello came through the garden of the Innocents to see it; and for all his sour and evil nature, he could not but speak well of it, though he had never spoken well of any man's work before in his life. I see your Excellency is too willing to be influenced by him." The Duke smiled not too agreeably at my words; yet he said quite good-naturedly, "Do what I wish, my Benvenuto, just to give me some satisfaction."

Then he went off, and I gave orders to have the statue uncovered. But some gold was still wanting, likewise varnish here and there, and various other little things, before the whole could be called complete; and I began

to murmur wrathfully, and lament and curse the evil day that led me back to Florence. For by this time I saw clearly the tremendous loss I had sustained by quitting France; nor did I see any prospect of benefit which would accrue to me from my lord in Florence, for from the beginning all along till now, whatever I had done for him had profited me less than nothing. So it was with a mind full of discontent that next day I uncovered my statue.

Now, as it pleased God, so soon as the people caught sight of it, there rose a great shout of applause, and this gave my heart some comfort. While I had been putting the finishing touches to the thing, people never stopped pinning up sonnets to the posts of the door, over which hung a curtain. I declare to you that one day, when it was open for several hours, more than twenty sonnets were stuck up, all of them couched in terms of the very highest praise. After I had covered it again, every day a great number of sonnets were pinned up, and Latin and Greek verses, too; for it was vacation time at the University of Pisa, and all the great distinguished doctors and scholars were each other's rivals in the matter. But what pleased me most, and gave me hope, too, of favour from the Duke, was that the artists, sculptors, and painters vied with each other as to who should say the finest thing about it. One of those whose praise I valued most was the able painter Jacopo da Pontormo. Still more did I set store on that of his pupil, the excellent painter Bronzino, who was not satisfied with sticking up several sonnets he had made, but sent them by his Sandrino to my house. So eloquently did they speak my praise, in that fine style which is a rare gift of his, that I did, indeed, draw some real consolation from them. Then I covered up the statue again, and set about completing it.

My Duke was well aware of the compliments which had been heaped on me by the distinguished artists of the Florentine school during the brief exhibition of my work. Nevertheless he said, "I am much pleased that Benvenuto should have had this little satisfaction. It will urge him to the desired end with more speed and diligence. But he need not think that when the whole of the statue is uncovered, and they can see all round it, that the people will speak in this tone. For all its defects will then be pointed out to him—nay, more than there really are. So let him arm himself with patience." Now these words were but a repetition of what Bandinello had said to the Duke; and he had adduced the example of certain works by Andrea del Verrocchio, who made those fine bronzes, the Christ and the Saint Thomas, which can be seen on the façade of Orsanmichele; and other statues besides, even the admirable David of the divine Michel Agnolo Buonarroti, which, he said, only looked well if seen from the front. Then he spoke of his own Hercules and Cacus, and the abusive sonnets which had been written on it; and went on to hurl insults at the people of Florence. The Duke, who was far too much influenced by him, had egged him on to say this, and felt confident that the thing would turn out as he said; for Bandinello's heart was so full of envy that he never stopped from evil-speaking. And once when that hangman Bernardone,

the broker, was present, he said to the Duke, by way of giving weight to Bandinello's words, "My lord, you must know that to make great statues is a very different matter from making little figures. I don't mean to say he has not done these little trifles very cleverly; but you will see that in this larger work he will have no success." And so he went on concocting his calumnies, like the treacherous spy that he was, piling up a whole mountain of falsehood.

Now, as it pleased my glorious Lord, the immortal God, I brought the thing at last to its end; and one Thursday morning I showed it openly to the whole city. No sooner had I removed the screen, though the sun was barely risen, than a great multitude of people gathered round—it would be impossible to say how many—and all with one voice strove who should laud it highest. The Duke stood at one of the lower windows of the Palace, just above the door; and there, half hidden in the embrasure, he heard every word that was said about the statue. When he had stayed listening for several hours, he got up in the best of spirits, and turning to Messer Sforza, one of his gentlemen, he said, "Sforza, go and find Benvenuto, and tell him from me that he has satisfied me far more than I expected. Tell him also that I shall satisfy him in a way that will surprise him. And so let him be of good heart." And Messer Sforza came to me on his splendid errand, which gave me great comfort. That day was a very happy one for me, what with this good news from the Duke, and with the people pointing me out to this stranger and that, as some really marvellous and unheard-of wonder. Amongst those who were most complimentary to me were two gentlemen, ambassadors from the Viceroy of Sicily to our Duke on some affairs of state. These two most courteous men met me in the Piazza. I had been pointed out to them as I passed, and they were all eagerness to come at me. So now, cap in hand, they made me such a speech of ceremony that it would have more than satisfied a pope. I bowed as low as I could; but they so overwhelmed me with their politeness that I entreated them to be good enough to come out of the Piazza with me; for the people were stopping to look at me more than they did at my Perseus. In the midst of all their ceremonious speeches they had the face to propose I should go to Sicily, promising to make a most satisfactory bargain with me. They went on to tell me how Fra Giovan Agnolo de' Servi had made them a complete fountain, adorned with many figures; but that it had none of that excellence displayed in my Perseus, though, they added, they had made a rich man of him. They would have gone on at greater length; but I broke in, "I am very much astonished at your seeking to persuade me to leave the service of so great a lord. No prince was ever so great a lover of the arts as he. Besides, I am here in my native city, the school of all the higher arts. Oh, if I had craved for riches, I might have remained in France in the service of the great King Francis, who gave me a thousand gold crowns for my maintenance, in addition to paying for all the works I did for him, so that I made more than four thousand gold crowns a year. And I left in Paris the labours of four years." With these and other words of the kind, I made short work

of their courtesies. Yet I thanked them for the great praise they had bestowed on me, than which no better reward can be given to the labours of an artist. They had, I said, so increased my desire to do well, that I hoped in a few years' time to be able to show another work, which I believed would give much more satisfaction to the noble Florentine school than the one they had seen. The two gentlemen would fain have picked up the thread of their ceremonious eloquence; but with a sweep of my cap and a low bow, I bade them adieu.

When two days had come and gone, and the praises of my work swelled louder and louder, I determined to go and pay my respects to my lord Duke. He received me very amiably, saying, "Benvenuto, my friend, you have pleased and satisfied me; but I promise to satisfy you also in a way that will astonish you, and this not later than tomorrow, I tell you." Hearing these great words of hope, I turned the full strength of my soul and body to God, giving thanks to Him in all sincerity. Then on the instant I drew near to my lord Duke, and, well-nigh weeping in my joy, I kissed the hem of his garment, and said, "O my glorious master, true and most liberal patron of the arts, and of such as labour in their pursuit, I pray your most illustrious Excellency to give me eight days' leave to go and return my thanks to God; for my efforts have indeed been tremendous; and I know that my strong faith has moved Him to be my Helper. For His wonderful aid to me, now and at other times, I would fain go on an eight days' pilgrimage, only to give thanks to the immortal God, who ever aids such as sincerely call upon Him." Then the Duke inquired where I meant to go; and I replied, "Tomorrow I shall take the road for Vallambrosa; thence I shall go on to Camaldoli and the Eremitage, and from there to the Bagni di Santa Maria, and perhaps even to Seestile, where I hear there are fine antiquities. Afterwards I shall return by way of San Francesco dell' Alverna; and then, my heart still full of gratitude to God, come back with a right good will to serve you." The Duke gave cheerful answer, "Go then, and come back again; for verily I am much pleased with you; but let me have a line or two to remind me of your business, and leave the rest to me." Therefore, I wrote two or three lines, in which I set down my gratitude to his Excellency, and gave them to Messer Sforza, who handed them to the Duke. He took them, and then, returning them to Messer Sforza, said, "Put this every day where I shall see it; for if Benvenuto were to come back and find I have not kept my promise, I verily believe he would murder me." So, laughing, his Excellency said he was to be reminded of the business. That evening Messer Sforza repeated to me these deliberate words, laughing also, and wondering at the marked favour shown me by the Duke. Then he said good-naturedly, "Be off then, Benvenuto, and make haste back. Of a truth I envy you."

I left Florence in God's name; and I never ceased singing psalms and saying prayers to the honour and glory of God all that journey, which I much enjoyed, for the weather was lovely. It was summertime; and my road lay through country which was new to me and very beautiful, so that I went my way full of wonder and content. One of my young workmen

had come with me as guide. He was a native of Bagno, and his name was Cesare. I had the kindest reception from his father and all his household, among whom was a very charming old man more than seventy years old. He was Cesare's uncle, a surgeon by profession; and he had some trifling knowledge of alchemy. This worthy man pointed out to me that the Bagni contained gold and silver mines, and showed me many beauties of the countryside; so that I never had a better time in my life. One day, after we had grown very intimate, he said to me, "I must not fail to tell you something which is on my mind; and if his Excellency would give ear, I believe it would be much to his profit. It is this: near Camaldoli there is a pass so undefended that Pier Strozzi could not only cross it with ease, but could take Poppi without the slightest risk." And it was not enough for him to show me this in words; the good old fellow took a piece of paper from his pocket, on which he had drawn a plan of the whole neighbourhood, so as to make the real danger perfectly plain. I took the chart and left Bagno. Then as speedily as I could, I went on my way back to Florence by Prato Magno and San Francesco dell' Alverna.

Without stopping to do more than take off my riding boots, I betook myself to the palace. Just by the Badia I met the Duke, who was walking along by the palace of the Podestà. As soon as he caught sight of me, he greeted me very amiably, yet with some astonishment, and said, "Oh, why have you come back so soon? I wasn't expecting you for a week." I answered, "I have come back for the service of your Excellency. Otherwise I'd have gladly stopped a few days longer on my wanderings through that lovely country." "Well, what's the news?" said he. And I answered, "My lord, there is something of the highest importance which I must show you." Then I went off with him to the palace, and there he took me in all secrecy into a room where we were quite alone. I told him all, and showed him the little plan, and he seemed to be much pleased to have it. I said to his Excellency that precautions were very urgent; whereupon he stood thinking for a while, and then said, "I may tell you that we have come to an understanding with the Duke of Urbino that he is to look after the business. But keep our counsel." Then having received marks of special favour from him, I returned home.

Next day I presented myself at the palace; and after we had talked together for a little while, the Duke said to me graciously, "Tomorrow without fail I will dispatch your business. So be easy in your mind." And I, who had the utmost faith in his word, waited the morrow with eagerness. When that much-longed-for day arrived, I set out for the palace, and as bad news has ever a way of travelling faster than good, Messer Jacopo Guidi, his Excellency's secretary, called to me out of his crooked mouth and in his haughty voice, drawing himself up the while as stiff as a stick, or as if he were a frozen icicle: "The Duke says he would like to know what you ask for your Perseus." I was struck all of a heap with astonishment; nevertheless I made haste to say I was not in the habit of putting prices on my work; and that this was not what his Excellency had led me to expect two days ago. Then the fellow in a louder tone commanded me,

in the name of the Duke, to tell him what I wanted for it under pain of the grave displeasure of his most illustrious Excellency. Now, not only had I been looking forward to getting a reward from his lordship, considering all the compliments he had showered on me, but still more was I confident of having secured his entire good will, for that was all I had ever asked from him. So now this unexpected treatment of me—but especially the way in which that venomous toad did his errand—roused me to a pitch of fury. I said that were the Duke to give ten thousand crowns, I should be ill paid; and that if I had ever dreamed there would be chaffering of this sort over my work, I should never have consented to stop with him. Then the malicious creature hurled insults at me; but I gave him as good.

Next day I went to pay my respects to his Excellency, who signed to me to come near. When I did so, he called out angrily, "I could have cities and palaces built with ten thousands of ducats"; upon which I retorted that he would find any number of men capable of building cities and palaces, but maybe not one man in all the world who could make another Perseus. And I took myself off without further parleying. After a few days the Duchess sent for me, and begged me to leave her to settle my dispute with the Duke; for she felt confident she could manage the affair satisfactorily. To her kind words I made answer that the only reward I had ever asked for my labours was the good will of the Duke, and that his Excellency had promised should be mine. What need, I asked, to place once again in their Excellencies' hands what I had freely left there from the very beginning of my service? And I added that if the Duke were to give but a *crazia*—and that's five farthings—for my trouble, I should be pleased and satisfied, if only his Excellency did not withdraw his good will from me. The Duchess smiled somewhat and said, "Benvenuto, you would do best to follow my advice." Then she turned and left me. I had thought it prudent to speak in this humble fashion, but I could not have done worse for myself; for although she had been a good deal vexed with me, her treatment of people was not without a certain kindness.

In those days I was very intimate with Girolamo degli Albizzi, commissary of his Excellency's militia. So one day he said to me, "Benvenuto, you had much better arrange that little difference of yours with the Duke; and I assure you that, if you trust the affair to me, I can settle it. I know what I am saying. He is really growing angry, and it will be a bad thing for you. Enough for the present. I can't tell you everything." Now after the Duchess had spoken to me, I had been told by someone—but perhaps he was a rascal—that he had heard the Duke say—I don't know on what occasion—"For less than two farthings I'd throw the Perseus into the gutter, and that would end the disputes!" So I was anxious enough; and I told Girolamo degli Albizzi that I would leave the matter to him, and should be content with whatever he did, if only I regained the Duke's good will. Now the excellent fellow knew all about soldiering, especially matters concerning the militia, who are all countrymen; but he cared nothing for sculpture, and therefore had not the least understanding of it. So

when he went to speak to the Duke, he said, "My lord, Benvenuto has put himself into my hands, and has begged me to recommend him to your Excellency's favour." To this the Duke answered, "And I, too, put myself into your hands, and shall be satisfied with whatever you decide." So Girolamo wrote a very ingenious letter in my behalf, in which he gave it as his opinion that the Duke owed me three thousand five hundred gold crowns, to be paid in gold; that this did not suffice as payment for such a masterpiece, but was to be regarded as an instalment for maintenance; yet I should be satisfied with it. And he added a great deal else, but all to the effect that this was the price we had decided on. The Duke agreed to this, just as pleased as I was ill-content. When the Duchess heard of it, she said, "The poor man would have done better to have depended on me, for I should have secured him five thousand gold crowns"; and one day when I had gone to the palace, she said the like to me in the presence of Messer Alamanno Salviati; and she laughed at me, saying my ill luck served me right.

The Duke arranged for me to have a hundred gold crowns in gold a month, till the whole sum should be paid up; and so the thing dragged on for several months. Afterwards Messer Antonio de' Nobili, who had the affair in hand, began to give me only fifty; then sometimes it would be twenty-five; and again nothing at all. So when I saw all this delay I asked Messer Antonio very courteously why he did not pay up the sum; and just as politely did he reply. However, in this reply he seemed to me to give himself away somewhat. But judge for yourselves. For first he said that the reason why he did not go on paying me, was that the palace was in sore want of money; but when money came in he would discharge the debt to me. Then he added, "On my soul, if I were not to pay you, I should indeed be a rascal!" I wondered to hear him say such a thing; yet I hoped still that when he could he would pay up. But when I saw that quite the contrary happened, and that I was being outraged, I got angry, and with bold and fiery words I reminded him of the name he said he should deserve were he not to deal honestly with me. But the man died; and five hundred gold crowns are owing to me still today, and we are near the end of 1566. Besides, there was a balance due to me for salary, which I thought would never be paid up now, for nearly three years had passed. But the Duke fell ill of a serious malady, the natural functions of his body being suspended for forty-eight hours. Seeing that the doctors' remedies were of no avail, perhaps he turned to God, and for that reason ordered that all those in his employment should be paid what was due to them. And I, too, was paid; but not the balance of the money for the Perseus.

It was about this time that the huge block of marble for the Neptune was brought up the Arno, and then by the Grieve to the Poggio a Caiano road, that it might be brought to Florence by that level way. I went out there to see it. Though I was well aware that the Duchess had got it for the Cavaliere Bandinello by her special favour, I felt no jealousy of him; but pity seized me for that poor unlucky block of marble. For, observe, if a thing be marked out for an evil destiny, it is useless to try to save it from

a threatening ill. Something far worse only befalls it. So was it with this marble when it came into the hands of Bartolommeo Ammanato, of whom I shall speak the truth in its own place. Well, after I had looked at this magnificent block, I measured it carefully every way, and when I went back to Florence I made several little models proportionate to its dimensions. Then I set off for Poggio a Caiano, where the Duke and Duchess were with their son, the Prince. I found them at table; and as the Duke and Duchess were eating apart from the rest, I began to talk to the Prince. After a time the Duke, who was in an adjoining room, heard me, and did me the honour of calling me. When I entered the presence of their Excellencies, the Duchess began to speak very amiably to me, till at last I was able to introduce the subject of the splendid block of marble I had seen. Then I went on to tell how their fathers had bred great talents in the noble school of Florentine art only by pitting the best artists against each other in honourable rivalry. So was the wonderful cupola, and so were the exquisite doors of San Giovanni made, and many other temples and statues besides, which were now a crown of genius on their city's head, the like of which had never been seen since ancient days. All at once the Duchess broke in angrily, saying she understood my drift quite well, and she forbade me ever to speak another word about that marble in her hearing, for it displeased her. I answered, "Then I displease you in desiring to be your Excellencies' procurator, and in striving that you be better served? Think a little, my lady; if your Excellencies will consent that each of us make a model for the Neptune, though you have made up your minds to give it to Bandinello, it will come about that, for his own credit, he will take more pains with his than if there were no competitors. Thus you will be better served, and will not bring discouragement to this marvellous school of Florence. You will see which of us is in the right way—I mean, who follows the great style of our wonderful art; and will prove yourselves to be princely patrons of taste and understanding." The Duchess got in a temper and told me I wearied her to death, and that she wanted Bandinello to have the marble. "Ask the Duke," she went on, "for his Excellency is of the same mind." When the Duchess had finished, the Duke, who till now had been dumb, said, "It is twenty years since I had that fine block dug up specially for Bandinello; and so I want him to have it for his very own." Then I turned to him and said, "My lord, I beg that you will be good enough to hear me while I say three or four words in your own interest." He answered I might say what I liked; he would listen. Then I went on, "You must know, my lord, that the marble out of which Bandinello made his Hercules and Cacus was dug for the divine Michel Agnolo, who had made the model of a Samson with four figures about him. It would have been the finest thing in the world. Now your Bandinello only got two figures out of it; and a wretched bit of cobbled work it was, too; so that the noble school still cries out at the great wrong which the fine marble suffered. I believe that over a thousand sonnets were stuck up, crying shame on the miserable bit of work; and I know your Excellency remembers the circumstance quite well. And so, my

valorous lord, because those who were responsible for that work were so ignorant as to take away the fine block of marble from Michel Agnolo—though it had been quarried for him—and give it to Bandinello, who spoiled it, as is plainly to be seen, will you suffer that he should spoil this still more wonderful block, though it be his, rather than give it to an abler man, who would get the best out of it for you? I entreat of you, my lord, consent that whoever has the will may make a model. Then let them all be exhibited to the school; your Excellency will hear what the artists say; and with your good judgment you will know how to choose the best. In this way you will neither be throwing away your money, nor taking the heart out of so talented a school as ours, unique today in all the world, and the chief glory of your Excellency.” The Duke had listened very amiably; and when he got up from table, he turned to me and said, “Go, my Benvenuto; make a model, and win the fine marble; for it is the truth you tell me. That I own.” But the Duchess shook her head threateningly, and muttered I know not what in her anger. I did them reverence, and went back to Florence, dying with impatience to begin upon the model.

The Duke returned to Florence, and came to see me at my house without a word beforehand. I showed him two different designs I had made. He praised them both, but said he liked one better than the other, and bade me finish it carefully, for it would be to my profit. He had seen Bandinello’s and the others’ too; but he said mine was a long way better than the rest. So was I told by many of the people of his court who had heard him. Among other notable things I remember in this regard, there is one which merits every attention. The Cardinal of Santa Fiore came to Florence on a visit, and the Duke took him to Poggio a Caiano. As he passed along the road, he saw the block of marble. He praised it greatly, and then asked his Excellency for what sculptor he intended it. The Duke answered without hesitation, “My Benvenuto, who has made me a magnificent model for it.”

As soon as it was completed, the Duke came to inspect it, accompanied by two ambassadors from the Duke of Ferrara and the Signory of Lucca. He was much pleased with it, and said to the gentlemen, “Without a doubt Benvenuto deserves it.” Then they complimented me warmly, more especially the ambassador from Lucca, who was a man of taste and learning. I had gone apart that they might say whatever they liked; but hearing these complimentary words, I went up to the Duke and said, “My lord, your Excellency should demand still another test; you should order those of us who care to undergo it to make a clay model of the size which the marble will allow of. Then you will see much better who deserves the order. And I say that if your Excellency should give it to an incapable man, this will not wrong the deserving sculptor so much as it will wrong yourself; for you will lose both your money and your credit. Whereas, if you give it to the right man, you will win the greatest glory, and make an excellent investment of your money; and all persons of taste will believe you do, indeed, take delight in art and have a knowledge of it.” The Duke shrugged his shoulders at my words. When he was moving away, the

ambassador of Lucca said to him, "My lord, this Benvenuto of yours is a terrible man!" And the Duke replied, "He is much more terrible than you know; and it would be a good thing for him if he had been less so; for then he'd be more prosperous today than he is." These deliberate words were reported to me by the ambassador himself, as if he would have chid me for my conduct. I answered that I wished to do my duty to my lord as became his loving and faithful servant; but I did not know how to flatter him. A few weeks after this Bandinello died; and the rumour was, that besides his excesses, his sorrow at the prospect of losing the marble had some part in his death.

The Duchess declared that as she had helped him in life, so would she be his friend in death; and though he was dead, I need never make any effort to get the marble. And so Bernardone the broker told me one day when I met him out in the country that she had settled the matter; whereupon I said, "O unhappy marble! Surely its fate would have been evil enough had it fallen into the hands of Bandinello; but left to Ammanato, it fares a hundred times worse."

About this time the Queen of France sent Messer Baccio del Bene to our Duke, to negotiate a loan of money; and the Duke granted the request most graciously, it was reported. Now Messer Baccio and I had once been very intimate; and when we met again in Florence, we were most pleased to renew our intercourse. He told me of all the great honours done him by his Excellency; and, in the course of our conversation, asked me if I had any great works on hand. So I told him the whole story of the huge Neptune statue and the fountain from the beginning, and the great injustice done me by the Duchess. On hearing this, he informed me that her Majesty was most eager to have the tomb of her late husband King Henry completed; that Daniello of Volterra had undertaken to make for it a great bronze horse, but that the time was up in which he had promised it. The most splendid ornaments would be wanted for the tomb; so if I would return to France, to my own castle, she would supply me with every convenience for carrying on my work which I might ask for, had I but the will to serve her. I told Messer Baccio to ask me from my Duke; for, were his Excellency willing, I should gladly return to France. Then Messer Baccio, in high spirits, said, "We shall go back together"; and spoke as if the thing were done. So next day, in an interview with the Duke, he spoke of me, and said that if his Excellency would graciously permit it, the Queen would employ me in her service. Thereupon the Duke made answer, "Everybody knows what a clever man Benvenuto is; but now he has no more desire to work"; and then he talked about other things. The day after I went to see Messer Baccio, who told me everything. Then I could keep myself in no longer; and I cried out, "Ah! when his Excellency gave me nothing to do, I, on my own account, completed one of the most difficult works ever man attempted. It cost me more than two hundred crowns, which I paid out of my poverty. What, then, should I not have done if his Excellency had employed me? I tell you of a truth, a great wrong has been done me." The worthy gentleman reported all my

answer to the Duke; whereupon his lordship told him it was all a joke, and that he wanted to keep me for himself. This angered me so, that many a time I was on the point of making off without anybody's leave. But the Queen dropped the subject, lest she should offend the Duke; and I remained where I was, very ill pleased.

About this time the Duke set out on a journey with all his court and all his sons, save the Prince, who was in Spain. They made their way by the Sienese marshes to Pisa. The Cardinal was the first to be affected by the poisonous air of the Maremma. In a few days he was attacked by a pestilential fever; and shortly after he died. He was as the Duke's right eye, a handsome youth, and a good; and his death was a great misfortune. I let several days pass, till I thought their tears might be dried; and then I set off for Pisa.

HERE ENDS BENVENUTO'S MANUSCRIPT

THE DIARY
OF
SAMUEL PEPYS

SAMUEL PEPYS

1633-1703

IN THE *Diary* of Samuel Pepys we possess a document of extraordinary interest: the secret record of the deeds and thoughts of a simple London citizen covering a period of some ten years of his busy life. Many persons have kept diaries of one sort or another, but Pepys' meticulous transcript of his thoughts and feelings has the added interest of having been written for his eyes alone. It was kept in an intricate form of shorthand and it rested quietly among Pepys' books at Cambridge until 1825, when it was rediscovered and deciphered. Had the *Diary* remained undeciphered, Samuel Pepys would be known today to a few persons as a faithful follower of James II, a capable civil servant, and author of the *Memoirs of the Royal Navy*. As a result of the publication of the *Diary*, however, the name of Samuel Pepys has become familiar all over the world. He is easily the best-known private person of Restoration England.

Pepys was born in London on February 23, 1633, of lower middle-class Puritan parents. His father, a tailor, had removed to London from the region north of Cambridge, and Pepys frequently revisited this region during the period of the *Diary*. Young Pepys was sent to St. Paul's School during the turbulent period of the Civil War, and just before he went to Cambridge to enter Magdalene College he witnessed one of the great events of English history: the beheading of King Charles I.

In 1655 he was once more in London, having obtained his B.A. degree and having married Elizabeth St. Michel, a fifteen-year-old girl, daughter of a French Huguenot exile. The young couple were extremely poor but apparently much in love. During the period covered by the *Diary* there are records of many quarrels and many jealousies, but most of them—even the serious quarrel in 1668—ended with Pepys and his wife "friends once more," as he put it.

From poor beginnings financially, Pepys rose fairly rapidly to a position of prominence in government affairs. Thanks to his influential cousin Edward Montagu, later Earl of Sandwich (Pepys always refers to him in the *Diary* as "my Lord"), he was advanced from the position of secretary to his cousin to that of Clerk of the Acts for the Navy Office. Although he was, at the outset, almost entirely ignorant of naval matters and so ill equipped for clerical work that he had to study the multiplication table at home, he seems to have regarded the chaos of the Navy Office as a personal challenge. After the disastrous period of the Plague, the Fire, and the Dutch War (1665-67) Pepys was regarded by the King and the Duke of York as the person best qualified to defend the administration in a speech in Parliament. As a direct result of his successful defense Pepys was made Secretary to the Admiralty and he found himself, at last, in a position to effect the many needed reforms in Navy affairs.

Pepys reached the pinnacle of his career when his patron, the Duke of York, ascended the throne as James II. But he shared in the fall of James as well and resigned his secretaryship when the King fled to France after the Bloodless Revolution of 1688-89. He retired from public life and devoted himself to his scientific interests (he was a member and a president of the Royal Society), to his book collecting (he left a valuable library to his college at Cambridge), and to the writing of his only book for publication: the *Memoirs of the Royal Navy*. He died in 1703.

We must remember that the *Diary* was the work of a young man and of a young man who never dreamed that the daily entries in his journal would one day be studied by students of literature. Some may feel that the man revealed in the *Diary* is indeed the "curious fellow" that Walter Scott thought him, that he is unduly interested in wine, women, and song, or even that he is ignorant, superstitious, and morally lax. That such an opinion of the diarist should be held is probably the result of the *Diary's* covering only a portion of Pepys' life. The enthusiasms of Pepys are the enthusiasms of a young man in the midst of exciting times. If there is enthusiasm over pleasure, there is equal enthusiasm over plain hard work. If there are confessions of moral weakness in his pages, there is also self-condemnation, and it may very well be that he found that his *Diary* was of great assistance to him in his attempts to discipline himself. He is probably quite sincere when he takes stock of himself at the end of the year 1662:

My purse is worth about £650, besides my goods of all sorts, which yet might have been more but for my late laying out upon my house

and public assessment, and yet would not have been so much if I had not lived a very orderly life all this year by virtue of the oaths that God put into my heart to take against wine, plays, and other expenses, and to observe for these last twelve months, and which I am now going to renew, I under God owing my present content thereunto

Pepys' *Diary* is great because, as George Sampson remarked, Pepys, without knowing it, was a creative artist. To him the external creature called Samuel Pepys was an object very much worth contemplating "The creative instinct compels creation; and a genuine artistic creation, though it has a personal origin, has a continued interest for others. . . . He himself is his own triumphant creation. So perfect is the picture that his very faults appeal to our affection."

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS

1660

BLESSED be God, at the end of the last year I was in very good health, without any sense of my old pain, but upon taking of cold. I lived in Axe Yard, having my wife, and servant Jane, and no more in family than us three.

The condition of the State was thus; viz. the Rump, after being disturbed by my Lord Lambert, was lately returned to sit again. The officers of the Army all forced to yield. Lawson lies still in the river, and Monk is with his army in Scotland. Only my Lord Lambert is not yet come into the Parliament, nor is it expected that he will without being forced to it. The new Common Council of the City do speak very high; and had sent to Monk their sword-bearer, to acquaint him with their desires for a free and full Parliament, which is at present the desires, and the hopes, and expectation of all. Twenty-two of the old secluded members having been at the House-door the last week to demand entrance, but it was denied them: and it is believed that [neither] they nor the people will be satisfied till the House be filled. My own private condition very handsome, and esteemed rich, but indeed very poor; besides my goods of my house, and my office, which at present is somewhat uncertain. Mr. Downing master of my office.

Jan. 1st (Lord's day). This morning (we living lately in the garret,) I rose, put on my suit with great skirts, having not lately worn any other clothes but them. Went to Mr. Gunning's chapel at Exeter House, where he made a very good sermon upon these words:—"That in the fulness of time God sent his Son, made of a woman," &c.; showing, that, by "made under the law," is meant his circumcision, which is solemnized this day. Dined at home in the garret, where my wife dressed the remains of a turkey, and in the doing of it she burned her hand. I staid at home all the afternoon, looking over my accounts.

2nd. In the morning before I went forth old East brought me a dozen of bottles of sack, and I gave him a shilling for his pains. Then I went to Mr. Sheply, who was drawing of sack in the wine cellar to send

to other places as a gift from my Lord, and told me that my Lord had given him order to give me the dozen of bottles. I went down into the Hall and to Will's, where Hawly brought a piece of his Cheshire cheese, and we were merry with it. Then into the Hall again, where I met with the Clerk and Quarter Master of my Lord's troop, and took them to the Swan and gave them their morning's draft, they being just come to town. I went to Will's again, where I found them still at cards, and Spicer had won 14s. of Shaw and Vines. Then I spent a little time with G. Vines and Maylard at Vines's at our viols. So home, and from thence to Mr. Hunt's, and sat with them and Mr. Hawly at cards till ten at night, and was much made of by them. Home and so to bed, but much troubled with my nose, which was much swelled.

5th. I went to my office. Then I went home, and after writing a letter to my Lord and told him the news that Monk and Fairfax were commanded up to town, and that the Prince's lodgings were to be provided for Monk at Whitehall. Then my wife and I, it being a great frost, went to Mrs. Jem's, in expectation to eat a sack-posset, but Mr. Edward not coming it was put off.

15th. Having been exceedingly disturbed in the night with the barking of a dog of one of our neighbors that I could not sleep for an hour or two, I slept late, and then in the morning took physick, and so staid within all day.

16th. At noon, Harry Ethall came to me and went along with Mr. Maylard by coach as far as Salisbury Court, and there we set him down, and we went to the Clerks, where we came a little too late, but in a closet we had a very good dinner by Mr. Pinkney's courtesy, and after dinner we had pretty good singing, and one, Hazard, sung alone after the old fashion, which was very much cried up, but I did not like it. Thence we went to the Green Dragon, on Lambeth Hill, both the Mr. Pinkney's, Smith, Harrison, Morrice, that sang the bass, Sheply and I, and there we sang of all sorts of things, and I ventured with good success upon things at first sight, and after that I played on my flageolet, and staid there till nine o'clock, very merry and drawn on with one song after another till it came to be so late. After that Sheply, Harrison and myself, we went towards Westminster on foot, and at the Golden Lion, near Charing Cross, we went in and drank a pint of wine, and so parted, and thence home, where I found my wife and maid a-washing. I staid up till the bellman came by with his bell just under my window as I was writing of this very line, and cried, "Past one of the clock, and a cold, frosty, windy morning." I then went to bed, and left my wife and the maid a-washing still.

18th. All the world is at a loss to think what Monk will do: the City saying that he will be for them, and the Parliament saying he will be for them.

26th. Home from my office to my Lord's lodgings where my wife had got ready a very fine dinner—viz. a dish of marrow bones; a leg of mutton; a loin of veal; a dish of fowl, three pullets, and two dozen of

larks all in a dish; a great tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies; a dish of prawns and cheese.

30th. This morning, before I was up, I fell a-singing of my song, "Great, good, and just," &c, and put myself thereby in mind that this was the fatal day, now ten years since, his Majesty died.

Feb. 7th To the Hall, where in the Palace I saw Monk's soldiers abuse Billing and all the Quakers, that were at a meeting-place there, and indeed the soldiers did use them very roughly and were to blame.

8th. A little practice on my flageolet, and afterwards walking in my yard to see my stock of pigeons, which begin now with the spring to breed very fast.

9th. I called at Mr. Harper's, who told me how Monk had this day clapt up many of the Common-council, and that the Parliament had voted that he should pull down their gates and portcullisses, their posts and their chains, which he do intend to do, and do lie in the City all night. I went home and got some allum to my mouth, where I have the beginnings of a cancer, and had also a plaster to my boil underneath my chin.

11th. I went home to Guildhall to see whether Monk was come again or no, and met with him coming out of the chamber where he had been with the Mayor and Aldermen, but such a shout I never heard in all my life, crying out, "God bless your Excellence." And indeed I saw many people give the soldiers drink and money, and all along in the streets cried, "God bless them!" and extraordinary good words. In Cheap-side there was a great many bonfires, and Bow bells and all the bells in all the churches as we went home were a-ringing. Hence we went home-wards, it being about ten o'clock. But the common joy was every where to be seen! The number of bonfires, there being fourteen between St. Dunstan's and Temple Bar, and at Strand Bridge I could at one view tell thirty-one fires. In King-street seven or eight; and all along burning, and roasting, and drinking for rumps. There being rumps tied upon sticks and carried up and down. The butchers at the May Pole in the Strand rang a peal with their knives when they were going to sacrifice their rump. On Ludgate Hill there was one turning of the spit that had a rump tied upon it, and another basting of it. Indeed it was past imagination, both the greatness and the suddenness of it. At one end of the street you would think there was a whole lane of fire, and so hot that we were fain to keep still on the further side merely for heat.

12th. So to bed, where my wife and I had some high words upon my telling her that I would fling the dog which her brother gave her out of window if he [dirtied] the house any more.

21st. In the morning going out I saw many soldiers going toward Westminster, and was told that they were going to admit the secluded members again. So I to Westminster Hall, and in Chancery Row I saw about twenty of them who had been at White Hall with General Monk, who came hither this morning, and made a speech to them, and recommended to them a Commonwealth, and against Charles Stuart. They came to the House and went in one after another, and at last the Speaker came.

Mr. Prin came with an old basket hilt sword on, and had a great many shouts upon his going into the Hall. They sat till noon, and at their coming out Mr. Crew saw me, and bid me come to his house, which I did, and he would have me dine with him, which I did; and he very joyful told me that the House had made General Monk, General of all the Forces in England, Scotland, and Ireland; and that upon Monk's desire, for the service that Lawson had lately done in pulling down the Committee of Safety, he had the command of the Sea for the time being. He advised me to send for my Lord forthwith, and told me that there is no question that, if he will, he may now be employed again; and that the House do intend to do nothing more than to issue writs, and to settle a foundation for a free Parliament. Here out of the window it was a most pleasant sight to see the City from one end to the other with a glory about it, so high was the light of the bonfires, and so thick round the City, and the bells rang everywhere.

23^d. Thursday, my birthday, now twenty-seven years. A pretty fair morning, I rose and after writing a while in my study I went forth.

27th. So we went to our Inn, and after eating of something, and kissed the daughter of the house, she being very pretty, we took leave, and so that night, the road pretty good, but the weather rainy to Ep[p]-ing, where we sat and played a game of cards, and after supper, and some merry talk with a plain bold maid of the house, we went to bed.

March 2nd. Great is the talk of a single person, and that it would now be Charles, George, or Richard again. For the last of which, my Lord St. John is said to speak high. Great also is the dispute now in the House, in whose name the writs shall run for the next Parliament; and it is said that Mr. Prin, in open House, said, "In King Charles's."

3^d. To Westminster Hall, where I found that my Lord was last night voted one of the Generals at Sea, and Monk the other. Up to my office, but did nothing. At noon home to dinner to a sheep's head.

5th. Early in the morning Mr. Hill comes to string my theorbo, which we were about till past ten o'clock, with a great deal of pleasure. Great hopes of the King's coming again. To bed.

6th. (Shrove Tuesday.) I called Mr. Sheply and we both went up to my Lord's lodgings at Mr. Crew's, where he bade us to go home again, and get a fire against an hour after. Which we did at White Hall, whither he came, and after talking with him and me about his going to sea, he called me by myself to go along with him into the garden, where he asked me how things were with me, and what he had endeavoured to do with my uncle to get him to do something for me, but he would say nothing too. He likewise bade me look out now at his turn some good place, and he would use all his own, and all the interest of his friends that he had in England, to do me good. And asked me whether I could, without too much inconvenience, go to sea as his secretary, and bid me think of it. He also began to talk things of State, and told me that he should want one in that capacity at sea, that he might trust in, and therefore he would have me to go. He told me also, that he did believe the King would

come in, and did discourse with me about it, and about the affection of the people and City, at which I was full glad. After he was gone, I waiting upon him through the garden till he came to the Hall, where I left him and went up to my office, where Mr. Hawly brought one to me, a seaman, that had promised £10 to him if he get him a purser's place, which I think to endeavour to do. My Lord told me, that there was great endeavours to bring in the Protector again; but he told me, too, that he did believe it would not last long if he were brought in; no, nor the King neither (though he seems to think that he will come in), unless he carry himself very soberly and well. Every body now drinks the King's health without any fear, whereas before it was very private that a man dare do it.

9th. Home and to bed. All night troubled in my thoughts how to order my business upon this great change with me that I could not sleep, and being overheated with drink I made a promise the next morning to drink no strong drink this week, for I find that it makes me sweat and puts me quite out of order.

10th. In the morning went to my father's, whom I took in his cutting house, and there I told him my resolution to go to sea with my Lord, and consulted with him how to dispose of my wife, and we resolve of letting her be at Mr. Bowyer's. Then by coach home, where I took occasion to tell my wife of my going to sea, who was much troubled at it, and was with some dispute at last willing to continue at Bowyer's in my absence.

11th. (Sunday) All the day busy without my band on, putting up my books and things, in order to my going to sea.

16th. No sooner out of bed but troubled with abundance of clients, seamen. Then to Westminster Hall, where I heard how the Parliament had this day dissolved themselves, and did pass very cheerfully through the Hall, and the Speaker without his mace. The whole Hall was joyful thereat, as well as themselves, and now they begin to talk loud of the King. To-night I am told, that yesterday, about five o'clock in the afternoon, one came with a ladder to the Great Exchange, and wiped with a brush the inscription that was upon King Charles, and that there was a great bonfire made in the Exchange, and people called out "God bless King Charles the Second!" From the Hall I went home to bed, very sad in mind to part with my wife, but God's will be done.

17th. This morning bade adieu in bed to the company of my wife. We rose and I gave my wife some money to serve her for a time, and what papers of consequence I had. After dinner to my own house, where all things were put up into the dining-room and locked up, and my wife took the keys along with her. This day, in the presence of Mr. Moore (who made it) and Mr. Hawly, I did before I went out with my wife, seal my will to her, whereby I give her all that I have in the world, but my books which I give to my brother John, excepting only French books, which my wife is to have.

19th. All the discourse now-a-day is, that the King will come again; and for all I see, it is the wishes of all; and all do believe that it will be so.

20th. This morning I rose early and went to my house to put things in a little order against my going, which I conceive will be to-morrow (the weather still very rainy). Took a short melancholy leave of my father and mother, without having them to drink, or say anything of business one to another. And indeed I had a fear upon me I should scarce ever see my mother again, she having a great cold then upon her. Then to Westminster, where by reason of rain and an easterly wind, the water was so high that there was boats rowed in King Street and all our yard was drowned, that one could not go to my house, so as no man has seen the like almost, most houses full of water. Then back by coach to my Lord's, where I met Mr. Sheply, who staid with me waiting for my Lord's coming in till very late. Then he and I, and William Howe went with our swords to bring my Lord home from Sir H. Wright's. He resolved to go to-morrow if the wind ceased.

21st. To my Lord's, but the wind very high against us, and the weather bad we could not go to-day.

22nd. Up very early and set things in order at my house. But the weather continuing very bad my Lord would not go to-day. I went forth about my own business to buy a pair of riding grey serge stockings and sword and belt and hose, and after that took Wotton and Brigden to the Pope's Head Tavern in Chancery Lane, where Gilb. Holland and Shelston were, and we dined and drank a great deal of wine, and they paid all. Strange how these people do now promise me anything; one a rapier, the other a vessel of wine or a gun, and one offered me his silver hatband to do him a courtesy. I pray God to keep me from being proud or too much lifted up hereby. After that to Westminster, and took leave of Kate Sterpin who was very sorry to part with me.

23rd. Up early, carried my Lord's will in a black box to Mr. William Montagu for him to keep for him. Then to the barber's and put on my cravat there. So to my Lord again, who was almost ready to be gone and had staid for me. Soon as my Lord on board, the guns went off bravely from the ships. And a little while after comes the Vice-Admiral Lawson, and seemed very respectful to my Lord, and so did the rest of the Commanders of the frigates that were thereabouts. I to the cabin allotted for me, which was the best that any had that belonged to my Lord.

29th. We lie still a little below Gravesend. At night Mr. Sheply returned from London, and told us of several elections for the next Parliament. That the King's effigies was new making to be set up in the Exchange again.

Apr. 6th. We under sail as far as the Spitts. In the afternoon, W. Howe and I to our viallins, the first time since we came on board. This afternoon I made even with my Lord to this day, and did give him all the money remaining in my hands. In the evening, it being fine moonshine, I staid late walking upon the quarter-deck with Mr. Cuttance, learning of some sea terms.

7th. This day, about nine o'clock in the morning, the wind grew high, and we being among the sands lay at anchor; I began to get dizzy

and squeamish. Before dinner my Lord sent for me down to eat some oysters, the best my Lord said that ever he ate in his life, though I have ate as good at Bardsey. After dinner, and all the afternoon I walked upon the deck to keep myself from being sick, and at last about five o'clock, went to bed and got a caudle made me, and sleep upon it very well.

8th (Lord's day). Very calm again, and I pretty well, but my head ached all day. The lieutenant and I lay out of his window with his glass, looking at the women that were on board the vessels nearby, being pretty handsome

9th. We having sailed all night, were come in sight of the Nore and South Forelands in the morning, and so sailed all day. In the afternoon we had a very fresh gale, which I brooked better than I thought I should be able to do. This afternoon I first saw France and Calais, with which I was much pleased, though it was at a distance.

26th. Mr Sheply, W. Howe and I down with J. Goods into my Lord's stateroom of wine and other drink, where it was very pleasant to observe the massy timbers that the ship is made of. We in the room were wholly under water and yet a deck below that.

27th. After dinner in the afternoon came on board Sir Thomas Hatton and Sir R. Maleverer going for Flushing; but all the world know that they go where the rest of the many gentlemen go that every day flock to the King at Breda. They supped here, and my Lord treated them as he do the rest that go thither, with a great deal of civility.

May 2nd. In the morning at a breakfast of radishes at the Purser's cabin. After that the writing till dinner. At which time comes Dunne from London, with letters that tell us the welcome news of the Parliament's votes yesterday, which will be remembered for the happiest May-day that hath been many a year to England. The King's letter was read in the House, wherein he submits himself and all things to them, as to an Act of Oblivion to all, unless they shall please to except any, as to the confirming of the sales of the King's and Church lands, if they see good. The House upon reading the letter, ordered £50,000 to be forthwith provided to send to His Majesty for his present supply; and a committee chosen to return an answer of thanks to His Majesty for his gracious letter, and that the letter be kept among the records of the Parliament; and in all this not so much as one No. Great joy all yesterday at London, and at night more bonfires than ever, and ringing of bells, and drinking of the King's health upon their knees in the streets, which methinks is a little too much. But every body seems to be very joyfull in the business, insomuch that our sea-commanders now begin to say so too, which a week ago they would not do. And our seamen, as many as had money or credit for drink, did do nothing else this evening.

3rd. This morning my Lord showed me the King's declaration and his letter to the two Generals to be communicated to the fleet. I went up to the quarter-deck with my Lord and the Commanders, and there read both the papers and the vote; which done, and demanding their opinion, the seamen did all of them cry out, "God bless King Charles!" with the

greatest joy imaginable. My Lord was much pleased to hear how all the fleet took it in a transport of joy, showed me a private letter of the King's to him, and another from the Duke of York in such familiar style as to their common friend, with all kindness imaginable. My Lord seemed to put great confidence in me, and would take my advice in many things. I perceive his being willing to do all the honour in the world to Monk, and to let him have all the honour of doing the business, though he will many times express his thoughts of him to be but a thick-skulled fool. So that I do believe there is some agreement more than ordinary between the King and my Lord to let Monk carry on the business, for it is he that must do the business, or at least that can hinder it, if he be not flattered and observed. This, my Lord will hint himself sometimes.

4th. I wrote this morning many letters, and to all the copies of the vote of the council of war I put my name, that if it should come in print my name may be at it. I sent a copy of the vote to Doling, inclosed in this letter:—

SIR, He that can fancy a fleet (like ours) in her pride, with pendants loose, guns roaring, caps flying, and the loud "*Vive le Roys*," echoed from one ship's company to another, he, and he only, can apprehend the joy this inclosed vote was received with, or the blessing he thought himself possessed of that bore it, and is

YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT

9th. Up very early, writing a letter to the King, as from the two Generals of the fleet, in answer to his letter to them, wherein my Lord do give most humble thanks for his gracious letter and declaration; and promises all duty and obedience to him. As we were sitting down to dinner, in comes Noble with a letter from the House of Lords to my Lord, to desire him to provide ships to transport the Commissioners to the King, which are expected here this week. He brought us certain news that the King was proclaimed yesterday with great pomp, and brought down one of the Proclamations, with great joy to us all; for which God be praised. After dinner to ninepins and lost 5s.

11th. This morning we began to pull down all the State's arms in the fleet, having first sent to Dover for painters and others to come to set up the King's.

13th (*Lord's day*). Trimmed in the morning, after that to the cook's room with Mr. Sheply, the first time that I was there this voyage. Then to the quarter-deck, upon which the tailors and painters were at work, cutting out some pieces of yellow cloth into the fashion of a crown and C. R. and put it upon a fine sheet, and that into the flag instead of the State's arms. In the afternoon a council of war, only to acquaint them that the Harp must be taken out of all their flags, it being very offensive to the King. Mr. Cook, who came after us in the Yarmouth, bringing me a letter from my wife and a Latin letter from my brother John, with both of which I was exceedingly pleased.

14th. In the morning when I woke and rose, I saw myself out of the

scuttle close by the shore, which afterwards I was told to be the Dutch shore; the Hague was clearly to be seen by us. My Lord went up in his nightgown into the cuddy, to see how to dispose thereof for himself and us that belong to him, to give order for our removal to-day. Some nasty Dutchmen came on board to proffer their boats to carry things from us on shore, &c., to get money by us. Before noon some gentlemen came on board from the shore to kiss my Lord's hands. And by and by Mr. North and Dr. Clerke went to kiss the Queen of Bohemia's hands, from my Lord, with twelve attendants to wait on them, among which I sent my boy [Lord Sandwich's son], who, like myself, is with child to see any strange thing. After noon they came back again after having kissed the Queen of Bohemia's hand, and were sent again by my Lord to do the same to the Prince of Orange. So I got the Captain to ask leave for me to go, which my Lord did give, and I taking my boy and Judge Advocate with me, went in company with them. The weather bad; we were sadly washed when we came near the shore, it being very hard to land there. The shore is, as all the country between that and the Hague, all sand. The rest of the company got a coach by themselves; Mr. Creed and I went in the fore part of a coach wherein were two very pretty ladies, very fashionable and with black patches, who very merrily sang all the way and that very well, and were very free to kiss the two blades that were with them. I took out my flageolet and piped. The Hague is a most neat place in all respects. The houses so neat in all places and things as is possible. Here we walked up and down a great while, the town being now very full of Englishmen.

15th. We lay till past three o'clock, then up and down the town, to see it by daylight, where we saw the soldiers of the Prince's guard, all very fine, and the burghers of the town with their arms and muskets as bright as silver. And meeting this morning a schoolmaster that spoke good English and French, he went along with us and shewed us the whole town, and indeed I cannot speak enough of the gallantry of the town. Every body of fashion speaks French or Latin, or both. The women many of them very pretty and in good habits, fashionable and black spots. After that to a bookseller's and bought for the love of the binding three books: the French Psalms in four parts, Bacon's Organon, and Farnab. Rhetor.

16th. Soon as I was up I went down to be trimmed below in the great cabin, but then come in some with visits, among the rest one from Admiral Opdam, who spoke Latin well, but not French nor English, to whom my Lord made me to give his answer and to entertain; he brought my Lord a tierce of wine and a barrel of butter, as a present from the Admiral. This afternoon Mr. Edwd. Pickering told me in what a sad, poor condition for clothes and money the King was, and all his attendants, when he came to him first from my Lord, their clothes not being worth forty shillings the best of them. And how overjoyed the King was when Sir J. Greenville brought him some money; so joyful, that he called the Princess Royal and Duke of York to look upon it as it lay in the portman-teau before it was taken out. My Lord told me, too, that the Duke of York is made High Admiral of England.

17th. Up early to write down my last two days' observations. Before dinner Mr. Edw. Pickering and I, W. Howe, Pim, and my boy, to Scheveling, where we took coach, and so to the Hague, where walking, intending to find one that might show us the King incognito, I met with Captain Whittington (that had formerly brought a letter to my Lord from the Mayor of London) and he did promise me to do it, but first we went and dined at a French house, but paid 16s. for our part of the club. At dinner in came Dr. Cade, a merry mad parson of the King's. And they two after dinner got the child and me (the others not being able to crowd in) to see the King, who kissed the child very affectionately. Then we kissed his, and the Duke of York's, and the Princess Royal's hands. The King seems to be a sober man; and a very splendid Court he hath in the number of persons of quality that are about him, English very rich in habit. From the King to the Lord Chancellor, who did lie bed-ridden of the gout; he spoke very merrily to the child and me. After that, going to see the Queen of Bohemia, I met with Dr. Fuller, whom I sent to a tavern with Mr. Edw. Pickering, while I and the rest went to see the Queen, who used us very respectfully; her hand we all kissed. She seems very debonaire, but plain lady. After that to the Dr.'s, where we drank a while or so.

18th. Back by water, where a pretty sober Dutch lass sat reading all the way, and I could not fasten any discourse upon her.

20th. Up early, and with Mr. Pickering and the child by waggon to Scheveling, where it not being yet fit to go off, I went to lie down in a chamber in the house, where in another bed there was a pretty Dutch woman in bed alone, but though I had a month's mind I had not the boldness to go to her. So there I slept an hour or two. At last she rose, and then I rose and walked up and down the chamber, and saw her dress herself after the Dutch dress, and talked to her as much as I could, and took occasion, from her ring which she wore on her first finger, to kiss her hand, but had not the face to offer anything more. So at last I left her there and went to my company. Commissioner Pett at last came to our lodging, and caused the boats to go off; so some in one boat and some in another we all bid adieu to the shore. But through badness of weather we were in great danger, and a great while before we could get to the ship, so that of all the company not one but myself that was not sick. I keeping myself in the open air, though I was soundly wet for it. I having spoke a word or two with my Lord, being not very well settled, partly through last night's drinking and want of sleep, I lay down in my gown upon my bed and slept till the 4 o'clock gun the next morning waked me, which I took for 8 at night, and rising . . . mistook the sun rising for the sun setting on Sunday night.

21st. So into my naked bed and slept till 9 o'clock, and then John Goods waked me, [by] and by the captain's boy brought me four barrels of Mallows oysters, which Captain Tatnell had sent me from Murlace. The weather foul all this day also. By letters that came hither in my absence, I understand that the Parliament had ordered all persons to be secured, in order to a trial, that did sit as judges in the late King's death, and all

the officers too attending the Court. News brought that the two Dukes are coming on board, which, by and by, they did, in a Dutch boat, the Duke of York in yellow trimmings, the Duke of Gloucester in grey and red. My Lord went in a boat to meet them, the captain, myself, and others, standing at the entering port. So soon as they were entered we shot the guns off round the fleet. After that they went to view the ship all over, and were most exceedingly pleased with it. They seem to be both very fine gentlemen. News is sent us that the King is on shore; so my Lord fired all his guns round twice, and all the fleet after him, which in the end fell into disorder, which seemed very handsome. The gun over against my cabin I fired myself to the King, which was the first time that he had been saluted by his own ships since this change; but holding my head too much over the gun, I had almost spoiled my right eye. Nothing in the world but going of guns almost all this day.

23^d. The Doctor and I waked very merry. In the morning came infinity of people on board from the King to go along with him. My Lord, Mr. Crew, and others, go on shore to meet the King as he comes off from shore, where Sir R. Stayner bringing His Majesty into the boat, I hear that His Majesty did with a great deal of affection kiss my Lord upon his first meeting. The King, with the two Dukes and Queen of Bohemia, Princess Royal and Prince of Orange, came on board, where I in their coming in kissed the King's, Queen's, and Princess's hands, having done the other before. Infinite shooting off of the guns, and that in a disorder on purpose, which was better than if it had been otherwise. All day nothing but Lords and persons of honour on board, that we were exceeding full. Dined in a great deal of state, the Royall company by themselves in the coach, which was a blessed sight to see. After dinner the King and Duke altered the name of some of the ships, viz. the Nazeby into Charles; the Richard, James; the Speaker, Mary, the Dunbar (which was not in company with us), the Henry; Winsly, Happy Return; Wakefield, Richmond; Lambert, the Henrietta; Cheriton, the Speedwell; Bradford, the Success. That done, the Queen, Princess Royal, and Prince of Orange, took leave of the King, and the Duke of York went on board the London, and the Duke of Gloucester, the Swiftsure. Which done, we weighed anchor, and with a fresh gale and most happy weather we set sail for England. All the afternoon the King walked here and there, up and down (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been), very active and stirring. Upon the quarter-deck he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through, as his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet, that he could scarce stir. Yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company, that took them for rogues. His sitting at table at one place, where the master of the house, that had not seen him in eight years, did know him, but kept it private; when at the same table there was one that had been of his own regiment at

Worcester, could not know him, but made him drink the King's health, and said that the King was at least four fingers higher than he. At another place he was by some servants of the house made to drink, that they might know him not to be a Roundhead, which they swore he was. In another place at his inn, the master of the house, as the King was standing with his hands upon the back of a chair by the fireside, kneeled down and kissed his hand, privately, saying, that he would not ask who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going. Then the difficulty of getting a boat to get into France, where he was fain to plot with the master thereof to keep his design from the four men and a boy (which was all his ship's company), and so go to Fécamp in France. At Rouin he looked so poorly, that the people went into the rooms before he went away to see whether he had not stolen something or other. The King supped alone in the coach; after that I got a dish, and we four supped in my cabin, as at noon. So to my cabin again, where the company still was, and were talking more of the King's difficulties; as how he was fain to eat a piece of bread and cheese out of a poor boy's pocket; how, at a Catholique house he was fain to lie in the priest's hole a good while in the house for his privacy. Under sail all night, and most glorious weather.

24th. Up, and make myself as fine as I could, with the linning stockings on and wide canons that I bought the other day at Hague. Extraordinary press of noble company, and great mirth all the day. Walking upon the decks, where persons of honour all the afternoon, among others, Thomas Killigrew (a merry droll, but a gentleman of great esteem with the King), who told us many merry stories. After this discourse I was called to write a pass for my Lord Mandeville to take up horses to London, which I wrote in the King's name, and carried it to him to sign, which was the first and only one that ever he signed in the ship Charles. To bed, coming in sight of land a little before night.

25th. By the morning we were come close to the land, and every body made ready to get on shore. The King and the two Dukes did eat their breakfast before they went, and there being set some ship's diet before them, only to show them the manner of the ship's diet, they eat of nothing else but pease and pork, and boiled beef. I spoke with the Duke of York about business, who called me Pepys by name, and upon my desire did promise me his future favour. Great expectation of the King's making some Knights, but there was none. About noon (though the brigantine that Beale made was there ready to carry him) yet he would go in my Lord's barge with the two Dukes. Our Captain steered, and my Lord went along bare with him. I went, and Mr. Mansell, and one of the King's footmen, with a dog that the King loved, (which [dirtied] the boat, which made us laugh, and methink that a King and all that belong to him are but just as others are), in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the King did, who was received by General Monk with all imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the land of Dover. Infinite the crowd of people and the horsemen, citizens, and noblemen of all sorts. The Mayor of the town came and gave him his white

staff, the badge of his place, which the King did give him again. The Mayor also presented him from the town a very rich Bible, which he took and said it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world. A canopy was provided for him to stand under, which he did, and talked awhile with General Monk and others, and so into a stately coach there set for him, and so away through the town towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover. The shouting and joy expressed by all is past imagination. My Lord returned late, and at his coming did give me order to cause the marke to be gilded, and a Crown and C. R. to be made at the head of the coach table, where the King to-day with his own hand did mark his height, which accordingly I caused the painter to do, and is now done as is to be seen.

26th. This night the Captain told me that my Lord had appointed me £30 out of the 1000 ducats which the King had given to the ship, at which my heart was very much joyed. To bed.

28th. This morning the Captain did call over the men in the ship (not the boys), and give every one of them a ducat of the King's money that he gave the ship, and the officers according to their quality. I received in the Captain's cabin, for my share, sixty ducats.

June 2nd. Being with my Lord in the morning about business in his cabin, I took occasion to give him thanks for his love to me in the share that he had given me of his Majesty's money, and the Duke's. He told me he hoped to do me a more lasting kindness, if all things stand as they are now between him and the King, but, says he, "We must have a little patience and we will rise together; in the mean time I will do you all the good jobs I can." Which was great content for me to hear from my Lord.

4th. This morning the King's Proclamation against drinking, swearing, and debauchery, was read to our ships' companies in the fleet. and indeed it gives great satisfaction to all.

8th. Out early, took horses at Deale. I troubled much with the King's gittar, and Fairbrother, the rogue that I intrusted with the carrying of it on foot, whom I thought I had lost. Come to Gravesend. A good handsome wench I kissed, the first that I have seen a great while.

9th. Up betimes, 25s. the reckoning for very bare. Paid the house and by boats to London, six boats. Mr. Moore, W. Howe, and I, and then the child in the room of W. Howe. Landed at the Temple. To Mr. Crew's. To my father's and put myself into a handsome posture to wait upon my Lord, dined there. To White Hall with my Lord and Mr. Edwd. Montagu. Found the King in the Park. There walked. Gallantly great.

18th. To my Lord's, where much business and some hopes of getting some money thereby. This evening my wife's brother, Balty, came to me to let me know his bad condition and to get a place for him, but I perceive he stands upon a place for a gentleman, that may not stain his family when, God help him, he wants bread.

23rd. So to my Lord's lodgings, where Tom Guy came to me, and there staid to see the King touch people for the King's evil. But he did not come at all, it rayned so; and the poor people were forced to stand

all the morning in the rain in the garden. Afterward he touched them in the Banqueting-house.

26th. In the afternoon, one Mr. Watts came to me, a merchant, to offer me £500 if I would desist from the Clerk of the Acts place. I pray God direct me in what I do herein.

27th. With my Lord to the Duke, where he spoke to Mr. Coventry to dispatch my business of the Acts, in which place everybody gives me joy, as if I were in it, which God send.

July 5th. This morning my brother Tom brought me my jackanapes coat with silver buttons. It rained this morning, which makes us fear that the glory of this great day will be lost; the King and Parliament being to be entertained by the City to-day with great pomp. Mr. Hater was with me to-day, and I agreed with him to be my clerk. Being at White Hall, I saw the King, the Dukes, and all their attendants go forth in the rain to the City, and it bedraggled many a fine suit of clothes. I was forced to walk all the morning in White Hall, not knowing how to get out because of the rain.

13th. Late writing letters; and great doings of music at the next house, which was Whally's; the King and Dukes there with Madame Palmer, a pretty woman that they have a fancy to, to make her husband a cuckold. Here at the old door that did go into his lodgings, my Lord, I, and W. Howe, did stand listening a great while to the music.

15th. In the afternoon to Henry the Seventh's chapel, where I heard a sermon and spent (God forgive me) most of my time in looking upon Mrs. Butler.

31st. To White Hall, where my Lord and the principal officers met, and had a great discourse about raising of money for the Navy, which is in very sad condition, and money must be raised for it.

Aug. 6th. This morning at the office, and, that being done, home to dinner all alone, my wife being ill in pain a-bed, which I was troubled at, and not a little impatient. This night Mr. Man offered me £1,000 for my office of Clerk of the Acts, which made my mouth water; but yet I dare not take it till I speak with my Lord to have his consent.

9th. Having my head full of drink from having drunk so much Rhenish wine in the morning, and more in the afternoon at Mrs. Blackburne's, came thence home and so to bed, not well, and very ill all night.

11th. I rose to-day without any pain, which makes me think that my pain yesterday was nothing but from my drinking too much the day before.

12th (Lord's day). To my Lord, and with him to White Hall Chappell, where Mr. Calamy preached, and made a good sermon upon these words: "To whom much is given, of him much is required." He was very officious with his three reverences to the King, as others do. After that I went to walk, and meeting Mrs. Lane of Westminster Hall, I took her to my Lord's, and did give her a bottle of wine in the garden, where Mr. Fairbrother, of Cambridge, did come and found us, and drank with us. After that I took her to my house, where I was exceeding free in dallying with her, and she not unfree to take it.

16th. This morning my Lord (all things being ready) carried me by coach to Mr. Crew's, (in the way talking how good he did hope my place would be to me, and in general speaking that it was not the salary of any place that did make a man rich, but the opportunity of getting money while he is in the place,) where he took leave, and went into the coach, and so for Hinchinbroke

18th. This morning I took my wife towards Westminster by water, and landed her at Whitefriars, with £5 to buy her a petticoat, and I to the Privy Seal. By and by comes my wife to tell me that my father has persuaded her to buy a most fine cloth of 26s. a yard, and a rich lace, that the petticoat will come to £5, at which I was somewhat troubled, but she doing it very innocently, I could not be angry. . . . Dined at the Leg in King Street, where Captain Ferrers, my Lord's Cornet, comes to us, who after dinner took me and Creed to the Cockpitt play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea, "The Loyall Subject," where one Kinaston, a boy, acted the Duke's sister, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life, only her voice not very good. After the play done, we three went to drink, and by Captain Ferrers' means, Kinaston and another that acted Archas, the General, came and drank with us. Hence home by coach, and after being trimmed, leaving my wife to look after her little bitch, which was just now a-whelping, I to bed.

19th (*Lord's day*) In the morning my wife tells me that the bitch has whelped four young ones and is very well after it, my wife having had a great fear that she would die thereof, the dog that got them being very big. After dinner my wife went and fetched the little puppies to us, which are very pretty ones. After they were gone, I went up to put my papers in order, and finding my wife's clothes lie carelessly laid up, I was angry with her, which I was troubled for. After that my wife and I went and walked in the garden, and so home to bed.

29th (*Office day*). Before I went to the office my wife and I examined my boy Will about his stealing of things, but he denied all with the greatest subtlety and confidence in the world. Home to dinner, and there I found my wife had discovered my boy Will's theft and a great deal more than we imagined, at which I was vexed and intend to put him away. Home at night, and find that my wife had found out more of the boy's stealing 6s. out of W. Hewer's closet, and hid it in the house of office, at which my heart was troubled. To bed, and caused the boy's clothes to be brought up to my chamber. But after we were all a-bed, the wench (which lies in our chamber) called us to listen of a sudden, which put my wife into such a fright that she shook every joint of her, and a long time that I could not get her out of it. The noise was the boy, we did believe, got in a desperate mood out of his bed to do himself or William [Hewer] some mischief. But the wench went down and got a candle lighted, and finding the boy in bed, and locking the doors fast, with a candle burning all night, we slept well, but with a great deal of fear.

30th. We found all well in the morning below stairs, but the boy

in a sad plight of seeming sorrow; but he is the most cunning rogue that ever I met with of his age. This the first day that ever I saw my wife wear black patches since we were married.

September 4th. From thence to Axe Yard to my house, where standing at the door Mrs. Diana comes by, whom I took into my house upstairs, and there did dally with her a great while, and found that in Latin "*Nulla puella negat.*"

5th. In the evening my wife being a little impatient I went along with her to buy her a necklace of pearl, which will cost £4 10s., which I am willing to comply with her in for her encouragement, and because I have lately got money, having now above £200 in cash beforehand in the world. Home, and having in our way bought a rabbit and two little lobsters, my wife and I did sup late, and so to bed.

25th. And afterwards I did send for a cup of tea (a China drink) of which I never had drank before, and went away.

28th. All the afternoon among my workmen till 10 or 11 at night, and did give them drink and very merry with them, it being my luck to meet with a sort of drolling workmen on all occasions. To bed.

October 7th (Lord's day). To my Lord's and dined with him; he all dinner time talking French to me, and telling me the story how the Duke of York hath got my Lord Chancellor's daughter with child, and that she do lay it to him, and that for certain he did promise her marriage, and had signed it with his blood, but that he by stealth had got the paper out of her cabinet. And that the King would have him to marry her, but that he will not.

13th. To my Lord's in the morning, where I met with Captain Cuttance, but my Lord not being up I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-general Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy. It is said, that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at White Hall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the blood of the King at Charing Cross.

15th. This morning Mr. Carew was hanged and quartered at Charing Cross; but his quarters, by a great favour, are not to be hanged up.

18th. This morning, it being expected that Colonel Hacker and Axtell should die, I went to Newgate, but found they were reprieved till to-morrow.

19th. Office in the morning. This morning my dining-room was finished with green serge hanging and gilt leather, which is very handsome. This morning Hacker and Axtell were hanged and quartered, as the rest are.

20th. This afternoon, going through London, and calling at Crowe's the upholster's, in Saint Bartholomew's, I saw the limbs of some of our new traitors set upon Aldersgate, which was a sad sight to see; and a

bloody week this and the last have been, there being ten hanged, drawn, and quartered.

21st (Lord's day). To the Crown in the Palace Yard, I and George Vines by the way calling at their house, where he carried me up to the top of his turret, where there is Cooke's head set up for a traitor, and Harrison's set up on the other side of Westminster Hall. Here I could see them plainly, as also a very fair prospect about London. This day or two my wife has been troubled with her boils in the old place, which do much trouble her. To-day at noon (God forgive me) I strung my lute, which I had not touched a great while before.

November 4th (Lord's day). My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had given her leave to wear a black patch

5th (Office day). Home, and fell a-reading of the tryalls of the late men that were hanged for the King's death, and found good satisfaction in reading thereof. At night to bed, and my wife and I did fall out about the dog's being put down in the cellar, which I had a mind to have done because of his fouling the house, and I would have my will, and so we went to bed and lay all night in a quarrel. This night I was troubled all night with a dream that my wife was dead, which made me that I slept ill all night.

11th (Lord's day). Went to my father's where I found my wife, and there we supped, and Dr. Thomas Pepys, who my wife told me after I was come home, that he had told my brother Thomas that he loved my wife so well that if she had a child he would never marry, but leave all that he had to my child, and after supper we walked home, my little boy carrying a link, and Will leading my wife. So home, and to prayers and to bed.

12th. My father and I took occasion to go forth, and went and drank at Mr. Standing's, and there discoursed seriously about my sister coming to live with me, which I have much mind for her good to have, and yet I am much afeard of her ill-nature. Coming home again, he and I, and my wife, my mother and Pall, went all together into the little room, and there I told her plainly what my mind was, to have her come not as a sister in any respect, but as a servant, which she promised me that she would, and with many thanks did weep for joy, which did give me and my wife some content and satisfaction.

22nd. Mr. Fox came in presently and did receive us with a great deal of respect; and then did take my wife and I to the Queen's presence-chamber, where he got my wife placed behind the Queen's chair, and I got into the crowd, and by and by the Queen and the two Princesses came to dinner. The Queen a very little plain old woman, and nothing more in her presence in any respect nor garb than any ordinary woman. The Princess of Orange I had often seen before. The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her hair frized short up to her ears, did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she.

26th (*Office day*). The Comptroller and I to the Mitre to a glass of wine, when we fell into a discourse of poetry, and he did repeat some verses of his own making which were very good.

December 1st. This morning, observing some things to be laid up not as they should be by the girl, I took a broom and basted her till she cried extremely, which made me vexed, but before I went out I left her appeased.

2nd (*Lord's day*). My head not very well, and my body out of order by last night's drinking, which is my great folly.

3rd. This morning I took a resolution to rise early in the morning, and so I rose by candle, which I have not done all this winter, and spent my morning in fiddling till time to go to the office.

4th. This day the Parliament voted that the bodies of Oliver, Ireton, Bradshaw, &c., should be taken up out of their graves in the Abbey, and drawn to the gallows, and there hanged and buried under it: which (methinks) do trouble me that a man of so great courage as he was, should have that dishonour, though otherwise he might deserve it enough.

5th. I dined at home, and after dinner I went to the new Theatre and there I saw "The Merry Wives of Windsor" acted, the humours of the country gentleman and the French doctor very well done, but the rest but very poorly, and Sir J. Falstaffe as bad as any.

6th. I carried my wife to White Friars and landed her there, and myself to Whitehall to the Privy Seal, where abundance of pardons to seal, but I was much troubled for it because that there are no fees now coming for them to me.

7th. Before dinner I examined Laud in his Latin and found him a very pretty boy and gone a great way in Latin. So to the Privy Seal, where I signed a deadly number of pardons, which do trouble me to get nothing by.

9th (*Lord's day*). Dined with my Lady and staid all the afternoon with her, and had infinite of talk of all kind of things, especially of beauty of men and women, with which she seems to be much pleased to talk of.

12th. Up with J. Spicer to his office and took £100, and by coach with it as far as my father's, where I called to see them, and my father did offer me six pieces of gold, in lieu of six pounds that he borrowed of me the other day, but it went against me to take it of him and therefore did not, though I was afterwards a little troubled that I did not. Thence home, and took out this £100 and sealed it up with the other last night, it being the first £200 that ever I saw together of my own in my life. After that home and to bed, reading myself asleep, while the wench sat mending my breeches by my bedside.

14th. Also all this day looking upon my workmen. Only met with the Comptroller at the office a little both forenoon and afternoon, and at night step a little with him to the Coffee House where we light upon very good company and had very good discourse concerning insects and their having a generative faculty as well as other creatures.

16th. With Tom Doling and Boston and D. Vines (whom we met

by the way) to Price's, and there we drank, and in discourse I learnt a pretty trick to try whether a woman be a maid or no, by a string going round her head to meet at the end of her nose, which if she be not will come a great way beyond.

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AT THE END of the last and the beginning of this year, I do live in one of the houses belonging to the Navy Office, as one of the principal officers, and have done now about half a year. After much trouble with workmen I am now almost settled, my family being, myself, my wife, Jane, Will. Hewer, and Wayneman, my girle's brother. Myself in constant good health, and in a most handsome and thriving condition. Blessed be Almighty God for it. I am now taking of my sister to come and live with me. As to things of State.—The King settled, and loved of all. The Duke of York matched to my Lord Chancellor's daughter, which do not please many. The Queen upon her return to France with the Princess Henrietta. The Princess of Orange lately dead, and we into new mourning for her. We have been lately frighted with a great plot, and many taken up on it, and the fright not quite over. The Parliament, which had done all this great good to the King, beginning to grow factious, the King did dissolve it December 29th last, and another likely to be chosen speedily. I take myself now to be worth £300 clear in money, and all my goods and all manner of debts paid, which are none at all.

January 2nd. I by water to my office, and there all the morning, and so home to dinner, where I found Pall (my sister) was come; but I do not let her sit down at table with me, which I do at first that she may not expect it hereafter from me.

3rd. To Will's, where Spicer and I eat our dinner of a roasted leg of pork which Will did give us, and after that to the Theatre, where was acted "Beggars' Bush," it being very well done; and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage.

7th. This morning, news was brought to me to my bedside, that there had been a great stir in the City this night by the Fanatiques, who had been up and killed six or seven men, but all are fled. My Lord Mayor and the whole City had been in arms, above 40,000.

8th. My wife and I lay very long in bed to-day talking and pleasing one another in discourse.

10th. So to Mrs. Hunt, where I found a Frenchman, a lodger of her's, at dinner, and just as I came in was kissing my wite, which I did not like, though there could not be any hurt in it.

11th. Dined at home, discontented that my wife do not go neater now she has two maids.

19th. To the Comptroller's, and with him by coach to White Hall; in our way meeting Venner and Pritchard upon a sledge, who with two

more Fifth Monarchy men were hanged to-day, and the two first drawn and quartered.

20th (Lord's day). So home to supper and then to bed, having eat no dinner to-day. It is strange what weather we have had all this winter; no cold at all; but the ways are dusty, and the flies fly up and down, and the rosebushes are full of leaves, such a time of the year as was never known in this world before here. This day many more of the Fifth Monarchy men were hanged.

I met Mr. Davenport, and after some talk of Cromwell, Ireton and Bradshaw's bodies being taken out of their graves to-day, I went to Mr. Crew's and thence to the Theatre, where I saw again "The Lost Lady," which do now please me better than before; and here I sitting behind in a dark place, a lady spit backward upon me by mistake, not seeing me, but after seeing her to be a very pretty lady, I was not troubled at it at all.

30th (Fast day). The first time that this day hath been yet observed: and Mr. Mills made a most excellent sermon, upon "Lord forgive us our former iniquities;" speaking excellently of the justice of God in punishing men for the sins of their ancestors. Then to my Lady Batten's; where my wife and she are lately come back again from being abroad, and seeing of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw hanged and buried at Tyburn.

February 3^d (Lord's day). This day I first begun to go forth in my coat and sword, as the manner now among gentlemen is. So to White Hall; where I staid to hear the trumpets and kettle-drums, and then the other drums, which are much cried up, though I think it dull, vulgar musique.

5th. Washing-day. My wife and I by water to Westminster. Into the Hall and there saw my Lord Treasurer (who was sworn to-day at the Exchequer, with a great company of Lords and persons of honour to attend him) go up to the Treasury Offices, and take possession thereof; and also saw the heads of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton, set up upon the further end of the Hall

10th (Lord's day). Took physique all day, and, God forgive me, did spend it in reading of some little French romances. At night my wife and I did please ourselves talking of our going into France, which I hope to effect this summer.

17th (Lord's day). A most tedious, unreasonable, and impertinent sermon, by an Irish Doctor. His text was "Scatter them, O Lord, that delight in war." Sir Wm. Batten and I very much angry with the parson.

21st. To Westminster by coach with Sir W. Pen, and in our way saw the city begin to build scaffolds against the Coronacion.

23rd. This my birthday, 28 years. By water to Whitefriars to the Play house, and there saw "The Changeling," the first time it hath been acted these twenty years, and it takes exceedingly. Besides, I see the gallants do begin to be tyred with the vanity and pride of the theatre actors who are indeed grown very proud and rich.

March 3^d (Lord's day). So to my Lord's, who comes in late and tells us how news is come to-day of Mazarin's being dead, which is very great

news and of great consequence. I lay to-night with Mr. Shepley here, because of my Lord's going to-morrow.

4th. My Lord went this morning on his journey to Hinchinbroke, Mr. Parker with him. Before his going he did give me some jewells to keep for him, viz., that that the King of Sweden did give him, with the King's own picture in it, most excellently done; and a brave George, all of diamonds, and this with the greatest expressions of love and confidence that I could imagine or hope for, which is a very great joy to me.

11th. At night home and found my wife come home, and among other things she hath got her teeth new done by La Roche, and are indeed now pretty handsome, and I was much pleased with it. So to bed.

13th. Early up in the morning to read "The Scaman's Grammar and Dictionary" I lately have got, which do please me exceedingly well.

25th (Lady day). So homewards and took up a boy that had a lanthorn, that was picking up of rags, and got him to light me home, and had great discourse with him how he could get sometimes three or four bushells of rags in a day, and got 3d. a bushell for them, and many other discourses, what and how many ways there are for poor children to get their livings honestly.

April 6th. With Mr. Creed and Moore to the Leg in the Palace to dinner which I gave them, and after dinner I saw the girl of the house, being very pretty, go into a chamber, and I went in after her and kissed her.

7th. I went to Sir W. Batten's and resolved of a journey to-morrow to Chatham, and so home and to bed.

11th. At 2 o'clock, with very great mirth, we went to our lodging and to bed, and lay till 7, and then called up by Sir W. Batten, so I rose and we did some business, and then came Captn. Allen, and he and I withdrew and sang a song or two, and among others took pleasure in "Goe and bee hanged, that's good-bye." The young ladies come too, and so I did again please myself with Mrs. Rebecca, and about 9 o'clock, after we had breakfasted, we set forth for London, and indeed I was a little troubled to part with Mrs. Rebecca, for which God forgive me. Thus we went away through Rochester. We baited at Dartford, and thence to London, but of all the journeys that ever I made this was the merriest, and I was in a strange mood for mirth. Among other things, I got my Lady to let her maid, Mrs. Anne, to ride all the way on horseback, and she rides exceedingly well; and so I called her my clerk, that she went to wait upon me. I met two little schoolboys going with pitchers of ale to their schoolmaster to break up against Easter, and I did drink of some of one of them and give him two pence. By and by we come to two little girls keeping cows, and I saw one of them very pretty, so I had a mind to make her ask my blessing, and telling her that I was her godfather, she asked me innocently whether I was not Ned Wooding, and I said that I was, so she kneeled down and very simply called, "Pray, godfather, pray to God to bless me," which made us very merry, and I gave her twopence. In several places, I asked women whether they would sell me their children, but

they denied me all, but said they would give me one to keep for them, if I would. Mrs. Anne and I rode under the man that hangs upon Shooter's Hill, and a filthy sight it was to see how his flesh is shrunk to his bones. So home and I found all well.

20th. So back to the Cockpit, and there, by the favour of one Mr. Bowman, he and I got in, and there saw the King and Duke of York and his Duchess (which is a plain woman, and like her mother, my Lady Chancellor). And so saw "The Humersome Lieutenant" acted before the King, but not very well done. But my pleasure was great to see the manner of it, and so many great beauties, but above all Mrs. Palmer, with whom the King do discover a great deal of familiarity.

22nd. Up early and made myself as fine as I could, and put on my velvet coat, the first day that I put it on, though made half a year ago. And being ready, Sir W. Batten, my Lady, and his two daughters and his son and wife, and Sir W. Pen and his son and I, went to Mr. Young's, the flag-maker, in Corne-hill; and there we had a good room to ourselves, with wine and good cake, and saw the show very well. In which it is impossible to relate the glory of this day, expressed in the clothes of them that rid, and their horses and horses-clothes, among others, my Lord Sandwich's Embroidery and diamonds were ordinary among them. The Knights of the Bath was a brave sight of itself; and their Esquires, among which Mr. Armiger was an Esquire to one of the Knights. Remarquable were the two men that represent the two Dukes of Normandy and Aquitaine. The Bishops come next after Barons, which is the higher place; which makes me think that the next Parliament they will be called to the House of Lords. My Lord Monk rode bare after the King, and led in his hand a spare horse, as being Master of the Horse. The King, in a most rich and embroidered suit and cloak, looked most noble. Waldlow, the vintner, at the Devil, in Fleet-street, did lead a fine company of soldiers, all young comely men, in white doublets. There followed the Vice-Chamberlain, Sir G. Carteret, a company of men all like Turks; but I know not yet what they are for. The streets all gravelled, and the houses hung with carpets before them, made a brave show, and the ladies out of the windows, one of which over against us I took much notice of, and spoke of her, which made good sport among us. So glorious was the show with gold and silver, that we were not able to look at it, our eyes at last being so much overcome with it. Both the King and the Duke of York took notice of us, as he saw us at the window. The show being ended, Mr. Young did give us a dinner, at which we were very merry, and pleased above imagination at what we have seen.

CORONAČON DAY

23rd. About 4 I rose and got to the Abbey, where I followed Sir J. Denham, the Surveyor, with some company that he was leading in. And with much ado, by the favour of Mr. Cooper, his man, did get up into a great scaffold across the North end of the Abbey, where with a great

deal of patience I sat from past 4 till 11 before the King came in. And a great pleasure it was to see the Abbey raised in the middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is a chair) and footstool on the top of it; and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fiddlers, in red vests. At last comes in the Dean and Prebends of Westminster, with the Bishops (many of them in cloth of gold copes), and after them the Nobility, all in their Parliament robes, which was a most magnificent sight. Then the Duke, and the King with a scepter (carried by my Lord Sandwich) and sword and mond before him, and the crown too. The King in his robes, bare-headed, which was very fine. And after all had placed themselves, there was a sermon and the service; and then in the Quire at the high altar, the King passed through all the ceremonies of the Coronacon, which to my great grief I and most in the Abbey could not see. The crown being put upon his head, a great shout begun, and he came forth to the throne, and there passed more ceremonies: as taking the oath, and having things read to him by the Bishop; and his lords (who put on their caps as soon as the King put on his crown) and bishops come, and kneeled before him. And three times the King at Arms went to the three open places on the scaffold, and proclaimed, that it any one could show any reason why Charles Stewart should not be King of England, that now he should come and speak. And a Generall Pardon also was read by the Lord Chancellor, and meddalls flung up and down by my Lord Cornwallis, of silver, but I could not come by any. And the King came in with his crown on, and his sceptre in his hand, under a canopy borne up by six silver staves, carried by Barons of the Cinque Ports, and little bells at every end. After a long time, he got up to the farther end, and all set themselves down at their several tables; and that was also a brave sight: and the King's first course carried up by the Knights of the Bath. And many fine ceremonies there was of the Heralds leading up people before him, and bowing; and my Lord of Albemarle's going to the kitchen and eat a bit of the first dish that was to go to the King's table. But, above all, was these three Lords, Northumberland, and Suffolk, and the Duke of Ormond, coming before the courses on horseback, and staying so all dinner-time, and at last to bring up [Dymock] the King's Champion, all in armour on horseback, with his spear and target carried before him. And a Herald proclaims "That if any dare deny Charles Stewart to be lawful King of England, here was a Champion that would fight with him;" and with these words, the Champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times in his going up towards the King's table. At last when he is come, the King drinks to him, and then sends him the cup which is of gold, and he drinks it off, and then rides back again with the cup in his hand. I went from table to table to see the Bishops and all others at their dinner, and was infinitely pleased with it. At Mr. Bowyer's; a great deal of company, some I knew, others I did not. Here we staid upon the leads and below till it was late, expecting to see the fire-works, but they were not performed to-night: only the City had a light like a glory round about it with bonfires. And after a little stay more I took my wife and Mrs.

Frankleyn (who I proffered the civility of lying with my wife at Mrs. Hunt's to-night) to Axe-yard, in which at the further end there were three great bonfires, and a great many great gallants, men and women; and they laid hold of us, and would have us drink the King's health upon our knees, kneeling upon a faggot, which we all did, they drinking to us one after another. Which we thought a strange frolique; but these gallants continued thus a great while, and I wondered to see how the ladies did tittle. Thus did the day end with joy everywhere. Now, after all this, I can say that, besides the pleasure of the sight of these glorious things, I may now shut my eyes against any other objects, nor for the future trouble myself to see things of state and show, as being sure never to see the like again in this world.

24th. Waked in the morning with my head in a sad taking through the last night's drink, which I am very sorry for; so rose and went out with Mr. Creed to drink our morning draft, which he did give me in chocolate to settle my stomach.

May 5th (Lord's day). Mr. Creed and I went to the red-faced Parson's church, and heard a good sermon of him, better than I looked for. Anon we walked into the garden, and there played the fool a great while, trying who of Mr. Creed or I could go best over the edge of an old fountain well, and I won a quart of sack of him. Then to supper in the banquet house, and there my wife and I did talk high, she against and I for Mrs. Pierce (that she was a beauty), till we were both angry.

26th (Lord's day). After dinner to church all of us and had a very good sermon of a stranger, and so I and the young company to walk first to Graye's Inn Walks, where great store of gallants, but above all the ladies that I there saw, or ever did see, Mrs. Frances Butler (Monsieur L'Impertinent's sister) is the greatest beauty.

July 2nd. To-day was acted the second part of "The Siege of Rhodes." We staid a great while for the King and the Queen of Bohemia. And by the breaking of a board over our heads, we had a great deal of dust fell into the ladies' necks and the men's hair, which made good sport. The King being come, the scene opened; which indeed is very fine and magnificent, and well acted, all but the Eunuch, who was so much out that he was hissed off the stage.

26th. Back to the office all the afternoon, and that done home for all night. Having the beginning of this week made a vow to myself to drink no wine this week (finding it to unfit for me to look after business), and this day breaking of it against my will, I am much troubled for it, but I hope God will forgive me.

August 10th. This morning came the maid that my wife hath lately hired for a chamber maid. She is very ugly, so that I cannot care for her, but otherwise she seems very good.

19th. I am forced to go to Worcester House, where several Lords are met in Council this afternoon. And while I am waiting there, in comes the King in a plain common riding-suit and velvet cap, in which he seemed a very ordinary man to one that had not known him.

24th. To the Opera, and there saw "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," done with scenes very well, but above all, Betterton did the prince's part beyond imagination.

25th (*Lord's day*) By and by comes in my father (he intends to go into the country to-morrow), and he and I among other discourse at last called Pall up to us, and there in great anger told her before my father that I would keep her no longer, and my father he said he would have nothing to do with her. At last, after we had brought down her high spirit, I got my father to yield that she should go into the country with my mother and him, and stay there awhile to see how she will demean herself.

September 7th At the office all the morning. So I having appointed the young ladies at the Wardrobe to go with them to a play to-day, my wife and I took them to the Theatre, where we seated ourselves close by the King, and Duke of York, and Madame Palmer, which was great content, and, indeed, I can never enough admire her beauty. And here was "Bartholomew Fayre," with the puppet-show, acted to-day, which had not been these forty years (it being so satyricall against Puritanism, they durst not till now, which is strange they should already dare to do it, and the King do countenance it).

30th. This morning up by moon-shine, at 5 o'clock, to White Hall, to meet Mr. Moore at the Privy Seal, but he not being come as appointed, I went into King Street to the Red Lyon to drink my morning draft, and there I heard of a fray between the two Embassadors of Spain and France; and that, this day, being the day of the entrance of an Embassador from Sweden, they intended to fight for the precedence. Then to the Wardrobe, and dined there, and then abroad and in Cheapside hear that the Spanish hath got the best of it, and killed three of the French coach-horses and several men, and is gone through the City next to our King's coach; at which, it is strange to see how all the City did rejoyce. And indeed we do naturally all love the Spanish, and hate the French. But I, as I am in all things curious, presently got to the water-side, and there took oars to Westminster Palace, thinking to have seen them come in thither with all the coaches, but they being come and returned, I ran after them with my boy after me through all the dirt and the streets full of people; till at last, at the Mewes, I saw the Spanish coach go, with fifty drawn swords at least to guard it, and our soldiers shouting for joy.

October 1st. This morning my wife and I lay long in bed, and among other things fell into talk of musique, and desired that I would let her learn to sing, which I did consider, and promised her she should. So before I rose, word was brought me that my singing master, Mr. Goodgroome, was come to teach me; and so she rose and this morning began to learn also.

28th. At the office all the morning, and dined at home, and so to Paul's Churchyard to Hunt's, and there found my Theorbo done, which pleases me very well, and costs me 26s. to the altering. But now he tells me it is as good a lute as any in England, and is worth well £10. Hither

I sent for Captain Ferrers to me, who comes with a friend of his, and they and I to the Theatre, and there saw "Argalus and Parthenia," where a woman acted Parthenia, and came afterwards on the stage in men's clothes, and had the best legs that ever I saw, and I was very well pleased with it Thence to the Ringo alehouse.

Nov. 9th. After dinner I to the Wardrobe, and there staid talking with my Lady all the afternoon till late at night. Among other things my Lady did mightily urge me to lay out money upon my wife, which I perceived was a little more earnest than ordinary, and so I seemed to be pleased with it, and do resolve to bestow a lace upon her.

17th (Lord's day). So to church again, and heard a simple fellow upon the praise of Church musique, and exclaiming against men's wearing their hats on in the church, but I slept part of the sermon, till latter prayer and blessing and all was done without waking which I never did in my life.

Dec. 3^d. To the Paynter's, sat and had more of my picture done; but it do not please me, for I fear it will not be like me. To my Lady, where my Lady Wright was at dinner with her, and all our talk about the great happiness that my Lady Wright says there is in being in the fashion and in variety of fashions, in scorn of others that are not so, as citizens' wives and country gentlewomen, which though it did displease me enough, yet I said nothing to it.

1662

Jan. 16th. Towards Cheapside and in Paul's Churchyard saw the funeral of my Lord Cornwallis, late Steward of the King's House, a bold profane talking man, go by.

26th (Lord's day). To church in the morning But thanks be to God, since my leaving drinking of wine, I do find myself much better and do mind my business better, and do spend less money, and less time lost in idle company.

27th. This morning, going to take water upon Tower-hill, we met with three sleds standing there to carry my Lord Monson and Sir H. Mildmay and another to the gallows and back again, with ropes about their necks; which is to be repeated every year, this being the day of their sentencing the King.

February 4th. To Westminster Hall, where it was full term. Here all the morning, and at noon to my Lord Crew's, where one Mr. Templer (an ingenious man and a person of honour he seems to be) dined; and, discoursing of the nature of serpents, he told us some that in the waste places of Lancashire do grow to a great bigness, and that do feed upon larks, which they take thus:—They observe when the lark is soared to the highest, and do crawl till they come to be just underneath them; and there they place themselves with their mouths uppermost, and there, as is conceived, they do eject poyson up to the bird; for the bird do suddenly come down again in its course of a circle, and falls directly into

the mouth of the serpent; which is very strange. He is a great traveller; and, speaking of the tarantula, he says that all the harvest long (about which times they are most busy) there are fiddlers go up and down the fields every where, in expectation of being hired by those that are stung.

10th. Musique practice a good while, then to Paul's Churchyard, and here I met with Dr. Fuller's "England's Worthys," the first time that I ever saw it; and so I sat down reading in it, till it was two o'clock before I thought of the time going, and so I rose and went home to dinner, being much troubled that (though he had some discourse with me about my family and arms) he says nothing at all, nor mentions us either in Cambridgeshire or Norfolk. But I believe, indeed, our family were never considerable.

23rd (*Lord's day*). This day by God's mercy I am 29 years of age, and in very good health, and like to live and get an estate and if I have a heart to be contented, I think I may reckon myself as happy a man as any is in the world, for which God be praised. So to prayers and to bed.

24th. Long with Mr. Berkenshaw in the morning at my musique practice, finishing my song of "Gaze not on Swans," in two parts, which pleases me well, and I did give him £5 for this month or five weeks that he hath taught me, which is a great deal of money and troubled me to part with it.

March 1st. To the Opera, and there saw "Romeo and Juliet," the first time it was ever acted; but it is a play of itself the worst that ever I heard in my life, and the worst acted that ever I saw these people do, and I am resolved to go no more to see the first time of acting, for they were all of them out more or less.

2nd (*Lord's day*). With my mind much eased talking long in bed with my wife about our frugall life for the time to come, proposing to her what I could and would do if I were worth £2,000, that is, be a knight, and keep my coach, which pleased her, and so I do hope we shall hereafter live to save something, for I am resolved to keep myself by rules from expenses.

5th. In the morning to the Painter's about my little picture. Thence to Tom's about business, and so the pewterer's, to buy a poore's-box to put my forfeits in, upon breach of my late vows.

24th. By and by comes La Belle Pierce to see my wife, and to bring her a pair of perukes of hair, as the fashion now is for ladies to wear; which are pretty, and are of my wife's own hair, or else I should not endure them.

26th. Up early. This being, by God's great blessing, the fourth solemn day of my cutting for the stone this day four years, and am by God's mercy in very good health, and like to do well, the Lord's name be praised for it. At noon come my good guests, Madame Turner, Thc., and Cozen Norton, and a gentleman, one Mr. Lewin of the King's Life Guard; by the same token he told us of one of his fellows killed this morning in a duel. I had a pretty dinner for them, viz., a brace of stewed carps, six roasted chickens, and a jowl of salmon, hot, for the first course a tanzy

and two neats' tongues, and cheese the second and were very merry all the afternoon, talking and singing and piping upon the flageolette. In the evening they went with great pleasure away, and I with great content and my wife walked half an hour in the garden, and so home to supper and to bed

April 6th (Lord's day). By water to White Hall. Thence to the Chappell, and there, though crowded, heard a very honest sermon before the King by a Canon of Christ Church, upon these words, "Having a form of goodliness, but denying," &c. Among other things, did much insist upon the sin of adultery: which methought might touch the King, and the more because he forced it into his sermon, methinks, besides his text. So up and saw the King at dinner.

11th. Up early to my lute and a song, then about six o'clock with Sir W. Pen by water to Deptford; and among the ships now going to Portugall with men and horse, to see them dispatched. So to Greenwich; and had a fine pleasant walk to Woolwich, having in our company Capt. Minnes, with whom I was much pleased to hear him talk in fine language, but pretty well for all that. Among other things, he and the other Captains that were with us tell me that negroes drowned look white and lose their blackness, which I never heard before.

May 4th (Lord's day). Lay long talking with my wife, then Mr. Holliard came to me and let me blood, about sixteen ounces, I being exceedingly full of blood and very good. I begun to be sick; but lying on my back I was presently well again, and did give him 5s. for his pains.

14th. All the morning at Westminster and elsewhere about business, and dined at the Wardrobe; and after dinner, sat talking an hour or two alone with my Lady. She is afeared that my Lady Castlemaine will keep still with the King, and I am afeared she will not, for I love her well.

15th. At night, all the bells of the town rung, and bonfires made for the joy of the Queen's arrival, who came and landed at Portsmouth last night. But I do not see much thorough joy, but only an indifferent one, in the hearts of people, who are much discontented at the pride and luxury of the Court, and running in debt

20th. My wife and I by coach to the Opera, and there saw the 2nd part of "The Siege of Rhodes," but it is not so well done as when Roxalana was there, who, it is said, is now owned by my Lord of Oxford. Thence to Tower-wharf, and there took boat and we all walked to Halfeway House, and there eat and drank, and were pleasant, and so finally home again in the evening, and so good night, this being a very pleasant life that we now lead, and have long done, the Lord be blessed, and make us thankful. But, though I am much against too much spending, yet I do think it best to enjoy some degree of pleasure now that we have health, money, and opportunity, rather than to leave pleasures to old age or poverty, when we cannot have them so properly.

21st. Sarah [a housemaid] told me how the King dined at my Lady Castlemaine's, and supped, every day and night the last week; and that the night that the bonfires were made for joy of the Queen's arrivall, the King

was there; but there was no fire at her door, though at all the rest of the doors almost in the street.

23rd. News was brought me that my Lord Sandwich is come and gone up to my Lady, which put me into great suspense of joy, so I went up waiting my Lord's coming out of my Lady's chamber, which by and by he did, and looks very well, and my soul is glad to see him. He very merry, and hath left the King and Queen at Portsmouth, and is come up to stay here till next Wednesday, and then to meet the King and Queen at Hampton Court

25th (Lord's day). To trimming myself, which I have this week done every morning, with a pumice stone, which I learnt of Mr. Marsh, when I was last at Portsmouth and I find it very easy, speedy, and cleanly, and shall continue the practice of it. Then to the Wardrobe, where I found my Lord takes physic, so I did not see him, but with Capn. Ferrers in Mr. George Montagu's coach to Charing Cross; and there at the Triumph tavern he showed me some Portugall ladys, which are come to town before the Queen. They are not handsome, and their farthingales a strange dress. Many ladies and persons of quality come to see them. I find nothing in them that is pleasing, and I see they have learnt to kiss and look freely up and down already, and I do believe will soon forget the recluse practice of their own country. They complain much for lack of good water to drink.

31st. So home, and had Sarah to comb my head clean, which I found so foul with powdering and other troubles, that I am resolved to try how I can keep my head dry without powder; and I did also in a suddaine fit cut off all my beard, which I had been a great while bringing up, only that I may with my pumice-stone do my whole face, as I now do my chin, and to save time, which I find a very easy way and gentile. So she also washed my feet in a bath of herbs, and so to bed. I have by a late oath obliged myself from wine and plays, of which I find good effect.

June 8th (Lord's day). Home, and observe my man Will to walk with his cloak flung over his shoulder, like a Ruffian, which, whether it was that he might not be seen to walk along with the foot-boy, I know not, but I was vexed at it; and coming home, and after prayers, I did ask him where he learned that immodest garb, and he answered me that it was not immodest, or some such slight answer, at which I did give him two boxes on the ears, which I never did before, and so was after a little troubled at it.

12th. To dinner, by Mr. Gauden's invitation, to the Dolphin, where a good dinner; but what is to myself a great wonder, that with ease I past the whole dinner without drinking a drop of wine.

14th. Up by four o'clock in the morning and to business at my office. Then we sat down to business, and about 11 o'clock, having a room got ready for us, we all went out to the Tower-hill; and there, over against the scaffold, made on purpose this day, saw Sir Henry Vane brought. A very great press of people. He made a long speech, many times interrupted by the Sheriff and others there; and they would have

taken his paper out of his hand but he would not let it go. But they caused all the books of those that writ after him to be given the Sheriff; and the trumpets were brought under the scaffold that he might not be heard. Then he prayed, and so fitted himself, and received the blow; but the scaffold was so crowded that we could not see it done. He had a blister, or issue, upon his neck, which he desired them not hurt: he changed not his colour or speech to the last, but died justifying himself and the cause he had stood for; and spoke very confidently of his being presently at the right hand of Christ; and in all things appeared the most resolved man that ever died in that manner, and showed more heat than cowardize, but yet with all humility and gravity. One asked him why he did not pray for the King. He answered, "Nay," says he, "you shall see I can pray for the King: I pray God bless him!" The King had given his body to his friends; and, therefore, he told them that he hoped they would be civil to his body when dead; and desired they would let him die like a gentleman and a Christian, and not crowded and pressed as he was.

21st. Hearing from my wife and the maids' complaints made of the boy, I called him up, and with my whip did whip him till I was not able to stir, and yet I could not make him confess any of the lies that they tax him with. At last, not willing to let him go away a conqueror, I took him in task again, and pulled off his frock to his shirt, and whipped him till he did confess that he did drink the whey, which he had denied, and pulled a pink, and above all did lay the candlestick upon the ground in his chamber, which he had denied this quarter of a year. I confess it is one of the greatest wonders that ever I met with that such a little boy as he could possibly be able to suffer half so much as he did to maintain a lie. I think I must be forced to put him away. So to bed, with my arm very weary.

28th. Great talk there is of a fear of a war with Dutch; and we have order to pitch upon twenty ships to be forthwith set out; but I hope it is but a scarecrow to the world, to let them see that we can be ready for them; though, God knows! the King is not able to set out five ships at this present without great difficulty, we neither having money, credit, nor stores. My mind is now in a wonderful condition of quiet and content, more than ever in all my life, since my minding the business of my office, which I have done most constantly; and I find it to be the very effect of my late oaths against wine and plays, which, if God please, I will keep constant in, for now my business is a delight to me, and brings me great credit, and my purse encreases too.

30th. Up betimes, and to my office, where I found Griffin's girl making it clean, but, God forgive me! what a mind I had to her, but did not meddle with her. She being gone, I fell upon boring holes for me to see from my closet into the great office, without going forth, wherein I please myself much.

July 4th. By and by comes Mr. Cooper, mate of the Royall Charles, of whom I intend to learn mathematiques, and do begin with him to-day, he being a very able man, and no great matter, I suppose, will content

him. After an hour's being with him at arithmetique (my first attempt being to learn the multiplicacion-table); then we parted till to-morrow.

9th. Up by four o'clock, and at my multiplicacion-table hard, which is all the trouble I meet withal in my arithmetique.

16th. This day I was told that my Lady Castlemaine (being quite fallen out with her husband) did yesterday go away from him, with all her plate, jewels, and other best things, and is gone to Richmond to a brother of her's; which, I am apt to think, was a design to get out of town, that the King might come at her the better. But strange it is how for her beauty I am willing to construe all this to the best and to pity her wherein it is to her hurt, though I know well enough she is a whore.

30th. Thence with Captain Fletcher, of the Gage, in his ship's boat with 8 oars (but every ordinary oars outrowed us) to Woolwich, expecting to find Sir W. Batten there upon his survey, but he is not come, and so we got a dish of steaks at the White Hart, while his clarkes and others were feasting of it in the best room of the house, and after dinner playing at shuffleboard, and when at last they heard I was there, they went about their survey. But God help the King! what surveys shall be taken after this manner!

August 1st. So at the office all the afternoon till evening to my chamber, where, God forgive me, I was sorry to hear that Sir W. Pen's maid Betty was gone away yesterday, for I was in hopes to have had a bout with her before she had gone, she being very pretty. I had also a mind to my own wench, but I dare not for fear she should prove honest and refuse and then tell my wife.

6th. Thence home, and at my office all the morning, and dined at home, and can hardly keep myself from having a mind to my wench, but I hope I shall not fall to such a shame to myself.

15th. At noon to the Change, and there hear of some Quakers that are seized on, that would have blown up the prison in Southwark where they are put.

17th (Lord's day). Walked to St. Dunstan's, where, it not being seven o'clock yet, the doors were not open; and so I went and walked an hour in the Templegarden, reading my vows, which it is a great content to me to see how I am a changed man in all respects for the better, since I took them, which the God of Heaven continue to me, and make me thankful for. Besides the sermon, I was very well pleased with the sight of a fine lady that I have often seen walk in Graye's Inn Walks, and it was my chance to meet her again at the door going out, and very pretty and sprightly she is, and I believe the same that my wife and I some years since did meet at Temple Bar gate and have sometimes spoke of.

20th. Up early, and to my office, and thence to my Lord Sandwich. By and by comes in Mr. Coventry to us, whom my Lord tells that he is also put into the commission, and that I am there, of which he said he was glad; and did tell my Lord that I was indeed the life of this office, and much more to my commendation beyond measure.

23rd. And so all along Thames-street, but could not get a boat: I offered eight shillings for a boat to attend me this afternoon, and they would not, it being the day of the Queen's coming to town from Hampton Court. Anon come the King and Queen in a barge under a canopy with 10,000 barges and boats, I think, for we could see no water for them, nor discern the King nor Queen. And so they landed at White Hall Bridge, and the great guns on the other side went off. But that which pleased me best was, that my Lady Castlemaine stood over against us upon a piece of White Hall, where I glugged myself with looking on her. One thing more; there happened a scaffold below to fall, and we feared some hurt, but there was none, but she of all the great ladies only run down among the common rabble to see what hurt was done, and did take care of a child that received some little hurt, which methought was so noble. Anon there came one there booted and spurred that she talked long with. And by and by, she being in her hair, she put on his hat, which was but an ordinary one, to keep the wind off. But methinks it became her mightily, as every thing else do. The show being over, I went away, not weary with looking on her.

26th. This afternoon Mrs. Hunt came to see me, and I did give her a Muske Millon. To-day my hogshead of sherry I have sold to Sir W. Batten, and am glad of my money instead of wine.

September 3rd. Up betimes, but now the days begin to shorten, and so whereas I used to rise by four o'clock it is not broad daylight now till after five o'clock, so that it is after five before I do rise.

14th (Lord's day). Called in at the Legg and drank a cup of ale and a toast, which I have not done many a month before, but it served me for my two glasses of wine to-day.

19th. Up betimes and to my office, and at nine o'clock, none of the rest going, I went alone to Deptford and there went on where they left last night to pay Woolwich yard, and so at noon dined well, being chief at the table, and do not see but every body begins to give me as much respect and honour as any of the rest. After dinner to Pay again, and so till 9 at night, my great trouble being that I was forced to begin an ill practice of bringing down the wages of servants, for which people did curse me, which I do not love. At night, after I had eaten a cold pullet, I walked by brave moonshine, with three or four armed men to guard me, to Redriffe, it being a joy to my heart to think of the condition that I am now in, that people should of themselves provide this for me, unspoke to. I hear this walk is dangerous to walk alone by night, and much robbery committed here. So from thence by water home, and so to my lodgings to bed.

21st (Lord's day). The Queen coming by in her coach, going to her chappell at St. James's (the first time it hath been ready for her), I crowded after her, and I got up to the room where her closet is; and there stood and saw the fine altar, ornaments, and the fryers in their habits, and the priests come in with their fine copes and many other very fine things. I heard their musique too; which may be good, but it did not appear so to me, neither as to their manner of singing, nor was it good concord

to my ears, whatever the matter was. The Queene very devout: but what pleased me best was to see my dear Lady Castlemaine, who, tho' a Protestant, did wait upon the Queen to chappell. By and by, after mass was done, a fryer with his cowl did rise up and preach a sermon in Portuguese; which I not understanding, did go away, and to the King's chappell.

29th (Michaelmas day). This day my oath for drinking of wine and going to plays are out, and so I do resolve to take a liberty to-day, and then to fall to them again. To the King's Theatre, where we saw "Midsummer's Night's Dream," which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life. I saw, I confess, some good dancing and some handsome women, which was all my pleasure.

October 8th. Up and by water to my Lord Sandwich's, and was with him a good while in his chamber, and among other things to my extraordinary joy, he did tell me how much I was beholding to the Duke of York, who did yesterday of his own accord tell him that he did thank him for one person brought into the Navy, naming myself, and much more to my commendation, which is the greatest comfort and encouragement that ever I had in my life, and do owe it all to Mr. Coventry's goodness and ingenuity. I was glad above measure of this.

20th. With Commissioner Pett to Mr. Lilly's, the great painter, who came forth to us; but believing that I come to bespeak a picture, he prevented us by telling us, that he should not be at leisure these three weeks; which methinks is a rare thing. And then to see in what pomp his table was laid for himself to go to dinner; and here, among other pictures, saw the so much desired by me picture of my Lady Castlemaine, which is a most blessed picture; and that I must have a copy of.

24th. After with great pleasure lying a great while talking and sporting in bed with my wife (for we have been for some years now, and at present more and more, a very happy couple, blessed be God), I got up and to my office. So home and dined there with my wife upon a most excellent dish of tripes of my own directing, covered with mustard, as I have heretofore seen them done at my Lord Crew's, of which I made a very great meal.

30th. Could sleep but little to-night for thoughts of my business. So up by candlelight and by water to Whitehall, and so to my Lord Sandwich, who was up in his chamber and all alone, did acquaint me with his business which was, that our old acquaintance Mr. Wade (in Axe Yard) hath discovered to him £7,000 hid in the Tower, of which he was to have two for discovery, my Lord himself two, and the King the other three, when it was found; and that the King's warrant runs for me on my Lord's part, and one Mr. Lee for Sir Harry Bennet, to demand leave of the Lieutenant of the Tower for to make search. Alter dinner, Sir II. Bennet did call aside the Lord Mayor and me, and did break the business to him, who did not, nor durst appear the least averse to it, but did promise all assistance forthwith to set upon it. So Mr. Lee and I to our office, and there walked

till Mr. Wade and one Evett his guide did come, and W Griffin, and a porter with his picke-axes, &c.; and so they walked along with us to the Tower, and Sir H. Bennet and my Lord Mayor did give us full power to fall to work. So our guide demands a candle, and down into the cellars he goes, inquiring whether they were the same that Baxter always had. We went into several little cellars, and then went out a-doors to view, and to the Cole Harbour; but none did answer so well to the marks which was given him to find it by, as one arched vault. Where, after a great deal of council whether to set upon it now, or delay for better and more full advice, we set to it, to digging we went to almost eight o'clock at night, but could find nothing.

November 1st. Thence to my office, sent for to meet Mr. Leigh again, from Sir H. Bennet. And he and I, with Wade and his intelligencer and labourers, to the Tower cellars, to make one tryall more; where we staid two or three hours digging, and dug a great deal all under the arches, as it was now most confidently directed, and so seriously, and upon pretended good grounds, that I myself did truly expect to speed but we missed of all: and so we went away the second time like fools.

3^d. To my Lord Sandwich, from whom I receive every day more and more signs of his confidence and esteem of me.

7th. Up and being by appointment called upon by Mr. Lee, he and I to the Tower, to make our third attempt upon the cellar. And now privately the woman, Barkestead's great confident, is brought, who do positively say that this is the place which he did say the money was hid in, and where he and she did put up the £50,000 in butter firkins; and the very day that he went out of England did say that neither he nor his would be the better for that money, and therefore wishing that she and hers might. And so left us, and we full of hope did resolve to dig all over the cellar, which by seven o'clock at night we performed. At noon we sent for a dinner, and upon the head of a barrel dined very merrily, and to work again. But at last we saw we were mistaken; and after digging the cellar quite through, and removing the barrels from one side to the other, we were forced to pay our porters, and give over our expectations, though I do believe there must be money hid somewhere by him, or else he did delude this woman in hopes to oblige her to further serving him, which I am apt to believe.

13th. Then to my office late, and this afternoon my wife in her discontent sent me a letter, which I am in a quandary what to do, whether to read it or not, but I purpose not, but to burn it before her face, that I may put a stop to more of this nature. But I must think of some way, either to find her some body to keep her company, or to set her to work, and by employment to take up her thoughts and time. After doing what I had to do I went home to supper, and there was very sullen to my wife, and so went to bed and to sleep (though with much ado, my mind being troubled) without speaking one word to her.

25th. All day long till twelve o'clock at night getting my house in order, my wife putting up the red hangings and bed in her woman's

chamber, and I my books and all other matters in my chamber and study, which is now very pretty. So to bed.

27th. At my waking, I found the tops of the houses covered with snow, which is a rare sight, that I have not seen these three years. We all went to the next house upon Tower Hill, to see the coming by of the Russia Ambassador; for whose reception all the City trained-bands do attend in the streets, and the King's life-guards, and most of the wealthy citizens in their black velvet coats, and gold chains. I could not see the Ambassador in his coach, but his attendants in their habits and fur caps very handsome, comely men, and most of them with hawkes upon their fists to present to the King. But Lord! to see the absurd nature of Englishmen, that cannot forbear laughing and jeering at everything that looks strange.

30th (Lord's day). To church in the morning, and Mr. Mills made a pretty good sermon. It is a bitter cold frost to-day. This day I first did wear a muffle, being my wife's last year's muffle, and now I have bought her a new one, this serves me very well. Thus ends this month; in great frost; myself and family all well.

December 5th. So home, and there I find Gosnell come, who, my wife tells me, is like to prove a pretty companion, of which I am glad. In the evening by Gosnell's coming I do put off these thoughts to entertain myself with my wife and her, who sings exceeding well, and I shall take great delight in her, and so merrily to bed.

6th. Up and to the office, and there sat all the morning, Mr. Coventry and I alone, the rest being paying off of ships. Dined at home with my wife and Gosnell, my mind much pleased with her, and after dinner sat with them a good while, till my wife seemed to take notice of my being at home now more than at other times.

9th. Lay long with my wife, contenting her about the business of Gosnell's going, and I perceive she will be contented as well as myself. After dinner staid within all the afternoon, being vexed in my mind about the going away of Sarah this afternoon, who cried mightily, and so was I ready to do, and Jane did also, and then anon went Gosnell away, which did trouble me too; though upon many considerations, it is better that I am rid of the charge. All together makes my house appear to me very lonely, which troubles me much, and in a melancholy humour I went to the office, then home and to supper, and my wife and I melancholy to bed.

15th. Up and to my Lord's and thence to the Duke, and followed him into the Park, where, though the ice was broken and dangerous, yet he would go slide upon his scates, which I did not like, but he slides very well. Thence walked a good while up and down the gallerys; and among others, met with Dr. Clerke, who in discourse tells me, for all this, that the King is very kind to the Queen; who, he says, is one of the best women in the world. Strange how the King is bewitched to this pretty Castlemaine.

19th. Up and by appointment with Mr. Lee, Wade, Evett, and workmen to the Tower, and with the Lieutenant's leave set them to work in

the garden, in the corner against the mayne-guard, a most unlikely place. It being cold, Mr. Lee and I did sit all the day till three o'clock by the fire in the Governor's house; I reading a play of Fletcher's, being "A Wife for a Month," wherein no great wit or language. Having done we went to them at work, and having wrought below the bottom of the foundation of the wall, I bid them give over, and so all our hopes ended.

26th. Up, my wife to the making of Christmas pies all day. Hither come Mr. Battersby; and we falling into a discourse of a new book of drollery in verse called Hudebras, I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple: cost me 2s 6d But when I came to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to the warrs, that I am ashamed of it; and by and by meeting at Mr. Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18d.

29th. Thence to White Hall, and got up to the top gallerys in the Banqueting House, to see the audience of the Russia Embassadors, and very handsome it was. After they were come in, I went down and got through the croude almost as high as the King and the Embassadors, where I saw all the presents, being rich furs, hawks, carpets, cloths of tissue, and sea-horse teeth. The King took two or three hawks upon his fist, having a glove on, wrought with gold, given him for the purpose. The son of one of the Embassadors was in the richest suit for pearl and tissue, that ever I did see, or shall, I believe.

30th. After dinner drinking five or six glasses of wine, which liberty I now take till I begin my oath again, I went home and took my wife into coach, and carried her to Westminster, thence to White Hall, where I carried my wife to see the Queen in her presence-chamber; and the maydes of honour and the young Duke of Monmouth playing at cards.

31st. Thus ends this year with great mirth to me and my wife. Our condition being thus:—we are at present spending a night or two at my Lord's lodgings at White Hall. Our home at the Navy office, which is and hath a pretty while been in good condition, finished and made very convenient. My purse is worth about £650, besides my goods of all sorts. My family is myself and wife, William, my clerk; Jane, my wife's upper mayde, but, I think, growing proud and negligent upon it: we must part, which troubles me; Susan, our cook-mayde, a pretty willing wench, but no good cook; and Wayneman, my boy, who I am now turning away for his naughty tricks. We have had from the beginning our healths to this day, very well, blessed be God! Publique matters stand thus: The King is bringing, as is said, his family, and Navy, and all other his charges, to a less expence. In the mean tyme, himself following his pleasures more than with good advice he would do; at least, to be seen to all the world to do so. His dalliance with my Lady Castlemaine being publique, every day, to his great reproach; and his favouring of none at Court so much as those that are the confidants of his pleasure. My Lord Sandwich is still in good esteem, and now keeping his Christmas in the country; and I in good esteem, I think, as any man can be, with him.

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January 9th. Waking in the morning, my wife I found also awake, and begun to speak to me with great trouble and tears. At last we are pretty good friends, and my wife begun to speak again of the necessity of her keeping somebody to bear her company; for her familiarity with her other servants is it that spoils them all, and other company she hath none, which is too true, and called for Jane to reach her out of her trunk, giving her the keys to that purpose, a bundle of papers, and pulls out a paper, a copy of what, a pretty while since, she had wrote in a discontent to me, which I would not read, but burnt. She now read it, and it was so piquant, and wrote in English, and most of it true, of the retiredness of her life, and how unpleasant it was; that being wrote in English, and so in danger of being met with and read by others, I was vexed at it, and desired her and then commanded her to tear it. When she desired to be excused it, I forced it from her, and tore it, and withal took her other bundle of papers from her, and leapt out of the bed and in my shirt clapped them into the pocket of my breeches, that she might not get them from me, and having got on my stockings and breeches and gown, I pulled them out one by one and tore them all before her face, though it went against my heart to do it, she crying and desiring me not to do it, but such was my passion and trouble to see the letters of my love to her, and my Will wherein I had given her all I have in the world, when I went to sea with my Lord Sandwich, to be joyned with a paper of so much disgrace to me and dishonour, if it should have been found by any body. Having torn them all, saving a bond of my uncle Robert's, which she hath long had in her hands, and our marriage license, and the first letter that ever I sent her when I was her servant, I took up the pieces and carrying them into my chamber, and there, after many disputes with myself whether I should burn them or no, and having picked up the pieces of the paper she read to-day, and of my Will which I tore, I burnt all the rest, and so went out to my office troubled in mind. I home to dinner. And to see my folly, as discontented as I am, when my wife came I could not forbear smiling all dinner till she began to speak bad words again, and then I began to be angry again, and so to my office. My wife and I friends again, though I and she never were so heartily angry in our lives as to-day almost, and I doubt the heart-burning will not [be] soon over, and the truth is I am sorry for the tearing of so many poor loving letters of mine from sea and elsewhere to her.

30th. A solemn fast for the King's murther, and we were forced to keep it more than we would have done, having forgot to take any victuals into the house.

February 1st (Lord's day). This day Creed and I walking in White Hall garden did see the King coming privately from my Lady Castlemaine's; which is a poor thing for a prince to do.

6th. And so to a Bookseller's in the Strand, and there bought Hudi-

bras again, it being certainly some ill humour to be so against that which all the world cries up to be the example of wit; for which I am resolved once again to read him, and see whether I can find it or no.

27th. About 11 o'clock, Commissioner Pett and I walked to Chyrurgeon's Hall (we being all invited thither, and promised to dine there); where we were led into the Theatre; and by and by comes the reader, Dr. Tearne, with the Master and Company, in a very handsome manner: and all being settled, he begun his lecture, this being the second upon the kidneys, ureters, &c., which was very fine. After dinner Dr. Scarborough took some of his friends, and I went along with them, to see the body alone, which we did, which was a lusty fellow, a seaman, that was hanged for a robbery. I did touch the dead body with my bare hand: it felt cold but methought it was a very unpleasant sight. It seems one Dillon, of a great family, was, after much endeavours to have saved him, hanged with a silken halter this Sessions (of his own preparing), not for honour only, but it seems, it being soft and sleek, it do slip close and kills, that is, strangles presently: whereas, a stiff one do not come so close together, and so the party may live the longer before killed. But all the Doctors at table conclude, that there is no pain at all in hanging, for that it do stop the circulation of the blood; and so stops all sense and motion in an instant.

March 10th. Up and to my office all the morning, and great pleasure it is to be doing my business betimes.

April 3rd. Going out of White Hall, I met Captain Grove, who did give me a letter directed to myself from himself. I discerned money to be in it, and took it, knowing, as I found it to be, the proceed of the place I have got him to be, the taking up of vessels for Tangier. But I did not open it till I came home to my office, and there I broke it open, not looking into it till all the money was out, that I might say I saw no money in the paper, if ever I should be questioned about it. There was a piece in gold and £4 in silver.

4th. Home to dinner, whither by and by comes Roger Pepys, Mrs. Turner her daughter, Joyce Norton, and a young lady, a daughter of Coll. Cockes, my uncle Wight, his wife and Mrs. Anne Wight. This being my feast, in lieu of what I should have had a few days ago for my cutting of the stone, for which the Lord make me truly thankful. Very merry at, before, and after dinner, and the more for that my dinner was great, and most neatly dressed by our own only maid. We had a fricasee of rabbits and chickens, a leg of mutton boiled, three carps in a dish, a great dish of a side of lamb, a dish of roasted pigeons, a dish of four lobsters, three tarts, a lamprey pie (a most rare pie), a dish of anchovies, good wine of several sorts, and all things mighty noble and to my great content. After dinner to Hide Park.

14th. Sir G. Carteret tells me to-night that he perceives the Parliament is likely to make a great bustle before they will give the King any money; will call all things into question; and, above all, the expenses of the Navy; and do enquire into the King's expences everywhere.

19th (Easter day). Up and this day put on my close-kneed coloured

suit, which, with new stockings of the colour, with belt, and new gilt-handled sword, is very handsome.

20th. This day the little Duke of Monmouth was married at White Hall, in the King's chamber; and to-night is a great supper and dancing at his lodgings, near Charing Cross. I observed his coat at the tail of his coach: he gives the arms of England, Scotland, and France, quartered upon some other fields, but what it is that speaks his being a bastard I know not.

23^d. At cards till late, and being at supper, my boy being sent for some mustard to a neat's tongue, the rogue staid half an hour in the streets, it seems at a bonfire, at which I was very angry and resolve to beat him to-morrow.

24th. Up betimes, and with my salt eel went down in the parler and there got my boy and did beat him till I was fain to take breath two or three times, yet for all I am afeard it will make the boy never the better, he is grown so hardened in his tricks, which I am sorry for, he being capable of making a brave man, and is a boy that I and my wife love very well. After dinner all the afternoon fiddling upon my viallin (which I have not done many a day), while Ashwell danced above in my upper best chamber, which is a rare room for musique.

25th. So in the evening home, and after supper (my father at my brother's) and merrily practising to dance, which my wife hath begun to learn this day of Mr. Pembleton, but I fear will hardly do any great good at it, because she is conceited that she do well already, though I think no such thing.

May 4th. By and by the dancing-master came, whom standing by, seeing him instructing my wife, when he had done with her, he would needs have me try the steps of a coranto, and what with his desire and my wife's importunity, I did begin, and then was obliged to give him entry-money 10s., and am become his scholler. The truth is, I think it a thing very useful for a gentleman, and sometimes I may have occasion of using it.

12th. Up between four and five, and after dressing myself then to my office to prepare business against the afternoon, where all the morning, and dined at noon at home, where a little angry with my wife for minding nothing now but the dancing-master, having him come twice a day, which is folly.

13th. It is made very doubtful whether the King do not intend the making of the Duke of Monmouth legitimate; but surely the Commons of England will never do it, nor the Duke of York suffer it, whose lady, I am told, is very troublesome to him by her jealousy. Home, where I found it almost night, and my wife and the dancing-master alone above, not dancing but talking. Now so deadly full of jealousy I am that my heart and head did so cast about and fret that I could not do any business possibly, but went out to my office, and anon late home again and ready to chide at every thing, and then suddenly to bed and could hardly sleep. But it is a deadly folly and plague that I bring upon myself to be so jealous and by giving myself such an occasion more than my wife desired of giving her an-

other month's dancing. Which however shall be ended as soon as I can possibly.

June 1st. I with Sir J. Minnes to the Strand Maypole; and there 'light out of his coach, and walked to the New Theatre, which, since the King's players are gone to the Royal one, is this day begun to be employed by the fencers to play prizes at. And here I came and saw the first prize I ever saw in my life; and it was between one Mathews, who did beat at all weapons, and one Westwicke, who was soundly cut several times both in the head and legs, that he was all over blood, and other deadly blows they did give and take in very good earnest, till Westwicke was in a most sad pickle. They fought at eight weapons, three bouts at each weapon. It was very well worth seeing, because I did till this day think that it has only been a cheat; but this being upon a private quarrel, they did it in good earnest; and I felt one of their swords, and found it be very little, if at all blunter on the edge than the common swords are. Strange to see what a deal of money is flung to them both upon the stage between every bout. But a woful rude rabble there was, and such noises, made my head ache all this evening.

4th. In the Hall to-day Dr. Pierce tells me that the Queen begins to be brisk, and play like other ladies, and is quite another woman from what she was, of which I am glad. It may be, it may make the King like her the better, and forsake his two mistresses, my Lady Castlemaine and Stewart.

14th (Lord's day). My wife and I did even our reckonings, and had a great deal of serious talk. I did give her 40s. to carry into the country to-morrow with her, whereof 15s. is to go for the coach-hire for her and Ashwell, there being 20s. paid here already in earnest. In the evening our discourse turned to great content and love, and I hope that after a little forgetting our late differences, and being a while absent one from another, we shall come to agree as well as ever. By and by in comes Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten, and so we sat talking. Among other things Sir J. Minnes brought many fine expressions of Chaucer, which he doats on mightily, and without doubt he is a very fine poet.

15th. Up betimes, and anon my wife rose and did give me her keys, and put other things in order and herself against going this morning into the country. I was forced to go to Thames Street and strike up a bargain for some tarr. Thence home, but finding my wife gone, I took coach and after her to her inn, where I am troubled to see her forced to sit in the back of the coach, though pleased to see her company none but women and one parson; she I find is not troubled at all, and I seemed to make a promise to get a horse and ride after them; and so, kissing her often, and Ashwell once, I bid them adieu. Thence by barge with my Lord to Blackfriars, where we landed and I thence walked home. I up to my wife's closett, and there played on my viallin a good while, and without supper anon to bed, sad for want of my wife, whom I love with all my heart, though of late she has given me some troubled thoughts.

17th. Up before 4 o'clock, which is the hour I intend now to rise at,

and to my office a while, and with great pleasure I fell to my business again.

21st (Lord's day). Up betimes, and fell to reading my Latin grammar, which I perceive I have great need of, having lately found it by my calling Will to the reading of a chapter in Latin, and I am resolved to go through it. So to church, and slept all the sermon, the Scot, to whose voice I am not to be reconciled, preaching.

29th. Met Mr. Creed in the Park, and after a walk or two, discoursing his business, took leave of him in Westminster Hall, whither we walked, and then came again to the Hall and fell to talk with Mrs. Lane, and after great talk that she never went abroad with any man as she used heretofore to do, I with one word got her to go with me and to meet me at the further Rhenish wine-house, where I did give her a Lobster. . . . When weary I did give over and somebody, having seen some of our dalliance, called aloud in the street, "Sir! why do you kiss the gentlewoman so?" and flung a stone at the window, which vexed me. So home and up to my lute long, and then, after a little Latin chapter with Will, to bed. But I have used of late, since my wife went, to make a bad use of my fancy with whatever woman I have a mind to, which I am ashamed of, and shall endeavour to do so no more. So to sleep.

30th. Thus, by God blessing's, ends this book of two years; I being in all points in good health and a good way to thrive and do well. Some money I do and can lay up, but not much, being worth now about £700, besides goods of all sorts. My wife in the country with Ashwell, her woman, with my father; myself at home with W. Hewer and my cookmaid Hannah, my boy Wayneman being lately run away from me.

July 1st. By water with Sir W. Batten to Trinity House, there to dine with him, which we did; and after dinner we fell talking, Sir J. Minnes, Mr. Batten and I; Mr. Batten telling us of a late triall of Sir Charles Sydly the other day, before my Lord Chief Justice Foster and the whole bench, for his debauchery a little while since at Oxford Kate's, coming in open day into the Balcone and showed his nakedness, . . . and abusing of scripture and as it were from thence preaching a mountebank sermon from the pulpit, saying that there he had to sell such a powder as should make all the [women] in town run after him, 1,000 people standing underneath to see and hear him, and that being done he took a glass of wine . . . and then drank it off, and then took another and drank the King's health. It seems my Lord and the rest of the Judges did all of them round give him a most high reproof; my Lord Chief Justice saying, that it was for him, and such wicked wretches as he was, that God's anger and judgments hung over us, calling him sirrah many times. It's said they have bound him to his good behaviour (there being no law against him for it) in £5,000.

8th. In the evening I received letters out of the country, among others from my wife, who methinks writes so coldly that I am much troubled at it, and I fear shall have much ado to bring her to her old good temper.

9th. Up. Sir W. Batten and I sat a little this afternoon at the office, and thence I by water to Deptford, and there mustered the Yard, purposely, God forgive me, to find out Bagwell, a carpenter, whose wife is a pretty woman, that I might have some occasion of knowing him and forcing her to come to the office again, which I did so luckily that going thence he and his wife did of themselves meet me in the way to thank me for my old kindness, but I spoke little to her, but shall give occasion for her coming to me.

13th. By water to Whitehall, and so walked to St. James's, but missed Mrs. Coventry. I met the Queen-Mother walking in the Pell Mell, led by my Lord St. Alban's. And finding many coaches at the Gate, I found upon enquiry that the Duchess is brought to bed of a boy; and hearing that the King and Queen are rode abroad with the Ladies of Honour to the Park, and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying here to see their return, I also staid walking up and down. By and by the King and Queen, who looked in this dress (a white laced waistcoat and a crimson short pettycoat, and her hair dressed *à la negligence*) mighty pretty; and the King rode hand in hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine rode among the rest of the ladies; but the King took, methought, no notice of her; nor when they 'light did any body press (as she seemed to expect, and staid for it) to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentleman. She looked mighty out of humour and had a yellow plume in her hat (which all took notice of), and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy: nor did any body speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to any body. I followed them up into White Hall, and into the Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beautys and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Mrs. Stewart in this dress, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life; and, if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress; nor do I wonder if the King changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine. So home to supper and to bed, before I sleep fancying myself to sport with Mrs. Stewart with great pleasure.

Aug. 10th. Hither came W. Howe about business, and he and I had a great deal of discourse about my Lord Sandwich, and I find by him that my Lord do dote upon one of the daughters of Mrs. [Becke] where he lies, so that he spends his time and money upon her. He tells me she is a woman of a very bad fame and very imprudent, and has told my Lord so, yet for all that my Lord do spend all his evenings with her, though he be at court in the day time, and that the world do take notice of it. In fine, I perceive my Lord is dabbling with this wench, for which I am sorry, though I do not wonder at it, being a man amorous enough, and now begins to allow himself the liberty that he says every body else at Court takes.

16th (Lord's day). Up and with my wife to church, and finding her desirous to go to church, I did suspect her meeting of Pembleton, but he was not there, and so I thought my jealousy in vain, and treat the sermon with great quiet.

31st. This noon came Jane Gentleman to serve my wife as her chamber mayde. I wish she may prove well. So ends this month, with my mind pretty well in quiett, and in good disposition of health since my drinking at home of a little wine with my beer; but no where else do I drink any wine at all.

September 7th. And so I to my Lord Crew's, thinking to have dined there, but it was too late, and so back through Fleet Ally, God forgive me, out of an itch to look upon the sluts there, against which when I saw them my stomach turned.

11th. This morning, about two or three o'clock, knocked up in our back yard, and rising to the window, being moonshine, I found it was the constable and his watch, who had found our back yard door open, and so came in to see what the matter was. So I desired them to shut the door, and bid them good night, and so to bed again, and at 6 o'clock up and a while to my viall.

22nd. Every day brings newes of the Turke's advance into Germany, to the awakeing of all the Christian Princes thereabouts, and possessing himself of Hungary.

24th. In the afternoon telling my wife that I go to Deptford, I went by water to Westminster Hall, and there finding Mrs. Lane, took her over to Lambeth, where we were lately . . . But, trust in the Lord, I shall never do so again while I live. After being tired with her company I landed her at White Hall, and so home and at my office writing letters till 12 at night almost, and then home to supper and bed, and there found my poor wife hard at work, which grieved my heart to see that I should abuse so good a wretch, and that is just with God to make her bad with me for my wronging of her, but I do resolve never to do the like again. So to bed.

Oct. 14th. After dinner my wife and I, by Mr. Rawlinson's conduct, to the Jewish Synagogue; where the men and boys in their vayles, and the women behind a lattice out of sight; and some things stand up, which I believe is their Law, in a press to which all coming in do bow; and at the putting on their vayles do say something, to which others that hear him do cry Amen, and the party do kiss his vayle. Their service all in a singing way, and in Hebrew.

17th. Some discourse of the Queene's being very sick, if not dead, the Duke and Duchesse of York being sent for betimes this morning to come to White Hall to her.

19th. Waked with a very high wind, and said to my wife, "I pray God I hear not of the death of any great person, this wind is so high!" fearing that the Queen might be dead. Much talk about the Turk's proceedings, and that the plague is got to Amsterdam, brought by a ship from Argier; and it is also carried to Hambrough. The Duke says the King purposes to forbid any of their ships coming into the river.

Coming to St. James's, I hear that the Queene did sleep five hours pretty well tonight, and that she waked and gargled her mouth; but that her pulse beats fast, beating twenty to the King's or my Lady Suffolk's eleven.

22nd. This morning, hearing that the Queen grows worse again, I sent to stop the making of my velvet cloake, till I see whether she lives or dies

27th. Mr. Coventry tells me to-day that the Queen had a very good night last night; but yet it is strange that still she raves and talks of little more than of her having of children, and fancys now that she hath three children, and that the girle is very like the King. And this morning about five o'clock waked (the physician feeling her pulse, thinking to be better able to judge, she being still and asleep, waked her) and the first word she said was, "How do the children?"

November 3rd. By and by comes Chapman, the periwig-maker, and upon my liking it, without more ado, I went up, and there he cut off my haire, which went a little to my heart at present to part with it; but, it being over, and my periwig on, I paid him £3 for it; and away went he with my owne haire to make up another of, and I by and by, after I had caused all my mayds to look upon it; and they conclude it do become me; though Jane was mightily troubled for my parting of my own haire, and so was Besse.

4th. Up to my office, shewing myself to Sir W. Batten, and Sir J. Minnes, and no great matter made of by periwig, as I was afraid there would be.

6th. This morning waking, my wife was mighty earnest with me to persuade me that she should prove with child since last night, which if it be, let it come, and welcome.

9th. Up and found myself very well, and so by coach to White Hall and there met all my fellow officers, and so to the Duke, where, when we came into his closett, he told us that Mr. Pepys was so altered with his new perriwig that he did not know him. Thence to Westminster Hall, where I met with Mr. Pierce, chyrurgeon. He told me also how loose the Court is, nobody looking after business, but every man his lust and gain; and how the King is now become besotted upon Mrs. Stewart, that he gets into corners, and will be with her half an houre together kissing her to the observation of all the world; and she now stays by herself and expects it, as my Lady Castlemaine did use to do; to whom the King, he says, is still kind, so as now and then he goes to have a chat with her as he believes; but with no such fondness as he used to do. He tells me that the King by name, with all his dignities, is prayed for by them that they call Fanatiques, as heartily and powerfully as in any of the other churches that are thought better: and that, let the King think what he will, it is them that must helpe him in the day of warr. For as they are the most, so generally they are the most substantiall sort of people, and the soberest. The Queene, I hear, is now very well again, and that she hath bespoken herself a new gowne.

26th. The plague, it seems, grows more and more at Amsterdam;

and we are going upon making of all ships coming from thence and Hambrough, or any other infected places, to perform their Quarantine.

28th. I have been told two or three times, but to-day for certain I am told how in Holland publicly they have pictured our King with reproach. One way is with his pockets turned the wrong side outward, hanging out empty; another with two courtiers picking of his pockets; and a third, leading two ladies, while others abuse him; which amounts to great contempt.

December 10th. To St. Paul's Church Yard, to my bookseller's, and having gained this day in the office by my stationer's bill to the King about 40s. or £3, I did here sit two or three hours calling for twenty books to lay this money out upon, and found myself at a great losse where to choose, and do see how my nature would gladly return to laying out money in this trade. I could not tell whether to lay out my money for books of pleasure, as plays, which my nature was most earnest in; but at last, after seeing Chaucer, Dugdale's History of Paul's, Stow's London, Gesner, History of Trent, besides Shakespeare, Jonson, and Beaumont's plays, I at last chose Dr. Fuller's Worthys, the *Cabbala* or Collections of Letters of State, and a little book, *Delices de Hollande*, with another little book or two, all of good use or serious pleasure: and Hudibras, both parts, the book now in greatest fashion for drollery, though I cannot, I confess, see enough where the wit lies.

12th. To the Exchange, where I had sent Luellin word I would come to him, and thence brought him home to dinner with me. Then he began to tell me that Mr. Deering had been with him to desire to speak to me that if I would get him off with these goods upon his hands, he would give me 50 pieces, and further that if I would stand his friend to helpe him to the benefit of his patent as the King's merchant, he could spare me £200 per annum out of his profits. I was glad to hear both of these, but answered him no further than that as I would not by any thing be bribed to be unjust in my dealings, so I was not so squeamish as not to take people's acknowledgment where I had the good fortune by my pains to do them good and just offices, and so I would not come to be at any agreement with him, but I would labour to do him this service and to accept his consideration thereof afterwards as he thought fit. So I expect to hear more of it. I did make very much of Luellin in hopes to have some good by this business. I spent a little time walking in the garden, and in the mean time, while I was walking Mrs. Pen's pretty maid came by my side, and went into the office, but finding nobody there I went in to her, being glad of the occasion.

21st. I to my Lord's, but he not being within, took coach, and, being directed by sight of bills upon the walls, I did go to Shoe Lane to see a cocke-fighting at a new pit there, a sport I was never at in my life; but, Lord! to see the strange variety of people, from Parliament-man to the poorest 'prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, draymen, and what not; and all these fellows one with another in swearing, cursing, and betting. I soon had enough of it, and yet I would not but have seen it once, it being

strange to observe the nature of these poor creatures, how they will fight till they drop down dead upon the table, and strike after they are ready to give up the ghost, not offering to run away when they are weary or wounded past doing further, whereas where a dunghill brood comes he will, after a sharp stroke that pricks him, run off the stage, and then they wring off his neck without more ado, whereas the other they preserve, though their eyes be both out, for breed only of a true cock of the game. Sometimes a cock that has had ten to one against him will by chance give an unlucky blow, will strike the other starke dead in a moment, that he never stirs more; but the common rule is, that though a cock neither runs nor dies, yet if any man will bet £10 to a crowne, and nobody take the bet, the game is given over, and not sooner. One thing more it is strange to see how people of this poor rank, that look as if they had not bread to put in their mouths, shall bet three or four pounds at one bet, and lose it, and yet bet as much the next battle (so they call every match of two cocks), so that one of them will lose £10 or £20 at a meeting. Thence, having enough of it, by coach to my Lord Sandwich's.

25th (*Christmas day*). Lay long talking pleasantly with my wife, but among other things she begun, I know not whether by design or chance, to enquire what she should do if I should by any accident die, to which I did give her some slight answer; but shall make good use of it to bring myself to some settlement for her sake, by making a will as soon as I can.

29th. After dinner Luellin took me up to my chamber to give me £50 for the service I did him, though not so great as he expected and I intended. But I told him that I would not sell my liberty to any man. I did also tell him that neither this nor any thing should make me to do any thing that should not be for the King's services besides.

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January 2nd. After dinner I took my wife out, for I do find that I am not able to conquer myself as to going to plays till I come to some new vowe concerning it, and that I am now come, that is to say, that I will not see above one in a month at any of the publique theatres till the sum of 50s. be spent, and then none before New Year's Day next, unless that I do become worth £1,000 sooner than then, and then am free to come to some other terms.

6th. This morning I began a practice which I find by the ease I do it with that I shall continue it, it saving me money and time; that is, to trimme myself with a razer: which pleases me mightily.

21st. Up, and after sending my wife to my aunt Wight's to get a place to see Turner hanged, I to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon going to the 'Change; and seeing people flock in the City, I enquired, and found that Turner was not yet hanged. And so I went among them to Leadenhall Street, at the end of Lyme Street, near where the robbery was done; and to St. Mary Axe, where he lived. And there I

got for a shilling to stand upon the wheel of a cart, in great pain, above an houre before the execution was done; he delaying the time by long discourses and prayers one after another, in hopes of a reprieve; but none came, and at last was flung off the ladder in his cloake. A comely-looking man he was, and kept his countenance to the end: I was sorry to see him. It was believed there were at last 12 or 14,000 people in the street. After that I had good discourse with a pretty young merchant with mighty content.

30th. This evening, being in a humour of making all things even and clear in the world, I tore some old papers; among others, a romance which (under the title of "Love a Cheate") I begun ten years ago at Cambridge; and at this time reading it over to-night I liked it very well, and wondered a little at myself at my vein at that time when I wrote it, doubting that I cannot do so well now if I would try.

February 1st. I met with Mr. Pierce, who tells me of several passages at Court, among others how the King, coming the other day to his Theatre to see "The Indian Queene" (which he commends for a very fine thing), my Lady Castlemaine was in the next box before he came; and leaning over other ladies awhile to whisper to the King, she rose out of the box and went into the King's, and set herself on the King's right hand, between the King and the Duke of York; which, he swears, put the King himself, as well as every body else, out of countenance; and believes that she did it only to show the world that she is not out of favour yet, as was believed.

2nd. Then to the 'Change again, and thence off to the Sun Taverne with Sir W. Warren, and with him discoursed long, and had good advice, and hints from him, and among other things he did give me a payre of gloves for my wife wrapt up in paper, which I would not open, feeling it hard; but did tell him that my wite should thank him, and so went on in discourse. When I came home, Lord! in what pain I was to get my wife out of the room without bidding her go, that I might see what these gloves were; and, by and by, she being gone, it proves a payre of white gloves for her and forty pieces in gold, which did so cheer my heart, that I could eat no victuals almost for dinner for joy to think how God do bless us every day and more.

3rd. This night late coming in my coach, coming up Ludgate Hill, I saw two gallants and their footmen taking a pretty wench, which I have much eyed, lately set up shop upon the hill, a seller of riband and gloves. They seek to drag her by some force, but the wench went, and I believe had her turn served, but, God forgive me! what thoughts and wishes I had of being in their place. In Covent Garden to-night, going to fetch home my wife, I stopped at the great Coffee-house there, where I never was before; where Dryden the poet (I knew at Cambridge), and all the wits of the town, and Harris the player, and Mr. Hoole of our College.

9th. Great talke of the Dutch proclaiming themselves in India, Lords of the Southern Seas, and deny traffick there to all ships but their owne, upon pain of confiscation; which makes our merchants mad.

Mar. 14th. So to the 'Change, and thence home, where my wife and I fell out about my not being willing to have her have her gowne laced, but would lay out the same money and more on a plain new one. At this she founced away in a manner I never saw her, nor which I could ever endure. So I away to the office, though she had dressed herself to go see my Lady Sandwich. She by and by in a rage follows me, and coming to me tells me in a spiteful manner like a vixen and with a look full of rancor that she would go buy a new one and lace it and make me pay for it, and then let me burn it if I would after she had done it, and so went away in a fury.

15th. After dinner we took coach and to my brother's, where [I found him] talking idle, and now not at all knowing any of us as before. Here we staid a great while. About 8 o'clock my brother began to fetch his spittle with pain, and to speak as much but not so distinctly, till at last the phlegm getting the mastery of him, and he beginning as we thought to rattle, I had no mind to see him die, as we thought he presently would, and so withdrew and led Mrs. Turner home, but before I came back, which was in half a quarter of an hour, my brother was dead. I went up and found the nurse holding his eyes shut, and he poor wretch lying with his chops fallen, a most sad sight, and that which put me into a present very great transport of grief and cries, and indeed it was a most sad sight to see the poor wretch lie now still and dead, and pale like a stone. After an hour's talk, we up to bed, my wife and I in the little blue chamber, and I lay close to my wife, being full of disorder and grief for my brother that I could not sleep nor wake with satisfaction, at last I slept till 5 or 6 o'clock.

18th. Up betimes, and walked to my brother's, where a great while putting things in order against anon; then to Madam Turner's and eat a breakfast there, and so to Wotton, my shoemaker, and there got a pair of shoes blacked on the soles against anon for me; so to my brother's and to church, and with the grave-maker chose a place for my brother to lie in, just under my mother's pew. But to see how a man's tombes are at the mercy of such a fellow, that for sixpence he would (as his owne words were), "I will justle them together but I will make room for him;" speaking of the fulness of the middle isle, where he was to lie; and that he would, for my father's sake, do my brother that is dead all the civility he can; which was to disturb other corps that are not quite rotten, to make room for him; and methought his manner of speaking it was very remarkable; as of a thing that now was in his power to do a man a courtesy or not; and so to my brother's again; whither, though invited, as the custom is, at one or two o'clock, they came not till four or five. But at last one after another they come, many more than I bid; and my reckoning that I bid was one hundred and twenty; but I believe there was nearer one hundred and fifty. Their service was six biscuits a-piece, and what they pleased of burnt claret. My cosen Joyce Norton kept the wine and cakes above; and did give out to them that served, who had white gloves given them. But above all, I am beholden to Mrs. Holden, who was most kind,

and did take mighty pains not only in getting the house and every thing else ready, but this day in going up and down to see the house filled and served, in order to mine, and their great content, I think; the men sitting by themselves in some rooms, and women by themselves in others, very close, but yet room enough. Anon to church, walking out into the streete to the Conduit, and so across the streete, and had a very good company along with the corps. And being come to the grave as above, Dr. Pierson, the minister of the parish, did read the service for buriall: and so I saw my poor brother laid into the grave; and so all broke up; and I and my wife and Madam Turner and her family to my brother's, and by and by fell to a barrell of oysters, cake, and cheese, of Mr. Honiwood's, with him, in his chamber and below, being too merry for so late a sad work. But, Lord! to see how the world makes nothing of the memory of a man, an houre after he is dead! And, indeed, I must blame myself, for though at the sight of him dead and dying, I had real grief for a while, while he was in my sight; yet presently after, and ever since, I have had very little grief indeed for him. By and by, it beginning to be late, I put things in some order in the house, and so took my wife and Besse (who hath done me very good service in cleaning and getting ready every thing and serving the wine and things to-day, and is indeed a most excellent good-natured and faithful wench, and I love her mightily), by coach home, and so after being at the office to set down the day's work home to supper and to bed.

26th. This being my solemn feast for my cutting of the stone, it being now, blessed be God! this day six years since the time; and I bless God I do in all respects find myself free from that disease or any signs of it.

April 1st. This day Mrs. Turner did lend me, as a rarity, a manuscript of one Mr. Wells, writ long ago, teaching the method of building a ship, which pleases me mightily. I was at it to-night, but durst not stay long at it, I being come to have a great pain and water in my eyes after candle-light.

5th. I crowded in and heard the King's speech, but he speaks the worst that ever I heard man in my life; worse than if he read it all, and he had it in writing in his hand.

Home myself, where I find my wife dressed as if she had been abroad, but I think she was not, but she answering me some way that I did not like I pulled her by the nose, indeed to offend her, though afterwards to appease her I denied it, but only it was done in haste. The poor wretch took it mighty ill, and I believe besides wringing her nose she did feel pain, and so cried a great while, but by and by I made her friends, and so after supper to my office a while, and then home to bed.

12th. Thence a little to the 'Change, and thence to my uncle Wight's, where dined my father, poor melancholy man, that used to be as full of life as anybody.

18th. To Hide Parke, where I have not been since last year; where I saw the King with his periwig, but not altered at all; and my Lady

Castlemayne in a coach by herself, in yellow satin and a pinner on; and many brave persons. And myself being in a hackney and full of people, was ashamed to be seen by the world, many of them knowing me.

22nd. Having directed it last night, I was called up this morning before four o'clock. It was full light enough to dress myself, and so by water against tide, it being a little coole, to Greenwich; and thence, only that it was somewhat foggy till the sun got to some height, walked with great pleasure to Woolwich, in my way staying several times to listen to the nightingales.

May 2nd. And to my office, whither comes Mr. Bland and pays me the debt he acknowledged he owed me for my service in his business of the Tangier Merchant, twenty pieces of new gold, a pleasant sight. It cheered my heart; and he being gone, I home to supper, and shewed them my wife; and she, poor wretch, would fain have kept them to look on, without any other design but a simple love to them; but I thought it not convenient, and so took them into my own hand. So, after supper, to bed.

11th. My uncle Wight came to me to my office this afternoon to speak with me about Mr. Maes's business again, and from me went to my house to see my wife, and strange to think that my wife should by and by send for me after he was gone to tell me that he should begin discourse of her want of children and his also, and how he thought it would be best for him and her to have one between them, and he would give her £500 either in money or jewells beforehand, and make the child his heir. He commended her body, and discoursed that for all he knew the thing was lawful. She says she did give him a very warm answer, such as he did not excuse himself by saying that he said this in jest, but told her that since he saw what her mind was he would say no more to her of it, and desired her to make no words of it. It seemed he did say all this in a kind of counterfeit laugh, but by all words that passed, which I cannot now so well set down, it is plain to me that he was in good earnest, and that I fear all his kindness is but only his lust to her. What to think of it of a sudden I know not, but I think not to take notice yet of it to him till I have thought better of it.

23rd. So to Deptford, did some business there; but, Lord! to see how in both places the King's business, if ever it should come to a warr, is likely to be done, there not being a man that looks or speaks like a man that will take pains, or use any forecast to serve the King, at which I am heartily troubled.

June 1st. Thence to W. Joyce's, where by appointment I met my wife (but neither of them at home), and she and I to the King's house, and saw "The Silent Woman"; but methought not so well done or so good a play as I formerly thought it to be, or else I am now-a-days out of humour. Before the play was done, it fell such a storm of hayle, that we in the middle of the pit were fain to rise; and all the house in a disorder, and so my wife and I out and got into a little alehouse, and staid there an hour after the play was done before we could get a coach.

3rd. At the Committee for Tangier all the afternoon, where a sad consideration to see things of so great weight managed in so confused a manner.

4th. And then up to the Duke, and was with him giving him an account how matters go, and of the necessity there is of a power to presse seamen, without which we cannot really raise men for this fleete of twelve sayle, besides that it will assert the King's power of pressing, which at present is somewhat doubted, and will make the Dutch believe that we are in earnest.

13th. Thence walked with Mr. Coventry to St. James's, and there spent by his desire the whole morning reading of some old Navy books given him of old Sir John Cooke's by the Archbishop of Canterbury that now is. We did also talk of a History of the Navy of England, how fit it were to be writ; and he did say that it hath been in his mind to propose to me the writing of the History of the late Dutch warr, which I am glad to hear, it being a thing I much desire, and sorts mightily with my genius; and, if well done, may recommend me much.

24th. After dinner to White Hall; and there met with Mr. Pierce, and he showed me the Queene's bed-chamber, and her closett, where she had nothing but some pretty pious pictures, and books of devotion; and her holy water at her head as she sleeps, with her clock by her bed-side, wherein a lamp burns that tells her the time of the night at any time. Thence with him to the Parke, and there met the Queene coming from Chappell, with her Mayds of Honour, all in silver-lace gowns again: which is new to me, and that which I did not think would have been brought up again. Thence he carried me to the King's closett: where such variety of pictures, and other things of value and rarity, that I was properly confounded and enjoyed no pleasure in the sight of them; which is the only time in my life that ever I was so at a loss for pleasure, in the greatest plenty of objects to give it me.

July 4th. After dinner I walked homeward, still doing business by the way, and at home find my wife this day of her owne accord to have lain out 25s upon a pair of pendants for her cares, which did vex me and brought both me and her to very high and very foule words from her to me, such as trouble me to think she should have in her mouth, and reflecting upon our old differences, which I hate to have remembered. I vowed to breake them, or that she should go and get what she could for them again. I went with that resolution out of doors; the poor wretch afterwards in a little while did send out to change them for her money again. I followed Besse her messenger at the 'Change, and there did consult and sent her back; I would not have them changed, being satisfied that she yielded. So went home, and friends again as to that business; but the words I could not get out of my mind, and so went to bed at night discontented, and she came to bed to me, but all would not make me friends, but sleep and rise in the morning angry.

8th. So to Paul's Churchyarde about my books, and to the binder's and directed the doing of my Chaucer, though they were not full neate

enough for me, but pretty well it is; and thence to the clasp-maker's to have it clasped and bossed.

Then with Creed to St. James's, and missing Mr. Coventry, to White Hall; where, staying for him in one of the galleries, there comes out of the chayreroom Mrs. Stewart, in a most lovely form, with her hair all about her eares, having her picture taking there. There was the King and twenty more, I think, standing by all the while, and a lovely creature she in this dress seemed to be.

18th. To Westminster to my barber's, to have my Periwigg he lately made me cleansed of its nits, which vexed me cruelly that he should put such a thing into my hands. Here meeting his mayd Jane, that has lived with them so long, I talked with her, and sending her of an errand to Dr. Clerk's, did meet her, and took her into a little alehouse in Brewers Yard, and there did sport with her, without any knowledge of her though, and a very pretty innocent girl she is. Thence home and Creed with me, and there he took occasion to owne his obligations to me, and did lay down twenty pieces in gold upon my shelf in my closett, which I did not refuse, but wish and expected should have been more. But, however, this is better than nothing, and now I am out of expectation, and shall henceforward know how to deal with him.

21st. This morning to the office comes Nicholas Osborne, Mr. Gauden's clerke, to desire of me what piece of plate I would choose to have a £100, or thereabouts, bestowed upon me in, he having order to lay out so much; and, out of his freedom with me, do of himself come to make this question. I a great while urged my unwillingness to take any, not knowing how I could serve Mr. Gauden, but left it wholly to himself; so at noon I find brought home in fine leather cases a pair of the noblest flaggons that ever I saw all the days of my life; whether I shall keepe them or no I cannot tell; for it is to oblige me to him in the business of the Tangier victualling, wherein I doubt I shall not; but glad I am to see that I shall be sure to get something on one side or other, have it which will: so, with a merry heart, I looked upon them, and locked them up.

23^d. From thence walked toward Westminster, and being in an idle and wanton humour, walked through Fleet Alley, and there stood a most pretty wench at one of the doors, so I took a turn or two, but what by sense of honour and conscience I would not go in, but much against my will took coach and away.

27th. My present posture is thus: my wife in the country and my mayde Besse with her and all quiett there. I am endeavouring to find a woman for her to my mind, and above all one that understands musique, especially singing. I am the willinger to keepe one because I am in good hopes to get 2 or £300 per annum extraordinary by the business of the victualing of Tangier.

August 7th (*Lord's day*). So I walked homeward and met with Mr. Spong, and he with me as far as the Old Exchange talking of many ingenuous things, musique, and at last of glasses, and I find him still the

same ingenuous man that ever he was. While we were talking came by several poor creatures carried by, by constables, for being at a conventicle. They go like lambs, without any resistance. I would to God they would either conform, or be more wise, and not be caught!

September 31d. I have had a bad night's rest to-night, not sleeping well, as my wife observed, and once or twice she did wake me, and I thought myself to be mightily bit with fleas, and in the morning she chid her mayds for not looking the fleas a-days. But, when I rose, I found that it is only the change of the weather from hot to cold, which, as I was two winters ago, do stop my pores, and so my blood tingles and itches all day all over my body, and so continued to-day all the day long just as I was then.

6th. So home, having called upon Doll, our pretty 'Change woman, for a pair of gloves trimmed with yellow ribbon, to [match the] petticoate my wife bought yesterday, which cost me 20s.; but she is so pretty, that, God forgive me! I could not think it too much—which is a strange slavery that I stand in to beauty, that I value nothing near it.

9th. So back again home, and there my wife and Mercer and Tom and I sat till eleven at night, singing and fiddling, and a great joy it is to see me master of so much pleasure in my house, that it is and will be still, I hope, a constant pleasure to me to be at home. The girl plays pretty well upon the harpsicon, but only ordinary tunes, but hath a good hand; sings a little, but hath a good voyce and eare. My boy, a brave boy, sings finely, and is the most pleasant boy at present, while his ignorant boy's tricks last, that ever I saw. So to supper, and with great pleasure to bed.

12th. By coach to St. James's, and there did our business as usual with the Duke; and saw him with great pleasure play with his little girle, like an ordinary private father of a child.

24th. We were told to-day of a Dutch ship of 3 or 400 tons, where all the men were dead of the plague, and the ship cast ashore at Gottenburgh.

October 31d. I to my barber's, and there only saw Jane and stroked her under the chin, and away to the Exchange, and there long about several businesses, hoping to get money by them, and thence home to dinner and there found Hawly. But meeting Bagwell's wife at the office before I went home I took her into the office and there kissed her only. She rebuked me for doing it, saying that did I do so much to many bodics else it would be a stain to me. But I do not see but she takes it well enough, though in the main I believe she is very honest. So after some kind discourse we parted, and I home to dinner, and after dinner down to Deptford.

4th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning. Thence after dinner to a play, to see "The Generall;" which is so dull and so ill-acted, that I think it is the worst I ever saw or heard in all my days. I happened to sit near to Sir Charles Sidly; who I find a very witty man, and he did at every line take notice of the dullness of the poet and badness of the action, that most pertinently; which I was mightily taken with. To-mor-

row they told us should be acted, or the day after, a new play, called "The Parson's Dreame," acted all by women.

10th. This day, by the blessing of God, my wife and I have been married nine years but my head being full of business, I did not think of it to keep it in any extraordinary manner. But bless God for our long lives and loves and health together, which the same God long continue, I wish, from my very heart!

25th. It seems the City did last night very freely lend the King £100,000 without any security but the King's word, which was very noble.

November 3rd. At noon to the 'Change, and thence by appointment was met with Bagwell's wife, and she followed me into Moorfields, and there into a drinking house, and all alone eat and drank together. I didn't there caress her, but though I did make some offer did not receive any compliance from her in what was bad, but very modestly she denied me, which I was glad to see and shall value her the better for it, and I hope never tempt her to any evil more.

21st. I to the 'Change and there staid long doing business, and this day for certain newes is come that Teddman hath brought in eighteen or twenty Dutchmen, merchants, their Boudeaux fleete, and two men of warr to Portsmouth. And I had letters this afternoon, that three are brought into the Downes and Dover; so that the warr is begun: God give a good end to it!

December 14th. Up, and after a while at the office, I abroad in several places, among others to my bookseller's, and there spoke for several books against New Year's day, I resolving to lay out about £7 or £8, God having given me some profit extraordinary of late; and bespoke also some plate, spoons, and forks. I pray God keep me from too great expenses, though these will still be pretty good money. To-night spoke for some fruit for the country for my father against Christmas, and where should I do it, but at the pretty woman's, that used to stand at the doore in Fanchurch streete, I having a mind to know her.

18th (Lord's day). To church, where, God forgive me! I spent most of my time in looking [on] my new Morena at the other side of the church, an acquaintance of Pegg Pen's. So home to dinner, and then to my chamber to read Ben Johnson's Cataline, a very excellent piece.

19th. Going to bed betimes last night we waked betimes, and from our people's being forced to take the key to go out to light a candle, I was very angry and began to find fault with my wife for not commanding her servants as she ought. Thereupon she giving me some cross answer I did strike her over her left eye such a blow as the poor wretch did cry out and was in great pain, but yet her spirit was such as to endeavour to bite and scratch me. But I coying with her made her leave crying, and sent for butter and parsley, and friends presently one with another, and I up, vexed at my heart to think what I had done, for she was forced to lay a poultice or something to her eye all day, and is black, and the people of the house observed it. But I was forced to rise, and up and with Sir J. Minnes to White Hall, and there we waited on the Duke. Thence home,

and not finding Bagwell's wife as I expected, I to the 'Change and there walked up and down, and then home, and she being come I bid her go and stay at Mooregate for me, and after going up to my wife (whose eye is very bad, but she is in very good temper to me), and after dinner I to the place and walked round the fields again and again, but not finding her I to the 'Change, and there found her waiting for me and took her away, and to an alehouse, and there made I much of her, and then away thence and to another and endeavoured to caress her, but *elle ne voulait pas*, which did vex me.

31st. At the office all the morning, and after dinner there again, dispatched first my letters, and then to my accounts, not of the month but of the whole yeare also, and was at it till past twelve at night, it being bitter cold; but yet I was well satisfied with my worke, and, above all, to find myself, by the great blessing of God, worth £1,349, by which, as I have spent very largely, so I have laid up above £500 this yeare above what I was worth this day twelvemonth. The Lord make me for ever thankful to his holy name for it! Thence home to cat a little and to bed. Soon as ever the clock struck one, I kissed my wife in the kitchen by the fireside, wishing her a merry new yeare, observing that I believe I was the first proper wisher of it this year, for I did it as soon as ever the clock struck one.

I bless God I never have been in so good plight as to my health. But I am at a great losse to know whether it be my hare's foote, or taking every morning of a pill of turpentine, or my having left off the wearing of a gowne. This Christmas I judged it fit to look over all my papers and books; and to tear all that I found either boyish or not to be worth keeping, or fit to be seen, if it should please God to take me away suddenly.

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January 2nd. So back again home, where thinking to be merry was vexed with my wife's having looked out a letter in Sir Philip Sidney about jealousy for me to read, which she industriously and maliciously caused me to do, and the truth is my conscience told me it was most proper for me, and therefore was touched at it, but tooke no notice of it, but read it out most frankly, but it stucke in my stomach.

11th. Up, and very angry with my boy for lying long a bed and forgetting his lute. To my office all the morning. This evening, by a letter from Plymouth, I hear that two of our ships, the Leopard and another, in the Straights, are lost by running aground.

February 3rd. Up, and walked with my boy (whom, because of my wife's making him idle I dare not leave at home) walked first to Salisbury court, there to excuse my not being at home at dinner to Mrs. Turner. She was dressing herself by the fire in her chamber, and there took occasion to show me her leg, which indeed is the finest I ever saw, and she is not a little proud of it.

20th. At my office my wife comes and tells me that she hath hired a chamber mayde, one of the prettiest maydes that ever she saw in her life, and that she is really jealous of me for her, but hath ventured to hire her month to month, but I think she means merrily. So to supper and to bed.

28th. Come home, I to the taking my wife's kitchen accounts at the latter end of the month, and there find 7s. wanting, which did occasion a very high falling out between us, I indeed too angrily insisting upon so poor a thing, and did give her very provoking high words, calling her beggar, and reproaching her friends, which she took very stomachfully and reproached me justly with mine, and I confess, being myself, I cannot see what she could have done less. We parted after many high words very angry, and I to my office to my month's accounts, and find myself worth £1,270, for which the Lord God be praised.

March 4th. This day was proclaimed at the 'Change the war with Holland.

6th. So home, and there find our new chamber-mayde, Mary, come, which instead of handsome, as my wife spoke and still seems to reckon, is a very ordinary wench, I think, and therein was mightily disappointed.

13th. This day my wife begun to wear light-coloured locks, quite white almost, which, though it makes her look very pretty, yet not being natural, vexes me, that I will not have her wear them.

20th. The Duke did direct Secretary Bennet, who was there, to declare his mind to the Tangier Committee, that he approves of me for Treasurer; and with a character of me to be a man whose industry and discretion he would trust soon as any man's in England: and did the like to my Lord Sandwich. So to White Hall to the Committee of Tangier. Whereupon, Secretary Bennet did deliver the Duke's command, which was received with great content and allowance beyond expectation; the Secretary repeating also the Duke's character of me. And I could discern my Lord FitzHarding was well pleased with me, and signified full satisfaction, and whispered something seriously of me to the Secretary. And there I received their constitution under all their hands presently; so that I am already confirmed their Treasurer, and put into a condition of striking of tallies; and all without one harsh word or word of dislike, but quite the contrary; which is a good fortune beyond all imagination.

21st. By coach to the Mewes, but Creed was not there. In our way the coach drove through a lane by Drury Lane, where abundance of loose women stood at the doors, which, God forgive me, did put evil thoughts in me, but proceeded no further, blessed be God.

Apr. 3d. Up and to the Duke of Albemarle and White Hall, where much business. Thence home and to dinner, and then with Creed, my wife, and Mercer to a play at the Duke's, of my Lord Orrery's, called "Mustapha." All the pleasure of the play was, the King and my Lady Castlemayne were there; and pretty Witty Nell, at the King's house, and the younger Marshall sat next us, which pleased me mightily.

12th. I did give a large account of the charge of the Navy, and want

of money. But strange to see how they held up their hands crying, "What shall we do?" Says my Lord Treasurer, "Why, what means all this, Mr. Peppy's? This is true, you say; but what would you have me to do? I have given all I can for my life. Why will not people lend their money? Why will they not trust the King as well as Oliver? Why do our prizes come to nothing, that yielded so much heretofore?" And this was all we could get, and went away without other answer, which is one of the saddest things that, at such a time as this, with the greatest action on foot that ever was in England, nothing should be minded, but let things go on of themselves do as well as they can. So home, vexed, and going to my Lady Batten's, there found a great many women with her, in her chamber merry, my Lady Pen and her daughter, among others; where my Lady Pen flung me down upon the bed, and herself and others, one after another, upon me, and very merry we were, and thence I home and called my wife with my Lady Pen to supper, and very merry as I could be, being vexed as I was. So home to bed.

17th. To White Hall, where the King seeing me, did come to me, and calling me by name, did discourse with me about the ships in the River, and this is the first time that ever I knew the King did know me personally, so that hereafter I must not go thither, but with expectation to be questioned, and to be ready to give good answers.

22nd. This day I have newes from Mr. Coventry that the fleet to be sailed yesterday from Harwich to the coast of Holland to see what the Dutch will do. God go along with them!

24th. To the Cockepitt, and there walked an houre with my Lord Duke of Albemarle alone in his garden, where he expressed in great words his opinion of me; that I was the right hand of the Navy here, nobody but I taking care of any thing therein; so that he should not know what could be done without me. At which I was (from him) not a little proud.

May 15th. After dinner to the King's playhouse, all alone, and saw "Love's Maistresse." Some pretty things and good variety in it, but no or little fancy in it. Thence to the Swan at Herbert's, and there the company of Sarah a little while, and so away and called at the Harp and Ball, where the mayde, Mary, is very *formosa*; but, Lord! to see in what readiness I am, upon the expiring of my vowes this day, to begin to run into all my pleasures and neglect of business. Thence home, and being sleepy to bed.

24th. All the newes is of the Dutch being gone out, and of the plague growing upon us in this towne; and of remedies against it; some one thing, some another.

June 1st. I took coach and to Westminster Hall, where I took the fairest flower, and by coach to Tothill Fields for the ayre till it was dark. I 'light, and in with the fairest flower to eat a cake, and there did do as much as was safe with my flower, and that was enough on my part. Broke up, and away without any notice, and, after delivering the rose where it should be, I to the Temple and 'light, and come to the middle door, and there took another coach, and so home to write letters, but very few, God knows, being by my pleasure made to forget everything that is. The

coachman that carried [us] cannot know me again, nor the people at the house where we were. Home to bed, certain news being come that our fleete is in sight of the Dutch ships.

3^d. All this day by all people upon the River, and almost every where else hereabout were heard the guns, our two fleets for certain being engaged; which was confirmed by letters from Harwich, but nothing particular: and all our hearts full of concernment for the Duke, and I particularly for my Lord Sandwich and Mr. Coventry after his Royall Highnesse.

5th. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and "Lord have mercy upon us" writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that, to my remembrance, I ever saw. It put me into an ill conception of myself and my smell, so that I was forced to buy some roll-tobacco to smell to and chaw, which took away the apprehension.

8th. I met with the great news at last newly come, brought by Bab May from the Duke of Yorke, that we have totally routed the Dutch; that the Duke himself, the Prince, my Lord Sandwich and Mr. Coventry are all well which did put me into such joy, that I forgot almost all other thoughts.

17th. It struck me very deep this afternoon going with a hackney coach from my Lord Treasurer's down Holborne, the coachman I found to drive easily and easily, at last stood still, and come down hardly able to stand, and told me that he was suddenly struck very sicke, and almost blind, he could not see; so I 'light and went into another coach, with a sad heart for the poor man and trouble for myself, lest he should have been struck with the plague, being at the end of the towne that I took him up; but God have mercy upon us all!

20th. This day I informed myself that there died four or five at Westminster of the plague in one alley in several house upon Sunday last, Bell Alley, over against the Palace-gate; yet people do think that the number will be fewer in the towne than it was the last weeke.

30th. Thus this book of two years ends. Myself and family in good health, consisting of myself and wife, Mercer, her woman, Mary, Alice, and Susan our maids, and Tom my boy. In a sickly time of the plague growing on. Having upon my hands the troublesome care of the Treasury of Tangier, with great sums drawn upon me, and nothing to pay them with: also the business of the office great. Consideration of removing my wife to Woolwich; she lately busy in learning to paint, with great pleasure and successe. All other things well; especially a new interest I am making, by a match in hand between the eldest son of Sir G. Carteret, and my Lady Jeminah Montagu.

July 1st. To Westminster, where I hear the sicknesse encreases greatly. Sad at the newes that seven or eight houses in Blazing Hall street, are shut up of the plague.

10th. Up, and with great pleasure looking over a nest of puppies of

Mr. Sheldon's, with which my wife is most extraordinary pleased, and one of them is promised her.

12th. After doing what business I could in the morning, it being a solemn fast-day for the plague growing upon us, I took boat and down to Deptford, where I stood with great pleasure an houre or two by my Lady Sandwich's bedside, talking to her (she lying prettily in bed).

26th. Up, and after doing a little business, down to Deptford with Sir W. Batten, and there left him, and I to Greenwich to the Park, where I hear the King and Duke are come by water this morn from Hampton Court. They asked me several questions. The King mightily pleased with his new buildings there. Down to Woolwich (and there I just saw and kissed my wife, and saw some of her painting, which is very curious; and away again to the King) and back again with him in the barge, hearing him and the Duke talk, and seeing and observing their manner of discourse. And God forgive me! though I admire them with all the duty possible, yet the more a man considers and observes them, the less he finds of difference between them and other men, though (blessed be God!) they are both princes of great nobleness and spirits. Duke of Monmouth is the most skittish leaping gallant that ever I saw, always in action, vaulting or leaping, or clambering.

30th (*Lord's day*). It was a sad noise to hear our bell to toll and ring so often to-day, either for deaths or burials; I think five or six times. At night weary with my day's work, but full of joy at my having done it, I to bed, being to rise betimes to-morrow to go to the wedding at Dagenhams.

31st. Up, and very betimes by six o'clock to Deptford, and there find Sir G. Carteret, and my Lady ready to go: I being in my new coloured silk suit, and coat trimmed with gold buttons and gold broad lace round my hands, very rich and fine. Anon the coach comes. We, fearing the canonickall hour would be past before we got thither, did with a great deal of unwillingness send away the license and wedding ring. So that when we come, though we drove hard with six horses, yet we found them gone from home; and going towards the church, met them coming from church, which troubled us. The young lady mighty sad, which troubled me; but yet I think it was only her gravity in a little greater degree than usual. All saluted her, but I did not till my Lady Sandwich did ask me whether I had saluted her or no. So to dinner, and very merry we were; but yet, in such a sober way as never almost any wedding was in so great families; but it was much better. After dinner company divided, some to cards, others to talk. At night to supper, and so to talk; and which, methought, was the most extraordinary thing, all of us to prayers as usual, and the young bride and bridegroom too; and so after prayers, soberly to bed; only I got into the bridegroom's chamber while he undressed himself, and there was very merry, till he was called to the bride's chamber, and into bed they went. I kissed the bride in bed, and so the curtaines drawne with the greatest gravity that could be, and so good night. But the modesty and gravity of this business was so decent, that it was to me indeed ten times more delightfull than if it had been twenty times more merry

and joviall. Whereas I feared I must have sat up all night, we did here all get good beds.

August 1st. Slept, and lay long; then up and my Lord [Crew] and Sir G. Carteret being gone abroad, I first to see the bridegroom and bride, and found them both up, and he gone to dress himself. Both red in the face, and well enough pleased this morning with their night's lodging.

2nd. Up, it being a publique fast, as being the first Wednesday of the month, for the plague; I within doors all day, and upon my monthly accounts late, I did find myself really worth £1,900, for which the great God of Heaven and Earth be praised!

10th. By and by to the office, where we sat all the morning; in great trouble to see the Bill this week rise so high, to above 4,000 in all, and of them above 3,000 of the plague. And an odd story of Alderman Bence's stumbling at night over a dead corps in the street, and going home and telling his wife, she at the fright, being with child, fell sicke and died of the plague. Thence to the office and, after writing letters, home, to draw over anew my will, which I had bound myself by oath to dispatch by to-morrow night; the town growing so unhealthy, that a man cannot depend upon living two days to an end.

11th. Up, and all day long finishing and writing over my will twice, for my father and my wife, only in the morning a pleasant rencontre happened in having a young married woman brought me by her father, old Delkes, that carries always pins in his mouth, to get her husband off that he should not go to sea, *une contre pouvait avoir* done any *cose cum elle*, but I did nothing, *si ni biasses* her. After they were gone my mind run upon having them called back again, and I sent a messenger to Blackwall, but he failed. So I lost my expectation

12th. The people die so, that now it seems they are faine to carry the dead to be buried by day-light, the nights not sufficing to do it in. And my Lord Mayor commands people to be within at nine at night all, as they say, that the sick may have liberty to go abroad for ayre.

31st. Up; and, after putting several things in order to my removal, to Woolwich; the plague having a great encrease this week, beyond all expectation of almost 2,000, making the general Bill 7,000, odd 100; and the plague above 6,000. Thus this month ends with great sadness upon the publick, through the greatness of the plague every where through the kingdom almost. Every day sadder and sadder news of its encrease. In the City died this week 7,496, and of them 6,102 of the plague. But it is feared that the true number of the dead this week is near 10,000; partly from the poor that cannot be taken notice of, through the greatness of the number, and partly from the Quakers and others that will not have any bell ring for them. Our fleete gone out to find the Dutch, we having about 100 sail in our fleete, and in them the Sovereigne one; so that it is a better fleete than the former with the Duke was.

September 3rd (Lord's day). Up; and put on my coloured silk suit very fine, and my new periwig, bought a good while since, but durst not wear, because the plague was in Westminster when I bought it; and

it is a wonder what will be the fashion after the plague is done, as to periwiggs, for nobody will dare to buy any haire, for fear of the infection, that it had been cut off of the heads of people dead of the plague.

15th. Drank a cup of good drink, which I am fain to allow myself during this plague time, by advice of all, and not contrary to my oathe, my physician being dead, an chyrurgeon out of the way, whose advice I am obliged to take.

19th. But, Lord! what a sad time it is to see no boats upon the River; and grass grows all up and down White Hall court, and nobody but poor wretches in the streets!

October 7th. Did business, though not much, at the office; because of the horrible crowd and lamentable moan of the poor seamen that lie starving in the streets for lack of money. Which do trouble and perplex me to the heart; and more at noon when we were to go through them, for then a whole hundred of them followed us; some cursing, some swearing, and some praying to us.

16th. I walked to the Tower; but, Lord! how empty the streets are and melancholy, so many poor sick people in the streets full of sores; and so many sad stories overheard as I walk, every body talking of this dead, and that man sick, and so many in this place, and so many in that. And they tell me that, in Westminster, there is never a physician and but one apothecary left, all being dead; but that there are great hopes of a great decreas this week: God send it!

26th. The 'Change pretty full, and the town begins to be lively again, though the streets very empty, and most shops shut.

November 5th (Lord's day). I to the Swan, thinking to have seen Sarah but she was at church, and so I by water to Deptford, and there made a visit to Mr. Evelyn, who, among other things, showed me most excellent painting in little. He read me part of a play or two of his making, very good, but not as he conceits them, I think, to be. He showed me his Hortus Hyemalis; leaves laid up in a book of several plants kept dry, which preserve colour, however, and look very finely, better than any Herball. Here comes in, in the middle of our discourse Captain Cocke, as drunk as a dogg, but could stand, and talk and laugh. He did so joy himself in a brave woman that he had been with all the afternoon, and who should it be but my Lady Robinson, but very troublesome he is with his noise and talke, and laughing, though very pleasant.

13th. Up, and to my office, where busy all the morning, and at noon to Captain Cocke's to dinner as we had appointed in order to settle our business of accounts. So he and I to Glanville's, and there he and I sat talking and playing with Mrs. Penington, whom we found undrest in her smocke and petticoats by the fireside, and there we drank and laughed, and she willingly suffered me to put my hand in her bosom very wantonly, and keep it there long. Which methought was very strange, and I looked upon myself as a man mightily deceived in a lady, for I could not have thought she could have suffered it, by her former discourse with me; so modest she seemed and I know not what.

15th. The plague, blessed be God! is decreased 400; making the whole this week but 1,300 and odd; for which the Lord be praised!

24th. After dinner Captain Cocke and I about some business, and then with my other barrel of oysters home to Greenwich, sent them by water to Mrs. Penington, while he and I landed, and visited Mr. Evelyn, where most excellent discourse with him, among other things he showed me a ledger of a Treasurer of the Navy, his great grandfather, just 100 years old; which I seemed mighty fond of, and he did present me with it, which I take as a great rarity; and he hopes to find me more, older than it. He also shewed us several letters of the old Lord of Leicester's, in Queen Elizabeth's time, under the very handwriting of Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Mary, Queen of Scots; and others, very venerable names. But, Lord! how poorly, methinks, they wrote in those days, and in what plain uncut paper.

30th. Great joy we have this week in the weekly Bill, it being come to 544 in all, and but 333 of the plague; so that we are encouraged to get to London soon as we can. And my father writes as great news of joy to them, that he saw Yorke's waggon go again this week to London, and was full of passengers.

December 6th. I spent the afternoon upon a song of Solyman's words to Roxalana that I have set, and so with my wife walked and Mercer to Mrs. Pierce's. Herc the best company for musique I ever was in, in my life, and wish I could live and die in it, both for musique and the face of Mrs. Pierce, and my wife and Knipp, who is pretty enough; but the most excellent, mad-humoured thing, and sings the noblest that ever I heard in my life, and Rolt, with her, some things together most excellently. I spent the night in extasy almost.

20th. After dinner I to the Exchange to see whether my pretty seamstress be come again or no, and I find she is, so I to her, saluted her over her counter in the open Exchange above, and mightily joyed to see her, poor pretty woman! I must confess I think her a great beauty.

31st. I have never lived so merrily (besides that I never got so much) as I have done this plague time, by my Lord Bruncker's and Captain Cocke's good company, and the acquaintance of Mrs. Knipp, Coleman and her husband, and Mr. Laneare, and great store of dancings we have had at my cost (which I was willing to indulge myself and wife) at my lodgings. My whole family hath been well all this while, and all my friends I know of, saving my aunt Bell, who is dead, and some children of my cozen Sarah's, of the plague. But many of such as I know very well, dead; yet, to our great joy, the town fills apace, and shops begin to be open again. Pray God continue the plague's decrease!

1666

January 5th. I with my Lord Bruncker and Mrs. Williams by coach with four horses to London, to my Lord's house in Covent-Garden. But, Lord!

what staring to see a nobleman's coach come to town. And porters every where bow to us; and such begging of beggars. And a delightful thing it is to see the towne full of people again as now it is; and shops begin to open, though in many places seven or eight together, and more, all shut; but yet the towne is full, compared with what it used to be.

6th. With Lord Bruncker to Greenwich by water to a great dinner and much company; Mr. Cottle and his lady and others and I went, hoping to get Mrs. Knipp to us, having wrote a letter to her in the morning, calling myself "Dapper Dicky," in answer to her's of "Barbary Allen," but could not, and am told by the boy that carried my letter, that he found her crying; but I fear she lives a sad life with that ill-natured fellow her husband.

7th (Lord's day). In the evening comes Mrs. Knipp, just to speak with me privately, to excuse her not coming to me yesterday, complaining how like a devil her husband treats her, but will be with us in towne a weeke hence, and so I kissed her and parted.

9th. Up, and then to the office, where we met first since the plague, which God preserve us in!

20th. To the office, I sent my boy home for some papers, where, he staying longer than I would have him, I become angry, and boxed my boy when he came, that I do hurt my thumb so much, that I was not able to stir all the day after, and in great pain.

22nd. I back presently to the Crowne taverne behind the Exchange by appointment, and there met the first meeting of Gresham College since the plague. Dr. Goddard did fill us with talke, in defence of his and his fellow physicians going out of towne in the plague-time; saying that their particular patients were most gone out of towne, and they left at liberty; and a great deal more, &c.

28th. I went down into one of the Courts, and there met the King and Duke; and the Duke called me to him. And the King come to me of himself, and told me, "Mr. Pepys," says he, "I do give you thanks for your good service all this year, and I assure you I am very sensible of it."

30th. This is the first time I have been in this church since I left London for the plague, and it frighted me indeed to go through the church more than I thought it could have done, to see so [many] graves lie so high upon the churchyards where people have been buried of the plague.

February 13th. All the morning at the office. At noon to the 'Change, and thence after business dined at the Sheriffe's (Hooker), being carried by Mr. Lethulier, where to my heart's content I met with his wife, a most beautiful fat woman.

March 31d. By coach to Hale's, and there saw my wife sit; and I do like her picture mightily, and very like it will be, and a brave piece of work. But he do complain that her nose hath cost him as much work as another's face, and he hath done it finely indeed.

9th. I do still see that my nature is not to be quite conquered, but will esteem pleasure above all things, though yet in the middle of it, it

has reluctances after my business, which is neglected by my following my pleasure. However musique and women I cannot but give way to, whatever my business is.

10th. The truth is, I do indulge myself a little the more in pleasure, knowing that this is the proper age of my life to do it; and out of my observation that most men that do thrive in the world, do forget to take pleasure during the time that they are getting their estate, but reserve that till they have got one, and then it is too late for them to enjoy it with any pleasure.

19th. Sir J. Minnes come to us, and after dinner we walked to the King's play-house, all in dirt, they being altering of the stage to make it wider. But God knows when they will begin to act again; but my business here was to see the inside of the stage and all the tiring-rooms and machines; and, indeed, it was a sight worthy seeing. But to see their clothes, and the various sorts, and what a mixture of things there was; here a wooden-leg, there a ruff, here a hobby-horse, there a crown, would make a man split himself to see with laughing, and particularly Lacy's wardrobe, and Shotrell's. But then again, to think how fine they show on the stage by candlelight, and how poor things they are to look now too near hand is not pleasant at all. The machines are fine, and the paintings very pretty.

Apr. 15th (Easter day). Walked into the Park to the Queene's chappell, and there heard a good deal of their mass, and some of their musique, which is not so contemptible, I think, as our people would make it, it pleasing me very well; and, indeed, better than the anthem I heard afterwards at White Hall, at my coming back. I staid till the King went down to receive the Sacrament, and stood in his closett with a great many others, and there saw him receive it, which I did never see the manner of before. But I do see very little difference between the degree of the ceremonies used by our people in the administration thereof, and that in the Roman church, saving that methought our Chappell was not so fine, nor the manner of doing it so glorious, as it was in the Queene's chappell.

19th. Anon comes home my wife from Brampton, not looked for till Saturday, which will hinder me of a little pleasure, but I am glad of her coming.

May 4th. Home to the office a little and then to dinner, and had a great fray with my wife again about Browne's coming to teach her to paynt, and sitting with me at table, which I will not yield to. I do thoroughly believe she means no hurte in it; but very angry we were, and I resolved all into my having my will done, without disputing, be the reason what it will; and so I will have it. This evening, being weary of my late idle courses, and the little good I shall do the King or myself in the office, I bound myself to very strict rules till Whitsunday next.

13th (Lord's day). Fell by chance into St. Margaret's Church, where I heard a young man play the foole upon the doctrine of purgatory. At this church I spied Betty Howlett, who indeed is mighty pretty, and struck me mightily.

29th (*King's birth-day and Restauration day*). Waked with the ringing of the bells all over the towne; so up before five o'clock, and to the office.

June 2nd. Up, and to the office, where certain newes is brought us of a letter come to the King this morning from the Duke of Albermarle, dated yesterday at eleven o'clock, as they were sailing to the Gunfleete, that they were in sight of the Dutch fleete, and were fitting themselves to fight them, so that they are, ere this, certainly engaged; besides, several do averr they heard the guns all yesterday in the afternoon.

4th. I into the Parke to the King, and told him my Lord Generall was well the last night at five o'clock, and the Prince come with his fleete and joyned with his about seven. The King was mightily pleased with this newes, and so took me by the hand and talked a little of it. Giving him the best account I could; and then he bid me to fetch two seamen to him, he walking into the house. So I went and fetched the seamen into the Vanc room to him, and there he heard the whole account. Thence after the Duke into the Parke, walking through to White Hall, and there every body listening for guns, but none heard, and every creature is now overjoyed and concludes upon very good grounds that the Dutch are beaten because we have heard no guns nor no newes of our fleete.

7th. Up betimes, and to my office about business. But my Lord Bruncker and Sir T. H. that come from Court, tell me quite contrary newes, which astonishes me: that is to say, that we are beaten, lost many ships and good commanders; have not taken one ship of the enemy's; and so can only report ourselves a victory; nor is it certain that we were left masters of the field. Then to my office and anon to White Hall, late, to the Duke of York to see what commands he hath, which I did and do find the Duke much damped in his discourse, touching the late fight, and all the Court talk sadly of it.

16th. It seems the Dutch do mightily insult of their victory, and they have great reason. Sir William Barkeley was killed before his ship taken; and there he lies dead in a sugar-chest, for every body to see, with his flag standing up by him. And Sir George Ascue is carried up and down the Hague for people to see. Home to my office, where late, and then to bed.

25th. Mrs. Pen carried us to two gardens at Hackny (which I every day grow more and more in love with,) Mr. Drake's one, where the garden is good, and house and the prospect admirable; the other my Lord Brooke's, where the gardens are much better, but the house not so good, nor the prospect good at all. But the gardens are excellent; and here I first saw oranges grow: some green, some half, some a quarter, and some full ripe, on the same tree, and one fruit of the same tree do come a year or two after the other. I pulled off a little one by stealth (the man being mighty curious of them) and cat it, and it was just as other little green small oranges are; as big as half the end of my little finger. Here were also great variety of other exotique plants, and several labarinths, and a pretty aviary.

July 1st (Sunday). To the Tower several times, about the business of the pressed men, and late at it till twelve at night, shipping of them. But, Lord! how some poor women did cry; and in my life I never did see such natural expression of passion as I did here in some women's bewailing themselves, and running to every parcel of men that were brought, one after another, to look for their husbands, and wept over every vessel that went off, thinking that they might be there, and looking after the ship as far as ever they could by moone-light, that it grieved me to the heart to hear them.

21st. At noon walked in the garden with Commissioner Pett (newly come to towne), who tells me how infinite the disorders are among the commanders and all officers of the fleet. No discipline: nothing but swearing and cursing, and every body doing what they please; and the Generalls, understanding no better, suffer it.

August 1st. Up betimes to the settling of my last month's accounts, and I bless God I find them very clear, and that I am worth £5,700, the most that ever my book did yet make out.

17th. Up and betimes with Captain Erwin down by water to Woolwich, I walking alone from Greenwich thither. Back with Captain Erwin, discoursing about the East Indys, where he hath often been. And among other things he tells me how the King of Syam seldom goes out without thirty or forty thousand people with him, and not a word spoke, nor a hum or cough in the whole company to be heard. He tells me the punishment frequently there for malefactors is cutting off the crowne of their head, which they do very dexterously, leaving their brains bare, which kills them presently.

24th. Up, and dispatched several businesses at home in the morning, and then comes Sympson to set up my other new presses for my books, and so he and I fell in to the furnishing of my new closett, and taking out the things out of my old, and I kept him with me all day, and he dined with me, and so all the afternoon till it was quite darke hanging things, that is my maps and pictures and draughts, and setting up my books, and as much as we could do, to my most extraordinary satisfaction; so that I think it will be as noble a closett as any man hath, and light enough—though, indeed, it would 'be better to have had a little more light.

September 2nd (Lord's day). Some of our mayds siting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose and slipped on my night-gowne, and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back-side of Marke-lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was and further off. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish-street, by London Bridge. So

I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding-lane, and that it hath burned St Magnus's Church and most part of Fish-street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steele-yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the water-side to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconys till they were, some of them burned, their wings, and fell down. Having staid, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steele-yard, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the City; and every thing, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and among other things the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs. ——— lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down. I to White Hall (with a gentleman with me who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat); to White Hall, and there up to the King's closett in the Chappell, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called tor, and did tell the King and Duke of Yorke what I saw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning-street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman, "Lord, what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." People all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter of burning, as pitch and tarr, in Thames-street; and warehouses of oyle, and wines, and brandy, and other things. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe. and there called

Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the water-side; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water, and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of Virginalls in it. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side of the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruine. So home with a sad heart, and there find every body discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which is burned upon Fish-streete Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his lying there, the newes coming every moment of the growth of the fire; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our owne goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine (it being brave dry, and moonshine, and warm weather) carry much of my goods into the garden, and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallys into a box by themselves.

3rd. About four o'clock in the morning, my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to Sir W. Rider's at Bednall-greene. Which I did, riding myself in my night-gowne in the cart; and, Lord! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate to fetch away things. The Duke of Yorke come this day by the office, and spoke to us, and did ride with his guard up and down the City to keep all quiet (he being now Generall, and having the care of all). At night lay down a little upon a quilt of W. Hewer's in the office, all my owne things being packed up or gone; and after me my poor wife did the like, we having fed upon the remains of yesterday's dinner, having no fire nor dishes, nor any opportunity of dressing any thing.

4th. Up by break of day to get away the remainder of my things. Sir W. Batten not knowing how to remove his wine, did dig a pit in the

garden, and laid it in there; and I took the opportunity of laying all the papers of my office that I could not otherwise dispose of. And in the evening Sir W. Pen and I did dig another, and put our wine in it; and I my Parmazan cheese, as well as my wine and some other things. Only now and then walking into the garden, and saw how horridly the sky looks, all on a fire in the night, was enough to put us out of our wits; and, indeed, it was extremely dreadful, for it looks just as if it was at us, and the whole heaven on fire. I after supper walked in the darke down to Tower-streete, and there saw it all on fire, at the Trinity House on that side, and the Dolphin Taverne on this side, which was very near us; and the fire with extraordinary vehemence. Now begins the practice of blowing up of houses in Tower-streete, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten people more than any thing; but it stopped the fire where it was done, it bringing down the houses to the ground in the same places they stood, and then it was easy to quench what little fire was in it, though it kindled nothing almost. Paul's is burned, and all Cheapside. I wrote to my father this night, but the post-house being burned, the letter could not go.

5th. About two in the morning my wife calls me up and tells me of new cryes of fire, it being come to Barkeing Church, which is the bottom of our lane. I up, and finding it so, resolved presently to take her away, and did, and took my gold, which was about £2,350. W. Hewer, and Jane, down by Proundy's boat to Woolwich; but, Lord! what a sad sight it was by moone-light to see the whole City almost on fire, that you might see it plain at Woolwich, as if you were by it. There, when I come, I find the gates shut, but no guard kept at all, which troubled me, because of discourse now begun, that there is plot in it, and that the French had done it. I got the gates open, and to Mr. Shelden's, where I locked up my gold, and charged my wife and W. Hewer never to leave the room without one of them in it, night or day. So back again, by the way seeing my goods well in the lighters at Deptford, and watched well by people. Home, and whereas I expected to have seen our house on fire, it being now about seven o'clock, it was not. I up to the top of Barking steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that I ever saw; every where great fires, oyle-cellars, and brimstone, and other things burning. I became afeard to stay there long, and therefore down again as fast as I could, the fire being spread as far as I could see it; and to Sir W. Pen's, and there cat a piece of cold meat, having eaten nothing since Sunday, but the remains of Sunday's dinner.

6th. And now all being pretty well, I took boat, and over to Southwarke, and took boat on the other side the bridge, and so to Westminster, thinking to shift myself, being all in dirt from top to bottom; but could not there find any place to buy a shirt or pair of gloves. A sad sight to see how the River looks; no houses nor church near it, to the Temple, where it stopped.

7th. Up by five o'clock; and, blessed be God! find all well; and by

water to Paul's Wharfe. Walked thence, and saw all the towne burned, and a miserable sight of Paul's church, with all the roofs fallen, and the body of the quire fallen into St. Fayth's; Paul's school also, Ludgate, and Fleet-street, my father's house, and the church, and a good part of the Temple the like. I home late to Sir W. Pen's, who did give me a bed; but without curtains or hanging, all being down. So here I went the first time into a naked bed, only my drawers on; and did sleep pretty well: but still both sleep and waking had a fear of fire in my heart, that I took little rest. People do all the world over cry out of the simplicity of my Lord Mayor in generall, and more particularly in this business of the fire, laying it all upon him.

8th. I met with many people undone, and more that have extraordinary great losses. People speaking their thoughts variously about the beginning of the fire, and the rebuilding of the City.

17th. Up betimes, and shaved myself after a week's growth: but, Lord! how ugly I was yesterday and how fine to-day! By water, seeing the City all the way, a sad sight indeed, much fire being still in.

20th. In the afternoon, out by coach, my wife with me, which we have not done several weeks now, through all the ruines, to shew her them, which frets her much, and is a sad sight indeed

27th. Spoke to Mr. Falconbridge about his girle I heard sing at Nonsuch, and took him and some other 'Chequer men to the Sun Taverne, and there spent 2s. 6d. upon them, and he sent for the girle, and she hath a pretty way of singing, but hath almost forgot for want of practice. She is poor in clothes, and not bred to any carriage, but will be soon taught all.

October 2nd. This day, coming home, Mr. Kirton's kinsman, my bookseller, come in my way. He do believe there is above £150,000 of books burned; all the great booksellers almost undone: not only these, but their warehouses at their Hall, and under Christchurch, and elsewhere being all burned. A great want thereof there will be of books, specially Latin books and foreign books; and, among others, the Polyglottes and new Bible, which he believes will be presently worth £40 a-piece.

8th. The King hath yesterday in Council declared his resolution of setting a fashion for clothes, which he will never alter. It will be a vest, I know not well how; but it is to teach the nobility thrift, and will do good.

12th. So home, and there find my wife come home, and hath brought her new girle I have helped her to, of Mr. Falconbridge's. She is wretched poor, and but ordinary favoured; and we fain to lay out seven or eight pounds worth of clothes upon her back, which, methinks, do go against my heart; and I do not think I can ever esteem her as I could have done another that had come fine and handsome; and which is more, her voice, for want of use, is so furred, that it do not at present please me; but her manner of singing is such, that I shall, I think, take great pleasure in it. Well, she is come, and I wish us good fortune in her.

31st. The seamen grow very rude, and every thing out of order; commanders having no power over their seamen, but the seamen do what they please.

November 2nd. Up betimes, and with Sir. W. Batten to Woolwich, where first we went on board the Ruby, French prize, the only ship of war we have taken from any of our enemies this year.

5th. Sir Thomas Crew, from what he hath heard at the Committee for examining the burning of the City, do conclude it as a thing certain that it was done by plots.

15th. I took coach and to Mrs. Pierce's, where I find her as fine as possible, and himself going to the ball at night at Court, it being the Queen's birth-day, and so I carried them in my coach. I also to the ball, and with much ado got up to the loft, where with much trouble I could see very well. Anon the house grew full, and the candles light, and the King and Queen and all the ladies set: and it was, indeed, a glorious sight to see Mrs. Stewart in black and white lacc, and her head and shoulders dressed with dyamonds, and the like a great many great ladies more, only the Queen none; and the King in his rich vest of some rich silke and silver trimming, as the Duke of York and all the dancers were, some of cloth of silver, and others of other sorts, exceeding rich.

22nd. At noon home to dinner, where my wife and I fell out, I being displeased with her cutting away a lace handkercher sewed about her neck down to her breasts almost, out of a belief, but without reason, that it is the fashion.

December 16th (Lord's day). This afternoon I walked with Lord Bruncker into the Park and there talked of the times. He tells me he do not believe the Duke of York will go to sea again, though there are a great many about the King that would be glad of any occasion to take him out of the world, he standing in their ways; and seemed to mean the Duke of Monmouth, who spends his time the most viciously and idly of any man, nor will be fit for any thing; yet he speaks as if it were not impossible but the King would own him for his son, and that there was a marriage between his mother and him; which God forbid should be if it be not true, nor will the Duke of York easily be gulled in it.

19th. I up to the Lords' House to enquire for Lord Bellasses; and there hear how at a conference this morning between the two Houses about the business of the Canary Company, my Lord Buckingham leaning rudely over my Lord Marquis Dorchester, my Lord Dorchester removed his elbow. Duke of Buckingham asked him whether he was uneasy; Dorchester replied, yes, and that he durst not do this were he any where else: Buckingham replied, yes he would, and that he was a better man than himself; Dorchester answered that he lyed. With this Buckingham struck off his hat, and took him by his periwig, and pulled it aside, and held him. My Lord Chambrelain and others interposed, and, upon coming into the House, the Lords did order them both to the Tower, whither they are to go this afternoon. And coming home do hear of 1,000 seamen said in the streets to be in armes. So in great fear home, expecting to find a

tumult about my house, and was doubtful of my riches there. But I thank God I found all well.

25th (Christmas day). Lay pretty long in bed, and then rose, leaving my wife desirous to sleep, having sat up till four this morning seeing her mayds make mince-pies. I to church, where our parson Mills made a good sermon. Then home, and dined well on some good ribs of beef roasted and mince pies; only my wife, brother, and Barker, and plenty of good wine of my owne, and my heart full of true joy; and thanks to God Almighty for the goodness of my condition at this day.

31st. Rising this day with a full design to mind nothing else but to make up my accounts for the year past, I did take money, and walk forth to several places in the towne as far as the New Exchange, to pay all my debts, it being still a very great frost and good walking. Our enemies, French and Dutch, great, and grow more by our poverty. The Parliament backward in raising, because jealous of the spending of the-money; the City less and less likely to be built again, every body settling elsewhere, and nobody encouraged to trade. A sad, vicious, negligent Court, and all sober men there fearful of the ruin of the whole kingdom this next year; from which, good God deliver us!

1667

Jan. 7th. To the Duke's house, and saw "Macbeth," which, though I saw it lately, yet appears a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy; which is a strange perfection in a tragedy, it being most proper here, and suitable. So home, it being the last play now I am to see till a fortnight hence, I being from the last night entered into my vovves for the year coming on.

27th (Lord's day). To the King's house and there saw "The Humorous Lieutenant." Here, in a box above, we spied Mrs. Pierce; and, going out, they called us, and so we staid for them; and Knipp took us all in, and brought to us Nelly, a most pretty woman, who acted the great part of Coelia to-day very fine, and did it pretty well: I kissed her, and so did my wife; and a mighty pretty soul she is. We also saw Mrs. Hall, which is my little Roman-nose black girl, that is mighty pretty: she is usually called Betty. Knipp made us stay in a box and see the dancing preparatory to to-morrow for "The Goblins," a play of Suckling's, not acted these twenty-five years; which was pretty; and so away thence, pleased with this sight also, and specially kissing of Nell.

29th. Busy till late at night at the office, and Sir W. Batten come to me, and tells me that there is newes upon the Exchange to-day, that my Lord Sandwich's coach and the French Ambassador's at Madrid, meeting and contending for the way, they shot my Lord's postilion and another man dead; and that we have killed 25 of theirs, and that my Lord is well.

February 2nd. I am very well pleased this night with reading a poem I brought home with me last night from Westminster Hall, of Dryden's

upon the present war; a very good poem. By and by to dinner, where very good company. Among other discourse, we talked much of Nostradamus, his prophecy of these times, and the burning of the City of London, some of whose verses are put into Booker's Almanack this year.

5th. This morning, before I went to the office, there come to me Mr. Young and Whistler, flagg-makers, and with mighty earnestness did present me with, and press me to take a box, wherein I could not guess there was less than £100 in gold: but I do wholly refuse it, and did not at last take it. The truth is, not thinking them safe men to receive such a gratuity from, nor knowing any considerable courtesy that ever I did do them, but desirous to keep myself free from their reports, and to have it in my power to say I had refused their offer.

10th (Lord's day). Up and with my wife to church, where Mr. Mills made an unnecessary sermon upon Original Sin, neither understood by himself nor the people.

12th. T. Killigrew and I to talk: and he tells me how the audience at his house is not above half so much as it used to be before the late fire. That Knipp is like to make the best actor that ever come upon the stage, she understanding so well: that they are going to give her £30 a-year more. That the stage is now by his pains a thousand times better and more glorious than ever heretofore. Now, wax-candles, and many of them; then, not above 3 lbs. of tallow; now, all things civil, no rudeness anywhere; then, as in a bear-garden: then, two or three fiddlers; now, nine or ten of the best then, nothing but rushes upon the ground, and every thing else mean; and now, all otherwise: then, the Queen seldom and the King never would come; now, not the King only for state, but all civil people do think they may come as well as any.

24th (Lord's day). I enquired about the Frenchman that was said to fire the City and was hanged for it, by his own confession, that he was hired for it by a Frenchman of Roane, and that he did with a stick reach in a fire-ball in at a window of the house: whereas the master of the house, who is the King's baker, and his son, and daughter, do all swear there was no such window, and that the fire did not begin thereabouts. Yet the fellow, who, though a mopish besotted fellow, did not speak like a madman, did swear that he did fire it.

25th. Lay long in bed, talking with pleasure with my poor wife, how she used to make coal fires, and wash my foul clothes with her own hand for me, poor wretch! in our little room at my Lord Sandwich's; for which I ought for ever to love and admire her, and do; and persuade myself she would do the same thing again, if God should reduce us to it. At my goldsmith's did observe the King's new medall, where, in little, there is Mrs. Steward's face as well done as ever I saw anything in my whole life, I think: and a pretty thing it is, that he should choose her face to represent Britannia by.

March 2nd. After dinner, with my wife, to the King's house to see "The Mayden Queene," a new play of Dryden's, mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit; and, the truth is, there is a

comical part done by Nell, which is Florimell, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again, by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girle, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her.

5th. Up, and to the office, where met and sat all the morning, doing little for want of money, but only bear the countenance of an office.

This day was reckoned by all people the coldest day that ever was remembered in England; and, God knows! coals at a very great price.

12th. This day a poor seaman, almost starved for want of food, lay in our yard a-dying. I sent him a half-a-crown, and we ordered his ticket to be paid.

23rd. At the office all the morning, where Sir W. Pen come, being returned from Chatham, from considering the means of fortifying the river Medway, by a chain at the stakes, and ships laid there with guns to keep the enemy from coming up to burn our ships, all our cares now being to fortify ourselves against their invading us.

27th. So I home, and there up to my wife in our chamber, and there received from my brother the newes of my mother's dying on Monday, about five or six o'clock in the afternoon, and that the last time she spoke of her children was on Friday last, and her last words were, "God bless my poor Sam!" The reading hereof did set me a-weeping heartily.

May 3rd. I to Westminster Hall, and there took a turn with my old acquaintance Mr. Pechell, whose red nose makes me ashamed to be seen with him, though otherwise a good-natured man. This day the newes is come that the fleete of the Dutch, of about 20 ships, which come upon our coast upon design to have intercepted our colliers, but by good luck failed, is gone to the Frith, and there lies, perhaps to trouble the Scotch privateers, which have galled them of late very much, it may be more than all our last year's fleete.

12th (Lord's day). Up, and to my chamber, to settle some accounts there, and by and by down comes my wife to me in her night-gown, and we begun calmly, that upon having money to lace her gown for second mourning, she would promise to wear white locks no more in my sight, which I, like a severe fool, thinking not enough, begun to except against, and made her fly out to very high terms and cry, and in her heat told me of keeping company with Mrs. Knipp, saying, that if I would promise never to see her more—of whom she hath more reason to suspect than I had heretofore of Pembleton—she would never wear white locks more. This vexed me, but I restrained myself from saying anything, but do think never to see this woman—at least, to have her here more, but by and by I did give her money to buy lace, and she promised to wear no more white locks while I lived, and so all very good friends as ever, and I to my business, and she to dress herself.

27th. Up, and there comes Greeting my flagelette master, and I prac-

tised with him. There comes also Richardson, the bookbinder, with one of Ogilby's Bibles in quires for me to see and buy. So to my chamber, and there did some little business, and then abroad, and stopped at the Bear-garden-stairs, there to see a prize fought. But the house was so full there was no getting in there, so forced to go through an alehouse into the pit, where the bears are baited; and upon a stool did see them fight, which they did very furiously, a butcher and a waterman. The former had the better all along, till by and by the latter dropped his sword out of his hand, and the butcher, whether not seeing his sword dropped I know not, but did give him a cut over the wrist, so as he was disabled to fight any longer. But, Lord! to see how in a minute the whole stage was full of watermen to revenge the foul play, and the butchers to defend their fellow, though most blamed him; and there they all fell to it knocking down and cutting many on each side. It was pleasant to see, but that I stood in the pit, and feared that in the tumult I might get some hurt. At last the rabble broke up, and so I away to White Hall and so to St. James's.

June 4th. To the office all the afternoon, where I dispatched much business to my great content, and then home in the evening, and there to sing and pipe with my wife, and that being done, she fell all of a sudden to discourse about her clothes and my humours in not suffering her to wear them as she pleases, and grew to high words between us, but I fell to read a book (Boyle's *Hydrostatiques*) aloud in my chamber and let her talk, till she was tired and vexed that I would not hear her, and so become friends, and to bed together the first night after 4 or 5 that she hath lain from me by reason of a great cold she had got.

9th. Being come home I find an order come for the getting some fireships presently to annoy the Dutch, who are in the King's Channel and expected up higher.

12th. Find that the Dutch had made no motion since their taking Sheerness; and the Duke of Albemarle writes that all is safe as to the great ships against any assault, the boom and chaine being so fortified; which put my heart into great joy.

13th. No sooner up but hear the sad newes confirmed of the Royall Charles being taken by them, and now in fitting by them—and turning several others; and that another fleete is come up into the Hope. I presently resolved of my father's and wife's going into the country; and, at two hours' warning, they did go by the coach this day, with about £1,300 in gold in their night-bag. Pray God give them good passage, and good care to hide it when they come home! but my heart is full of tear.

20th. Here dined Mercer with us, and after dinner she cut my hair, and then I into my closet and there slept a little, as I do now almost every day after dinner; and then, after dallying a little with Nell, which I am ashamed to think of, away to the office.

21st. This day comes news from Harwich that the Dutch fleete are all in sight, near 100 sail great and small, they think, coming towards them; where, they think, they shall be able to oppose them, but do cry

out of the falling back of the seamen, few standing by them, and those with much faintness. The like they write from Portsmouth, and their letters this post are worth reading. Sir H. Cholmly come to me this day, and tells me the Court is as mad as ever; and that the night the Dutch burned our ships the King did sup with my Lady Castlemayne, at the Duchess of Monmouth's and they were all mad in hunting a poor moth.

23^d (Lord's day). After dinner they all to church, and I by water alone to Woolwich, and there called on Mr. Bodham. It is a sad sight to see so many good ships there sunk in the River, while we would be thought to be masters of the sea. He tells me, speaking of the horrid effeminacy of the King, that the King hath taken ten times more care and pains in making friends between my Lady Castlemayne and Mrs. Stewart, when they have fallen out, than ever he did to save his kingdom; nay, that upon any falling out between my Lady Castlemayne's nurse and her woman, my Lady hath often said she would make the King to make them friends, and they would be friends and be quiet; which the King hath been fain to do: that the King is, at this day, every night in Hyde Park with the Duchesse of Monmouth, or with my Lady Castlemaine.

27th. Pierce tells me that all the town do cry out of our office, for a pack of fools and knaves; but says that everybody speaks either well, or at least the best of me, which is my great comfort, and think I do deserve it, and shall shew I have; but yet do think, and he also, that the Parliament will send us all going; and I shall be well contented with it, God knows!

News this tide, that about 80 sail of the Dutch, great and small, were seen coming up the river this morning.

July 12th. It is strange how Sir H. Cholmly and every body do now-a-days reflect upon Oliver, and commend him, what brave things he did, and made all the neighbour princes fear him; while here a prince, come in with all the love and prayers and good liking of his people, who have given greater signs of loyalty and willingness to serve him with their estates than ever was done by any people, hath lost all so soon, that it is a miracle what way a man could devise to lose so much in so little time.

29th. To Westminster Hall, where the Hall full of people to see the issue of the day, the King being come to speak to the House to-day. One thing extraordinary was, this day a man, a Quaker, came naked through the Hall, only very civilly tied about the privities to avoid scandal, and with a chafing-dish of fire and brimstone burning upon his head, did pass through the Hall, crying, "Repent! repent!"

Many guns were heard this afternoon, it seems, at White Hall and in the Temple garden very plain; but what it should be nobody knows, unless the Dutch be driving our ships up the river. To-morrow we shall know.

August 2nd. Up, but before I rose my wife fell into angry discourse of my kindness yesterday to Mrs. Knipp, and leading her, and sitting in the coach hand in hand, and my arm about her middle, and in some bad words reproached me with it. I was troubled, but having much business in my head and desirous of peace rose and did not provoke her.

10th. After dinner I to the office, and there wrote as long as my eyes would give me leave, and then abroad and to the New Exchange, to the bookseller's there, where I hear of several new books coming out—Mr. Spratt's History of the Royal Society, and Mrs. Phillips's poems. Sir John Denham's poems are going to be all printed together; and, among others, some new things; and among them he showed me a copy of verses of his upon Sir John Minnes's going heretofore to Bullogne to eat a pig. Cowley, he tells me, is dead; who, it seems, was a mighty civil, serious man; which I did not know before.

12th. My wife waked betimes to call up her maids to washing, and so to bed again, whom I then hugged, it being cold now in the mornings.

17th. At noon home to dinner, and presently my wife and I and Sir W. Pen to the King's playhouse, where the house extraordinary full; and there was the King and Duke of York to see the new play, "Queen Elizabeth's Troubles, and the History of Eighty Eight." I confess I have sucked in so much of the sad story of Queen Elizabeth, from my cradle, that I was ready to weep for her sometimes; but the play is the most ridiculous that sure ever come upon the stage; and, indeed, is merely a shew, only shews the true garbe of the Queen in those days, just as we see Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth painted; but the play is merely a puppet play, acted by living puppets. Neither the design nor language better; and one stands by and tells us the meaning of things: only I was pleased to see Knipp dance among the milkmaids, and to hear her sing a song to Queen Elizabeth; and to see her come out in her night-gowne with no locks on, but her bare face and hair only tied up in a knot behind; which is the comeliest dress that ever I saw her in to her advantage.

18th (Lord's day). I walked towards White Hall, but, being wearied, turned into St. Dunstan's Church, where I heard an able sermon of the minister of the place; and stood by a pretty, modest maid, whom I did labour to take by the hand and the body; but she would not, but got further and further from me; and, at last, I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again—which seeing I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design. And then I fell to gaze upon another pretty maid in a pew close to me, and she on me; and I did go about to take her hand, which she suffered a little and then withdrew. So the sermon ended, and the church broke up, and my amours ended also, and so took coach and home, and there took my wife, and to Islington with her.

24th (St. Bartholomew's day). This morning was proclaimed the peace between us and the States of the United Provinces, and also of the King of France and Denmarke; and in the afternoon the Proclamations were printed and come out; and at night the bells rung, but no bonfires that I hear of any where, partly from the dearth of firing, but principally from the little content most people have in the peace.

September 2nd. I went to see a great match at tennis, between Prince Rupert and one Captain Cooke, against Bab. May and the elder Chichly;

where the King was, and Court; and it seems are the best players at tennis in the nation

15th. My wife and I to my chamber, where, through the badness of my eyes, she was forced to read to me, which she do very well, and was Mr. Boyle's discourse upon the style of the Scripture, which is a very fine piece, and so to bed.

23rd. Another pretty thing was my Lady Ashly's speaking of the bad qualities of glass-coaches; among others, the flying open of the doors upon any great shake: but another was, that my Lady Peterborough being in her glass-coach, with the glass up, and seeing a lady pass by in a coach whom she would salute, the glass was so clear, that she thought it had been open, and soon ran her head through the glass, and cut all her forehead!

24th. This evening my wife tells me that W. Batelier hath been here to-day, and brought with him the pretty girl he speaks of, to come to serve my wife as a woman, out of the school at Bow. My wife says she is extraordinary handsome, and inclines to have her, and I am glad of it. But I shall leave it wholly to my wife.

28th. Up, having slept not so much to-night as I used to do, for my thoughts being so full of this pretty little girl that is coming to live with us, which pleases me mightily.

30th. So by coach home, and there found our pretty girl [Deb.] Willet come, brought by Mr. Batelier, and she is very pretty, and so grave as I never saw a little thing in my life. Indeed I think her a little too good for my family, and so well carriaged as I hardly ever saw. I wish my wife may use her well.

October 5th. Took my wife and Willet to the Duke of York's play-house, but the house so full, it being a new play, "The Coffee House," that we could not get in, and so to the King's house: and there, going in, met with Knepp, and she took us up into the tireing-rooms: and to the women's shift, where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And so walked all up and down the house above, and then below into the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit: and here I read the questions to Knepp, while she answered me, through all her part of "Flora's Figary's" which was acted to-day. But, Lord! to see how they were both painted would make a man mad, and did make me loath them; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk! and how poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a shew they make on the stage by candle-light, is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed, for having so few people in the pit, was pretty; the other house carrying away all the people at the new play, and is said, now-a-days, to have generally most company, as being better players. By and by into the pit, and there saw the play, which is pretty good, but my belly was full of what I had seen in the house, and so, after the play done, away home, and there to the writing my letters, and so home to supper and to bed.

7th. Up betimes, and so, about nine o'clock, I, and my wife, and Willet, set out in a coach I have hired, with four horses; and so my wife and she in their morning gowns, very handsome and pretty, and to my great liking; and so on to Enfield.

9th. Up, and got ready, and eat our breakfast; and then took coach. And so away for Huntingdon mightily pleased all along the road to remember old stories; and come to Brampton at about noon, and there find my father and sister and brother all well: and here laid up our things, and up and down to see the garden with my father.

10th. Waked in the morning with great pain of the collique, by cold taken yesterday, I believe, with going up and down in my shirt, but with rubbing my belly, keeping of it warm, I did at last come to some ease, and rose, and up to walk up and down the garden with my father, to talk of all our concerns. My father and I, with a dark lantern, it being now night, into the garden with my wife, and there went about our great work to dig up my gold. But, Lord! what a tosse I was for some time in, that they could not justly tell where it was; that I begun heartily to sweat, and be angry, that they should not agree better upon the place, and at last to fear that it was gone: but by and by poking with a spit, we found it, and then begun with a spudd to lift up the ground. But, good God! to see how silly they did it, not half a foot under ground, and in the sight of the world from a hundred places, if any body by accident were near hand, and within sight of a neighbour's window, and their hearing also, being close by: only my father says that he saw them all gone to church before he begun the work, when he laid the money, but that do not excuse it to me. But I was out of my wits almost, and the more from that, upon lifting up the earth with the spudd, I did discern that I had scattered the pieces of gold round about the ground among the grass and loose earth; and taking up the iron head-pieces wherein they were put, I perceive the earth was got among the gold, and wet, so that the bags were all rotten, and all the notes, that I could not tell what in the world to say to it, not knowing how to judge what was wanting, or what had been lost by Gibson in his coming down: which, all put together, did make me mad; and at last was forced to take up the head-pieces, dirt and all, and as many of the scattered pieces as I could with the dirt discern by the candle-light, and carry them up into my brother's chamber, and there locke them up till I had eat a little supper: and then, all people going to bed, W. Hewer and I did all alone, with several pails of water and basins, at last wash the dirt off of the pieces, and parted the pieces and the dirt, and then begun to tell [them]; and by a note which I had of the value of the whole in my pocket, do find that there was short above a hundred pieces, which did make me mad; so W. Hewer and I out again about midnight, for it was now grown so late, and there by candle-light did make shift to gather forty-five pieces more. And so in, and to cleanse them: and by this time it was past two in the morning; and so to bed, with my mind pretty quiet to think that I have recovered so many.

20th (*Lord's day*). This morning is brought to me an order for the

presenting the Committee of Parliament to-morrow with a list of the commanders and ship's names of all the fleetes sent out since the war, and particularly of those ships which were divided from the fleet with Prince Rupert; which gives me occasion to see that they are busy after that business, and I am glad of it.

22nd. Slept but ill all the last part of the night, for fear of this day's success in Parliament: therefore up, and all of us all the morning close, till almost two o'clock, collecting all we had to say and had done from the beginning touching the safety of the River Medway and Chatham. And, having done this, and put it into order, we away, I not having time to eat my dinner; and so all in my Lord Bruncker's coach, that is to say, Bruncker, W. Pen, T. Harvy, and myself. We come to the Parliament-door, and there, after a little waiting till the Committee was sat, we were, the House being very full, called in: and so answered all questions given me about it, that I did not perceive but they were fully satisfied with me and the business as to our Office. At last, the House dismissed us, and shortly after did adjourne the debate till Friday next: and my cozen Pepys did come out and joy me in my acquitting myself so well, and so did several others, and my fellow-officers all very brisk to see themselves so well acquitted; which makes me a little proud, but yet not secure but we may yet meet with a back-blow which we see not.

November 2nd. Up, and to the office, where busy all the morning; at noon home, and after dinner my wife and Willett and I to the King's playhouse, and there saw "Henry the Fourth:" and contrary to expectation, was pleased in nothing more than in Cartwright's speaking of Falstaffe's speech about "What is Honour?" The house full of Parliament-men, it being holyday with them: and it was observable how a gentleman of good habit, sitting just before us, eating of some fruit in the midst of the play, did drop down as dead, being choked; but with much ado Orange Moll did thrust her finger down his throat, and brought him to life again. After the play, we home, and I busy at the office late, and then home to supper and to bed.

11th. To Captain Cocke's (he out of doors), and there drank their morning draught, and thence [Sir] G. Carteret and I toward the Temple in coach together; and there he did tell me how the King do all he can in the world to overthrow my Lord Chancellor. And he told me that, when first my Lord Gerard, a great while ago, come to the King, and told him that the Chancellor did say openly that the King was a lazy person and not fit to govern, which is now made one of the things in the people's mouths against the Chancellor, "Why," says the King, "that is no news, for he hath told me so twenty times, and but the other day he told me so;" and made matter of mirth at it; but yet this light discourse is likely to prove bad to him.

December 4th. Into the House, and there spied a pretty woman with spots on her face, well clad, who was enquiring for the guard chamber; I followed her, and there she went up, and turned into the turning towards the chapel, and I after her, and upon the stairs there met her coming up

again, and there kissed her twice, and her business was to enquire for Sir Edward Bishop, one of the serjeants at armes. I believe she was a woman of pleasure, but was shy enough to me, and so I saw her go out afterwards, and I took a hackney coach, and away.

19th. At the office all the afternoon, and at night by coach to Westminster. Here I hear how the House of Lords, with great severity, if not tyranny, have ordered poor Carr to stand in the pillory two or three times, and his eares cut, and be imprisoned I know not how long. But it is believed that the Commons, when they meet, will not be well pleased with it; and they have no reason, I think.

22nd (Lord's day). Up, and my wife, poor wretch, in pain, and then to dress myself and down to my chamber to settle some papers, and thither come to me Willet with an errand from her mistress, and this time I first did give her a little kiss, she being a very pretty humoured girle, and so one that I do love mightily.

23rd. Meeting there with Creed, he and I to the Exchange, and there I saw Carr stand in the pillory for the business of my Lord Gerard, which is supposed will make a hot business in the House of Commons, when they shall come to sit again, the Lords having ordered this with great injustice, as all people think. This day, at the 'Change, Creed shewed me Mr. Coleman, of whom my wife hath so good an opinion, and says that he is as very a rogue for women as any in the world; which did disquiet me, like a fool, and run in my mind a great while.

24th. So to White Hall, and sent my coach round, I through the Park to chapel, where I got in up almost to the rail, and with a great deal of patience staid from nine at night to two in the morning, in a very great crowd; and there expected, but found nothing extraordinary, there being nothing but a high masse. The Queen was there, and some ladies. But, Lord! what an odde thing it was for me to be in a crowd of people, here a footman, there a beggar, here a fine lady, there a zealous poor papist, and here a Protestant, two or three together, come to see the shew. I was afear'd of my pocket being pick'd very much. . . . Their musique very good indeed, but their service I confess too frivolous, that there can be no zeal go along with it, and I do find by them themselves that they do run over their beads with one hand, and point and play and talk and make signs with the other in the midst of their masse. But all things very rich and beautiful; and I see the papists have the wit, most of them, to bring cushions to kneel on, which I wanted, and was mightily troubled to kneel. All being done, there I left people receiving the Sacrament: and the Queen gone, and ladies; only my Lady Castlemayne, who looked prettily in her night-clothes, and so took my coach.

25th. It being a fine, light, moonshine morning, and so home round the city, and stopped and dropped money at five or six places, which I was the willinger to do, it being Christmas-day, and so home, and there find my wife in bed, and Jane and the maids making pyes, and so I to bed, and slept well, and rose about nine, and to church.

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January 1st. Thence I after dinner to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "Sir Martin Mar-all;" which I have seen so often, and yet am mightily pleased with it, and think it mighty witty, and the fullest of proper matter for mirth that ever was writ; and I do clearly see that they do improve in their acting of it. Here a mighty company of citizens, 'prentices, and others; and it makes me observe, that when I begun first to be able to bestow a play on myself, I do not remember that I saw so many by half of the ordinary 'prentices and mean people in the pit at 2s. 6d. a-piece as now; I going for several years no higher than the 12d. and then the 18d. places, though I strained hard to go in then when I did: so much the vanity and prodigality of the age is to be observed in this particular. By and by I met with Mr. Brisband; and having it in my mind this Christmas to (do what I never can remember that I did) go to see the manner of the gaming at the Groome-Porter's, I having in my coming from the play-house stepped into the two Temple-halls, and there saw the dirty 'prentices and idle people playing. I did tell Brisband of it, and he did lead me thither, where, after staying an hour, they begun to play at about eight at night, where to see how differently one man took his losing from another, one cursing and swearing, and another only muttering and grumbling to himself, a third without any apparent discontent at all. This kind of prophane, mad entertainment they give themselves. And so I, having enough for once, refusing to venture, though Brisband pressed me hard, and tempted me with saying that no man was ever known to lose the first time, the devil being too cunning to discourage a gamester; and he offered me also to lend me ten pieces to venture; but I did refuse, and so went away, and took coach and home about 9 or 10 at night.

11th. So up, and to the office, where all the morning busy, and thence home to dinner, and from dinner with Mercer, who dined with us, and wife and Deb. to the King's house, there to see "The Wild-goose Chase," which I never saw, but have long longed to see it, being a famous play, but as it was yesterday I do find that where I expect most I find least satisfaction, for in this play I met with nothing extraordinary at all, but very dull inventions and designs. Knepp come and sat by us, and her talk pleased me a little, she telling me how Mrs Davis is for certain going away from the Duke's house, the King being in love with her; and a house is taken for her, and furnishing; and she hath a ring given her already worth £600: that the King did send several times for Nelly, and she was with him, but what he did she knows not; this was a good while ago, and she says that the King first spoiled Mrs. Weaver, which is very mean, methinks, in a prince, and I am sorry for it, and can hope for no good to the State from having a Prince so devoted to his pleasure. And then home to supper, and so by the fireside to have my head combed, as I do now often do, by Deb., whom I love should be fiddling about me, and so to bed.

16th. At noon home to dinner with my gang of clerks, in whose society I am mightily pleased, and mightily with Mr. Gibson's talking; he telling me so many good stories relating to the war and practices of commanders, which I will find a time to recollect; and he will be an admirable help to my writing a history of the Navy, if ever I do. So little care there has been to this day to know or keep any history of the Navy.

21st. Up, and while at the office comes news from Kate Joyce that if I would see her husband alive, I must come presently. The story is that it seems on Thursday last he went sober and quiet out of doors in the morning to Islington, and behind one of the inns, the White Lion, did fling himself into a pond, was spied by a poor woman and got out by some people binding up hay in a barn there, and set on his head and got to life, and known by a woman coming that way; and so his wife and friends sent for. He confessed his doing the thing, being led by the Devil; and do declare his reason to be, his trouble that he found in having forgot to serve God as he ought, since he come to this new employment: and I believe that, and the sense of his great loss by the fire, did bring him to it, and so everybody concludes. And they being now in fear that the goods and estate would be seized on, though he lived all this while, because of his endeavoring to drown himself. At their entreaty, I presently took coach to White Hall, and there find Sir W. Coventry; and he carried me to the King, the Duke of York being with him, and there told my story which I had told him: and the King, without more ado, granted that, if it was found, the estate should be to the widow and children.

22nd. This day come the first demand from the Commissioners of Accounts to us, and it contains more than we shall ever be able to answer while we live, and I do foresee we shall be put to much trouble, and some shame, at least some of us.

24th. I to the King's playhouse, to fetch my wife, and there saw the best part of "The Mayden Queene," which, the more I see, the more I love, and think one of the best plays I ever saw, and is certainly the best acted of any thing ever the House did, and particularly Becke Marshall, to admiration. Found my wife and Deb., and saw many fine ladies, and sat by Colonnell Reames, who understands and loves a play as well as I, and I love him for it.

Feb. 5th. Up, and I to Captain Cocke's, where he and I did discourse of our business that we are to go about to the Commissioners of Accounts about our prizes, and having resolved to conceal nothing but to confess the truth, the truth being likely to do us most good, we parted, and I to White Hall.

8th. Away to the Strand to my booksellers and there staid an hour, and bought the idle, rogueish book, "*L'escholle des filles*;" which I have bought in plain binding, avoiding the buying of it better bound, because I resolved, as soon as I have read it, to burn it, that it may not stand in the list of books, nor among them, to disgrace them if it should be found.

14th (*Valentine's day*). Up, being called up by Mercer, who come to be my Valentine, and so I rose and my wife, and were merry a little, I

staying to talk, and did give her a guinny in gold for her Valentine's gift.

16th (Lord's day). Up, and to my chamber, where all the morning making a catalogue of my books, which did find me work, but with great pleasure, my chamber and books being now set in very good order, and my chamber washed and cleaned, which it had not been in some months before, my business and trouble having been so much.

17th. Some mutterings I did hear of a design of dissolving the Parliament, but I think there is no ground for it yet, though Oliver would have dissolved them for half the trouble and contempt these have put upon the King and his councils. I did spend a little time at the Swan, and there did kiss the maid, Sarah.

18th. I stepped to the Dog Taverne, and thither come to me Doll Lane, and there we did drink together, and she tells me she is my valentine. . . . Home, and up to my wife, not owning my being at a play, and there she shews me her ring of a Turkey-stone set with little sparks of diamonds, which I am to give her, as my Valentine, and I am not much troubled at it. It will cost me near £5—she costing me but little compared with other wives, and I have not many occasions to spend on her.

28th. Comes in Mr. Wren from the House, where, he tells us, another storm hath been all this day almost against the Officers of the Navy: and so they have at last ordered that we shall be heard at the bar of the House upon this business on Thursday next. This did mightily trouble me and us all; but me particularly, who am at least able to bear these troubles, though I have the least cause to be concerned in it.

March 1st (Lord's day) Up very betimes, and by coach to Sir W. Coventry's; and there, largely carrying with me all my notes and papers, did run over our whole defence in order to the answering the House on Thursday next; and I do think, unless they be set without reason to ruin us, we shall make a good defence. So that my head is full of care and weariness in my employment.

31d. Up betimes to work again, and then met at the Office, where to our great business of this answer to the Parliament.

4th. Went home, with [out] supper vexed and sickish to bed, and there slept about three hours, but then waked, and never in so much trouble in all my life of mind, thinking of the task I have upon me, and upon what dissatisfactory grounds, and what the issue of it may be to me.

5th. With these thoughts I lay troubling myself till six o'clock, restless, and at last getting my wife to talk to me to comfort me, which she at last did, and made me resolve to quit my hands of this Office, and endure the trouble of it no longer than till I can clear myself of it. So with great trouble, but yet with some ease, from this discourse with my wife, I up, and to my Office, whither come my clerks, and so I did huddle the best I could some more notes for my discourse to-day, and by nine o'clock was ready. So we all up to the lobby; and between eleven and twelve o'clock, we were called in, with the mace before us, into the House, where a mighty full House; and we stood at the bar, namely, Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, Sir T. Harvey, and myself, W. Pen being in the House, as a

Member. I perceive the whole House was full, and full of expectation of our defence what it would be, and with great prejudice. After the Speaker had told us the dissatisfaction of the House, and read the Report of the Committee, I began our defence most acceptably and smoothly, and continued at it without any hesitation or losse, but with full scope, and all my reason free about me, as if it had been at my own table, from that time till past three in the afternoon; and so ended, without any interruption from the Speaker; but we withdrew. And there all my Fellow-Officers, and all the world that was within hearing, did congratulate me, and cry up my speech as the best thing they ever heard; and my Fellow-Officers overjoyed in it; and we were in hopes to have had a vote this day in our favour, and so the generality of the House was; but my speech, being so long, many had gone out to dinner and come in again half drunk; and this prevented it, so that they put it off to to-morrow come se'nnight. However, it is plain we have got great ground; and everybody says I have got the most honor that any could have had opportunity of getting; and so with our hearts mightily overjoyed at this success, we all to dinner to Lord Brouncker's.

6th. Up betimes, and with Sir D. Gawden to Sir W. Coventry's chamber: where the first word he said to me was, "Good-morrow, Mr. Pepys, that must be Speaker of the Parliament-house:" and did protest I had got honour for ever in Parliament. And, by and by, overtaking the King, the King and Duke of York come to me both; and he said, "Mr. Pepys, I am very glad of your success yesterday;" and fell to talk of my well speaking, and many of the Lords there. My Lord Barkeley did cry me up for what they had heard of it; and others, Parliament-men there, about the King, did say that they never heard such a speech in their lives delivered in that manner. Everybody do say that the kingdom will ring of my abilities, and that I have done myself right for my whole life: for which the Lord God make me thankful¹ and that I may make use of it not to pride and vain-glory, but that, now I have this esteem, I may do nothing that may lessen it! I spent the morning thus walking in the Hall, being complimented by everybody with admiration.

18th. Up betimes to Westminster. I spent most of the morning walking with one or other, and anon met Doll Lane at the Dog tavern, . . . and I did give her as being my valentine 20s. to buy what she would. Thence away by coach to my bookseller's, and to several places to pay my debts, and to Ducke Lane, and there bought Montaigne's Essays, in English, and so away home to dinner.

24th. To White Hall, where great talk of the tumult at the other end of the town, about Moorefields, among the 'prentices, taking the liberty of these holydays to pull down bawdy-houses. And Lord! to see the apprehensions which this did give to all people at Court, that presently order was given for all the soldiers, horse and foot, to be in armes! and forthwith alarmes were beat by drum and trumpet through Westminster, and all to their colours, and to horse, as if the French were coming into the town!

25th. Up, and walked to White Hall, there to wait on the Duke of York, which I did. The Duke of York and all with him this morning were full of the talk of the 'prentices, who are not yet [put] down, though all the guards and militia of the town have been in armes all this night and the night before; and the 'prentices have made fools of them, sometimes by running from them and flinging stones at them. Some blood hath been spilt, but a great many houses pulled down; and, among others, the Duke of York was mighty merry at that of Damaris Page's, the great bawd of the seamen; and the Duke of York complained merrily that he hath lost two tenants, by their houses being pulled down, who paid him for their wine licenses £15 a year. But here it was said how these idle fellows have had the confidence to say that they did ill in contenting themselves in pulling down the little bawdy-houses, and did not go and pull down the great bawdy-house at White Hall.

April 7th. At the office all the morning, where great hurry to be made in the fitting forth of this present little fleete, but so many rubs by reason of want of money. I by coach to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The English Monsieur;" sitting for privacy sake in an upper box: the play hath much mirth in it as to that particular humour. After the play done, I down to Knipp, and did stay her undressing herself; and there saw the several players, men and women go by; and pretty to see how strange they are all, one to another, after the play is done. Here I saw a wonderful pretty maid of her own, that come to undress her, and one so pretty that she says she intends not to keep her, for fear of her being undone in her service, by coming to the playhouse. Here I hear Sir W. Davenant is just now dead; and so who will succeed him in the mastership of the house is not yet known. She tells me mighty news, that my Lady Castlemayne is mightily in love with Hart of their house.

8th. Up, and at my office all the morning, doing business; and did buy a recorder, which I do intend to learn to play on, the sound of it being, of all sounds in the world, most pleasing to me. So home to my chamber, to be fingering of my Recorder, and getting of the scale of musique without book, which I at last see is necessary for a man that would understand musique.

24th. Up betimes, and by water to White Hall, to the Duke of York. Thence to Duche Lane, and there did overlook a great many of Monsieur Fouquet's library, that a bookseller hath bought, and I did buy one Spanish [work], "*Los Illustres Varones*." Here did I endeavour to see my pretty woman that I did *baiser in las tenebras* a little while *depuis*. And did find her *sola* in the book [shop], but had not *la confidence para aller à elle*. So lost my pains. But will another time, and so home and to my office, and then to dinner.

30th. Thus ends this month; my wife in the country, myself full of pleasure and expense; and some trouble for my friends, my Lord Sandwich, by the Parliament, and more for my eyes, which are daily worse and worse, that I dare not write or read almost anything. The Parliament going in a few days to rise. The kingdom in an ill state through poverty; a

fleete going out, and no money to maintain it, or set it out; seamen yet unpaid, and mutinous when pressed to go out again. So we are all poor, and in pieces—God help us! while the peace is like to go on between Spain and France; and then the French may be apprehended able to attack us. So God help us!

May 7th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. Thence called Knepp from the King's house, where going in for her, the play being done, I did see Beck Marshall come dressed, off of the stage, and looks mighty fine, and pretty, and noble: and also Nell, in her boy's clothes, mighty pretty. But, Lord! their confidence! and how many men do hover about them as soon as they come off the stage, and how confident they are in their talk! Here I did kiss the pretty woman newly come, called Pegg, that was Sir Charles Sidly's mistress, a mighty pretty woman, and seems, but is not, modest.

15th. I am told also that the Countess of Shrewsbury is brought home by the Duke of Buckingham to his house, where his Duchess saying that it was not for her and the other to live together in a house, he answered, "Why, Madam, I did think so, and, therefore, have ordered your coach to be ready, to carry you to your father's," which was a devilish speech, but, they say, true; and my Lady Shrewsbury is there, it seems.

21st. All the morning at the office, and at noon my clerks dined with me, and there do hear from them how all the town is full of the talk of a meteor, or some fire, that did on Saturday last fly over the City at night, many clusters of people talking of it, and many people of the towns about the city did see it, and the world do make much discourse of it, their apprehensions being mighty full of the rest of the City to be burned, and the Papists to cut our throats. Which God prevent!

30th. Up, and put on a new summer black bombazin suit, and so to the office; and being come now to an agreement with my barber, to keep my perriwig in good order at 20s. a-year, I am like to go very spruce, more than I used to do. All the morning at the office and at noon home to dinner, and so to the King's playhouse, and there saw "Phylaster." Thence to Mr. Pierce's, and there saw Knepp also, and were merry; and here saw my little Lady Katherine Montagu come to town, about her eyes, which are sore, and they think the King's evil, poor, pretty lady.

June 19th. I home, and there we to bed again, and slept pretty well, and about nine rose, and then my wife fell into her blubbering again, and at length had a request to make of me, which was, that she might go into France, and live there, out of trouble; and then all come out, that I loved pleasure and denied her any, and a deal of do; and I find that there have been great fallings out between my father and her, whom, for ever hereafter, I must keep asunder, for they cannot possibly agree. And I said nothing, but, with very mild words and few, suffered her humour to spend, till we begun to be very quiet, and I think all will be over, and friends, and so I to the office, where all the morning doing business.

23rd. Up, and all the morning at the office. At noon home to dinner, and so to the office again all the afternoon, and then to Westminster to

Dr. Turberville about my eyes, whom I met with: and he did discourse, I thought, learnedly about them; and takes time before he did prescribe me any thing, to think of it.

30th. Up, and at the Office all the morning: then home to dinner, where a stinking leg of mutton, the weather being very wet and hot to keep meat in I very melancholy under the fear of my eyes being spoiled, and not to be recovered; for I am come that I am not able to read out a small letter, and yet my sight good for the little while I can read, as ever they were, I think.

July 12th. Busy all the morning upon some accounts with W. Hewer. This last night Betty Michell about midnight cries out, and my wife goes to her, and she brings forth a girl, and this afternoon the child is christened, and my wife godmother again to a Betty.

13th. This morning I was let blood, and did bleed about fourteen ounces, towards curing my eyes.

16th. I by water with my Lord Brouncker to Arundell House, to the Royall Society, and there saw an experiment of a dog's being tied through the back, about the spinal artery, and thereby made void of all motion; and the artery being loosened again, the dog recovers.

17th. The weather excessive hot, so as we were forced to lie in two beds, and I only with a sheet and rug.

18th. Creed told me this day how when the King was at my Lord Cornwallis's, when he went last to Newmarket, that being there on a Sunday, the Duke of Buckingham did in the afternoon to please the King make a bawdy sermon to him out of Canticles, and that my Lord Cornwallis did endeavour to get the King a whore, and that must be a pretty girl the daughter of the parson of the place, but that she did get away, and leaped off of some place and killed herself, which if true is very sad.

27th. Busy all the morning at my office. At noon dined, and then I out of doors to my bookseller in Duck Lane, but *su moher* not at home, and it was pretty here to see a pretty woman pass by with a little wanton look, and *je* did *sequi* her round about the street from Duck Lane to Newgate Market, and then *elle* did turn back, and *je* did lose her. So over the water with my wife, and Deb., and Mercer, to Spring-Garden, and there eat and walked; and observe how rude some of the young gallants of the town are become, to go into people's arbours where there are not men, and almost force the women; which troubled me, to see the confidence of the vice of the age: and so we away by water, with much pleasure home.

August 11th. This afternoon my wife, and Mercer, and Deb., went with Pelling to see the gypsies at Lambeth, and have their fortunes told; but what they did, I did not enquire.

22nd. Going through Leaden-Hall, it being market-day, I did see a woman caught, that had stolen a shoulder of mutton off of a butcher's stall, and carrying it wrapt up in a cloth, in a basket. The jade was surprised, and did not deny it, and the women so silly, as to let her go that took it, only taking the meat.

23rd (*Lord's day*). After dinner to the Office, Mr. Gibson and I, to

examine my letter to the Duke of York, which, to my great joy, I did very well by my paper tube, without pain to my eyes. And I do mightily like what I have therein done; and did, according to the Duke of York's order, make haste to St. James's, and about four o'clock got thither: and there the Duke of York was ready, to expect me, and did hear it all over with extraordinary content; and did give me many and hearty thanks, and in words the most expressive tell me his sense of my good endeavours, and that he would have a care of me on all occasions.

26th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning almost. Thence to White Hall, and it is strange to say with what speed the people employed do pull down Paul's steeple, and with what ease: it is said that it, and the choir are to be taken down this year, and another church begun in the room thereof, the next.

September 1st. Up, and all the morning at the office busy. So to the Fair, and there saw several sights; among others, the mare that tells money, and many things to admiration; and, among others, come to me, when she was bid to go to him of the company that most loved a pretty wench in a corner. And this did cost me 12d. to the horse, which I had flung him before, and did give me occasion to *baiser* a mighty *belle fille* that was in the house that was exceeding plain, but *fort belle*. At night took coach home, and taking coach was set on by a wench that was naught, and would have gone along with me to her lodging in Shoe Lane, but *ego* did *donner* her a shilling, . . . and left her, and home.

3rd. Exchequer and several places, calling on several businesses, and particularly my bookseller's among others, for "Hobbs's Leviathan," which is now mightily called for.

15th. Up mighty betimes, my wife and people, Mercer, lying here all night, by three o'clock, and I about five; and they before, and I after them, to the coach in Bishopsgate Street, which was not ready to set out. So took wife and Mercer and Deb. and W. Hewer (who are all to set out this day for Cambridge, to cozen Roger Pepys's, to see Sturbridge Fayre); and I shewed them the Exchange, which is very finely carried on, with good dispatch. So walked back and saw them gone, there being only one man in the coach besides them.

19th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning busy, and so dined with my people at home, and then to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Silent Woman;" the best comedy, I think, that ever was wrote; and sitting by Shadwell the poet, he was big with admiration of it.

28th. Up betimes, and Knepp's maid comes to me, to tell me that the women's day at the playhouse is to-day, and that therefore I must be there to encrease their profit. I did give the pretty maid Betty that comes to me half-a-crown for coming, and had a *baiser* or two—*elle* being mighty *jolie*. And so I about my business.

October 20th. I walked out to several places to pay debts and among other things to look out for a coach, and saw many; and did light on one for which I bid £50, which do please me mightily, and I believe I shall have it.

21st. I away to the New Exchange, and there staid for my wife, and she come, we to Cow Lane, and there I shewed her the coach which I pitch on, and she is out of herself for joy almost.

25th (*Lord's day*). So home and to dinner, and after dinner all the afternoon got my wife and boy to read to me, and at night W. Batelier comes and sups with us; and, after supper, to have my head combed by Deb., which occasioned the greatest sorrow to me that ever I knew in this world, for my wife, coming up suddenly, did find me embracing the girl. . . . I was at a wonderful loss upon it, and the girl also, and I endeavoured to put it off, but my wife was struck mute and grew angry, and so her voice come to her, grew quite out of order, and I to say little, but to bed, and my wife said little also, but could not sleep all night, but about two in the morning waked me and cried, and fell to tell me as a great secret that she was a Roman Catholique and had received the Holy Sacrement, which troubled me, but I took no notice of it, but she went on from one thing to another till at last it appeared plainly her trouble was at what she saw, but yet I did not know how much she saw, and therefore said nothing to her. But after her much crying and reproaching me with inconstancy and preferring a sorry girl before her, I did give her no provocation, but did promise all fair usage to her and love, and foreswore any hurt that I did with her, till at last she seemed to be at ease again, and so toward morning a little sleep, and so I with some little repose and rest.

26th. Rose, and up and by water to White Hall, but with my mind mightily troubled for the poor girl, whom I fear I have undone by this, my [wife] telling me that she would turn her out of doors. However, I was obliged to attend the Duke of York. Thence by coach home and to dinner, finding my wife mightily discontented, and the girl sad, and no words from my wife to her. So after dinner they out with me about two or three things, and so home again, I all the evening busy, and my wife full of trouble in her looks, and anon to bed, where about midnight she wakes me, and there falls foul of me again, affirming that she saw me hug and kiss the girl; the latter I denied, and truly, the other I confessed and no more, and upon her pressing me did offer to give her under my hand that I would never see Mrs. Pierce more nor Knepp, but did promise her particular demonstrations of my true love to her, owning some indiscretions in what I did, but that there was no harm in it. She at last upon these promises was quiet, and very kind we were, and so to sleep.

27th. In the morning up, but my mind troubled for the poor girl, with whom I could not get the opportunity to speak, but to the office, my mind mighty full for sorrow for her. My wife did towards bedtime begin in a mighty rage from some new matter that she had got in her head, and did most part of the night in bed rant at me in most high terms of threats of publishing my shame, and when I offered to rise would have rose too, and caused a candle to be light to burn by her all night in the chimney while she ranted, while the knowing myself to have given some grounds for it, did make it my business to appease her all I could possibly, and by good words and fair promises did make her very quiet, and so rested all

night, and rose with perfect good peace, being heartily afflicted for this folly of mine that did occasion it, but was forced to be silent about the girle, which I had no mind to part with, but much less than the poor girle should be undone by my folly. So up with mighty kindness from my wife and a thorough peace, and being up did by a note advise the girle what I had done and owned, which note I was in pain for till she told me she had burned it.

November 8th (Lord's day). Up, and at my chamber all the morning, setting papers to rights, with my boy; and so to dinner at noon. The girle with us, but my wife troubled thear to see her, and do tell me so, which troubles me, for I love the girle.

9th. Up, and I did by a little note which I flung to Deb. advise her that I did continue to deny that ever I kissed her, and so she might govern herself. The girl read, and as I bid her return me the note, flinging it to me in passing by.

11th. To the office, and there having done, I home and to supper and to bed, where, after lying a little while, my wife starts up, and with expressions of affright and madness, as one frantick, would rise, and I would not let her, but burst out in tears myself, and so continued almost half the night, the moon shining so that it was light, and after much sorrow and reproaches and little ravings (though I am apt to think they were counterfeited from her), and my promise again to discharge the girle myself, all was quiet again, and so to sleep.

12th. I to my wife and to sit with her a little, and then called her and Willet to my chamber, and there did, with tears in my eyes, which I could not help, discharge her and advise her to be gone as soon as she could, and never to see me, or let me see her more while she was in the house, which she took with tears too, but I believe understands me to be her friend.

13th. Deb. has been abroad to-day, and is come home and says she has got a place to go to, so as she will be gone to-morrow morning. This troubled me. But she will be gone and I not know whither. Before we went to bed my wife told me she would not have me to see her or give her her wages, and so I did give my wife £10 for her year, and half a quarter's wages which she went into her chamber and paid her, and so to bed, and there, blessed be God! we did sleep well and with peace, which I had not done in now almost twenty nights together.

18th. Lay long in bed talking with my wife, she being unwilling to have me go abroad, saying and declaring herself jealous of my going out for fear of my going to Deb., which I do deny, for which God forgive me, for I was no sooner out about noon but I did go by coach directly to Somerset House, and there enquired among the porters there for Dr. Allbun, and the first I spoke with told me he knew him, and that he was newly gone to Lincoln's Inn Fields, but whither he could not tell me. At last he comes back and tells me she is well, and that I may see her if I will, but no more. So I could not be commanded by my reason, but I must go this very night, and so by coach, it being now dark, I to her, close

by my tailor's, and she come into the coach to me, and *je* did *baiser* her. . . . I did nevertheless give her the best council I could, to have a care of her honour, and to fear God, and suffer no man *para avoir* to do *con* her as *je* have done, which she promised. *Je* did give her 20s. and directions *para laisser* sealed in paper at any time the name of the place of her being at Herringman's, my bookseller in the 'Change, by which I might go *para* her, and so bid her good night with much content to my mind, and resolution to look after her no more till I heard from her. And so home, and there told my wife a fair tale, God knows, how I spent the whole day, with which the poor wretch was satisfied, or at least seemed so, all day in getting of her house in order against to-morrow to hang up our new hangings and furnishing our best chamber.

19th. Up, and at the Office all the morning, with my heart full of joy to think in what a safe condition all my matters now stand between my wife and Deb. and me, and at noon running up stairs to see the upholsters, who are at work upon hanging my best room, and setting up my new bed, I find my wife sitting sad in the dining room; which enquiring into the reason of, she begun to call me all the false, rotten-hearted rogues in the world, letting me understand that I was with Deb. yesterday, which, thinking it impossible for her ever to understand, I did a while deny, but at last did, for the ease of my mind and hers, and for ever to discharge my heart of this wicked business, I did confess all, and above stairs in our bed chamber there I did endure the sorrow of her threats and vows and curses all the afternoon, and, what was worse, she swore by all that was good that she would slit the nose of this girle, and be gone herself this very night from me, and did there demand 3 or £400 of me to buy my peace, that she might be gone without making any noise, or else protested that she would make all the world know of it. So with most perfect confusion of face and heart, and sorrow and shame, in the greatest agony in the world I did pass this afternoon, fearing that it will never have an end; but at last I did call for W. Hewer, who I was forced to make privy now to all, and the poor fellow did cry like a child, [and] obtained what I could not, that she would be pacified upon condition that I would give it under my hand never to see or speak with Deb. while I live. So, before it was late, there was, beyond my hopes as well as desert, a durable peace; and so to supper, and pretty kind words, and to bed.

December 2nd. Abroad with my wife, the first time that ever I rode in my own coach. The play done, we to White Hall; where my wife staid while I up to the Duchesse's and Queen's side, to speak with the Duke of York: and here saw all the ladies, and heard the silly discourse of the King, with his people about him, telling a story of my Lord Rochester's having of his clothes stole, while he was with a wench; and his gold all gone, but his clothes found afterwards stuffed into a feather bed by the wench that stole them.

3rd. And so home, it being mighty pleasure to go alone with my poor wife, in a coach of our own, to a play, and makes us appear mighty great, I think, in the world; at least, greater than ever I could, or my

friends for me, have once expected; or, I think, than ever any of my family ever yet lived, in my memory, but my cozen Pepys in Salisbury Court.

5th. Up, after a little talk with my wife, which troubled me, she being ever since our late difference mighty watchful of sleep and dreams, and will not be persuaded but I do dream of Deb., and do tell me that I speak in my dreams and that this night I did cry, Huzzy, and it must be she, and now and then I start otherwise than I used to do, she says, which I know not, for I do not know that I dream of her more than usual, though I cannot deny that my thoughts waking do run now and then against my will and judgment upon her, for that only is wanting to undo me, being now in every other thing as to my mind most happy, and may still be so but for my own fault, if I be catched loving any body but my wife again.

12th. This day was brought home my pair of black coach-horses, the first I ever was master of. They cost me £50, and are a fine pair.

25th (Christmas day). Up, and continued on my waist-coat, the first day this winter, and I to church. So home, and to dinner alone with my wife, who, poor wretch! sat undressed all day, till ten at night, altering and lacing of a noble petticoat: while I by her, making the boy read to me the Life of Julius Caesar, and Des Cartes' book of Musick—the latter of which I understand not, nor think he did well that writ it, though a most learned man. Then, after supper, I made the boy play upon his lute, and so, my mind in mighty content, we to bed.

26th. Lay long with pleasure, prating with my wife, and then up, and a little to the Office.

27th (Lord's day). So home, my coach coming for me, and there find Balty and Mr. How, who dined with me; and there my wife and I fell out a little about the foulness of the linen of the table, but were friends presently, but she cried, poor heart! which I was troubled for, though I did not give her one hard word.

1669

January 7th Up, and to the office, where busy all the morning, and then at noon home to dinner, and thence my wife and I to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Island Princesse," the first time I ever saw it; and it is a pretty good play, many good things being in it, and a good scene of a town on fire. We sat in an upper box, and the jade Nell come and sat in the next box; a bold merry slut, who lay laughing there upon people; and with a comrade of hers of the Duke's house, that come in to see the play.

12th. This evening I observed my wife mighty dull, and I myself was not mighty fond, because of some hard words she did give me at noon, out of a jealousy at my being abroad this morning, which, God knows, it was upon the business of the Office unexpectedly; but I to bed,

not thinking but she would come after me. But waking by and by out of a slumber, which I usually fall into presently after my coming into the bed, I found she did not prepare to come to bed, but got fresh candles, and more wood for her fire, it being mighty cold, too. At this being troubled, I after a while prayed her to come to bed, and all my people being gone to bed; so, after an hour or two, she silent, and I now and then praying her to come to bed, she fell out into a fury, that I was a rogue, and false to her. At last, about one o'clock, she came to my side of the bed, and drew my curtaine open, and with the tongs red hot at the ends, made as if she did design to pinch me with them, at which, in dismay, I rose up, and with a few words she laid them down; and did by little and little, very sillily, let all the discourse fall; and about two, but with much seeming difficulty, come to bed and there lay well all night.

23rd. Up, and again to look after the setting things right against dinner, which I did to very good content. Dinner was brought up, one dish after another, but a dish at a time, but all so good; but, above all things, the variety of wines, and excellent of their kind, I had for them, and all in so good order, that they were mightily pleased, and myself full of content at it: and indeed it was, of a dinner of about six or eight dishes, as noble as any man need to have, I think; at least, all was done in the noblest manner that ever I had any, and I have rarely seen in my life better anywhere else, even at the Court. Thus was this entertainment over, the best of its kind, and the fullest of honour and content to me, that ever I had in my life: and shall not easily have so good again. So to my wife's chamber, and there supped, and got her cut my hair and look my shirt, for I have itched mightily these 6 or 7 days, and when all comes to all she finds that I am lousy, having found in my head and body about twenty lice, little and great, which I wonder at, being more than I have had I believe these 20 years. I did think I might have got them from the little boy, but they did presently look him, and found none. So how they come I know not, but presently did shift myself, and so shall be rid of them, and cut my hair close to my head, and so with much content to bed.

February 10th. With my wife to the plaisterer's at Charing Cross, that casts heads and bodies in plaister: and there I had my whole face done; but I was vexed first to be forced to daub all my face over with pomatum: but it was pretty to feel how soft and easily it is done on the face, and by and by, by degrees, how hard it becomes, that you cannot break it, and sits so close, that you cannot pull it off, and yet so easy, that it is as soft as a pillow, so safe is everything where many parts of the body do bear alike. Thus was the mould made; but when it came off there was little pleasure in it, as it looks in the mould, nor any resemblance whatever there will be in the figure, when I come to see it cast off, which I am to call for a day or two hence, which I shall long to see.

12th. And so home, and there Pelling hath got me W. Pen's book against the Trinity. I got my wife to read it to me; and I find it so well writ as, I think, it is too good for him ever to have writ it; and it is a serious sort of book, and not fit for every body to read.

15th. Up, and with Tom to White Hall and then to the plaisterer's, and there saw the figure of my face taken from the mould: and it is most admirably like, and I will have another made, before I take it away.

17th. At home comes Castle to me, to desire me to go to Mr. Pedly this night, which I, therefore, did, by hackney-coach, first going to White Hall to meet with Sir W. Coventry, but missed him. But here I had a pleasant *recontre* of a lady in mourning, that, by the little light I had, seemed handsome. I passing by her, I did observe she looked back again and again upon me, I suffering her to go before, and it being now duske. I observed she went into the little passage towards the Privy Water-Gate, and I followed, but missed her; but coming back again, I observed she returned, and went to go out of the Court. I followed her, and took occasion, in the new passage now built, where the walke is to be, to take her by the hand, to lead her through, which she willingly accepted, and I led her to the Great Gate, and there left her, she telling me, of her own accord, that she was going as far as Charing Cross; but my boy was at the gate, and so *je* durst not go out *con* her, which vexed me, and my mind (God forgive me) did run *après* her *toute* that night, though I have reason to thank God, and so I do now, that I was not tempted to go further.

23rd. Up, and to the Office, and by a hackney-coach followed my wife and the girls. I now took them to Westminster Abbey, and there we did see, by particular favour, the body of Queen Katherine of Valois; and I had the upper part of her body in my hands, and I did kiss her mouth, reflecting upon it that I did kiss a Queen, and that this was my birth-day, thirty-six years old, that I did first kiss a Queen.

March 12th. In my coach with W. Hewer towards Westminster; and there to Nott's, the famous bookbinder, that bound for my Lord Chancellor's library; and here I did take occasion for curiosity to bespeak a book to be bound, only that I might have one of his binding. And so home, where, thinking to meet my wife with content, after my pains all this day, I find her in her closet, alone, in the dark, in a hot fit of railing against me, upon some news she has this day heard of Deb.'s living very fine, and with black spots, and speaking ill words of her mistress, which with good reason might vex her; and the baggage is to blame, but, God knows, I know nothing of her, nor what she do, nor what becomes of her, though God knows that my devil that is within me do wish that I could. But in her fit she did tell me what vexed me all the night, that this had put her upon putting off her handsome maid and hiring another that was full of the small pox, which did mightily vex me, though I said nothing, and do still.

18th. To the Office, where we sat all the morning, and so home to dinner, where my wife mighty finely dressed, by a maid that she hath taken, and is to come to her when Jane goes; and the same she the other day told me of, to be so handsome. I therefore longed to see her, but did not till after dinner, that my wife and I going by coach, she went with us to Holborne, where we set her down. She is a mighty proper maid, and

pretty comely, but so so; but hath a most pleasing tone of voice, and speaks handsomely, but hath most great hands, and I believe ugly; but very well dressed, and good clothes, and the maid I believe will please me well enough.

23^d. After supper, we fell to talk of spirits and apparitions, whereupon many pretty, particular stories were told, so as to make me almost afraid to lie alone, but for shame I could not help it; and so to bed; and, being sleepy, fell soon to rest, and so rested well.

April 13th. I away home, and there sent for W. Hewer, and he and I by water to White Hall to look, among other things, for Mr. May, to unbespeak his dining with me to-morrow. But here being in the courtyard, as God would have it, I spied Deb., which made my heart and head to work, and I presently could not refrain, but sent W. Hewer away to look for Mr. Wren (W. Hewer, I perceive, did see her, but whether he did see me see her I know not, or suspect my sending him away I know not, but my heart could not hinder me), and I run after her and two women and a man, more ordinary people, and she in her old clothes, and after hunting a little, find them in the lobby of the chapel below stairs, and there I observed she endeavoured to avoid me, but I did speak to her and she to me, and did get her *pour dire me où she demeure* now, and did charge her *para* say nothing of me that I had *vu elle*, which she did promise, and so with my heart full of surprize and disorder I away. And so back to White Hall, and then back to the Park with Mr. May, but could see her no more, and so with W. Hewer, who I doubt by my countenance might see some disorder in me, we home by water, to my wife, who is come home from Deptford. But, God forgive me, I hardly know how to put on confidence enough to speak as innocent, having had this passage to-day with Deb., though only, God knows, by accident. But my great pain is lest God Almighty shall suffer me to find out this girl, whom indeed I love, and with a bad *amour*, but I will pray to God to give me grace to forbear it.

15th. Up, and to the office, and thence before the office sat to the Excise Office with W. Hewer, but found some occasion to go another way to the Temple upon business, and I by Deb.'s direction did know whither in Jewen Street to direct my hackney coachman. Thence I away, and through Jewen Street, my mind, God knows, running that way, but stopped not, but going down Holborne hill, by the Conduit, I did see Deb, on foot going up the hill. I saw her, and she me, but she made no stop, but seemed unwilling to speak to me; so I away on, but then stopped and 'light, and after her and overtook her at the end of the Hosier lane in Smithfield, and without standing in the street desired her to follow me, and I led her into a little blind alehouse within the walls, and there she and I alone fell to talk and *baiser la* and *toquer su mammailles*, but she mighty coy, and I hope modest. . . . I did give her in a paper 20s., and we did agree *para* meet again in the Hall at Westminster on Monday next.

26th. Creed, coming just now to see me, my wife, and he, and I out, and I set him down at Temple Bar, and myself and wife went down the

Temple upon seeming business, only to put him off, and just at the Temple gate I spied Deb. with another gentle-woman, and Deb. winked on me and smiled, but undiscovered, and I was glad to see her. So my wife and I to the 'Change, about things for her.

May 10th. Troubled, about three in the morning, with my wife's calling her maid up, and rising herself, to go with her coach abroad, to gather May-dew, which she did, and I troubled for it, for fear of any hurt, going abroad so betimes, happening to her; but I to sleep again, and she come home about six, and to bed again all well.

16th (Lord's day). I all the afternoon drawing up a foul draught of my petition to the Duke of York, about my eyes, for leave to spend three or four months out of the Office, drawing it so as to give occasion to a voyage abroad, which I did, to my pretty good liking.

19th. With my coach to St. James's. By and by the Duke of York comes, and readily took me to his closet, and received my petition, and discoursed about my eyes, and pitied me, and with much kindness did give me his consent to be absent, and approved of my proposition to go into Holland to observe things there, of the Navy; but would first ask the King's leave, which he anon did, and did tell me that the King would be a good master to me, these were his words, about my eyes, and do like of my going into Holland, but do advise that nobody should know of my going thither, but pretend that I did go into the country somewhere, which I liked well.

31st. Up very betimes, and so continued all the morning with W. Hewer, upon examining and stating my accounts, in order to the fitting myself to go abroad beyond sea, which the ill condition of my eyes, and my neglect for a year or two, hath kept me behindhand in, and so as to render it very difficult now, and troublesome to my mind to do it; but I this day made a satisfactory entrance therein. Dined at home, and in the afternoon by water to White Hall, calling by the way at Michell's, where I have not been many a day till just the other day, and now I met her mother there and knew her husband to be out of town. And here *je* did *baiser elle*. And thence had another meeting with the Duke of York, at White Hall, on yesterday's work, and made a good advance; and so, being called by my wife, we to the Park, Mary Batelier, and a Dutch gentleman, a friend of hers, being with us. Thence to "The World's End," a drinking-house by the Park; and there merry, and so home late.

And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journal, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand; and, therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear: and, therefore, resolve, from this time forward, to have it kept by my people in long-hand, and must therefore be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or, if there be anything, which cannot be much, now my *amours* to Deb. are past, and my eyes hindering me in almost all other pleasures, I must endeavour to

keep a margin in my book open, to add, here and there, a note in shorthand with my own hand.

And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave: for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!

S.P.

May 31, 1669.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

1706-1790

THE *Autobiography* of Benjamin Franklin is a document essential to any understanding of the famous American philosopher and statesman. It is one of the best-known American books and has been much admired in all parts of the world. Anecdotes from the *Autobiography* such as that describing young Franklin's first entry into Philadelphia are familiar to all. But to be fully appreciated these separate anecdotes must be read as part of a continuous narrative and in Franklin's own racy vernacular.

It has been remarked that from the pages of the *Autobiography* we learn much about a busy citizen of Philadelphia, but that we never suspect that this is the same Franklin who became famous throughout Europe. This is not strictly true. Naturally we know of Franklin's reputation before we begin to read his memoirs. Although these come to an end before the outbreak of the American Revolution, yet even in their unfinished state they constitute a remarkable document dealing with a remarkable man. The substantial Philadelphia printer and public servant, the scientist (almost the only one of his day in America) whose papers are discussed by the Royal Society, the man whose approval is needed to ensure the success of any civic undertaking—this man we come to know and admire when we read the *Autobiography*. The great days of Franklin the statesman are still to come; Franklin the man, however, stands revealed before us.

The main facts of his life are these: He was born in Boston on January 17, 1706, of Puritan parents. His father, Josiah, sent him to grammar school at the age of eight and, four years later, fearing that Benjamin would run away to sea, apprenticed him to one of the boy's brothers who was a printer. In October 1723 young Franklin was in Philadelphia, in 1724 he was in London, where he worked as a printer for

some nineteen months, and in July 1726 he was back in Philadelphia. The following year he opened his own printing house (in partnership with Hugh Meredith) and in 1729 he took over the *Philadelphia Gazette*, a weekly paper. Publication of *Poor Richard's Almanack* began in 1732, and a collection of maxims from the *Almanack* appeared in 1757 and had a wide sale.

From 1730 to 1748 Franklin busied himself with civic affairs and with his trade. He entered politics in 1748 and became, within two years, one of the most prominent members of the Philadelphia Assembly. In the *Autobiography* we read of his difficulties with the Quakers, who opposed all appropriation of money for arms and ammunition, and whose scruples almost disrupted plans for the defense of the city. We read also of Franklin's experiences during Braddock's ill-fated invasion of western Pennsylvania and of his own military service on the northwestern frontier.

Franklin was dispatched on a mission to England in 1757. His was the difficult task of persuading the Penn family, proprietaries of Pennsylvania, to agree to the taxation of their estates. He was welcomed by the English and handsomely entertained. University degrees were conferred upon him, and he attended meetings of the Royal Society to which he had been elected some five years earlier. Having convinced the Penn family that they should agree to some sort of taxation, Franklin visited Holland and returned to Philadelphia in 1762.

But the proprietary question soon came to the fore again, and in 1764 Franklin was once more sent to England. While there, he became involved in the first controversies about the Stamp Act and the other measures that preceded the outbreak of war with the American colonies. He worked hard for reconciliation, but in vain. Franklin returned to his native land in 1775, just in time to hear of the fighting at Lexington and Concord, and, as has been said, changed overnight from a peacemaker to a warmaker. As a member of the Continental Congress, he served on a dozen committees, one of which drew up the Declaration of Independence, and by the end of December 1776 he was in Paris as one of the commissioners to France. The problem of securing French aid was no simple one even for a man so well known and respected as Benjamin Franklin, but the treaty was finally negotiated and signed in February 1778. He continued to serve as American representative at the French court. When the peace treaty with Great Britain was signed in 1783, Franklin redoubled his efforts to have Congress recall him and, after vexatious delays, returned to Philadelphia in 1785. He was succeeded by Thomas Jefferson. Five more years of service to his city and to his country

remained before his death, which occurred on April 17, 1790.

Franklin tells us in his *Autobiography* how he taught himself to write. His models were Defoe and Plutarch, Cotton Mather and Addison, and whatever we may think of his methods of learning composition, we cannot deny that they did produce one masterpiece at least: the *Autobiography*.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

I

TWYFORD, *at the Bishop of St. Asaph's, 1771.*

DEAR SON: I have ever had pleasure in obtaining any little anecdotes of my ancestors. You may remember the inquiries I made among the remains of my relations when you were with me in England, and the journey I undertook for that purpose. Imagining it may be equally agreeable to you to know the circumstances of my life, many of which you are yet unacquainted with, and expecting the enjoyment of a week's uninterrupted leisure in my present country retirement, I sit down to write them for you. To which I have besides some other inducements. Having emerged from the poverty and obscurity in which I was born and bred, to a state of affluence and some degree of reputation in the world, and having gone so far through life with a considerable share of felicity, the conducting means I made use of, which with the blessing of God so well succeeded, my posterity may like to know, as they may find some of them suitable to their own situations, and therefore fit to be imitated.

That felicity, when I reflected on it, has induced me sometimes to say, that were it offered to my choice, I should have no objection to a repetition of the same life from its beginning, only asking the advantages authors have in a second edition to correct some faults of the first. So I might, besides correcting the faults, change some sinister accidents and events of it for others more favourable. But though this were denied, I should still accept the offer. Since such a repetition is not to be expected, the next thing most like living one's life over again seems to be a recollection of that life, and to make that recollection as durable as possible by putting it down in writing.

The notes one of my uncles (who had the same kind of curiosity in collecting family anecdotes) once put into my hands, furnished me with several particulars relating to our ancestors. From these notes I learned that the family had lived in the same village, Ecton, in Northamptonshire, for three hundred years, and how much longer he knew not (perhaps from the time when the name of Franklin, that before was the name of an

order of people, was assumed by them as a surname when others took surnames all over the kingdom), on a freehold of about thirty acres, aided by the smith's business, which had continued in the family till his time, the eldest son being always bred to that business; a custom which he and my father followed as to their eldest sons.

Josiah, my father, married young, and carried his wife with three children into New England, about 1682. The conventicles having been forbidden by law, and frequently disturbed, induced some considerable men of his acquaintance to remove to that country, and he was prevailed with to accompany them thither, where they expected to enjoy their mode of religion with freedom. By the same wife he had four children more born there, and by a second wife ten more, in all seventeen; of which I remember thirteen sitting at one time at his table, who all grew up to be men and women, and married; I was the youngest son, and the youngest child but two, and was born in Boston, New England. My mother, the second wife, was Abiah Folger, daughter of Peter Folger, one of the first settlers of New England, of whom honorable mention is made by Cotton Mather, in his church history of that country, entitled *Magnalia Christi Americana*, as "*a godly, learned Englishman*," if I remember the words rightly.

My elder brothers were all put apprentices to different trades. I was put to the grammar-school at eight years of age, my father intending to devote me, as the tithe of his sons, to the service of the Church.

At ten years old I was taken home to assist my father in his business, which was that of a tallow-chandler and sope-boiler; a business he was not bred to, but had assumed on his arrival in New England, and on finding his dying trade would not maintain his family, being in little request. Accordingly, I was employed in cutting wick for the candles, filling the dipping mold and the molds for cast candles, attending the shop, going of errands, etc.

I disliked the trade, and had a strong inclination for the sea, but my father declared against it; however, living near the water, I was much in and about it, learnt early to swim well, and to manage boats.

My father had an excellent constitution of body, was of middle stature, but well set, and very strong; he was ingenious, could draw prettily, was skilled a little in music, and had a clear pleasing voice, so that when he played psalm tunes on his violin and sung withal, as he sometimes did in an evening after the business of the day was over, it was extremely agreeable to hear. At his table he liked to have, as often as he could, some sensible friend or neighbor to converse with, and always took care to start some ingenious or useful topic for discourse, which might tend to improve the minds of his children. By this means he turned our attention to what was good, just, and prudent in the conduct of life; and little or no notice was ever taken of what related to the victuals on the table, whether it was well or ill dressed, in or out of season, of good or bad flavor, preferable or inferior to this or that other thing of the kind, so that I was bro't up in such a perfect inattention to those matters as to be quite indifferent what kind of food was set before me, and so unobservant of it, that to this

day if I am asked I can scarce tell a few hours after dinner what I dined upon. This has been a convenience to me in travelling, where my companions have been sometimes very unhappy for want of a suitable gratification of their more delicate, because better instructed, tastes and appetites.

My mother had likewise an excellent constitution: she suckled all her ten children. I never knew either my father or mother to have any sickness but that of which they dy'd, he at 89, and she at 85 years of age. They lie buried together at Boston, where I some years since placed a marble over their grave.

I continued thus employed in my father's business for two years, that is, till I was twelve years old. From a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books. Pleased with the *Pilgrim's Progress*, my first collection was of John Bunyan's works in separate little volumes. I afterward sold them to enable me to buy R. Burton's *Historical Collections*; they were small chapmen's books, and cheap, 40 or 50 in all. My father's little library consisted chiefly of books in polemic divinity, most of which I read, and have since often regretted that, at a time when I had such a thirst for knowledge, more proper books had not fallen in my way, since it was now resolved I should not be a clergyman. Plutarch's *Lives* there was in which I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of De Foe's, called an *Essay on Projects*, and another of Dr Mather's, called *Essays to do Good*, which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.

This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother. I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded, and signed the indentures when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve as an apprentice till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made great proficiency in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small one, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my room reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned early in the morning, lest it should be missed or wanted.

And after some time an ingenious tradesman, Mr Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, and who frequented our printing-house, took notice of me, invited me to his library, and very kindly lent me such books as I chose to read. I now took a fancy to poetry, and made some little pieces; my brother, thinking it might turn to account, encour-

aged me, and put me on composing occasional ballads. One was called *The Lighthouse Tragedy*, and contained an account of the drowning of Captain Worthilake, with his two daughters: the other was a sailor's song, on the taking of *Teach* (or Blackbeard) the pirate. They were wretched stuff, in the Grub-street-ballad style; and when they were printed he sent me about the town to sell them. The first sold wonderfully, the event being recent, having made a great noise. This flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by ridiculing my performances, and telling me verse-makers were generally beggars. So I escaped being a poet, most probably a very bad one; but as prose writing has been of great use to me in the course of my life, and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how, in such a situation, I acquired what little ability I have in that way.

There was another bookish lad in the town, John Collins by name, with whom I was intimately acquainted. We sometimes disputed, and very fond we were of argument.

A question was once, somehow or other, started between Collins and me, of the propriety of educating the female sex in learning, and their abilities for study. He was of opinion that it was improper, and that they were naturally unequal to it. I took the contrary side, perhaps a little for dispute's sake. He was naturally more eloquent, had a ready plenty of words; and sometimes, as I thought, bore me down more by his fluency than by the strength of his reasons. As we parted without settling the point, and were not to see one another again for some time, I sat down to put my arguments in writing, which I copied fair and sent to him. He answered, and I replied. Three or four letters of a side had passed, when my father happened to find my papers and read them. Without entering into the discussion, he took occasion to talk to me about the manner of my writing; observed that, though I had the advantage of my antagonist in correct spelling and pointing (which I ow'd to the printing-house), I fell far short in elegance of expression, in method and in perspicuity, of which he convinced me by several instances. I saw the justice of his remarks, and thence grew more attentive to the manner in writing, and determined to endeavor at improvement.

About this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, try'd to compleat the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses: since the continual occasion for words of the same import, but

of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and compleat the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterwards with the original, I discovered many faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious. My time for these exercises and for reading was at night, after work or before it began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing-house alone, evading as much as I could the common attendance on public worship which my father used to exact on me when I was under his care, and which indeed I still thought a duty, though I could not, as it seemed to me, afford time to practise it.

When about 16 years of age I happened to meet with a book, written by one Tryon, recommending a vegetable diet. I determined to go into it. My brother, being yet unmarried, did not keep house, but boarded himself and his apprentices in another family. My refusing to eat flesh occasioned an inconveniency, and I was frequently chid for my singularity. I made myself acquainted with Tryon's manner of preparing some of his dishes, such as boiling potatoes or rice, making hasty pudding, and a few others, and then proposed to my brother, that if he would give me, weekly, half the money he paid for my board, I would board myself. He instantly agreed to it, and I presently found that I could save half what he paid me. This was an additional fund for buying books. But I had another advantage in it. My brother and the rest going from the printing-house to their meals, I remained there alone, and, despatching presently my light repast, which often was no more than a basket or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins or a tart from the pastry-cook's, and a glass of water, had the rest of the time till their return for study, in which I made the greater progress, from that greater clearness of head and quicker apprehension which usually attend temperance in eating and drinking.

While I was intent on improving my language, I met with an English grammar (I think it was Greenwood's), at the end of which there were two little sketches of the arts of rhetoric and logic, the latter finishing with a specimen of a dispute in the Socratic method; and soon after I procur'd Xenophon's Memorable Things of Socrates, wherein there are many instances of the same method. I was charm'd with it, adopted it, dropt my abrupt contradiction and positive argumentation, and put on the humble inquirer and doubter. And being then, from reading Shaftes-

bury and Collins, become a real doubter in many points of our religious doctrine, I found this method safest for myself and very embarrassing to those against whom I used it; therefore I took a delight in it, practis'd it continually, and grew very artful and expert in drawing people, even of superior knowledge, into concessions, the consequences of which they did not foresee, entangling them in difficulties out of which they could not extricate themselves, and so obtaining victories that neither myself nor my cause always deserved.

My brother had, in 1720 or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that appeared in America, and was called the *New England Courant*. The only one before it was the *Boston News-Letter*. I remember his being dissuaded by some of his friends from the undertaking, as not likely to succeed, one newspaper being, in their judgment, enough for America. At this time (1771) there are not less than five-and-twenty. He went on. I was excited to try my hand among them; but, being still a boy, and suspecting that my brother would object to printing anything of mine in his paper if he knew it to be mine, I contrived to disguise my hand, and, writing an anonymous paper, I put it in at night under the door of the printing-house. It was found in the morning, and communicated to his writing friends when they call'd in as usual. They read it, commented on it in my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation. I suppose now that I was rather lucky in my judges, and that perhaps they were not really so very good ones as I then esteem'd them.

Encourag'd, however, by this, I wrote and convey'd in the same way to the press several more papers which were equally approv'd; and I kept my secret till my small fund of sense for such performances was pretty well exhausted, and then I discovered it, when I began to be considered a little more by my brother's acquaintance, and in a manner that did not quite please him, as he thought, probably with reason, that it tended to make me too vain. And, perhaps, this might be one occasion of the differences that we began to have about this time. Though a brother, he considered himself as my master, and me as his apprentice. Our disputes were often brought before our father, and I fancy I was either generally in the right, or else a better pleader, because the judgment was generally in my favor. But my brother was passionate, and had often beaten me, which I took extremely amiss; and, thinking my apprenticeship very tedious, I was continually wishing for some opportunity of shortening it, which at length offered in a manner unexpected.

One of the pieces in our newspaper on some political point, which I have now forgotten, gave offense to the Assembly. My brother was taken up, censur'd, and imprison'd for a month, by the speaker's warrant, I suppose, because he would not discover his author. I too was taken up and examin'd before the council; but, tho' I did not give them any satisfaction, they content'd themselves with admonishing me, and dismissed me, considering me, perhaps, as an apprentice, who was bound to keep his master's secrets.

During my brother's confinement, which I resented a good deal, notwithstanding our private differences, I had the management of the paper; and I made bold to give our rulers some rubs in it, which my brother took very kindly, while others began to consider me in an unfavorable light, as a young genius that had a turn for libelling and satyr. My brother's discharge was accompany'd with an order of the House (a very odd one), that "*James Franklin should no longer print the paper called the New England Courant.*"

There was a consultation held in our printing-house among his friends, what he should do in this case. Some proposed to evade the order by changing the name of the paper; but my brother, seeing inconveniences in that, it was finally concluded on as a better way, to let it be printed for the future under the name of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN; and to avoid the censure of the Assembly, that might fall on him as still printing it by his apprentice, the contrivance was that my old indenture should be return'd to me, with a full discharge on the back of it, to be shown on occasion, but to secure to him the benefit of my service, I was to sign new indentures for the remainder of the term, which were to be kept private. A very flimsy scheme it was; however, it was immediately executed, and the paper went on accordingly, under my name for several months.

At length, a fresh difference arising between my brother and me, I took upon me to assert my freedom.

When he found I would leave him, he took care to prevent my getting employment in any other printing-house of the town, by going round and speaking to every master, who accordingly refus'd to give me work. I then thought of going to New York, as the nearest place where there was a printer; and I was rather inclin'd to leave Boston when I reflected that I had already made myself a little obnoxious to the governing party, and, from the arbitrary proceedings of the Assembly in my brother's case, it was likely I might, if I stay'd, soon bring myself into scrapes; and farther, that my indiscrete disputations about religion began to make me pointed at with horror by good people as an infidel or atheist. I determin'd on the point, but my father now siding with my brother, I was sensible that, if I attempted to go openly, means would be used to prevent me. My friend Collins, therefore, undertook to manage a little for me. He agreed with the captain of a New York sloop for my passage, under the notion of my being a young acquaintance of his, that had got a naughty girl with child, whose friends would compel me to marry her, and therefore I could not appear or come away publicly. So I sold some of my books to raise a little money, and was taken on board privately, and as we had a fair wind, in three days I found myself in New York, near 300 miles from home, a boy of but 17, without the least recommendation to, or knowledge of any person in the place, and with very little money in my pocket.

My inclinations for the sea were by this time worn out, or I might now have gratify'd them. But, having a trade, and supposing myself a pretty good workman, I offer'd my service to the printer in the place, old

Mr William Bradford, who had been the first printer in Pennsylvania, but removed from thence upon the quarrel of George Keith. He could give me no employment, having little to do, and help enough already; but says he, "My son at Philadelphia has lately lost his principal hand, Aquila Rose, by death; if you go thither, I believe he may employ you." Philadelphia was a hundred miles further; I set out, however, in a boat for Amboy, leaving my chest and things to follow me round by sea.

In crossing the bay, we met with a squall that tore our rotten sails to pieces, prevented our getting into the Kill, and drove us upon Long Island.

When we drew near the island, we found it was at a place where there could be no landing, there being a great surff on the stony beach. So we dropt anchor, and swung round towards the shore. Some people came down to the water edge and hallow'd to us, as we did to them; but the wind was so high, and the surff so loud, that we could not hear so as to understand each other. There were canoes on the shore, and we made signs, and hallow'd that they should fetch us; but they either did not understand us, or thought it impracticable, so they went away, and night coming on, we had no remedy but to wait till the wind should abate; and, in the mean time, the boatman and I concluded to sleep, if we could; and so crowded into the scuttle. In this manner we lay all night, with very little rest; but, the wind abating the next day, we made a shift to reach Amboy before night, having been thirty hours on the water, without victuals, or any drink but a bottle of filthy rum, and the water we sail'd on being salt.

In the evening I found myself very feverish, and went into bed; but, having read somewhere that cold water drank plentifully was good for a fever, I follow'd the prescription, sweat plentiful most of the night, my fever left me, and in the morning, crossing the ferry, I proceeded on my journey on foot, having fifty miles to Burlington, where I was told I should find boats that would carry me the rest of the way to Philadelphia.

It rained very hard all the day; I was thoroughly soak'd, and by noon a good deal tired; so I stopt at a poor inn, where I staid all night, beginning now to wish that I had never left home. I cut so miserable a figure, too, that I found, by the questions ask'd me, I was suspected to be some runaway servant, and in danger of being taken up on that suspicion. However, I proceeded the next day, and got in the evening to an inn, within eight or ten miles of Burlington, kept by one Dr Brown.

At his house I lay that night, and the next morning reach'd Burlington, but had the mortification to find that the regular boats were gone a little before my coming, and no other expected to go before Tuesday, this being Saturday; wherefore I returned to an old woman in the town, of whom I had bought gingerbread to eat on the water, and ask'd her advice. She invited me to lodge at her house till a passage by water should offer; and being tired with my foot travelling, I accepted the invitation. However, walking in the evening by the side of the river, a boat came by, which I found was going towards Philadelphia, with several people in her.

They took me in, and, as there was no wind, we row'd all the way; and about midnight, not having yet seen the city, some of the company were confident we must have passed it, and would row no farther; the others knew not where we were; so we put toward the shore, got into a creek, landed near an old fence, with the rails of which we made a fire, the night being cold, in October, and there we remained till daylight. Then one of the company knew the place to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia, which we saw as soon as we got out of the creek, and arriv'd there about eight or nine o'clock on the Sunday morning, and landed at the Market-street wharf.

II

I HAVE BEEN the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuff'd out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with travelling, rowing, and want of rest. I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refus'd it, on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps thro' fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about till near the market-house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second-street, and ask'd for bisket, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bad him give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surpriz'd at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walk'd off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market-street as far as Fourth-street, passing by the door of Mr Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chesnut-street and part of Walnut-street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market-street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy thro' labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

Walking down again toward the river, and, looking in the faces of people, I met a young Quaker man, whose countenance I lik'd, and, accosting him, requested he would tell me where a stranger could get lodging. We were then near the sign of the Three Mariners. "Here," says he, "is one place that entertains strangers, but it is not a reputable house; if thee wilt walk with me, I'll show thee a better." He brought me to the Crooked Billet in Water-street. Here I got a dinner; and, while I was eating it, several sly questions were asked me, as it seemed to be suspected from my youth and appearance, that I might be some runaway.

After dinner, my sleepiness return'd, and being shown to a bed, I lay down without undressing, and slept till six in the evening, was call'd to supper, went to bed again very early, and slept soundly till next morning. Then I made myself as tidy as I could, and went to Andrew Bradford the printer's. I found in the shop the old man his father, whom I had seen at New York, and who, travelling on horseback, had got to Philadelphia before me. He introduc'd me to his son, who receiv'd me civilly, gave me a breakfast, but told me he did not at present want a hand, being lately suppli'd with one; but there was another printer in town, lately set up, one Keimer, who, perhaps, might employ me; if not, I should be welcome to lodge at his house, and he would give me a little work to do now and then till fuller business should offer.

The old gentleman said he would go with me to the new printer; and when we found him, "Neighbor," says Bradford, "I have brought to see you a young man of your business; perhaps you may want such a one." He ask'd me a few questions, put a composing stick in my hand to see how I work'd, and then said he would employ me soon, though he had just then nothing for me to do; and, taking old Bradford, whom he had never seen before, to be one of the town's people that had a good will for him, enter'd into a conversation on his present undertaking and prospects; while Bradford, not discovering that he was the other printer's father, on Keimer's saying he expected soon to get the greatest part of the business into his own hands, drew him on by artful questions, and starting little doubts, to explain all his views, what interest he reli'd on, and in what manner he intended to proceed. I, who stood by and heard all, saw immediately that one of them was a crafty old sophister, and the other a mere novice. Bradford left me with Keimer, who was greatly surprised when I told him who the old man was.

Keimer's printing-house, I found, consisted of an old shatter'd press, and one small, worn-out font of English. I endeavor'd to put his press

(which he had not yet us'd, and of which he understood nothing) into order fit to be work'd with. I return'd to Bradford's, who gave me a little job to do for the present, and there I lodged and dieted. A few days after, Keimer sent for me. And now he had got a pamphlet to reprint, on which he set me to work.

These two printers I found poorly qualified for their business. Bradford had not been bred to it, and was very illiterate; and Keimer, tho' something of a scholar, was a mere compositor, knowing nothing of press-work. He did not like my lodging at Bradford's while I work'd with him. He had a house, indeed, but without furniture, so he could not lodge me; but he got me a lodging at Mr Read's, before mentioned, who was the owner of his house; and, my chest and clothes being come by this time, I made rather a more respectable appearance in the eyes of Miss Read than I had done when she first happen'd to see me eating my roll in the street.

I began now to have some acquaintance among the young people of the town, that were lovers of reading, with whom I spent my evenings very pleasantly; and gaining money by my industry and frugality, I lived very agreeably, forgetting Boston as much as I could, and not desiring that any there should know where I resided, except my friend Collins, who was in my secret, and kept it when I wrote to him. At length, an incident happened that sent me back again much sooner than I had intended. I had a brother-in-law, Robert Holmes, master of a sloop that traded between Boston and Delaware. He being at Newcastle, forty miles below Philadelphia, heard there of me, and wrote me a letter mentioning the concern of my friends in Boston at my abrupt departure, assuring me of their good will to me, and that every thing would be accommodated to my mind if I would return, to which he exhorted me very earnestly. I wrote an answer to his letter, thank'd him for his advice, but stated my reasons for quitting Boston fully and in such a light as to convince him I was not so wrong as he had apprehended.

Sir William Keith, governor of the province, was then at Newcastle, and Captain Holmes, happening to be in company with him when my letter came to hand, spoke to him of me, and show'd him the letter. The governor read it, and seem'd surpris'd when he was told of my age. He said I appear'd a young man of promising parts, and therefore should be encouraged; the printers at Philadelphia were wretched ones; and, if I would set up there, he made no doubt I should succeed; for his part, he would procure me the public business, and do me every other service in his power. This my brother-in-law afterwards told me in Boston, but I knew as yet nothing of it; when, one day, Keimer and I being at work together near the window, we saw the governor and another gentleman (which proved to be Colonel French, of Newcastle), finely dress'd, come directly across the street to our house, and heard them at the door.

Keimer ran down immediately, thinking it a visit to him; but the governor inquir'd for me, came up, and with a condescension and politeness I had been quite unus'd to, made me many compliments, desired to be acquainted with me, blam'd me kindly for not having made myself

known to him when I first came to the place, and would have me away with him to the tavern, where he was going with Colonel French to taste, as he said, some excellent Madeira. I was not a little surprised, and Keimer star'd like a pig poison'd. I went, however, with the governor and Colonel French to a tavern, at the corner of Third-street, and over the Madeira he propos'd my setting up my business, laid before me the probabilities of success, and both he and Colonel French assur'd me I should have their interest and influence in procuring the public business of both governments. On my doubting whether my father would assist me in it, Sir William said he would give me a letter to him, in which he would state the advantages, and he did not doubt of prevailing with him. So it was concluded I should return to Boston in the first vessel, with the governor's letter recommending me to my father. In the mean time the intention was to be kept a secret, and I went on working with Keimer as usual. About the end of April, 1724, a little vessel offer'd for Boston. I took leave of Keimer as going to see my friends. We arriv'd safe in about a fortnight. I had been absent seven months, and my friends had heard nothing of me. My unexpected appearance surpriz'd the family; all were, however, very glad to see me, and made me welcome, except my brother. I went to see him at his printing-house. I was better dress'd than ever while in his service, having a genteel new suit from head to foot, a watch, and my pockets lin'd with near five pounds sterling in silver. He receiv'd me not very frankly, look'd me all over, and turn'd to his work again.

The journeymen were inquisitive where I had been, what sort of a country it was, and how I lik'd it. I prais'd it much, and the happy life I led in it, expressing strongly my intention of returning to it; and, one of them asking what kind of money we had there, I produc'd a handful of silver, and spread it before them, which was a kind of raree-show they had not been us'd to, paper being the money of Boston. Then I took an opportunity of letting them see my watch; and, lastly (my brother still grum and sullen), I gave them a piece of eight to drink, and took my leave. This visit of mine offended him extremely.

My father received the governor's letter with some apparent surprise, but said little of it to me for some days, and at last gave a flat denial to it. Then he wrote a civil letter to Sir William, thanking him for the patronage he had so kindly offer'd me, but declining to assist me as yet in setting up, I being, in his opinion, too young to be trusted with the management of a business so important, and for which the preparation must be so expensive.

My father, tho' he did not approve Sir William's proposition, was yet pleas'd that I had been able to obtain so advantageous a character from a person of such note where I had resided, and that I had been so industrious and careful as to equip myself so handsomely in so short a time; therefore, seeing no prospect of an accommodation between my brother and me, he gave his consent to my returning again to Philadelphia, advis'd me to behave respectfully to the people there, endeavor to obtain the general esteem, and avoid lampooning and libeling, to which he thought I had too

much inclination; telling me, that by steady industry and a prudent parsimony I might save enough by the time I was one-and-twenty to set me up; and that, if I came near the matter, he would help me out with the rest. This was all I could obtain, except some small gifts as tokens of his and my mother's love, when I embark'd again for New York, now with their approbation and their blessing.

The sloop putting in at Newport, Rhode Island, I visited my brother John, who had been married and settled there some years. He received me very affectionately, for he always lov'd me. A friend of his, one Vernon, having some money due to him in Pensylvania, about thirty-five pounds currency, desired I would receive it for him, and keep it till I had his directions what to remit it in. Accordingly, he gave me an order. This afterwards occasion'd me a good deal of uneasiness.

At New York I found my friend Collins, who had arriv'd there some time before me. We had been intimate from children, and had read the same books together.

While I liv'd in Boston, most of my hours of leisure for conversation were spent with him, and he continu'd a sober as well as an industrious lad. But, during my absence, he had acquir'd a habit of soting with brandy; and I found by his own account, and what I heard from others, that he had been drunk every day since his arrival at New York, and behav'd very oddly. He had gam'd, too, and lost his money, so that I was oblig'd to discharge his lodgings, and defray his expenses to and at Philadelphia, which prov'd extremely inconvenient to me.

We proceeded to Philadelphia. I received on the way Vernon's money, without which we could hardly have finish'd our journey. Collins wished to be employ'd in some counting-house; but, whether they discover'd his dramming by his breath, or by his behaviour, tho' he had some recommendations, he met with no success in any application, and continu'd lodging and boarding at the same house with me, and at my expense. Knowing I had that money of Vernon's, he was continually borrowing of me, still promising repayment as soon as he should be in business. At length he had got so much of it that I was distress'd to think what I should do in case of being call'd on to remit it.

The breaking into this money of Vernon's was one of the first great errata of my life; and this affair show'd that my father was not much out in his judgment when he suppos'd me too young to manage business of importance. But Sir William, on reading his letter, said he was too prudent. There was great difference in persons; and discretion did not always accompany years, nor was youth always without it. "And since he will not set you up," says he, "I will do it myself. Give me an inventory of the things necessary to be had from England, and I will send for them. You shall repay me when you are able; I am resolv'd to have a good printer here, and I am sure you must succeed." This was spoken with such an appearance of cordiality, that I had not the least doubt of his meaning what he said. I had hitherto kept the proposition of my setting up, a secret in Philadelphia, and I still kept it. Had it been known that I de-

pended on the governor, probably some friend, that knew him better, would have advis'd me not to rely on him, as I afterwards heard it as his known character to be liberal of promises which he never meant to keep. Yet, unsolicited as he was by me, how could I think his generous offers insincere? I believ'd him one of the best men in the world.

I presented him an inventory of a little print'g-house, amounting by my computation to about one hundred pounds sterling. He lik'd it, but ask'd me if my being on the spot in England to chuse the types, and see that every thing was good of the kind, might not be of some advantage. "Then," says he, "when there, you may make acquaintances, and establish correspondences in the bookselling and stationery way." I agreed that this might be advantageous. "Then," says he, "get yourself ready to go with Annis;" which was the annual ship, and the only one at that time usually passing between London and Philadelphia. But it would be some months before Annis sail'd, so I continu'd working with Keimer, fretting about the money Collins had got from me, and in daily apprehensions of being call'd upon by Vernon, which, however, did not happen for some years after.

Hitherto I had stuck to my resolution of not eating animal food, and on this occasion I consider'd, with my master Tryon, the taking every fish as a kind of unprovoked murder, since none of them had, or ever could do us any injury that might justify the slaughter. All this seemed very reasonable. But I had formerly been a great lover of fish, and, when this came hot out of the frying-pan, it smelt admirably well. I balanc'd some time between principle and inclination, till I recollected that, when the fish were opened, I saw smaller fish taken out of their stomachs; then thought I, "If you eat one another, I don't see why we mayn't eat you." So I din'd upon cod very heartily, and continued to eat with other people, returning only now and then occasionally to a vegetable diet. So convenient a thing is it to be a *reasonable creature*, since it enables one to find or make a reason for every thing one has a mind to do.

Keimer and I liv'd on a pretty good familiar footing, and agreed tolerably well, for he suspected nothing of my setting up. He retained a great deal of his old enthusiasms and lov'd argumentation. We therefore had many disputations.

Keimer wore his beard at full length, because somewhere in the Mosaic law it is said, "*Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard.*" He likewise kept the Seventh day, Sabbath; and these two points were essentials with him. I dislik'd both; but agreed to admit them upon condition of his adopting the doctrine of using no animal food. "I doubt," said he, "my constitution will not bear that." I assur'd him it would, and that he would be the better for it. He was usually a great glutton, and I promised myself some diversion in half starving him. He agreed to try the practice, if I would keep him company. I did so, and we held it for three months. I went on pleasantly, but poor Keimer suffered grievously, tired of the project, long'd for the fleshpots of Egypt, and order'd a roast pig. He invited me and two women friends to dine with him; but, it being brought too

soon upon table, he could not resist the temptation, and ate the whole before we came.

I had made some courtship during this time to Miss Read. I had a great respect and affection for her, and had some reason to believe she had the same for me, but, as I was about to take a long voyage, and we were both very young, only a little above eighteen, it was thought most prudent by her mother to prevent our going too far at present, as a marriage, if it was to take place, would be more convenient after my return, when I should be, as I expected, set up in my business. Perhaps, too, she thought my expectations not so well founded as I imagined them to be.

My chief acquaintances at this time were Charles Osborne, Joseph Watson, and James Ralph, all lovers of reading. The two first were clerks to an eminent scrivener or conveyancer in the town, Charles Brockden. The other was a clerk to a merchant.

Ralph, though married and having one child, had determined to accompany me in this voyage. It was thought he intended to establish a correspondence and obtain goods to sell on commission; but I found after that having some cause of discontent with his wife's relations, he proposed to leave her on their hands and never return to America. Having taken leave of my friends and exchanged promises with Miss Read, I quitted Philadelphia in the ship, which anchored at Newcastle.

Mr Andrew Hamilton, a celebrated lawyer of Philadelphia, had taken his passage in the same ship for himself and son, with Mr Denham, a Quaker merchant, and Messrs. Oniam and Russel, masters of an iron works in Maryland, who had engaged the great cabin; so that Ralph and I were forced to take up with a berth in the steerage, and none on board knowing us, were considered as ordinary persons. But Mr Hamilton and his son (it was James, since governor) returned from Newcastle to Philadelphia, the father being recalled by a great fee to plead for a seized ship. And just before we sailed Colonel French coming on board and showing me great respect I was more taken notice of, and, with my friend Ralph, invited by the other gentlemen to come into the cabin, there being now room. Accordingly we removed thither.

Understanding that Colonel French had brought on board the governor's despatches, I ask'd the captain for those letters that were to be under my care. He said all were put into the bag together and he could not then come at them; but, before we landed in England, I should have an opportunity of picking them out; so I was satisfied for the present, and we proceeded on our voyage. We had a sociable company in the cabin, and lived uncommonly well, having the addition of all Mr Hamilton's stores, who had laid in plentifully. In this passage Mr Denham contracted a friendship for me that continued during his life. The voyage was otherwise not a pleasant one, as we had a great deal of bad weather.

III

WHEN WE CAME into the Channel, the captain kept his word with me, and gave me an opportunity of examining the bag for the governor's letters. I found none upon which my name was put as under my care. I picked out six or seven, that, by the handwriting, I thought might be the promised letters, especially as one of them was directed to Basket, the king's printer, and another to some stationer. We arriv'd in London the 24th of December, 1724. I waited upon the stationer, who came first in my way, delivering the letter as from Governor Keith. "I don't know such a person," says he; but, opening the letter, "O! this is from Riddlesden. I have lately found him to be a compleat rascal, and I will have nothing to do with him, nor receive any letters from him." So, putting the letter into my hand, he turn'd on his heel and left me to serve some customer. I was surprized to find these were not the governor's letters; and, after recollecting and comparing circumstances, I began to doubt his sincerity. I found my friend Denham, and opened the whole affair to him. He let me into Keith's character; told me there was not the least probability that he had written any letters for me; that no one, who knew him, had the smallest dependence on him; and he laught at the notion of the governor's giving me a letter of credit, having, as he said, no credit to give. On my expressing some concern about what I should do, he advised me to endeavor getting some employment in the way of my business. "Among the printers here," said he, "you will improve yourself, and when you return to America, you will set up to greater advantage."

We both of us happen'd to know, as well as the stationer, that Riddlesden, the attorney, was a very knave. He had half ruin'd Miss Read's father by persuading him to be bound for him. By this letter it appear'd there was a secret scheme on foot to the prejudice of Hamilton (suppos'd to be then coming over with us); and that Keith was concerned in it with Riddlesden. Denham, who was a friend of Hamilton's, thought he ought to be acquainted with it; so, when he arriv'd in England, which was soon after, partly from resentment and ill-will to Keith and Riddlesden, and partly from good-will to him, I waited on him, and gave him the letter. He thank'd me cordially, the information being of importance to him; and from that time he became my friend, greatly to my advantage afterwards on many occasions.

But what shall we think of a governor's playing such pitiful tricks, and imposing so grossly on a poor ignorant boy! It was a habit he had acquired. He wish'd to please everybody; and, having little to give, he gave expectations. He was otherwise an ingenious, sensible man, a pretty good writer, and a good governor for the people, tho' not for his constituents, the proprietaries, whose instructions he sometimes disregarded. Several of our best laws were of his planning and passed during his administration.

Ralph and I were inseparable companions. We took lodgings together in Little Britain at three shillings and sixpence a week—as much as we could then afford. He found some relations, but they were poor, and unable to assist him. He now let me know his intentions of remaining in London, and that he never meant to return to Philadelphia. He had brought no money with him, the whole he could muster having been expended in paying his passage. I had fifteen pistoles; so he borrowed occasionally of me to subsist, while he was looking out for business.

I immediately got into work at Palmer's, then a famous printing-house in Bartholomew Close, and here I continu'd near a year. I was pretty diligent, but spent with Ralph a good deal of my earnings in going to plays and other places of amusement. We had together consumed all my pistoles, and now just rubbed on from hand to mouth. He seem'd quite to forget his wife and child, and I, by degrees, my engagements with Miss Read, to whom I never wrote more than one letter, and that was to let her know I was not likely soon to return. This was another of the great errata of my life, which I should wish to correct if I were to live it over again. In fact, by our expenses, I was constantly kept unable to pay my passage.

At Palmer's I wrote a little metaphysical piece entitled "A Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, and Pain." I inscribed it to my friend Ralph; I printed a small number.

My pamphlet by some means falling into the hands of one Lyons, a surgeon, author of a book entitled "The Infallibility of Human Judgment," it occasioned an acquaintance between us. He took great notice of me, called on me often, and introduced me to Dr Mandeville, author of the "Fable of the Bees," who had a club there, of which he was the soul, being a most facetious, entertaining companion. Lyons, too, introduced me to Dr Pemberton, at Batson's Coffee-house, who promis'd to give me an opportunity, some time or other, of seeing Sir Isaac Newton, of which I was extremely desirous; but this never happened.

I had brought over a few curiosities, among which the principal was a purse made of the asbestos, which purifies by fire. Sir Hans Sloane heard of it, came to see me, and invited me to his house in Bloomsbury Square, where he show'd me all his curiosities, and persuaded me to let him add that to the number, for which he paid me handsomely.

In our house there lodg'd a young woman, a milliner. Ralph read plays to her in the evenings, they grew intimate, she took another lodging, and he followed her. They liv'd together some time; but, he being still out of business, and her income not sufficient to maintain them with her child, he took a resolution of going from London, to try for a country school, which he thought himself well qualified to undertake. He changed his name, and did me the honor to assume mine; for I soon after had a letter from him, recommending [the milliner] Mrs T—— to my care, and desiring me to write to him, directing for Mr Franklin, schoolmaster, at such a place

He continued to write frequently, sending me large specimens of an

epic poem which he was then composing, and desiring my remarks and corrections. These I gave him from time to time, but endeavor'd rather to discourage his proceeding. In the mean time, Mrs T——, having on his account lost her friends and business, was often in distresses, and us'd to send for me, and borrow what I could spare to help her out of them. I grew fond of her company, and, being at that time under no religious restraint, and presuming upon my importance to her, I attempted familiarities (another erratum) which she repuls'd with a proper resentment, and acquainted him with my behaviour. This made a breach between us; and, when he returned again to London, he let me know he thought I had cancell'd all the obligations he had been under to me. So I found I was never to expect his repaying me what I lent to him, or advanc'd for him. This, however, was not then of much consequence, as he was totally unable; and in the loss of his friendship I found myself relieved from a burthen. I now began to think of getting a little money beforehand, and, expecting better work, I left Palmer's to work at Watts's, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, a still greater printing-house. Here I continued all the rest of my stay in London.

At my first admission into this printing-house I took to working at press, imagining I felt a want of the bodily exercise I had been us'd to in America, where presswork is mix'd with composing. I drank only water; the other workmen, near fifty in number, were great guzzlers of beer. On occasion, I carried up and down stairs a large form of types in each hand, when others carried but one in both hands. They wondered to see, from this and several instances, that the *Water-American*, as they called me, was *stronger* than themselves, who drank *strong* beer! We had an ale-house boy who attended always in the house to supply the workmen. My companion at the press drank every day a pint before breakfast, a pint at breakfast with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon about six o'clock, and another when he had done his day's work. I thought it a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he suppos'd, to drink *strong* beer, that he might be *strong* to labor.

Watts, after some weeks, desiring to have me in the composing-room, I left the pressmen; a new *bien venu* or sum for drink, being five shillings, was demanded of me by the compositors. I thought it an imposition, as I had paid below; the master thought so too, and forbad my paying it. I stood out two or three weeks, was accordingly considered as an excommunicate, and had so many little pieces of private mischief done me, by mixing my sorts, transposing my pages, breaking my matter, etc., etc., if I were ever so little out of the room, and all ascribed to the chappel ghost, which they said ever haunted those not regularly admitted, that, notwithstanding the master's protection, I found myself oblig'd to comply and pay the money, convinc'd of the folly of being on ill terms with those one is to live with continually.

My lodging in Little Britain being too remote, I found another in Duke-street, opposite to the Romish Chapel. A widow lady kept the

house. After sending to inquire my character at the house where I last lodg'd she agreed to take me in at the same rate, 3s. 6d. per week; cheaper, as she said, from the protection she expected in having a man lodge in the house.

At Watts's printing-house I contracted an acquaintance with an ingenious young man, one Wygate, who, having wealthy relations, had been better educated than most printers; was a tolerable Latinist, spoke French, and lov'd reading. I taught him and a friend of his to swim.

I had from a child been ever delighted with this exercise, had studied and practis'd all Thevenot's motions and positions, added some of my own, aiming at the graceful and easy as well as the useful. All these I took this occasion of exhibiting to the company, and was much flatter'd by their admiration; and Wygate, who was desirous of becoming a master, grew more and more attach'd to me on that account, as well as from the similarity of our studies. He at length proposed to me travelling all over Europe together, supporting ourselves everywhere by working at our business. I was once inclined to it; but, mentioning it to my good friend Mr Denham, with whom I often spent an hour when I had leisure, he dissuaded me from it, advising me to think only of returning to Pennsylvania, which he was now about to do. He propos'd to take me over as his clerk, to keep his books, in which he would instruct me, copy his letters, and attend the store. He added, that, as soon as I should be acquainted with mercantile business, he would promote me by sending me with a cargo of flour and bread, etc., to the West Indies, and procure me commissions from others which would be profitable; and, if I manag'd well, would establish me handsomely. The thing pleas'd me; for I was grown tired of London, remembered with pleasure the happy months I had spent in Pennsylvania, and wish'd again to see it; therefore I immediately agreed on the terms of fifty pounds a year, Pennsylvania money; less, indeed, than my present gettings as a compositor, but affording a better prospect.

I now took leave of printing, as I thought, for ever, and was daily employed in my new business, going about with Mr Denham among the tradesmen to purchase various articles, and seeing them pack'd up, doing errands, calling upon workmen to dispatch, etc.; and, when all was on board, I had a few days' leisure.

Thus I spent about eighteen months in London; most part of the time I work'd hard at my business, and spent but little upon myself except in seeing plays and in books. My friend Ralph had kept me poor; he owed me about twenty-seven pounds, which I was now never likely to receive; a great sum out of my small earnings! I lov'd him, notwithstanding, for he had many amiable qualities. I had by no means improv'd my fortune; but I had picked up some very ingenious acquaintance, whose conversation was of great advantage to me; and I had read considerably.

We sail'd from Gravesend on the 23rd of July, 1726.

IV

WE LANDED in Philadelphia on the 11th of October, where I found sundry alterations. Keith was no longer governor, being superseded by Major Gordon. I met him walking the streets as a common citizen. He seem'd a little asham'd at seeing me, but pass'd without saying any thing. I should have been as much asham'd at seeing Miss Read, had not her friends, despairing with reason of my return after the receipt of my letter, persuaded her to marry another, one Rogers, a potter, which was done in my absence. With him, however, she was never happy, and soon parted from him, refusing to cohabit with him or bear his name, it being now said that he had another wife. He was a worthless fellow, tho' an excellent workman, which was the temptation to her friends. He got into debt, ran away in 1727 or 1728, went to the West Indies, and died there. Keimer had got a better house, a shop well supply'd with stationery, plenty of new types, a number of hands, tho' none good, and seem'd to have a great deal of business.

Mr Denham took a store in Water-street, where we open'd our goods; I attended the business diligently, studied accounts, and grew, in a little time, expert at selling. We lodg'd and boarded together; he counsell'd me as a father, having a sincere regard for me.

He left me a small legacy in a nuncupative will, as a token of his kindness for me, and left me once more to the wide world; for the store was taken into the care of his executors, and my employment under him ended.

My brother-in-law, Holmes, being now at Philadelphia, advised my return to my business; and Keimer tempted me, with an offer of large wages by the year, to come and take the management of his printing-house, that he might better attend his stationer's shop. I had heard a bad character of him in London from his wife and her friends, and was not fond of having any more to do with him. I tri'd for farther employment as a merchant's clerk; but, not readily meeting with any, I clos'd again with Keimer. I found in his house these hands. Hugh Meredith, Stephen Potts, John ———, a wild Irishman, George Webb, an Oxford scholar, and David Harry, a country boy, whom he had taken apprentice.

I soon perceiv'd that the intention of engaging me at wages so much higher than he had been us'd to give, was, to have these raw, cheap hands form'd thro' me; and, as soon as I had instructed them, then they being all articled to him, he should be able to do without me. I went on, however, very cheerfully, put his printing-house in order, which had been in great confusion, and brought his hands by degrees to mind their business and to do it better.

John, the Irishman, soon ran away; with the rest I began to live very agreeably, for they all respected me the more, as they found Keimer in-

capable of instructing them, and that from me they learned something daily

Our printing-house often wanted sorts, and there was no letter-founder in America, I had seen types cast at James's in London, but without much attention to the manner; however, I now contrived a mould, made use of the letters we had as puncheons, struck the matrices in lead, and thus supply'd in a pretty tolerable way all deficiencies. I also engrav'd several things on occasion; I made the ink; I was warehouseman, and everything, and, in short, quite a *fac-totum*.

But, however serviceable I might be, I found that my services became every day of less importance, as the other hands improv'd in the business; and, when Keimer paid my second quarter's wages, he let me know that he felt them too heavy, and thought I should make an abatement. He grew by degrees less civil, put on more of the master, frequently found fault, was captious, and seem'd ready for an outbreking. I went on, nevertheless, with a good deal of patience, thinking that his encumber'd circumstances were partly the cause. At length a trifle snapt our connections, for, a great noise happening near the court-house, I put my head out of the window to see what was the matter. Keimer, being in the street, look'd up and saw me, call'd out to me in a loud voice and angry tone to mind my business, adding some reproachful words, that nettled me the more for their publicity, all the neighbors who were looking out on the same occasion being witnesses how I was treated. He came up immediately into the printing-house, continu'd the quarrel, high words pass'd on both sides, he gave me the quarter's warning we had stipulated, expressing a wish that he had not been oblig'd to so long a warning. I told him his wish was unnecessary, for I would leave him that instant; and so, taking my hat, walk'd out of doors, desiring Meredith, whom I saw below, to take care of some things I left, and bring them to my lodgings.

Meredith came accordingly in the evening, when we talked my affair over. He had conceiv'd a great regard for me, and was very unwilling that I should leave the house while he remain'd in it. He let me know that his father had a high opinion of me, and, from some discourse that had pass'd between them, he was sure would advance money to set us up, if I would enter into partnership with him. "My time," says he, "will be out with Keimer in the spring; by that time we may have our press and types in from London. I am sensible I am no workman; if you like it, your skill in the business shall be set against the stock I furnish, and we will share the profits equally."

The proposal was agreeable, and I consented; his father was in town and approv'd of it; the more as he saw I had great influence with his son, had prevail'd on him to abstain long from dram-drinking, and he hop'd might break him off that wretched habit entirely, when we came to be so closely connected. I gave an inventory to the father, who carry'd it to a merchant; the things were sent for, the secret was to be kept till they should arrive, and in the mean time I was to get work, if I could, at the other printing-house. But I found no vacancy there, and so remain'd idle a

few days, when Keimer, on a prospect of being employ'd to print some paper money in New Jersey, which would require cuts and various types that I only could supply, and apprehending Bradford might engage me and get the job from him, sent me a very civil message, that old friends should not part for a few words, the effect of sudden passion, and wishing me to return. Meredith persuaded me to comply, as it would give more opportunity for his improvement under my daily instructions; so I return'd, and we went on more smoothly than for some time before. The New Jersey jobb was obtain'd, I contriv'd a copperplate press for it, the first that had been seen in the country; I cut several ornaments and checks for the bills. We went together to Burlington, where I executed the whole to satisfaction; and he received so large a sum for the work as to be enabled thereby to keep his head much longer above water.

At Burlington I made an acquaintance with many principal people of the province.

Before I enter upon my public appearance in business, it may be well to let you know the then state of my mind with regard to my principles and morals, that you may see how far those influenc'd the future events of my life. My parents had early given me religious impressions, and brought me through my childhood piously in the Dissenting way. But I was scarce fifteen, when, after doubting by turns of several points, as I found them disputed in the different books I read, I began to doubt of Revelation itself. Some books against Deism fell into my hands; they were said to be the substance of sermons preached at Boyle's Lectures. It happened that they wrought an effect on me quite contrary to what was intended by them; for the arguments of the Deists, which were quoted to be refuted, appeared to me much stronger than the refutations; in short, I soon became a thorough Deist. My arguments perverted some others, particularly Collins and Ralph; but, each of them having afterwards wrong'd me greatly without the least compunction, and recollecting Keith's conduct towards me (who was another freethinker), and my own towards Vernon and Miss Read, which at times gave me great trouble, I began to suspect that this doctrine, tho' it might be true, was not very useful. My London pamphlet, which had for its motto these lines of Dryden:

*Whatever is, is right. Though purblind man
Sees but a part o' the chain, the nearest link:
His eyes not carrying to the equal beam,
That poises all above;*

and from the attributes of God, his infinite wisdom, goodness and power, concluded that nothing could possibly be wrong in the world, and that vice and virtue were empty distinctions, no such things existing, appear'd now not so clever a performance as I once thought it; and I doubted whether some error had not insinuated itself unperceiv'd into my argument, so as to infect all that follow'd, as is common in metaphysical reasonings.

I grew convinc'd that *truth*, *sincerity* and *integrity* in dealings between man and man were of the utmost importance to the felicity of life; and I form'd written resolutions, which still remain in my journal book, to practice them ever while I lived.

We had not been long return'd to Philadelphia before the new types arriv'd from London. We settled with Keimer, and left him by his consent before he heard of it. We found a house to hire near the market, and took it. To lessen the rent, which was then but twenty-four pounds a year, tho' I have since known it to let for seventy, we took in Thomas Godfrey, a glazier, and his family, who were to pay a considerable part of it to us, and we to board with them. We had scarce opened our letters and put our press in order, before George House, an acquaintance of mine, brought a countryman to us, whom he had met in the street inquiring for a printer. All our cash was now expended in the variety of particulars we had been obliged to procure, and this countryman's five shillings, being our first-fruits, and coming so seasonably, gave me more pleasure than any crown I have since earned; and the gratitude I felt toward House has made me often more ready than perhaps I should otherwise have been to assist young beginners.

I should have mentioned before, that, in the autumn of the preceeding year, I had form'd most of my ingenious acquaintance into a club of mutual improvement, which we called the JUNTO; we met on Friday evenings. The rules that I drew up required that every member, in his turn, should produce one or more queries on any point of Morals, Politics, or Natural Philosophy, to be discuss'd by the company; and once in three months produce and read an essay of his own writing, on any subject he pleased. Our debates were to be under the direction of a president, and to be conducted in the sincere spirit of inquiry after truth, without fondness for dispute, or desire of victory; and, to prevent warmth, all expressions of positiveness in opinions, or direct contradiction, were after some time made contraband, and prohibited under small pecuniary penalties. The first members were Joseph Breintnal, Thomas Godfrey, Nicholas Scull, William Parsons, William Maugridge, Hugh Meredith, Stephen Potts, George Webb, Robert Grace, and William Coleman.

I was told, that mention being made of the new printing-office at the merchants' Every-night club, the general opinion was that it must fail, there being already two printers in the place, Keimer and Bradford; but Dr Baird gave a contrary opinion: "For the industry of that Franklin," says he, "is superior to any thing I ever saw of the kind; I see him still at work when I go home from club, and he is at work again before his neighbors are out of bed." This struck the rest, and we soon after had offers from one of them to supply us with stationery; but as yet we did not chuse to engage in shop business.

I mention this industry the more particularly and the more freely, tho' it seems to be talking in my own praise, that those of my posterity, who shall read it, may know the use of that virtue, when they see its effects in my favour throughout this relation.

George Webb, who had found a female friend that lent him wherewith to purchase his time of Keimer, now came to offer himself as a journeyman to us. We could not then employ him; but I foolishly let him know as a secret that I soon intended to begin a newspaper, and might then have work for him. My hopes of success, as I told him, were founded on this, that the then only newspaper, printed by Bradford, was a paltry thing, wretchedly manag'd, no way entertaining, and yet was profitable to him; I therefore thought a good paper would scarcely fail of good encouragement. I requested Webb not to mention it; but he told it to Keimer, who immediately, to be beforehand with me, published proposals for printing one himself, on which Webb was to be employ'd. I resented this; and, to counteract them, as I could not yet begin our paper, I wrote several pieces of entertainment for Bradford's paper, under the title of the *Busy Body*, which Breintnal continu'd some months. By this means the attention of the publick was fixed on that paper, and Keimer's proposals, which we burlesqu'd and ridicul'd, were disregarded. He began his paper, however, and, after carrying it on three quarters of a year, with at most only ninety subscribers, he offered it to me for a trifle; and I, having been ready some time to go on with it, took it in hand directly; and it prov'd in a few years extremely profitable to me.

Our first papers made a quite different appearance from any before in the province; a better type, and better printed; but some spirited remarks of my writing, on the dispute then going on between Governor Burnet and the Massachussets Assembly, struck the principal people, occasioned the paper and the manager of it to be much talk'd of, and in a few weeks brought them all to be our subscribers.

Their example was follow'd by many, and our number went on growing continually. This was one of the first good effects of my having learnt a little to scribble; another was, that the leading men, seeing a newspaper now in the hands of one who could also handle a pen, thought it convenient to oblige and encourage me. Bradford still printed the votes, and laws, and other publick business. He had printed an address of the House to the governor, in a coarse, blundering manner, we reprinted it elegantly and correctly, and sent one to every member. They were sensible to the difference: it strengthened the hands of our friends in the House, and they voted us their printers for the year ensuing.

Mr Vernon, about this time, put me in mind of the debt I ow'd him, but did not press me. I wrote him an ingenuous letter of acknowledgment, crav'd his forbearance a little longer, which he allow'd me, and as soon as I was able, I paid the principal with interest, and many thanks.

But now another difficulty came upon me which I had never the least reason to expect. Mr Meredith's father, who was to have paid for our printing-house, according to the expectations given me, was able to advance only one hundred pounds currency, which had been paid; and a hundred more was due to the merchant, who grew impatient, and su'd us all. We gave bail, but saw that, if the money could not be rais'd in time,

the suit must soon come to a judgment and execution, and our hopeful prospects must, with us, be ruined, as the press and letters must be sold for payment, perhaps at half price.

In this distress two true friends, whose kindness I have never forgotten, nor ever shall forget while I can remember any thing, came to me separately, unknown to each other, and, without any application from me, offering each of them to advance me a'l the money that should be necessary to enable me to take the whole business upon myself, if that should be practicable; but they did not like my continuing the partnership with Meredith, who, as they said, was often seen drunk in the streets, and playing at low games in alchouses, much to our discredit. These two friends were William Coleman and Robert Grace. I told them I could not propose a separation while any prospect remain'd of the Meredith's fulfilling their part of our agreement, because I thought myself under great obligations to them for what they had done, and would do if they could; but, if they finally fail'd in their performance, and our partnership must be dissolv'd, I should then think myself at liberty to accept the assistance of my friends.

Thus the matter rested for some time, when I said to my partner, "Perhaps your father is dissatisfied at the part you have undertaken in this affair of ours, and is unwilling to advance for you and me what he would for you alone. If that is the case, tell me, and I will resign the whole to you, and go about my business." "No," said he, "my father has really been disappointed, and is really unable; and I am unwilling to distress him farther. I see this is a business I am not fit for. I was bred a farmer, and it was a folly in me to come to town, and put myself, at thirty years of age, an apprentice to learn a new trade. Many of our Welsh people are going to settle in North Carolina, where land is cheap. I am inclin'd to go with them, and follow my old employment. You may find friends to assist you. If you will take the debts of the company upon you; return to my father the hundred pound he has advanced; pay my little personal debts, and give me thirty pounds and a new saddle, I will relinquish the partnership, and leave the whole in your hands." I agreed to this proposal: it was drawn up in writing, sign'd, and seal'd immediately.

As soon as he was gone, I recurr'd to my two friends; and because I would not give an unkind preference to either, I took half of what each had offered and I wanted of one, and half of the other; paid off the company's debts, and went on with the business in my own name, advertising that the partnership was dissolved. I think this was in or about the year 1729.

About this time there was a cry among the people for more paper money, only fifteen thousand pounds being extant in the province. I wrote and printed an anonymous pamphlet on it, entitled "*The Nature and Necessity of a Paper Currenry.*" It was well receiv'd by the common people in general; but the rich men dislik'd it, the point was carried by a majority in the House. My friends there, who conceiv'd I had been of some service, thought fit to reward me by employing me in printing the money; a very

profitable jobb and a great help to me This was another advantage gain'd by my being able to write I now open'd a little stationer's shop.

I began gradually to pay off the debt I was under for the printing-house. In order to secure my credit and character as a tradesman, I took care not only to be in *reality* industrious and frugal, but to avoid all appearances to the contrary I drest plainly, I was seen at no places of idle diversion I never went out a fishing or shooting; a book, indeed, sometimes debauch'd me from my work, but that was seldom, snug, and gave no scandal; and, to show that I was not above my business, I sometimes brought home the paper I purchas'd at the stores thro' the streets on a wheelbarrow. Thus being esteem'd an industrious, thriving young man, and paying duly for what I bought, the merchants who imported stationery solicited my custom; others proposed supplying me with books, and I went on swimmingly. In the mean time, Keimer's credit and business declining daily, he was at last forc'd to sell his printing-house to satisfy his creditors. He went to Barbadoes, and there lived some years in very poor circumstances.

I had hitherto continu'd to board with Godfrey, who lived in part of my house with his wife and children, and had one side of the shop for his glazier's business, tho' he worked little, being always absorbed in his mathematics Mrs Godfrey projected a match for me with a relation's daughter, took opportunities of bringing us often together, till a serious courtship on my part ensu'd, the girl being in herself very deserving. The old folks encourag'd me by continual invitations to supper, and by leaving us together, till at length it was time to explain. Mrs Godfrey manag'd our little treaty. I let her know that I expected as much money with their daughter as would pay off my remaining debt for the printing-house, which I believe was not then above a hundred pounds. She brought me word they had no such sum to spare; I said they might mortgage their house in the loan-office. The answer to this, after some days, was, that they did not approve the match; that, on inquiry of Bradford, they had been informed the printing business was not a profitable one; the types would soon be worn out, and more wanted; that S. Keimer had failed, and I should probably soon follow; and, therefore, I was forbidden the house, and the daughter shut up.

But this affair having turned my thoughts to marriage, I look'd round me and made overtures of acquaintance in other places; but soon found that, the business of a printer being generally thought a poor one, I was not to expect money with a wife, unless with such a one as I should not otherwise think agreeable. In the mean time, that hard-to-be-governed passion of youth hurried me frequently into intrigues with low women that fell in my way, which were attended with some expense and great inconvenience, besides a continual risque to my health by a distemper which of all things I dreaded, though by great good luck I escaped it. A friendly correspondence as neighbors and old acquaintances had continued between me and Mrs Read's family, who all had a regard for me from the time of my first lodging in their house. I was often invited there

and consulted in their affairs, wherein I sometimes was of service. I pitied poor Miss Read's unfortunate situation, who was generally dejected, seldom cheerful, and avoided company. I considered my giddiness and inconstancy when in London as in a great degree the cause of her unhappiness, tho' the mother was good enough to think the fault more her own than mine, as she had prevented our marrying before I went thither, and persuaded the other match in my absence. Our mutual affection was revived, but there were now great objections to our union. The match was indeed looked upon as invalid, a preceding wife being said to be living in England; but this could not easily be prov'd, because of the distance; and, tho' there was a report of his death, it was not certain. Then, tho' it should be true, he had left many debts, which his successor might be call'd upon to pay. We ventured, however, over all these difficulties, and I took her to wife, September 1st, 1730. None of the inconveniences happened that we had apprehended, she proved a good and faithful helpmate, assisted me much by attending the shop; we throve together, and have ever mutually endeavor'd to make each other happy. Thus I corrected that great *erratum* as well as I could

About this time, our club meeting, not at a tavern, but in a little room of Mr Grace's, set apart for that purpose, a proposition was made by me, that, since our books were often refer'd to in our disquisitions upon the queries, it might be convenient to us to have them altogether where we met, that upon occasion they might be consulted; and by thus clubbing our books to a common library, we should, while we lik'd to keep them together, have each of us the advantage of using the books of all the other members, which would be nearly as beneficial as if each owned the whole. It was lik'd and agreed to, and we fill'd one end of the room with such books as we could best spare. The number was not so great as we expected; and tho' they had been of great use, yet some inconveniences occurring for want of due care of them, the collection, after about a year, was separated, and each took his books home again.

And now I set on foot my first project of a public nature, that for a subscription library. We afterwards obtain'd a charter, the company being increased to one hundred: this was the mother of all the North American subscription libraries, now so numerous.

Mem^o. Thus far was written with the intention express'd in the beginning and therefore contains several little family anecdotes of no importance to others. What follows was written many years after in compliance with the advice contain'd in these letters, and accordingly intended for the public. The affairs of the Revolution occasion'd the interruption.

V

*Continuation of the Account of my Life, begun at
Passy, near Paris, 1784.*

NOT HAVING any copy here of what is already written, I know not whether an account is given of the means I used to establish the Philadelphia public library, which, from a small beginning, is now become so considerable, though I remember to have come down to near the time of that transaction (1730). I will therefore begin here with an account of it, which may be struck out if found to have been already given.

At the time I establish'd myself in Pennsylvania, there was not a good bookseller's shop in any of the colonies to the southward of Boston. In New York and Philad'a the printers were indeed stationers; they sold only paper, etc, almanacs, ballads, and a few common school-books. Those who lov'd reading were oblig'd to send for their books from England; the members of the Junto had each a few. We had left the alehouse, where we first met, and hired a room to hold our club in. I propos'd that we should all of us bring our books to that room, where they would not only be ready to consult in our conferences, but become a common benefit, each of us being at liberty to borrow such as we wish'd to read at home. This was accordingly done, and for some time contented us.

Finding the advantage of this little collection, I propos'd to render the benefit from books more common, by commencing a public subscription library. I drew a sketch of the plan and rules that would be necessary, and got a skilful conveyancer, Mr Charles Brockden, to put the whole in form of articles of agreement to be subscribed, by which each subscriber engag'd to pay a certain sum down for the first purchase of books, and an annual contribution for increasing them. So few were the readers at that time in Philadelphia, and the majority of us so poor, that I was not able, with great industry, to find more than fifty persons, mostly young tradesmen, willing to pay down for this purpose forty shillings each, and ten shillings per annum. On this little fund we began. The books were imported; the library was opened one day in the week for lending to the subscribers, on their promissory notes to pay double the value if not duly returned. The institution soon manifested its utility, was imitated by other towns, and in other provinces. The libraries were augmented by donations; reading became fashionable; and our people, having no publick amusements to divert their attention from study, became better acquainted with books, and in a few years were observ'd by strangers to be better instructed and more intelligent than people of the same rank generally are in other countries.

The objections and reluctances I met with in soliciting the subscriptions, made me soon feel the impropriety of presenting one's self as the

proposer of any useful project, that might be suppos'd to raise one's reputation in the smallest degree above that of one's neighbors, when one has need of their assistance to accomplish that project. I therefore put myself as much as I could out of sight, and stated it as a scheme of a *number of friends*, who had requested me to go about and propose it to such as they thought lovers of reading. In this way my affair went on more smoothly, and I ever after practis'd it on such occasions; and, from my frequent successes, can heartily recommend it.

This library afforded me the means of improvement by constant study, for which I set apart an hour or two each day, and thus repair'd in some degree the loss of the learned education my father once intended for me. Reading was the only amusement I allow'd myself. I spent no time in taverns, games, or frolics of any kind; and my industry in my business continu'd as indefatigable as it was necessary. I was indebted for my printing-house; I had a young family coming on to be educated, and I had to contend with for business two printers, who were established in the place before me. My circumstances, however, grew daily easier. My original habits of frugality continuing, and my father having, among his instructions to me when a boy, frequently repeated a proverb of Solomon, "Seest thou a man diligent in his calling, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men," I from thence considered industry as a means of obtaining wealth and distinction, which encourag'd me, tho' I did not think that I should ever literally *stand before kings*, which, however, has since happened; for I have stood before *five*, and even had the honour of sitting down with one, the King of Denmark, to dinner.

We have an English proverb that says, "*He that would thrive, must ask his wife.*" It was lucky for me that I had one as much dispos'd to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for the paper-makers, etc., etc. We kept no idle servants, our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest. For instance, my breakfast was a long time bread and milk (no tea), and I ate it out of a twopenny earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon. But mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress, in spite of principle. Being call'd one morning to breakfast, I found it in a China bowl, with a spoon of silver! They had been bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three-and-twenty shillings, for which she had no other excuse or apology to make, but that she thought *her* husband deserv'd a silver spoon and China bowl as well as any of his neighbors. This was the first appearance of plate and China in our house, which afterward, in a course of years, as our wealth increas'd, augmented gradually to several hundred pounds in value.

I had been religiously educated as a Presbyterian; and tho' some of the dogmas of that persuasion, such as *the eternal decrees of God, election, reprobation, etc.*, appeared to me unintelligible, others doubtful, and I early absented myself from the public assemblies of the sect, Sunday being my studying day, I never was without some religious principles. I never

doubted, for instance, the existence of the Deity, that he made the world, and govern'd it by his Providence; that the most acceptable service of God was the doing good to man; that our souls are immortal; and that all crime will be punished, and virtue rewarded, either here or hereafter. These I esteem'd the essentials of every religion; and, being to be found in all the religions we had in our country, I respected them all, tho' with different degrees of respect, as I found them more or less mix'd with other articles, which, without any tendency to inspire, promote, or confirm morality, serv'd principally to divide us, and make us unfriendly to one another.

Tho' I seldom attended any public worship, I had still an opinion of its propriety, and of its utility when rightly conducted, and I regularly paid my annual subscription for the support of the only Presbyterian minister or meeting we had in Philadelphia. He us'd to visit me sometimes as a friend, and admonish me to attend his administrations, and I was now and then prevail'd on to do so, once for five Sundays successively. Had he been in my opinion a good preacher, perhaps I might have continued, notwithstanding the occasion I had for the Sunday's leisure in my course of study; but his discourses were chiefly either polemic arguments, or explications of the peculiar doctrines of our sect, and were all to me very dry, uninteresting, and unedifying, since not a single moral principle was inculcated or enforc'd, their aim seeming to be rather to make us Presbyterians than good citizens. I had some years before compos'd a little Liturgy, or form of prayer, for my own private use (viz, in 1728), entitled, *Articles of Belief and Acts of Religion*. I return'd to the use of this, and went no more to the public assemblies. My conduct might be blameable, but I leave it, without attempting further to excuse it; my present purpose being to relate facts, and not to make apologies for them.

It was about this time I conceiv'd the bold and arduous project of arriving at moral perfection. I wish'd to live without committing any fault at any time; I would conquer all that either natural inclination, custom, or company might lead me into. For this purpose I therefore contriv'd the following method.

In the various enumerations of the moral virtues I had met with in my reading, I found the catalogue more or less numerous, as different writers included more or fewer ideas under the same name. Temperance, for example, was by some confined to eating and drinking, while by others it was extended to mean the moderating every other pleasure, appetite, inclination, or passion, bodily or mental, even to our avarice and ambition. I propos'd to myself, for the sake of clearness, to use rather more names, with fewer ideas annex'd to each, than a few names with more ideas; and I included under thirteen names of virtues all that at that time occur'd to me as necessary or desirable, and annexed to each a short precept, which fully express'd the extent I gave to its meaning.

These names of virtues, with their precepts, were:

I. TEMPERANCE.

Eat not to dulness; drink not to elevation.

2. SILENCE.

Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

3. ORDER.

Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

4. RESOLUTION.

Resolve to perform what you ought, perform without fail what you resolve

5. FRUGALITY.

Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself; *i.e.*, waste nothing.

6. INDUSTRY.

Lose no time; be always employ'd in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

7. SINCERITY

Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly, and, if you speak, speak accordingly.

8. JUSTICE

Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty

9. MODERATION.

Avoid extreams; forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.

10. CLEANLINESS.

Tolerate no uncleanness in body, cloaths, or habitation.

11. TRANQUILLITY.

Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

12. CHASTITY.

Rarely use venery but for health or offspring, never to dulness, weakness, or the injury of your own or another's peace or reputation.

13. HUMILITY.

Imitate Jesus and Socrates.

My intention being to acquire the *habitude* of all these virtues, I judg'd it would be well not to distract my attention by attempting the whole at once, but to fix it on one of them at a time; and, when I should be master of that, then to proceed to another, and so on, till I should have gone thro' the thirteen; and, as the previous acquisition of some might facilitate the acquisition of certain others, I arrang'd them with that view, as they stand above.

I made a little book, in which I allotted a page for each of the virtues. I rul'd each page with red ink, so as to have seven columns, one for each day of the week, marking each column with a letter for the day. I cross'd these columns with thirteen red lines, marking the beginning of each line with the first letter of one of the virtues, on which line, and in its proper column, I might mark, by a little black spot, every fault I found upon examination to have been committed respecting that virtue upon that day.

Form of the pages

| TEMPERANCE | | | | | | | |
|---|-----|---|---|----|----|---|---|
| EAT NOT TO DULNESS; DRINK NOT TO ELEVATION | | | | | | | |
| | S. | M | T | W. | T. | F | S |
| T | | | | | | | |
| S | * | * | | * | | * | |
| O | * * | * | * | | * | * | * |
| R | | | * | | | * | |
| F | | * | | | * | | |
| I | | | * | | | | |
| S | | | | | | | |
| J | | | | | | | |
| M | | | | | | | |
| C | | | | | | | |
| T | | | | | | | |
| C. | | | | | | | |
| H | | | | | | | |

I determined to give a week's strict attention to each of the virtues successively. Thus, in the first week, my great guard was to avoid every the least offence against *Temperance*, leaving the other virtues to their ordinary chance, only marking every evening the faults of the day. Thus, if in the first week I could keep my first line, marked T, clear of spots, I suppos'd the habit of that virtue so much strengthen'd, and its opposite weaken'd, that I might venture extending my attention to include the next, and for the following week keep both lines clear of spots. Proceeding thus to the last, I could go thro' a course compleat in thirteen weeks, and four courses in a year. And like him who, having a garden to weed, does not attempt to eradicate all the bad herbs at once, which would exceed his reach and his strength, but works on one of the beds at a time, and, having accomplish'd the first, proceeds to a second, so I should have, I hoped, the encouraging pleasure of seeing on my pages the progress I made in virtue, by clearing successively my lines of their spots, till in the end, by a number of courses, I should be happy in viewing a clean book, after a thirteen weeks' daily examination.

Conceiving God to be the fountain of wisdom, I thought it right and

necessary to solicit his assistance for obtaining it; to this end I formed the following little prayer, which was prefix'd to my tables of examination, for daily use.

O powerful Goodness! bountiful Father! merciful Guide! Increase in me that wisdom which discovers my truest interest Strengthen my resolutions to perform what that wisdom dictates Accept my kind offices to thy other children as the only return in my power for thy continual favours to me

The precept of *Order* requiring that *every part of my business should have its allotted time*, one page in my little book contain'd the following scheme of employment for the twenty-four hours of a natural day.

| | | | | |
|---|--|----|----|---|
| THE MORNING | | { | 5 | Rise, wash, and address <i>Powerful</i> |
| <i>Question</i> What good shall I do this day? | | | 6 | <i>Goodness!</i> Contive day's business, and take the resolution of the day, |
| | | | 7 | prosecute the present study, and breakfast. |
| | | | 8 | |
| | | | 9 | Work |
| 10 | | | | |
| | | 11 | | |
| NOON. | | { | 12 | Read, or overlook my accounts, |
| | | | 1 | and dine |
| | | { | 2 | |
| | | | 3 | Work |
| 4 | | | | |
| | | 5 | | |
| EVENING | | { | 6 | Put things in their places Supper. |
| <i>Question</i> What good have I done to-day? | | | 7 | Music or diversion, or conversation. |
| | | | 8 | Examination of the day |
| | | | 9 | |
| | | | 10 | |
| | | 11 | | |
| NIGHT | | { | 12 | |
| | | | 1 | Sleep. |
| | | | 2 | |
| | | | 3 | |
| | | | 4 | |

I enter'd upon the execution of this plan for self-examination, and continu'd it with occasional intermissions for some time. I was surpris'd to find myself so much fuller of faults than I had imagin'd; but I had the satisfaction of seeing them diminish. After a while I went thro' one course only in a year, and afterward only one in several years, till at length I omitted them entirely, being employ'd in voyages and business abroad, with a multiplicity of affairs that interfered; but I always carried my little book with me.

It may be well my posterity should be informed that to this little artifice, with the blessing of God, their ancestor ow'd the constant felicity

of his life, down to his 79th year, in which this is written. To Temperance he ascribes his long-continued health, and what is still left to him of a good constitution; to Industry and Frugality, the early easiness of his circumstances and acquisition of his fortune, with all that knowledge that enabled him to be a useful citizen, and obtained for him some degree of reputation among the learned; to Sincerity and Justice, the confidence of his country, and the honorable employs it conferred upon him; and to the joint influence of the whole mass of the virtues, even in the imperfect state he was able to acquire them, all that evenness of temper, and that cheerfulness in conversation, which makes his company still sought for, and agreeable even to his younger acquaintance. I hope, therefore, that some of my descendants may follow the example and reap the benefit.

It will be remark'd that, tho' my scheme was not wholly without religion, there was in it no mark of any of the distinguishing tenets of any particular sect. I had purposely avoided them; for, being fully persuaded of the utility and excellency of my method, and that it might be serviceable to people in all religions, and intending some time or other to publish it, I would not have any thing in it that should prejudice any one, of any sect, against it. I purposed writing a little comment on each virtue, in which I would have shown the advantages of possessing it, and the mischiefs attending its opposite vice; and I should have called my book *THE ART OF VIRTUE*.

But it so happened that my intention of writing and publishing this comment was never fulfilled. I did, indeed, from time to time, put down short hints to explain and enforce this doctrine, that vicious actions are not hurtful because they are forbidden, but forbidden because they are hurtful, the nature of man alone considered.

My list of virtues contain'd at first but twelve; but a Quaker friend having kindly informed me that I was generally thought proud, I added *Humility* to my list, giving an extensive meaning to the word.

I cannot boast of much success in acquiring the *reality* of this virtue, but I had a good deal with regard to the *appearance* of it. I made it a rule to forbear all direct contradiction to the sentiments of others, and all positive assertion of my own.

And this mode, which I at first put on with some violence to natural inclination, became at length so easy, and so habitual to me, that perhaps for these fifty years past no one has ever heard a dogmatical expression escape me.

In reality, there is, perhaps, no one of our natural passions so hard to subdue as *pride*. Disguise it, struggle with it, beat it down, stifle it, mortify it as much as one pleases, it is still alive, and will every now and then peep out and show itself; you will see it, perhaps, often in this history; for, even if I could conceive that I had compleatly overcome it, I should probably be proud of my humility.

[Thus far written at Passy, 1784.]

VI

[“I am now about to write at home, August, 1788, but can not have the help expected from my papers, many of them being lost in the war. I have, however, found the following.”]

HAVING MENTIONED a great and extensive project which I had conceiv'd, it seems proper that some account should be here given of that project and its object. I put down from time to time, on pieces of paper, such thoughts as occur'd to me respecting it. Most of these are lost; but I find one purporting to be the substance of an intended creed, containing, as I thought, the essentials of every known religion, and being free of every thing that might shock the professors of any religion. It is express'd in these words, viz.:

“That there is one God, who made all things.

“That he governs the world by his providence.

“That he ought to be worshiped by adoration, prayer, and thanksgiving.

“But that the most acceptable service of God is doing good to man.

“That the soul is immortal.

“And that God will certainly reward virtue and punish vice, either here or hereafter.”

My ideas at that time were, that the sect should be begun and spread at first among young and single men only; that each person to be initiated should not only declare his assent to such creed, but should have exercised himself with the thirteen weeks' examination and practice of the virtues, as in the before-mention'd model; that the existence of such a society should be kept a secret, till it was become considerable, to prevent solicitations for the admission of improper persons, but that the members should each of them search among his acquaintance for ingenuous, well-disposed youths, to whom, with prudent caution, the scheme should be gradually communicated; that the members should engage to afford their advice, assistance, and support to each other in promoting one another's interests, business, and advancement in life; that, for distinction, we should be call'd *The Society of the Free and Easy*: free, as being, by the general practice and habit of the virtues, free from the dominion of vice; and particularly by the practice of industry and frugality, free from debt, which exposes a man to confinement, and a species of slavery to his creditors.

This is as much as I can now recollect of the project tho' I am still of opinion that it was a practicable scheme, and might have been very useful.

In 1732 I first publish'd my *Almanack*, under the name of *Richard Saunders*; it was continu'd by me about twenty-five years, commonly call'd *Poor Richard's Almanack*. I endeavor'd to make it both entertaining and useful, and it accordingly came to be in such demand, that I reap'd

considerable profit from it, vending annually near ten thousand. And observing that it was generally read, scarce any neighborhood in the province being without it, I consider'd it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books; I therefore filled all the little spaces that occur'd between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality, as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want, to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, *it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright*.

These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and form'd into a connected discourse prefix'd to the Almanack of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing all these scatter'd counsels thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression. The piece, being universally approved, was copied in all the newspapers of the Continent; reprinted in Britain on a broad side, to be stuck up in houses; two translations were made of it in French, and great numbers bought by the clergy and gentry, to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it had its share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money which was observable for several years after its publication.

I considered my newspaper, also, as another means of communicating instruction, and in that view frequently reprinted in it extracts from the Spectator, and other moral writers; and sometimes publish'd little pieces of my own.

In the conduct of my newspaper, I carefully excluded all libelling and personal abuse, which is of late years become so disgraceful to our country.

These things I mention as a caution to young printers, and that they may be encouraged not to pollute their presses and disgrace their profession by such infamous practices.

About the year 1734 there arrived among us from Ireland a young Presbyterian preacher, named Hemphill, who delivered with a good voice, and apparently extempore, most excellent discourses, which drew together considerable numbers of different persuasions, who join'd in admiring them. Among the rest, I became one of his constant hearers, his sermons pleasing me, as they had little of the dogmatical kind, but inculcated strongly the practice of virtue, or what in the religious stile are called good works. Those, however, of our congregation, who considered themselves as orthodox Presbyterians, disapprov'd his doctrine.

An unlucky occurrence hurt his cause exceedingly. One of our adversaries having heard him preach a sermon that was much admired, thought he had somewhere read the sermon before, or at least a part of it. On search, he found that part quoted at length, in one of the British Reviews, from a discourse of Dr Foster's. This detection gave many of our party disgust, who accordingly abandoned his cause. I stuck by him, however, as I rather approv'd his giving us good sermons compos'd by

others, than bad ones of his own manufacture, tho' the latter was the practice of our common teachers.

I had begun in 1733 to study languages; I soon made myself so much a master of the French as to be able to read the books with ease. I then undertook the Italian. I afterwards with a little painstaking, acquir'd as much of the Spanish as to read their books also. I was surpriz'd to find, on looking over a Latin Testament, that I understood so much more of that language than I had imagined, which encouraged me to apply myself again to the study of it, and I met with more success, as those preceding languages had greatly smooth'd my way.

From these circumstances, I have thought that there is some inconsistency in our common mode of teaching languages.

I would therefore offer it to the consideration of those who superintend the education of our youth, whether, since many of those who begin with the Latin quit the same after spending some years without having made any great proficiency, and what they have learnt becomes almost useless, so that their time has been lost, it would not have been better to have begun with the French, proceeding to the Italian, etc ; for, tho', after spending the same time, they should quit the study of languages and never arrive at the Latin, they would, however, have acquired another tongue or two, that, being in modern use, might be serviceable to them in common life.

In 1736 I lost one of my sons, a fine boy of four years old, by the small-pox, taken in the common way. I long regretted bitterly, and still regret that I had not given it to him by inoculation. This I mention for the sake of parents who omit that operation, on the supposition that they should never forgive themselves if a child died under it; my example showing that the regret may be the same either way, and that, therefore, the safer should be chosen.

My first promotion was my being chosen, in 1736, clerk of the General Assembly.

In 1737, Colonel Spotswood, late governor of Virginia, and then postmaster-general, being dissatisfied with the conduct of his deputy at Philadelphia, respecting some negligence in rendering, and inexactitude of his accounts, took from him the commission and offered it to me. I accepted it readily, and found it of great advantage.

I began now to turn my thoughts a little to public affairs, beginning, however, with small matters. The city watch was one of the first things that I conceiv'd to want regulation. I proposed as a more effectual watch, the hiring of proper men to serve constantly in that business; and as a more equitable way of supporting the charge, the levying a tax that should be proportion'd to the property. By preparing the minds of people for the change, it paved the way for the law obtained a few years after.

About this time I wrote a paper on the different accidents and carelessnesses by which houses were set on fire, with cautions against them, and means proposed of avoiding them. This was much spoken of as a useful piece, and gave rise to a project of forming a company for the more

ready extinguishing of fires. Associates in this scheme were presently found, amounting to thirty. Our articles of agreement oblig'd every member to keep always in good order, and fit for use, a certain number of leather buckets which were to be brought to every fire; and we agreed to meet once a month.

In 1739 arrived among us from Ireland the Reverend Mr Whitefield, who had made himself remarkable there as an itinerant preacher. He was at first permitted to preach in some of our churches; but the clergy, taking a dislike to him, soon refus'd him their pulpits, and he was oblig'd to preach in the fields

And it being found inconvenient to assemble in the open air, subject to its inclemencies, the building of a house to meet in was no sooner propos'd, and persons appointed to receive contributions, but sufficient sums were soon receiv'd to procure the ground and erect the building, which was one hundred feet long and seventy broad, about the size of Westminster Hall, and the work was carried on with such spirit as to be finished in a much shorter time than could have been expected.

Mr Whitefield, in leaving us, went preaching all the way thro' the colonies to Georgia. This settlement of that province had lately been begun with families of broken shop-keepers and other insolvent debtors, who, being set down in the woods, unqualified for clearing land, and unable to endure the hardships of a new settlement, perished in numbers, leaving many helpless children unprovided for. The sight of their miserable situation inspir'd the benevolent heart of Mr Whitefield with the idea of building an Orphan House there, in which they might be supported and educated. Returning northward, he preach'd up this charity, and made large collections, for his eloquence had a wonderful power over the hearts and purses of his hearers, of which I myself was an instance.

I did not disapprove of the design, but, as Georgia was then destitute of materials and workmen, and it was proposed to send them from Philadelphia at a great expense, I thought it would have been better to have built the house here, and brought the children to it. This I advis'd; but he was resolute in his first project, rejected my counsel, and I therefore refus'd to contribute. I happened soon after to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the coppers. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determin'd me to give the silver; and he finish'd so admirably, that I empty'd my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all. At this sermon there was also one of our club, who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had, by precaution, emptied his pockets before he came from home. Towards the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong desire to give, and apply'd to a neighbour, who stood near him, to borrow some money for the purpose. The application was unfortunately [made]

to perhaps the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, "*At any other time, Friend Hopkinson, I would lend to thee freely; but not now, for thee seems to be out of thy right senses.*"

I had, on the whole, abundant reason to be satisfied with my being established in Pennsylvania. There were, however, two things that I regretted, there being no provision for defense, nor for a compleat education of youth; no militia, nor any college

With respect to defense, Spain having been several years at war against Great Britain, and being at length join'd by France, which brought us into great danger; and the laboured and long-continued endeavour of our governor, Thomas, to prevail with our Quaker Assembly to pass a militia law, and make other provisions for the security of the province, having proved abortive, I determined to try what might be done by a voluntary association of the people. To promote this, I first wrote and published a pamphlet, entitled PLAIN TRUTH, in which I stated our defenceless situation in strong lights, with the necessity of union and discipline for our defense, and promis'd to propose in a few days an association, to be generally signed for that purpose. The pamphlet had a sudden and surprising effect. I was call'd upon for the instrument of association, and having settled the draft of it with a few friends, I appointed a meeting of the citizens in the large building before mentioned. The house was pretty full; I had prepared a number of printed copies, and provided pens and ink dispers'd all over the room. I harangued them a little on the subject, read the paper, and explained it, and then distributed the copies, which were eagerly signed, not the least objection being made.

When the company separated, and the papers were collected, we found above twelve hundred hands, and, other copies being dispersed in the country, the subscribers amounted at length to upward of ten thousand. These all furnished themselves as soon as they could with arms, formed themselves into companies and regiments, chose their own officers, and met every week to be instructed in the manual exercise, and other parts of military discipline. The women, by subscriptions among themselves, provided silk colors, which they presented to the companies, painted with different devices and mottos, which I supplied.

My activity in these operations was agreeable to the governor and council; they took me into confidence, and I was consulted by them in every measure wherein their concurrence was thought useful to the association. Calling in the aid of religion, I propos'd to them the proclaiming a fast, to promote reformation, and implore the blessing of Heaven on our undertaking. This gave the clergy of the different sects an opportunity of influencing their congregations to join in the association, and it would probably have been general among all but Quakers if the peace had not soon interven'd.

It was thought by some of my friends that, by my activity in these affairs, I should offend that sect, and thereby lose my interest in the Assembly of the province, where they formed a great majority. A young

gentleman who had likewise some friends in the House, and wished to succeed me as their clerk, acquainted me that it was decided to displace me at the next election; and he, therefore, in good will, advis'd me to resign, as more consistent with my honour than being turn'd out. My answer to him was, that I had read or heard of some public man who made it a rule never to ask for an office, and never to refuse one when offer'd to him. "I approve," says I, "of his rule, and will practice it with a small addition; I shall never *ask*, never *refuse*, nor ever *resign* an office." I was chosen again unanimously as usual at the next election. Possibly, as they dislik'd my late intimacy with the members of council, they might have been pleas'd if I would voluntarily have left them; but they did not care to displace me on account merely of my zeal for the association. Indeed I had some cause to believe that the defense of the country was not disagreeable to any of them, provided they were not requir'd to assist in it.

My being many years in the Assembly, the majority of which were constantly Quakers, gave me frequent opportunities of seeing the embarrassment given them by their principle against war, whenever application was made to them, by order of the crown, to grant aids for military purposes. They were unwilling to offend government, on the one hand, by a direct refusal, and their friends, the body of the Quakers, on the other, by a compliance contrary to their principles; hence a variety of evasions to avoid complying, and modes of disguising the compliance when it became unavoidable. The common mode at last was, to grant money under the phrase of its being "*for the king's use*," and never to inquire how it was applied.

But, if the demand was not directly from the crown, that phrase was found not so proper, and some other was to be invented. As, when powder was wanting (I think it was for the garrison at Louisburg), and the government of New England solicited a grant of some from Pennsylvania, which was much urg'd on the House by Governor Thomas, they could not grant money to buy powder, because that was an ingredient of war; but they voted an aid to New England of three thousand pounds, to be put into the hands of the governor, and appropriated it for the purchasing of bread, flour, wheat, or *other grain*. Some of the council, desirous of giving the House still further embarrassment, advis'd the governor not to accept provision, as not being the thing he had demanded; but he reply'd, "I shall take the money, for I understand very well their meaning; other grain is gunpowder," which he accordingly bought, and they never objected to it.

These embarrassments the Quakers suffer'd from having establish'd and published it as one of their principles that no kind of war was lawful, which, being once published, they could not afterwards, however they might change their minds, easily get rid of.

In order of time, I should have mentioned before, that having, in 1742, invented an open stove for the better warming of rooms, I made a present of the model to Mr Robert Grace.

Peace being concluded, I turn'd my thoughts again to the affair of establishing an academy. The first step I took was to associate in the design a number of active friends, of whom the Junto furnished a good part; the next was to write and publish a pamphlet, entitled *Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania*. This I distributed among the principal inhabitants gratis; and as soon as I could suppose their minds a little prepared by the perusal of it, I set on foot a subscription for opening and supporting an academy; it was to be paid in quotas yearly for five years; by so dividing it, I judg'd the subscription might be larger, and I believed it was so, amounting to no less, if I remember right, than five thousand pounds.

The subscribers appointed Mr Francis, then attorney-general, and myself to draw up constitutions for the government of the academy; which being done and signed, a house was hired, masters engag'd, and the schools opened, I think, in the same year, 1749.

The scholars increasing fast, the house was soon found too small, and we were looking out for a piece of ground, properly situated, with intention to build, when Providence threw into our way a large house ready built, which, with a few alterations, might well serve our purpose. This was the building before mentioned, erected by the hearers of Mr Whitefield.

The trustees of the academy, after a while, were incorporated by a charter from the governor; their funds were increas'd by contributions in Britain and grants of land from the proprietaries, to which the Assembly has since made considerable addition; and thus was established the present University of Philadelphia.

VII

WHEN I disengaged myself from private business, I flatter'd myself that, by the sufficient tho' moderate fortune I had acquir'd, I had secured leisure during the rest of my life for philosophical studies and amusements. I purchased all Dr Spence's apparatus, who had come from England to lecture here, and I proceeded in my electrical experiments with great alacrity; but the publick, now considering me as a man of leisure, laid hold of me for their purposes, every part of our civil government, and almost at the same time, imposing some duty upon me. The governor put me into the commission of the peace; the corporation of the city chose me of the common council, and soon after an alderman; and the citizens at large chose me a burgess to represent them in Assembly. This latter station was the more agreeable to me, as I was at length tired with sitting there to hear debates, in which, as clerk, I could take no part, and which were often so unentertaining that I was induc'd to amuse myself with making magic squares or circles, or any thing to avoid weariness; and I conceiv'd my becoming a member would enlarge my power of doing good. I would not, however, insinuate that my am-

bition was not flatter'd by all these promotions, it certainly was; for, considering my low beginning, they were great things to me.

The office of justice of the peace I try'd a little, but I gradually withdrew from it, excusing myself by my being oblig'd to attend the higher duties of a legislator in the Assembly. My election to this trust was repeated every year for ten years, without my ever asking any elector for his vote, or signifying, either directly or indirectly, any desire of being chosen.

The year following, a treaty being to be held with the Indians at Carlisle, the governor sent a message to the House, proposing that they should nominate some of their members, to be join'd with some members of council, as commissioners for that purpose. The House named the speaker (Mr Norris) and myself; and, being commission'd, we went to Carlisle, and met the Indians accordingly.

As those people are extremely apt to get drunk, and, when so, are very quarrelsome and disorderly, we strictly forbid the selling any liquor to them; and when they complain'd of this restriction, we told them that if they would continue sober during the treaty, we would give them plenty of rum when business was over. They promis'd this, and they kept their promise, because they could get no liquor, and the treaty was conducted very orderly, and concluded to mutual satisfaction. They then claim'd and receiv'd the rum; this was in the afternoon: they were near one hundred men, women, and children, and were lodg'd in temporary cabins, built in the form of a square, just without the town. In the evening, hearing a great noise among them, the commissioners walk'd out to see what was the matter. We found they had made a great bonfire in the middle of the square; they were all drunk, men and women, quarreling and fighting. Their dark-colour'd bodies, half naked, seen only by the gloomy light of the bonfire, running after and beating one another with firebrands, accompanied by their horrid yellings, form'd a scene the most resembling our ideas of hell that could well be imagin'd; there was no appeasing the tumult, and we retired to our lodging. At midnight a number of them came thundering at our door, demanding more rum, of which we took no notice.

The next day, sensible they had misbehav'd in giving us that disturbance, they sent three of their old counselors to make their apology. The orator acknowledg'd the fault, but laid it upon the rum; and then endeavored to excuse the rum by saying, "*The Great Spirit, who made all things, made everything for some use, and what ever use he design'd any thing for, that use it should always be put to. Now, when he made rum, he said, 'Let this be for the Indians to get drunk with,' and it must be so.*" And, indeed, if it be the design of Providence to extirpate these savages in order to make room for cultivators of the earth, it seems not improbable that rum may be the appointed means. It has already annihilated all the tribes who formerly inhabited the sea-coast.

In 1751, Dr Thomas Bond, a particular friend of mine, conceived the idea of establishing a hospital in Philadelphia (a very beneficent design,

which has been ascrib'd to me, but was originally his), for the reception and cure of poor sick persons, whether inhabitants of the province or strangers. He was zealous and active in endeavouring to procure subscriptions for it, but the proposal being a novelty in America, and at first not well understood, he met with but small success.

At length he came to me with the compliment that he found there was no such thing as carrying a public-spirited project through without my being concern'd in it. The subscriptions soon exceeded the requisite sum. A convenient and handsome building was soon erected; the institution has by constant experience been found useful, and flourishes to this day.

Our city, tho' laid out with a beautiful regularity, the streets large, strait, and crossing each other at right angles, had the disgrace of suffering those streets to remain long unpav'd, and in wet weather the wheels of heavy carriages plough'd them into a quagmire, so that it was difficult to cross them; and in dry weather the dust was offensive. By talking and writing on the subject, I was at length instrumental in getting the street pav'd with stone between the market and the brick'd foot-pavement, that was on each side next the houses. This, for some time, gave an easy access to the market dry-shod; but, the rest of the street not being pav'd, whenever a carriage came out of the mud upon this pavement, it shook off and left its dirt upon it, and it was soon cover'd with mire, which was not remov'd, the city as yet having no scavengers.

After some inquiry, I found a poor, industrious man, who was willing to undertake keeping the pavement clean, by sweeping it twice a week, carrying off the dirt from before all the neighbours' doors, for the sum of sixpence per month, to be paid by each house. I then wrote and printed a paper setting forth the advantages to the neighbourhood that might be obtain'd by this small expense. I sent one of these papers to each house, and in a day or two went round to see who would subscribe an agreement to pay these sixpences; it was unanimously sign'd, and for a time well executed. All the inhabitants of the city were delighted with the cleanliness of the pavement that surrounded the market, it being a convenience to all, and this rais'd a general desire to have all the streets paved, and made the people more willing to submit to a tax for that purpose.

After some time I drew a bill for paving the city, and brought it into the Assembly. It was just before I went to England, in 1757, and did not pass till I was gone, and then with an alteration in the mode of assessment, which I thought not for the better, but with an additional provision for lighting as well as paving the streets, which was a great improvement. It was by a private person, the late Mr John Clifton, his giving a sample of the utility of lamps, by placing one at his door, that the people were first impress'd with the idea of enlightening all the city. The honour of this public benefit has also been ascrib'd to me, but it belongs truly to that gentleman.

Having been for some time employed by the postmaster-general of America as his comptroller in regulating several offices, and bringing the

officers to account, I was, upon his death in 1753, appointed, jointly with Mr William Hunter, to succeed him, by a commission from the post-master-general in England.

The business of the postoffice occasion'd my taking a journey this year to New England, where the College of Cambridge, of their own motion, presented me with the degree of Master of Arts. Yale College, in Connecticut, had before made me a similar compliment. Thus, without studying in any college, I came to partake of their honours. They were conferr'd in consideration of my improvements and discoveries in the electric branch of natural philosophy.

In 1754, war with France being again apprehended, a congress of commissioners from the different colonies was, by order of the Lord of Trade, to be assembled at Albany, there to confer with the chiefs of the Six Nations concerning the means of defending both their country and ours. Governor Hamilton, having receiv'd this order, acquainted the House with it, requesting they would furnish proper presents for the Indians, to be given on this occasion; and naming the speaker (Mr Norris) and myself to join Mr Thomas Penn and Mr Secretary Peters as commissioners to act for Pennsylvania. The House approv'd the nomination, and provided the goods for the present, and tho' they did not much like treating out of the provinces, and we met the other commissioners at Albany about the middle of June.

In our way thither, I projected and drew a plan for the union of all the colonies under one government, so far as might be necessary for defense, and other important general purposes. As we pass'd thro' New York, I had there shown my project to Mr James Alexander and Mr Kennedy, two gentlemen of great knowledge in public affairs, and, being fortified by their approbation, I ventur'd to lay it before the Congress. It then appeared that several of the commissioners had form'd plans of the same kind. A previous question was first taken, whether a union should be established, which pass'd in the affirmative unanimously. A committee was then appointed, one member from each colony, to consider the several plans and report. Mine happen'd to be preferr'd, and, with a few amendments, was accordingly reported.

By this plan the general government was to be administered by a president-general, appointed and supported by the crown, and a grand council was to be chosen by the representatives of the people of the several colonies, met in their respective assemblies. The debates upon it in Congress went on daily, hand in hand with the Indian business. Many objections and difficulties were started, but at length they were all overcome, and the plan was unanimously agreed to, and copies ordered to be transmitted to the Board of Trade and to the assemblies of the several provinces. Its fate was singular: the assemblies did not adopt it, as they all thought there was too much *prerogative* in it, and in England it was judg'd to have too much of the *democratic*. The Board of Trade therefore did not approve of it, nor recommend it for the approbation of his majesty; but another scheme was form'd, supposed to answer the same

purpose better, whereby the governors of the provinces, with some members of their respective councils, were to meet and order the raising of troops, building of forts, etc., and to draw on the treasury of Great Britain for the expense, which was afterwards to be refunded by an act of Parliament laying a tax on America.

The British government, not chusing to permit the union of the colonies as propos'd at Albany, and to trust that union with their defense, lest they should thereby grow too military, and feel their own strength, suspicions and jealousies at this time being entertain'd of them, sent over General Braddock with two regiments of regular English troops for that purpose. He landed at Alexandria, in Virginia, and thence march'd to Fredericktown, in Maryland, where he halted for carriages. Our Assembly apprehending, from some information, that he had conceived violent prejudices against them, as averse to the service, wish'd me to wait upon him, not as from them, but as postmaster-general, under the guise of proposing to settle with him the mode of conducting with most celerity and certainty the despatches between him and the governors of the several provinces, with whom he must necessarily have continual correspondence, and of which they propos'd to pay the expense. My son accompanied me on this journey.

We found the general at Fredericktown, waiting impatiently for the return of those he had sent thro' the back parts of Maryland and Virginia to collect waggons. I stayed with him several days, din'd with him daily, and had full opportunity of removing all his prejudices, by the information of what the Assembly had before his arrival actually done, and were still willing to do, to facilitate his operations. When I was about to depart, the returns of waggons to be obtained were brought in, by which it appear'd that they amounted only to twenty-five, and not all of those were in serviceable condition. The general and all the officers were surpris'd, declar'd the expedition was then at an end, being impossible, and exclaim'd against the ministers for ignorantly landing them in a country destitute of the means of conveying their stores, baggage, etc, not less than one hundred and fifty waggons being necessary.

I happen'd to say I thought it was pity they had not been landed rather in Pennsylvania, as in that country almost every farmer had his waggon. The general eagerly laid hold of my words, and said, "Then you, sir, who are a man of interest there, can probably procure them for us; and I beg you will undertake it." I ask'd what terms were to be offer'd the owners of the waggons; and I was desir'd to put on paper the terms that appeared to me necessary. This I did, and they were agreed to, and a commission and instructions accordingly prepar'd immediately.

I received of the general about eight hundred pounds, to be disbursed in advance-money to the waggon owners, etc.; but that sum being insufficient, I advanc'd upward of two hundred pounds more, and in two weeks the one hundred and fifty waggons, with two hundred and fifty-nine carrying horses, were on their march for the camp. The advertisement promised payment according to the valuation, in case any waggon or horse

should be lost. The owners, however, alleging they did not know General Braddock, or what dependence might be had on his promise, insisted on my bond for the performance, which I accordingly gave them. The general was highly satisfied with my conduct in procuring him the waggons, etc., and readily paid my account of disbursements, thanking me repeatedly, and requesting my farther assistance in sending provisions after him. I undertook this also, and was busily employ'd in it till we heard of his defeat, advancing for the service of my own money, upwards of one thousand pounds sterling, of which I sent him an account. It came to his hands, luckily for me, a few days before the battle, and he return'd me immediately an order on the paymaster for the round sum of one thousand pounds, leaving the remainder to the next account. I consider this payment as good luck, having never been able to obtain that remainder, of which more hereafter.

This general was, I think, a brave man, and might probably have made a figure as a good officer in some European war. But he had too much self-confidence, too high an opinion of the validity of regular troops, and too mean a one of both Americans and Indians.

In conversation with him one day, he was giving me some account of his intended progress. "After taking Fort Duquesne," says he, "I am to proceed to Niagara; and, having taken that, to Frontenac, if the season will allow time; and I suppose it will, for Duquesne can hardly detain me above three or four days; and then I see nothing that can obstruct my march to Niagara." Having before revolv'd in my mind the long line his army must make in their march by a very narrow road, to be cut for them thro' the woods and bushes, and also what I had read of a former defeat of fifteen hundred French, who invaded the Iroquois country, I had conceiv'd some doubts and some fears for the event of the campaign. But I ventur'd only to say, "To be sure, sir, if you arrive well before Duquesne, with these fine troops, so well provided with artillery, that place not yet completely fortified, and as we hear with no very strong garrison, can probably make but a short resistance. The only danger I apprehend of obstruction to your march is from ambuscades of Indians, who, by constant practice, are dexterous in laying and executing them; and the slender line, near four miles long, which your army must make, may expose it to be attack'd by surprise in its flanks, and to be cut like a thread into several pieces, which, from their distance, can not come up in time to support each other."

He smil'd at my ignorance, and reply'd, "These savages may, indeed, be a formidable enemy to your raw American militia, but upon the king's regular and disciplin'd troops, sir, it is impossible they should make any impression." I was conscious of an impropriety in my disputing with a military man in matters of his profession, and said no more. The enemy, however, did not take the advantage of his army which I apprehended its long line of march expos'd it to, but let it advance without interruption till within nine miles of the place; and then, when more in a body (for it had just passed a river, where the front had halted till all were come

over), and in a more open part of the woods than any it had pass'd, attack'd its advanced guard by a heavy fire from behind trees and bushes, which was the first intelligence the general had of an enemy's being near him. This guard being disordered, the general hurried the troops up to their assistance, which was done in great confusion, thro' waggons, baggage, and cattle; and presently the fire came upon their flank: the officers, being on horseback, were more easily distinguish'd, pick'd out as marks, and fell very fast; and the soldiers were crowded together in a huddle, having or hearing no orders, and standing to be shot at till two-thirds of them were killed; and then, being seiz'd with a panick, the whole fled with precipitation.

The waggoners took each a horse out of his team and scamper'd; their example was immediately followed by others; so that all the waggons, provisions, artillery, and stores were left to the enemy. The general, being wounded, was brought off with difficulty, his secretary, Mr Shirley, was killed by his side; and out of eighty-six officers, sixty-three were killed or wounded, and seven hundred and fourteen men killed out of eleven hundred. This whole transaction gave us Americans the first suspicion that our exalted ideas of the prowess of British regulars had not been well founded.

In their first march, too, from their landing till they got beyond the settlements, they had plundered and stripped the inhabitants, totally ruining some poor families, besides insulting, abusing, and confining the people if they remonstrated. This was enough to put us out of conceit of such defenders, if we had really wanted any. How different was the conduct of our French friends in 1781, who, during a march thro' the most inhabited part of our country from Rhode Island to Virginia, near seven hundred miles, occasioned not the smallest complaint for the loss of a pig, a chicken, or even an apple.

As soon as the loss of the waggons and horses was generally known, all the owners came upon me for the valuation which I had given bond to pay. General Shirley at length relieved me from this terrible situation by appointing commissioners to examine the claims, and ordering payment. They amounted to near twenty thousand pound, which to pay would have ruined me.

Governor Morris, who had continually worried the Assembly with message after message, to raise money for the defense of the province, now redoubled his attacks with more hope of success, the danger and necessity being greater. When the news of this disaster reached England, our friends there rais'd a clamor against the proprietaries for their meanness and injustice; some going so far as to say that, by obstructing the defense of their province, they forfeited their right to it. They were intimidated by this, and sent orders to their receiver-general to add five thousand pounds of their money to whatever sum might be given by the Assembly for such purpose.

This, being notified to the House, was accepted in lieu of their share of a general tax. By this act I was appointed one of the commissioners

for disposing of the money, sixty thousand pounds. To promote the association necessary to form the militia, I wrote a dialogue, stating and answering all the objections I could think of to such a militia, which was printed, and had, as I thought, great effect.

While the several companies in the city and country were forming, and learning their exercise, the governor prevail'd with me to take charge of our North-western frontier, which was infested by the enemy, and provide for the defense of the inhabitants by raising troops and building a line of forts. I undertook this military business, tho' I did not conceive myself well qualified for it. He gave me a commission with full powers, and a parcel of blank commissions for officers, to be given to whom I thought fit. I had but little difficulty in raising men, having soon five hundred and sixty under my command. My son, who had in the preceding war been an officer in the army rais'd against Canada, was my aid-de-camp, and of great use to me. The Indians had burned Gnadenhut, a village settled by the Moravians, and massacred the inhabitants; but the place was thought a good situation for one of the forts.

It was the beginning of January when we set out upon this business of building forts. I sent one detachment toward the Minisink, with instructions to erect one for the security of that upper part of the country, and another to the lower part, with similar instructions; and I concluded to go myself with the rest of my force to Gnadenhut, where a fort was tho't more immediately necessary. The Moravians procur'd me five wag-gons for our tools, stores, baggage, etc.

We had not march'd many miles before it began to rain, and it continued raining all day. The next day being fair, we continu'd our march, and arriv'd at the desolated Gnadenhut. There was a saw-mill near, round which were left several piles of boards, with which we soon hutted ourselves; an operation the more necessary at that inclement season, as we had no tents. Our first work was to bury more effectually the dead we found there, who had been half interr'd by the country people.

The next morning our fort was plann'd and mark'd out, the circumference measuring four hundred and fifty-five feet, which would require as many palisades to be made of trees, one with another, of a foot diameter each. Our axes, of which we had seventy, were immediately set to work to cut down trees. Our fort, if such a magnificent name may be given to so miserable a stockade, was finish'd in a week, though it rain'd so hard every other day that the men could not work. This kind of fort, however contemptible, is a sufficient defense against Indians, who have no cannon.

We had for our chaplain a zealous Presbyterian minister, Mr Beatty, who complain'd to me that the men did not generally attend his prayers and exhortations. When they enlisted, they were promised, besides pay and provisions, a gill of rum a day, which was punctually serv'd out to them, half in the morning, and the other half in the evening; and I observ'd they were as punctual in attending to receive it; upon which I said to Mr Beatty, "It is, perhaps, below the dignity of your profession

to act as steward of the rum, but if you were to deal it out and only just after prayers, you would have them all about you." He liked the tho't, undertook the office, and, with the help of a few hands to measure out the liquor, executed it to satisfaction, and never were prayers more generally and more punctually attended; so that I thought this method preferable to the punishment inflicted by some military laws for non-attendance on divine service.

I had hardly finish'd this business, and got my fort well stor'd with provisions, when I receiv'd a letter from the governor, acquainting me that he had call'd the Assembly, and wished my attendance there, if the posture of affairs on the frontiers was such that my remaining there was no longer necessary. I resolved to return; the more willingly, as a New England officer, Colonel Clapham, experienced in Indian war, being on a visit to our establishment, consented to accept the command. I was escorted as far as Bethlehem, where I rested a few days to recover from the fatigue I had undergone. The first night, being in a good bed, I could hardly sleep, it was so different from my hard lodging on the floor of our hut at Gnaden wrapt only in a blanket or two.

Being returned to Philadelphia, I found the association went on swimmingly, the inhabitants that were not Quakers having pretty generally come into it, formed themselves into companies, and chose their captains, lieutenants, and ensigns, according to the new law.

The officers, meeting, chose me to be colonel of the regiment, which I this time accepted.

Notwithstanding the continual wrangle between the governor and the House, in which I, as a member, had so large a share, there still subsisted a civil intercourse between that gentleman and myself, and we never had any personal difference.

We acted in concert to supply Braddock's army with provisions; and, when the shocking news arrived of his defeat, the governor sent in haste for me, to consult with him on measures for preventing the desertion of the back counties.

Before I proceed in relating the part I had in public affairs under this new governor's administration, it may not be amiss here to give some account of the rise and progress of my philosophical reputation.

In 1746, being at Boston, I met there with a Dr Spence, who was lately arrived from Scotland, and show'd me some electric experiments. They were imperfectly perform'd, as he was not very expert; but, being on a subject quite new to me, they equally surpris'd and pleased me. Soon after my return to Philadelphia, our library company receiv'd from Mr P. Collinson, Fellow of the Royal Society of London, a present of a glass tube, with some account of the use of it in making such experiments. I eagerly seized the opportunity of repeating what I had seen at Boston; and, by much practice, acquir'd great readiness in performing those, also, which we had an account of from England, adding a number of new ones. I say much practice, for my house was continually full, for some time, with people who came to see these new wonders.

Oblig'd as we were to Mr Collinson for his present of the tube, etc., I thought it right he should be inform'd of our success in using it, and wrote him several letters containing accounts of our experiments. He got them read in the Royal Society, where they were not at first thought worth so much notice as to be printed in their Transactions. One paper, which I wrote for Mr Kinnersley, on the sameness of lightning with electricity, I sent to Dr Mitchel, an acquaintance of mine, and one of the members also of that society, who wrote me word that it had been read, but was laugh'd at by the connoisseurs. The papers, however, being shown to Dr Fothergill, he thought them of too much value to be stifled, and advis'd the printing of them.

It was, however, some time before those papers were much taken notice of in England. A copy of them happening to fall into the hands of the Count de Buffon, a philosopher deservedly of great reputation in France, and, indeed, all over Europe, he prevailed with M. Dalibard to translate them into French, and they were printed at Paris. The publication offended the Abbé Nollet, preceptor in Natural Philosophy to the royal family, and an able experimenter, who had form'd and publish'd a theory of electricity, which then had the general vogue. He could not at first believe that such a work came from America, and said it must have been fabricated by his enemies at Paris, to decry his system. Afterwards, having been assur'd that there really existed such a person as Franklin at Philadelphia, which he had doubted, he wrote and published a volume of Letters, chiefly address'd to me, defending his theory, and denying the verity of my experiments, and of the positions deduc'd from them.

I once purpos'd answering the abbé, and actually began the answer; but, on consideration that my writings contain'd a description of experiments which any one might repeat and verify, I concluded to let my papers shift for themselves, believing it was better to spend what time I could spare from public business in making new experiments, than in disputing about those already made. I therefore never answered M. Nollet, and the event gave me no cause to repent my silence; for my friend M. le Roy, of the Royal Academy of Sciences, took up my cause and refuted him; my book was translated into the Italian, German, and Latin languages; and the doctrine it contain'd was by degrees universally adopted by the philosophers of Europe, in preference to that of the abbé.

What gave my book the more sudden and general celebrity, was the success of one of its proposed experiments, made by Messrs Dalibard and De Lor at Marly, for drawing lightning from the clouds. This engag'd the public attention every where. M. de Lor, who had an apparatus for experimental philosophy, and lectur'd in that branch of science, undertook to repeat what he called the *Philadelphia Experiments*; and, after they were performed before the king and court, all the curious of Paris flocked to see them. I will not swell this narrative with an account of that capital experiment, nor of the infinite pleasure I receiv'd in the success of a similar one I made soon after with a kite at Philadelphia, as both are to be found in the histories of electricity.

Dr Wright, an English physician, when at Paris, wrote to a friend, who was of the Royal Society, an account of the high esteem my experiments were in among the learned abroad, and of their wonder that my writings had been so little noticed in England. The society, on this, resum'd the consideration of the letters that had been read to them. Without my having made any application for that honor, they chose me a member, and voted that I should be excus'd the customary payments, which would have amounted to twenty-five guineas; and ever since have given me their Transactions gratis. They also presented me with the gold medal of Sir Godfrey Copley for the year 1753, the delivery of which was accompanied by a very handsome speech of the president, Lord Macclesfield, wherein I was highly honoured

Our new governor, Captain Denny, brought over for me the before-mentioned medal from the Royal Society, which he presented to me at an entertainment given him by the city. He accompanied it with very polite expressions of his esteem for me.

The Assembly finally finding the proprietary obstinately persisted in manac'ing their deputies with instructions inconsistent not only with the privileges of the people, but with the service of the crown, resolv'd to petition the king against them, and appointed me their agent to go over to England, to present and support the petition. The House had sent up a bill to the governor, granting a sum of sixty thousand pounds for the king's use (ten thousand pounds of which was subjected to the orders of the then general, Lord Loudoun), which the governor, in compliance with his instructions, absolutely refused to pass.

I had agreed with Captain Morris, of the paquet at New York, for my passage, and my stores were put on board, when Lord Loudoun arriv'd at Philadelphia, expressly, as he told me, to endeavor an accommodation between the governor and Assembly, that his majesty's service might not be obstructed by their dissensions. Accordingly, he desir'd the governor and myself to meet him, that he might hear what was to be said on both sides. We met and discuss'd the business.

I acquainted the House with what had pass'd, and, presenting them with a set of resolutions I had drawn up, declaring our rights, and that we did not relinquish our claim to those rights, but only suspended the exercise of them on this occasion thro' *force*, against which we protested, they at length agreed to drop that bill, and frame another conformable to the proprietary instructions. This of course the governor pass'd, and I was then at liberty to proceed on my voyage. But, in the meantime, the paquet had sailed with my sea-stores, which was some loss to me, and my only recompense was his lordship's thanks for my service, all the credit of obtaining the accommodation falling to his share.

He set out for New York before me. One would imagine that I was now on the very point of departing for Europe. I thought so; but I was not then so well acquainted with his lordship's character, of which *indecision* was one of the strongest features. It was about the beginning of

April that I came to New York, and I think it was near the end of June before we sail'd.

This daily expectation of sailing, and all the three paquets going down to Sand Hook, to join the fleet there, the passengers thought it best to be on board, lest by a sudden order the ships should sail, and they be left behind. There, if I remember right, we were about six weeks, consuming our sea-stores, and oblig'd to procure more. At length the fleet sail'd, the General and all his army on board, bound to Louisburg, with intent to besiege and take that fortress; all the paquet-boats in company ordered to attend the General's ship, ready to receive his dispatches when they should be ready. We were out five days before we got a letter with leave to part, and then our ship quitted the fleet and steered for England.

We were several times chas'd in our passage, but outsail'd every thing, and in thirty days had soundings. We had a good observation, and the captain judg'd himself so near our port, Falmouth, that, if we made a good run in the night, we might be off the mouth of that harbor in the morning, and by running in the night might escape the notice of the enemy's privateers, who often crus'd near the entrance of the channel. Accordingly, all the sail was set that we could possibly make, and the wind being very fresh and fair, we went right before it, and made great way. The captain, after his observation, shap'd his course, as he thought, so as to pass wide of the Scilly Isles; but it seems there is sometimes a strong indraught setting up St George's Channel, which deceives seamen and caused the loss of Sir Cloudesley Shovel's squadron. This indraught was probably the cause of what happened to us.

We had a watchman plac'd in the bow, to whom they often called, "*Look well out before there,*" and he as often answered, "*Ay, ay*"; but perhaps had his eyes shut, and was half asleep at the time, they sometimes answering, as is said, mechanically; for he did not see a light just before us, which had been hid by the studding-sails from the man at the helm, and from the rest of the watch, but by an accidental yaw of the ship was discover'd, and occasion'd a great alarm, we being very near it, the light appearing to me as big as a cart-wheel. It was midnight, and our captain fast asleep; but Captain Kennedy, jumping upon deck, and seeing the danger, ordered the ship to wear round, all sails standing; an operation dangerous to the masts, but it carried us clear, and we escaped shipwreck, for we were running right upon the rocks on which the lighthouse was erected. This deliverance impressed me strongly with the utility of light-houses, and made me resolve to encourage the building more of them in America, if I should live to return there.

In the morning it was found by the soundings, etc., that we were near our port, but a thick fog hid the land from our sight. About nine o'clock the fog began to rise, and seem'd to be lifted up from the water like the curtain at a play-house, discovering underneath, the town of Falmouth, the vessels in its harbor, and the fields that surrounded it. This was a most pleasing spectacle to those who had been so long without any other prospects than the uniform view of a vacant ocean, and it gave us

the more pleasure as we were now free from the anxieties which the state of war occasion'd.

I set out immediately, with my son, for London, and we only stopt a little by the way to view Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain, and Lord Pembroke's house and gardens, with his very curious antiquities at Wilton. We arrived in London the 27th of July, 1757.

As soon as I was settled in a lodging Mr Charles had provided for me, I went to visit Dr Fothergill. I then waited on my old friend and correspondent, Mr Peter Collinson, who told me that John Hanbury, the great Virginia merchant, had requested to be informed when I should arrive, that he might carry me to Lord Granville's, who was then President of the Council and wished to see me as soon as possible. I agreed to go with him the next morning. Accordingly Mr Hanbury called for me and took me in his carriage to that nobleman's, who receiv'd me with great civility; and after some questions respecting the present state of affairs in America and discourse thereupon, he said to me: "You Americans have wrong ideas of the nature of your constitution; you contend that the king's instructions to his governors are not laws, and think yourselves at liberty to regard or disregard them at your own discretion. But those instructions are not like the pocket instructions given to a minister going abroad, for regulating his conduct in some trifling point of ceremony. They are first drawn up by judges learned in the laws; they are then considered, debated, and perhaps amended in Council, after which they are signed by the king. They are then, so far as they relate to you, the *law of the land*, for the king is the LEGISLATOR OF THE COLONIES." I told his lordship this was new doctrine to me. I had always understood from our charters that our laws were to be made by our Assemblies, to be presented indeed to the king for his royal assent, but that being once given the king could not repeal or alter them. And as the Assemblies could not make permanent laws without his assent, so neither could he make a law for them without theirs. He assur'd me I was totally mistaken. I did not think so, however, and his lordship's conversation having a little alarm'd me as to what might be the sentiments of the court concerning us, I wrote it down as soon as I return'd to my lodgings. I recollected that about 20 years before, a clause in a bill brought into Parliament by the ministry had propos'd to make the king's instructions laws in the colonies, but the clause was thrown out by the Commons, for which we adored them as our friends and friends of liberty, till by their conduct towards us in 1765 it seem'd that they had refus'd that point of sovereignty to the king only that they might reserve it for themselves.

[Unfinished.]

THE CONFESSIONS
OF
JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

1712-1778

IT HAS BEEN SAID that whoever would give an adequate account of the influence of Jean Jacques Rousseau upon French ideas must write the history of the first French Revolution. For the men who made the Revolution idolized the man who had denounced so eloquently the evils of the French monarchy. With equal truth one may say that no account of the romantic movement in literature and in art can afford to neglect the name of Rousseau and that his *Emile* must be mentioned in any discussion of the development of modern educational theory. It is, in short, almost impossible to exaggerate the influence that Rousseau exerted upon his own century and upon later times, through his compelling indictment of civilization. To his books we trace many of the political views of the founders of American independence, much of the philosophy of Kant and Hegel, much of the educational work of such men as Horace Mann, as well as the belief held by many literary people that a novel, to be important, must show the effect of nature upon the feelings.

The primary source of information about the life of this man is Rousseau's autobiography: the *Confessions*. In the pages of this extraordinary work Rousseau stands revealed, not as a person to be referred to as a "literary influence" but as a human being. A reading of the *Confessions* is not likely to increase our awe and admiration for a great man. But it will undoubtedly help most of us to understand why Rousseau regarded himself as a man more sinned against than sinning.

The *Confessions*, it appears, were begun as a contribution to the knowledge of man's inner life. Rousseau felt that a description of his own strange career would prove to be a useful document. It was not long, however, before he found himself writing to give what he called a true account of many episodes in his life that were being distorted by his enemies, and before he abandoned the autobiography he was apparently

governed almost entirely by the feeling that he must defend himself against what he believed to be a full-fledged conspiracy to blacken his character. If we remember this and also the fact that he wrote largely from memory, we shall better understand some of the things he has to tell us in the *Confessions*.

Rousseau was born on June 28, 1712, at Geneva, of French parents whose forebears had been settled in Switzerland for a century and a half. From his father, a watchmaker, Rousseau acquired his love of reading and probably much of his general instability and lack of moral principle. His education was begun by his uncle, who sent him to live with a Protestant minister. From his earliest days no one quite knew, it seems, what was to be done with Jean Jacques. He was apprenticed first to an attorney and then to an engraver, but showed no promise whatsoever. His wandering life began one day when, returning from a walk with his fellow apprentices, he found the city gates closed against him. Rousseau welcomed this opportunity to escape from the engraver and set out on his travels.

At Annecy he met Mme. de Warens, the woman who was to exert so tremendous an influence upon his life. At her suggestion he spent some time in Italy (where, incidentally, he publicly abjured the Protestant faith and became a Catholic of sorts) in the service of various households. But he came back finally to Mme. de Warens and gladly transferred to her the responsibility of deciding upon his career. Later, as a result of his growing interest in music, he devised what he thought was a new and revolutionary system of musical notation and set out for Paris to make his fortune.

Much to Rousseau's chagrin, the members of the Academy of Sciences were not impressed by the young man's new system, and, finding himself without means of support, he accepted a post as secretary to the French Ambassador to Venice, M. de Montaigu. The account of his eighteen months in Venice recorded in the *Confessions* is a curious and characteristic one. Finally his comparatively tranquil life there came to an abrupt end in a quarrel with the Ambassador, and Rousseau returned to Paris. At this time began his connection with Thérèse le Vasseur, who lived with him the rest of his life. And at this time, too, he met Mme. d'Épinay and through her came to know Diderot and the other Encyclopedists.

In 1750, Rousseau caused something of a sensation in the literary world by the publication of his prize essay called *Discourse on the Arts and Sciences*. The Academy of Dijon had proposed as a subject: "Has the progress of the arts and

sciences contributed more to the corruption or purification of morals?" Firmly convinced that man's departure from the "natural" state had caused the miseries of modern times, Rousseau struck the keynote of all his later work by denouncing the existent social order. During the next twelve years (to the end of the period covered by the *Confessions*) Rousseau was involved in literary quarrels and domestic difficulties of various sorts. His remarks about such prominent persons as Diderot and Voltaire, and about his patrons and occasional protectors such as Mme. d'Epinay, must be understood to be those of a man who thought that most of the world had turned against him. And, indeed, he seems to have had some justification for his belief. With the publication of his *Discourse on the Origin of Inequality* (1754), *La Nouvelle Héloïse* (1761), and *Du Contrat Social* and *Emile* (1762) he became more and more an object of detestation in the eyes of the authorities. He left France for Geneva only to be driven from there to England, where he remained about a year.

After a misunderstanding with Hume, his English benefactor, Rousseau visited Amiens in 1767, lived for a time at Lyons, and ultimately resided in Paris until shortly before his death on July 3, 1778. Many people believed that he committed suicide, but apparently his end came as a result of a sudden fit of apoplexy.

"I am commencing an undertaking," says Rousseau on the opening page of his *Confessions*, "hitherto without precedent, and one which will never find an imitator. I desire to set before my fellows the likeness of a man in all the truth of nature, and that man myself." That Rousseau was no prophet when he stated that his *Confessions* would never be imitated is amply demonstrated by the hundreds of autobiographies and memoirs of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. That he was also wrong when he stated that he had no precedent for his undertaking is demonstrated by, among others, the autobiographies of St. Augustine and Cellini. But it is nevertheless true that Rousseau's work constituted the most powerful single influence upon all subsequent autobiographical writing.

Rousseau's is still a name to be conjured with today. Much has been written about the Citizen of Geneva, but perhaps, after all, it is Lord Byron who has best characterized the life of the man whom he calls the "self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau":

*His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
Or friends by him self-banished: for his mind
Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary . . .*

THE CONFESSIONS OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

Part the First

BOOK ONE

I AM COMMENCING an undertaking, hitherto without precedent, and which will never find an imitator. I desire to set before my fellows the likeness of a man in all the truth of nature, and that man myself

Myself alone! I know the feelings of my heart, and I know men. I am not made like any of those I have seen; I venture to believe that I am not made like any of those who are in existence. If I am not better, at least I am different. Whether Nature has acted rightly or wrongly in destroying the mould in which she cast me can only be decided after I have been read.

I was born at Geneva, in the year 1712, and was the son of Isaac Rousseau and Susanne Bernard, citizens. The distribution of a very moderate inheritance amongst fifteen children had reduced my father's portion almost to nothing; and his only means of livelihood was his trade of watchmaker, in which he was really very clever. My mother, a daughter of the Protestant minister Bernard, was better off. She was clever and beautiful, and my father had found difficulty in obtaining her hand.

Gabriel Bernard, my mother's brother, fell in love with one of my father's sisters, who only consented to accept the hand of the brother on condition that her own brother married my mother's sister. Love arranged everything, and the two marriages took place on the same day. Thus my uncle became the husband of my aunt, and their children were doubly my first cousins.

I felt before I thought: this is the common lot of humanity. I experienced it more than others. I do not know what I did until I was five or six years old. I do not know how I learned to read; I only remember my earliest reading, and the effect it had upon me; from that time I date my uninterrupted self-consciousness. My mother [who died when I was born] had left some romances behind her, which my father and I began to read after supper. At first it was only a question of practising me in reading by the aid of amusing books; but soon the interest became so lively, that we

used to read in turns without stopping, and spent whole nights in this occupation. We were unable to leave off until the volume was finished. Sometimes, my father, hearing the swallows begin to twitter in the early morning, would say, quite ashamed, "Let us go to bed; I am more of a child than yourself."

I had a brother seven years older than myself, who was learning my father's trade. The excessive affection which was lavished upon myself caused him to be somewhat neglected, which treatment I cannot approve of. His education felt the consequences of this neglect. He took to evil courses before he was old enough to be a regular profligate. He was put with another master, from whom he was continually running away, as he had done from home. I hardly ever saw him; I can scarcely say that I knew him; but I never ceased to love him tenderly, and he loved me as much as a vagabond can love anything.

Except during the time I spent in reading or writing in my father's company, or when my nurse took me for a walk, I was always with my aunt, sitting or standing by her side, watching her at her embroidery or listening to her singing, and I was content. Her cheerfulness, her gentleness and her pleasant face have stamped so deep and lively an impression on my mind that I can still see her manner, look, and attitude; I remember her affectionate language: I could describe what clothes she wore and how her head was dressed, not forgetting the two little curls of black hair on her temples, which she wore in accordance with the fashion of the time.

I am convinced that it is to her I owe the taste, or rather passion, for music, which only became fully developed in me a long time afterwards. She knew a prodigious number of tunes and songs which she used to sing in a very thin, gentle voice.

This course of education was interrupted by an accident, the consequences of which have exercised an influence upon the remainder of my life. My father had a quarrel with a captain in the French army, named Gautier, who was connected with some of the members of the Common Council. This Gautier, a cowardly and insolent fellow (whose nose happened to bleed during the affray), in order to avenge himself, accused my father of having drawn his sword within the city walls. My father, whom they wanted to send to prison, persisted that, in accordance with the law, the accuser ought to be imprisoned as well as himself. Being unable to have his way in this, he preferred to quit Geneva and expatriate himself for the rest of his life, than to give way on a point in which honour and liberty appeared to him to be compromised.

I remained under the care of my uncle Bernard, who was at the time employed upon the fortifications of Geneva. His eldest daughter was dead, but he had a son of the same age as myself. We were sent together to Bossey, to board with the Protestant minister Lambercier, in order to learn, together with Latin, all the sorry trash which is included under the name of education.

The life which I led at Bossey suited me so well that, had it only lasted longer, it would have completely decided my character. Tender,

affectionate and gentle feelings formed its foundation. I believe that no individual of our species was naturally more free from vanity than myself. I raised myself by fits and starts to lofty flights, but immediately fell down again into my natural languor. My liveliest desire was to be loved by all who came near me. I shall never forget how, if I happened to hesitate when saying my catechism in church, nothing troubled me more than to observe signs of restlessness and dissatisfaction on Mademoiselle Lambercier's face. That alone troubled me more than the disgrace of failing in public, which, nevertheless, affected me greatly: for, although little susceptible to praise, I felt shame keenly; and I may say here that the thought of Mademoiselle's reproaches caused me less uneasiness than the fear of offending her.

Nearly thirty years have passed since I left Bossey, without my recalling to mind my stay there with any connected and pleasurable recollections; but, now that I have passed the prime of life and am approaching old age, I feel these same recollections springing up again while others disappear; they stamp themselves upon my memory with features, the charm and strength of which increase daily, as if, feeling life already slipping away, I were endeavouring to grasp it again by its commencement. The most trifling incidents of that time please me, simply because they belong to that period.

If I only had your pleasure in view, I might choose the story of Mademoiselle Lambercier's backside, which, owing to an unfortunate somersault at the bottom of the meadow, was exhibited in full view to the King of Sardinia, who happened to be passing by; but that of the walnut tree on the terrace is more amusing for me who took an active part in it, whereas I was merely a spectator of the somersault; besides, I declare that I found absolutely nothing to laugh at in an accident which, although comic in itself, alarmed me for the safety of a person whom I loved as a mother and, perhaps, even more.

Now, O curious readers of the important history of the walnut tree on the terrace, listen to the horrible tragedy, and keep from shuddering if you can!

Outside the gate of the court, on the left of the entrance, there was a terrace, where we often went to sit in the afternoon. As it was entirely unprotected from the sun, M. Lambercier had a walnut tree planted there. The process of planting was carried out with the greatest solemnity. The two boarders were its godfathers; and, while the hole was being filled up, we each of us held the tree with one hand and sang songs of triumph. In order to water it, a kind of basin was made round the foot. Every day, eager spectators of this watering, my cousin and I became more strongly convinced, as was natural, that it was a finer thing to plant a tree on a terrace than a flag upon a breach, and we resolved to win this glory for ourselves without sharing it with anyone.

With this object, we proceeded to cut a slip from a young willow, and planted it on the terrace, at a distance of about eight or ten feet from the august walnut tree. We did not forget to dig a similar trench round our

tree; the difficulty was how to fill it, for the water came from some distance, and we were not allowed to run and fetch it. However, it was absolutely necessary to have some for our willow. For a few days, we had recourse to all kinds of devices to get some, and we succeeded so well that we saw it bud and put forth little leaves, the growth of which we measured every hour, convinced that, although not yet a foot high, it would soon afford us a shade.

As our tree so completely claimed our attention that we were quite incapable of attending to or learning anything else, and were in a sort of delirium: as our guardians, not knowing what was the matter with us, kept a tighter hand upon us, we saw the fatal moment approaching when we should be without water, and were inconsolable at the thought of seeing our tree perish from drought. At length necessity, the mother of invention, suggested to us how to save ourselves from grief and the tree from certain death; this was, to make a channel underground, which should secretly conduct part of the water intended for the walnut tree to our willow. This undertaking was at first unsuccessful, in spite of the eagerness with which it was carried out. We had made the incline so clumsily that the water did not run at all. The earth fell in and stopped up the channel; the entrance was filled with mud; everything went wrong. But nothing disheartened us: *Labor omnia vincit improbus*. We dug our basin deeper, in order to allow the water to run; we cut some bottoms of boxes into small narrow planks, some of which were laid flat, one after the other, and others set up on both sides of these at an angle, thus forming a triangular canal for our conduit. At the entrance we stuck small pieces of wood, some little distance apart, which, forming a kind of grating or latticework, kept back the mud and stones, without stopping the passage of the water. We carefully covered our work with well-trodden earth; and when all was ready, we awaited, in the greatest excitement of hope and fear, the time of watering. After centuries of waiting, the hour at length arrived; M. Lambercier came as usual to assist at the operation, during which we both kept behind him, in order to conceal our tree, to which very luckily he turned his back.

No sooner had the first pail of water been poured out, than we saw some of it running into our basin. At this sight, our prudence deserted us: we began to utter cries of joy which made M. Lambercier turn round; this was a pity, for he took great delight in seeing how good the soil of the walnut tree was, and how greedily it absorbed the water. Astonished at seeing it distribute itself into two basins, he cried out in his turn, looked, perceived the trick, ordered a pickaxe to be brought, and, with one blow, broke off two or three pieces from our planks; then, crying loudly, "An aqueduct, an aqueduct!" he dealt merciless blows in every direction, each of which went straight to our hearts. In a moment planks, conduit, basin, willow, everything was destroyed and uprooted, without his having uttered a single word, during this terrible work of destruction, except the exclamation which he incessantly repeated. "An aqueduct!" he cried, while demolishing everything. "An aqueduct, an aqueduct!"

After my return to Geneva, I lived for two or three years with my uncle, waiting until my friends had decided what was to be done with me.

BOOK TWO

AFTER long deliberation as to the bent of my natural inclination, a profession was determined upon for which I had the least taste; I was put with M. Masseron, the town clerk, in order to learn, under his tuition, the useful trade of a *fee-grabber*. This nickname was extremely distasteful to me; the hope of gaining a number of crowns in a somewhat sordid business by no means flattered my pride; the occupation itself appeared to me wearisome and unendurable; the constant application, the feeling of servitude completed my dislike, and I never entered the office without a feeling of horror, which daily increased in intensity. M. Masseron, on his part, was ill-satisfied with me, and treated me with contempt; he continually reproached me with my dulness and stupidity, dinning into my ears every day that my uncle had told him that I knew something, whereas, in reality, I knew nothing; that he had promised him a sharp lad, and had given him a jackass. At last I was dismissed from the office in disgrace as being utterly incapable, and M. Masseron's clerks declared that I was good for nothing except to handle a file.

I was apprenticed, not, however, to a watchmaker, but to an engraver. The contempt with which I had been treated by M. Masseron had made me very humble, and I obeyed without a murmur. My new master, M. Ducommun, was a rough and violent young man, who in a short time succeeded in tarnishing all the brightness of my childhood, stupefying my loving and lively nature, and reducing me, in mind as well as in position, to a real state of apprenticeship. My Latin, my antiquities, my history, were all for a long time forgotten; I did not even remember that there had ever been any Romans in the world. My father, when I went to see him, no longer found in me his idol; for the ladies I was no longer the gallant Jean Jacques; and I felt so certain myself that the Lamberciers would not have recognised their pupil in me, that I was ashamed to pay them a visit, and have never seen them since. The vilest tastes, the lowest street blackguardism took the place of my simple amusements and effaced even the remembrance of them.

My master's tyranny at length made the work, of which I should have been very fond, altogether unbearable, and filled me with vices which I should otherwise have hated, such as lying, idleness and thieving.

My master had a journeyman, named M. Verrat, whose house was in the neighbourhood, and had a garden some way off which produced very fine asparagus. M. Verrat, who was not too well supplied with money, conceived the idea of stealing some of his mother's young asparagus and selling it in order to provide himself with two or three good breakfasts. As he was unwilling to run the risk himself, and was not very active, he selected me for the expedition. After some preliminary cajoleries, which

the more easily succeeded with me as I did not see their aim, he proposed it to me as an idea that had struck him on the spur of the moment. I strongly opposed it; he persisted. I have never been able to resist flattery: I gave in. I went every morning to gather a crop of the finest asparagus, and carried it to the Molard, where some good woman, who saw that I had just stolen it, told me so to my face in order to get it cheaper. In my fright I took whatever she chose to offer me, and took it to Verrat. The amount was immediately converted into a breakfast, of which I was the purveyor, and which he shared with another companion; I myself was quite satisfied with a few scraps, and never even touched their wine.

In this manner I learned that stealing was not so terrible a thing as I had imagined, and I soon knew how to make such good use of my discovery, that nothing I desired, if it was within my reach, was safe from me.

In consequence of continuous ill-treatment I soon became less sensitive to it, and regarded it as a kind of compensation for theft, which gave me the right to continue the latter. Instead of looking back and considering the punishment, I looked forward and thought of revenge. I considered that, if I were beaten as a rogue, I was entitled to behave like one. I found that stealing and a flogging went together, and constituted a sort of bargain, and that, if I performed my part, I could safely leave my master to carry out his own. With this idea, I began to steal more quietly than before. I said to myself: "What will be the result? I shall be flogged. Never mind; I am made to be flogged."

I should never finish these details if I were to follow all the paths along which, during my apprenticeship, I descended from the sublimity of heroism to the depths of worthlessness. And yet, although I adopted the vices of my position, I could not altogether acquire a taste for them. I wearied of the amusements of my companions; and when excessive restraint had rendered work unendurable to me, I grew tired of everything. This renewed my taste for reading, which I had for some time lost. This reading, for which I stole time from my work, became a new offence which brought new punishment upon me. The taste for it, provoked by constraint, became a passion, and soon a regular madness. La Tribu, a well-known lender of books, provided me with all kinds of literature. Good or bad, all were alike to me; I had no choice, and read everything with equal avidity. I read at the worktable, I read on my errands, I read in the wardrobe, and forgot myself for hours together; my head became giddy with reading; I could do nothing else. My master watched me, surprised me, beat me, took away my books. How many volumes were torn, burnt, and thrown out of the window! How many works were left in odd volumes in La Tribu's stock! When I had no more money to pay her, I gave her my shirts, neckties and clothes; my three sous of pocket money were regularly taken to her every Sunday.

In this manner I reached my sixteenth year, restless, dissatisfied with myself and everything. On Sundays, my fellow apprentices came to fetch me after service to go and amuse myself with them. I would gladly have

escaped from them if I had been able, but, once engaged in their amusements, I became more excited and went further than any of them; it was as difficult to set me going as to stop me. Such was always my disposition. During our walks outside the city I always went further than any of them without thinking about my return, unless others thought of it for me. Twice I was caught: the gates were shut before I could get back. The next day I was treated as may be imagined; the second time I was promised such a reception if it ever happened again, that I resolved not to run the risk of it; yet this third time, so dreaded, came to pass. My watchfulness was rendered useless by a confounded Captain Minutoli, who always shut the gate at which he was on guard half an hour before the others. I was returning with two companions. About half a league from the city I heard the retreat sounded: I doubled my pace: I heard the tattoo beat, and ran with all my might. I arrived out of breath and bathed in perspiration; my heart beat; from a distance I saw the soldiers at their posts; I rushed up and cried out with a voice half choked. It was too late! Twenty paces from the outposts, I saw the first bridge raised. I shuddered when I saw those terrible horns rising in the air—a sinister and fatal omen of the destiny which that moment was opening for me.

In the first violence of my grief I threw myself on the *glacis* and bit the ground. My companions, laughing at their misfortune, immediately made up their minds what to do. I did the same, but my resolution was different from theirs. On the spot I swore never to return to my master; and the next morning, when they entered the city after the gates were opened, I said good-bye to them forever, only begging them secretly to inform my cousin Bernard of the resolution I had taken, and of the place where he might be able to see me once more.

I wandered for some days round the city, lodging with some peasants whom I knew, who all received me with greater kindness than any of the inhabitants of the city would have done. They took me in, lodged me, and fed me with too much kindness to make a merit of it. It could not be called charity; they did not bestow it with a sufficient air of superiority.

Travelling and roaming about in this manner, I reached Confignon, in the district of Savoy, two leagues from Geneva. I called upon M. de Pontverre. He received me kindly, talked about the heresy of Geneva, the authority of the Holy Mother Church, and invited me to dinner. I found little to reply to arguments which ended in this manner, and I formed the opinion that *curés* who dined so well were at least as good as our ministers. I was certainly more learned than M. de Pontverre, in spite of his birth; but I was too good a guest to be as good a theologian, and his Frangi wine, which appeared to me excellent, argued so triumphantly in his favour that I should have been ashamed to stop the mouth of so admirable a host. I was moved with gratitude and respect for the good priest. I felt my superiority; I did not wish to overwhelm him with it as the reward of his hospitality. In this attitude there was nothing hypocritical; I never thought of changing my religion.

Reason, pity, and regard for discipline required that, far from assist-

ing my folly, people should have saved me from the ruin which I ran to meet and sent me back to my family. That is what every truly virtuous man would have done or attempted to do. But, although M. de Pontverre was a good man, he was certainly not a virtuous man; on the contrary, he was an enthusiast who knew no other virtue except worshipping images and telling his beads—a kind of missionary who could think of nothing better for the good of the faith than writing libels against the ministers of Geneva. Far from thinking of sending me back to my home, he took advantage of the desire I felt to get away from it, to make it impossible for me to return even though I should wish to do so. It was any odds that he was sending me to perish in misery or to become a worthless scamp. But that was not what he looked at; he only saw a soul saved from heresy and restored to the Church. Honest man or scamp—what did it matter, provided I went to mass? One must not, however, believe that this way of thinking is peculiar to Catholics; it is common to all dogmatic religions in which faith, not works, is considered the principal thing.

"God calls you," said M. de Pontverre; "go to Annecy; there you will find a good and charitable lady, whom the King's kindness has placed in a position to rescue other souls from the error from which she herself has been delivered." The lady in question was Madame de Warens, a new convert, who in reality had been forced by the priests to share, with the rabble which came to sell its faith, a pension of two thousand francs which she received from the King of Sardinia. I felt very humiliated at requiring the assistance of a good and charitable lady. However, urged by M. de Pontverre, and hard pressed by hunger and pleased at the idea of making a journey with a definite object, I made up my mind, although with some difficulty, and set out for Annecy.

I arrived. I saw Madame de Warens. That epoch of my life decided my character; I cannot bring myself to pass lightly over it. I was in the middle of my sixteenth year. Without being what is called a handsome lad, I was well set up, I had a pretty foot, a fine leg, an easy manner, lively features, a pretty little mouth, black hair and eyebrows, small and even sunken eyes, which, however, vigorously darted forth the fire with which my blood was kindled. Unhappily, I knew nothing of that, and it has never occurred to me during my life to think about my personal appearance except when it was too late to profit by it. With the timidity of my age was united that of a very loving disposition, always troubled by the fear of displeasing. Besides, although my mind was tolerably well formed, I had never seen the world, and was entirely wanting in manners, and my knowledge, far from supplementing this defect, only served to intimidate me still more by making me feel how sadly I needed them.

Fearing that my first appearance would not prejudice Madame de Warens in my favor, I composed a letter in oratorical style in order to gain her good will. I enclosed M. de Pontverre's letter in my own, and set out for the dreaded interview. Madame de Warens was not at home. I was told that she had just gone to church. It was Palm-Sunday in 1728. I ran after her. I saw her; I overtook her.

Just as she was going to enter, Madame de Warens, hearing my voice, turned round. How did the sight of her strike me! I had pictured to myself an old, grim, religious enthusiast; in my opinion, M. de Pontverre's pious lady could be nothing else. Instead, I beheld a face full of charm, beautiful blue eyes—full of gentleness—a dazzling complexion, the outlines of an enchanting throat. Nothing escaped the rapid glance of the young proselyte—for at that moment I became hers, feeling convinced that a religion preached by such apostles must inevitably lead to paradise. With a smile, she took the letter which I presented to her with a trembling hand, opened it, glanced at that of M. de Pontverre, returned to mine, read it through, and would have read it again, had not her servant reminded her that it was time to go in. "Well, my child," she said to me in a tone which made me tremble, "so you are wandering about the country at your age; that is indeed a pity." Then, without waiting for me to answer, she added, "Go and wait for me; tell them to give you some breakfast. After mass I will come and talk to you."

Louise Eléonore de Warens was a young lady who belonged to the house of La Tour de Pil, an ancient and noble family of Vévai, a town in the canton of Vaud. When very young she had married M. de Warens, of the house of Loys, the eldest son of M. de Villardin, of Lausanne. This marriage, which proved childless, was not a happy one, and Madame de Warens, driven by some domestic grief, seized the opportunity of the presence of King Victor Amadeus at Evian to cross the lake and throw herself at the feet of this prince, thus abandoning her husband, her family and her country through a piece of folly which much resembled mine, and which she, like myself, has had ample time to lament. The King, who was fond of posing as a zealous Catholic, took her under his protection, and settled on her an annuity of 1,500 Piedmontese livres, a tolerably large sum for a prince who, as a rule, was little inclined to be generous. Afterwards, finding that he was reported to be in love with her in consequence of the manner in which he had received her, he sent her to Annecy under the escort of a detachment of his guards, where, under the spiritual guidance of Michel-Gabriel de Bernex, titular Bishop of Geneva, she renounced the Protestant faith in the Convent of the Visitation.

She had been six years in Annecy when I arrived there, and was twenty-eight years of age.

It was a question what was to become of me; and, in order to discuss my future more at leisure, she kept me to dinner. It was the first meal in my life at which my appetite failed me; and her maid, who waited upon us, said that I was the first traveller of my age and class that she had ever seen in such a condition. This remark, which did me no harm in the eyes of her mistress, struck home to a great lout who was dining with us, and who devoured by himself quite a respectable dinner for six. As for myself, I was in a state of rapture which did not allow me to eat. My heart fed upon an entirely new feeling, with which my whole being was filled, and which left me no inclination for doing anything else.

Madame de Warens wanted to know the details of my little history;

and in relating them I recovered all the fire and vivacity which I had lost during my apprenticeship. The more I interested this excellent soul in my favour, the more she lamented the lot to which I intended to expose myself. She did not venture to advise me to return to Geneva; in her position that would have been an act of treason to the Catholic faith; and she knew only too well how she was watched and how her words were weighed. But she spoke to me so touchingly of my father's affliction, that it was easy to see that she would have approved of my going to console him. She did not know how strongly she was pleading against herself. The lout who was eating our dinners for us, being obliged to stop to give his jaws a rest, made a proposal which he declared was inspired by heaven, but which, to judge from its results, was rather inspired by the opposite place. This proposal was that I should go to Turin, where I should find spiritual and bodily support in a hospice established for the instruction of catechumens, until, after I had been received into the bosom of the Church, I should find suitable employment by the kindness of the charitable. "As to the expenses of his journey," continued my friend, "his lordship the bishop will no doubt be kind enough to provide for them, if Madame suggests this holy work to him, and, doubtless, Madame la Baronne," he added, bending over his plate, "who is so charitable, will also be eager to contribute towards them." I found the idea of so much charity very distasteful; I was sick at heart, and said nothing. Madame de Warens, without embracing the suggestion as eagerly as it was offered, contented herself with replying that everyone ought to do good to the best of his power, and that she would speak to the bishop about it.

My journey being thus arranged by those who took charge of me, I was obliged to submit, and I even did so without much reluctance. Although Turin was further than Geneva, I judged that, being the capital, it was more closely connected with Annecy than a town of different faith and in a foreign land; and, besides, as I was setting out in obedience to Madame de Warens, I considered myself as remaining under her guidance and that was more than living in her neighbourhood.

My regret at arriving so soon at Turin was lessened by the pleasure of seeing a large city, and by the hope of soon playing a part worthy of myself; for already the fumes of ambition were mounting to my brain; already I regarded myself as infinitely raised above my former condition of apprentice, and I was far from suspecting that, in a short time, I was destined to fall far below it.

I had some letters. I presented them, and was immediately conducted to the hospice for catechumens, to be instructed in the religion with which I was to purchase my livelihood. On my arrival, I beheld a large gate with iron bars, which was double-locked behind me as soon as I had passed through it. This introduction struck me as more imposing than agreeable, and was beginning to afford me food for reflection, when I was conducted into a tolerably large room. All its furniture consisted of a wooden altar, surmounted by a large crucifix, at the end of the room, in front of which stood four or five chairs, also made of wood, which looked

as if they had been polished, but in reality had become shiny merely from constant use and rubbing. In this assembly room were four or five frightful villains—my fellow students—who seemed to be rather the devil's constables than aspirants to the honour of sons of God. Two of these rascals were Slavonians, who called themselves Jews or Moors, and, as they confessed to me, spent their life in wandering through Spain and Italy, embracing Christianity and submitting to be baptised where they found it worth their while. Another iron door was then thrown open, which divided into two a large balcony running along the courtyard. Through this door our sisters entered, catechumens who, like myself, were to be born again, not by means of baptism, but by a solemn abjuration of their faith. They were certainly the greatest sluts and the most disgusting vagabonds who ever contaminated the sheepfold of the Lord.

The little community was assembled in honour of the newcomer. A short address was delivered to us, in which I was exhorted to consent to respond to the favour which God extended to me, while the others were invited to pray for me and edify me by their example. After this, our virgins returned to their seclusion, and I had time to meditate with astonishment upon my own situation to my heart's content.

Next morning we were again assembled to receive instruction; and then, for the first time, I began to reflect upon the step I was going to take, and upon the circumstances which had led me to do so.

I did not exactly resolve to become a Catholic; but, seeing the time still far off, I profited by the occasion to accustom myself gradually to the idea, and in the meantime I hoped for some unforeseen circumstance which would get me out of the difficulty. In order to gain time, I resolved to make the best defence of which I was capable. But soon my vanity relieved me from thinking of my resolution; and, as soon as I observed that I sometimes embarrassed those who desired to instruct me, that was sufficient to make me endeavour to floor them altogether. I even exhibited ridiculous eagerness in this undertaking; for, while they were working upon me, I wanted to work upon them. I honestly believed that I had only to convince them, to make them turn Protestants.

While these petty disputes about trifles lasted, and the time was spent in arguing, mumbling prayers, and doing nothing, a disgusting little adventure happened to me, which very nearly turned out very badly for me.

There is no soul so vile, no heart so barbarous, that it is not susceptible of some kind of attachment. One of the two vagabonds who called themselves Moors conceived an affection for me. He was fond of accosting me, talked to me in his jargon, rendered me slight services, sometimes gave me part of his food, and frequently kissed me with an ardour which was very annoying to me. In spite of the natural alarm which I felt at his gingerbread face decorated with a long scar, and his inflamed countenance which appeared more furious than tender, I endured his kisses, saying to myself: "The poor fellow has conceived a lively friendship for me. I should be wrong to repulse him." He gradually began to take greater liberties, and sometimes made such curious proposals to me, that I

thought he was mad. One night, he wanted to sleep with me. I refused, saying that my bed was too small. He pressed me to go to his, but I again refused, for the wretch was so dirty and stunk so strongly of chewed tobacco, that he made me quite sick.

At last, sufficiently instructed and sufficiently prepared to satisfy my masters, I was conducted in solemn procession to the metropolitan church of St. John, to make a public abjuration of faith, and to receive the accessories of baptism, although I was not really rebaptised; but, as the ceremonies are almost the same, it serves to delude the people with the idea that Protestants are not Christians.

When all was over, at the moment when I expected to be provided for in accordance with my hopes, I was put out of doors with a little more than twenty francs in small money—the result of the collection made for me. I was recommended to live as a good Christian, to remain true to grace; they wished me good luck, shut the door upon me, and I saw no more of them.

My first sensation was one of joy at the recovery of my liberty. After a long period of slavery, again master of myself and my actions, I beheld myself in the midst of a large city, abounding in resources, full of persons of distinction, by whom I could not fail to be welcomed in consequence of my good qualities and my talents as soon as I became known. Besides, I had plenty of time to wait, and the twenty francs, which I had in my pocket, appeared to me an inexhaustible treasure.

I was obliged to look for a lodging. As I already knew enough Piedmontese to make myself understood it was easy to find one, and I was prudent enough to make my choice more in accordance with my means than my taste. I was told of a soldier's wife in the Rue du Pô who took in servants out of employment for a *sou* a night. She had a bed empty, and I took it.

Although I lived most economically, my purse was gradually becoming exhausted. My landlady, who had taken a liking to me, told me that she had, perhaps, found me a place, and that a lady of position wanted to see me. At these words, I believed myself already in the midst of fashionable adventures; for my mind was always running upon that. This one, however, did not prove as brilliant as I had pictured to myself. I went to see the lady with a servant who had spoken of me to her. She questioned and examined me; I did not displease her, and immediately entered her service, not exactly as a favourite, but as a lackey. I was clothed in the colour of her people; the only difference was that, while they wore shoulder knots, I had none; as there was no lace on her livery, it looked like an ordinary dress. Such was the unexpected end of all my grand hopes!

The Comtesse de Vercellis, whose service I then entered, was not only a woman of great talent, but possessed a strong and lofty soul. I was with her during her last illness. I saw her suffer and die without showing signs of weakness, even for a moment, without making the least effort to control herself, without doing anything unwomanly, without suspecting that her conduct was an example of philosophy, a word which was not as

yet fashionable, and with which she was not even acquainted in the sense which it bears today. She judged me less according to what I was than according to what she had made me; and, as she never saw anything in me but a lackey, she prevented me from appearing anything else.

I believe that from that time I suffered from the malicious sport of secret intrigue which has ever since thwarted me, and which has inspired me with a very natural aversion for the apparent order of things which produces it. The heir of Madame de Vercellis, who was childless, was her nephew, the Comte de la Roque, who assiduously paid court to her. Besides, her chief servants, who saw that her end was near, did not neglect their own interests; and there were so many devoted attendants round her, that it would have been difficult for her to give a thought to myself. At the head of the establishment was a certain M. Lorenzi, a clever man, whose still more clever wife had so insinuated herself into her mistress's good graces, that she stood rather on the footing of a friend than of a paid servant. She had bestowed the post of lady's-maid upon her own niece, Mademoiselle Pontal, a sly creature, who gave herself the airs of a maid of honour, and so successfully helped her aunt to get round her mistress, that she only saw through their eyes and only acted through their hands. I had not the good fortune to please these three persons; I obeyed them, but I did not serve them; I did not consider that, besides serving our common mistress, I was obliged to be a servant to her servants.

She left a year's wages to her underservants. I received nothing, not having been entered on the list of her establishment. However, the Comte de la Roque ordered thirty *livres* to be given me, and left me the new suit which I was wearing, and which M. Lorenzi wanted to take from me. He even promised to try and find a place for me, and gave me leave to go and see him. I went there two or three times without being able to speak to him. Being easily rebuffed, I did not go again. It will soon be seen that I was wrong.

It is almost unavoidable that the break up of an establishment should cause some confusion in the house, and that several things should get lost; however, the servants were so honest, and the Lorenzis so watchful, that nothing was missing when the inventory was taken. Only Mademoiselle Pontal had lost a piece of old red and silver-coloured ribbon. Many other things of greater value were at my disposal; this ribbon alone tempted me; I stole it, and, as I took no trouble to conceal it, it was soon found. They wanted to know how it had come into my possession. I became confused, stammered, blushed, and at last said that Marion had given it to me. Marion was a young girl from Maurienne, whom Madame de Vercellis had taken for her cook, when she left off giving dinners and discharged her own, as she had more need of good soup than of fine stews. Marion was not only pretty but had a fresh colour, only found on the mountains, and, above all, there was something about her so gentle and modest, that it was impossible for anyone to see her without loving her; in addition to that, she was a good and virtuous girl, and of unquestionable honesty. All were surprised when I mentioned her name. We were

both equally trusted and it was considered important to find out which of us two was really the thief. She was sent for; a number of people were assembled, amongst them the Comte de la Roque. When she came, the ribbon was shown to her. I boldly accused her; she was astounded, and unable to utter a word; looked at me in a manner that would have disarmed the Devil himself, but against which my barbarous heart was proof. At last, she denied the theft firmly, but without anger, addressed herself to me, exhorted me to reflect, and not to disgrace an innocent girl who had never done me any harm; but I, with infernal impudence, persisted in my story, and declared to her face that she had given me the ribbon. The poor girl began to cry, and only said to me: "Ah! Rousseau, I thought you were a good man. You make me very unhappy, but I should not like to be in your place." That was all. She proceeded to defend herself with equal simplicity and firmness, but without allowing herself to utter the slightest reproach against me. This moderation, contrasted with my decided tone, did her harm. It did not seem natural to suppose, on the one side, such devilish impudence, and, on the other, such angelic mildness. Although the matter did not appear to be absolutely settled, they were prepossessed in my favour. In the confusion which prevailed, they did not give themselves time to get to the bottom of the affair; and the Comte de la Roque, in dismissing us both, contented himself with saying that the conscience of the guilty one would amply avenge the innocent. His prediction has been fulfilled; it fulfils itself every day.

I do not know what became of the victim of my false accusation; but it is not likely that she afterwards found it easy to get a good situation.

This cruel remembrance at times so sorely troubles and upsets me, that in my sleepless hours I seem to see the poor girl coming to reproach me for my crime, as if it had been committed only yesterday. As long as I have lived quietly, it has tormented me less; but in the midst of a stormy life it robs me of the sweet consolation of persecuted innocence, it makes me feel what I think I have said in one of my books, that "Remorse goes to sleep when our fortunes are prosperous, and makes itself felt more keenly in adversity." However, I have never been able to bring myself to unburden my heart of this confession to a friend. The closest intimacy has never led me so far with anyone, not even with Madame de Warens. All that I have been able to do has been to confess that I had to reproach myself with an atrocious act, but I have never stated wherein it consisted. This burden has remained to this day upon my conscience without alleviation; and I can affirm that the desire of freeing myself from it in some degree has greatly contributed to the resolution I have taken of writing my Confessions.

BOOK THREE

HAVING LEFT Madame de Vercellis's house in almost the same state as I had entered it, I went back to my old landlady, with whom I remained for

five or six weeks, during which health, youth, and idleness again rendered my temperament troublesome. I was restless, absent-minded, a dreamer. I wept, I sighed, I longed for a happiness of which I had no idea, and of which I nevertheless felt the want. This state cannot be described; only few men can even imagine it, because most of them have anticipated this fulness of life, at once so tormenting and so delicious, which, in the intoxication of desire, gives a foretaste of enjoyment. My heated blood incessantly filled my brain with girls and women; but, ignorant of the relations of sex, I made use of them in my imagination in accordance with my distorted notions, without knowing what else to do with them; and these notions kept my feelings in a state of most uncomfortable activity, from which, fortunately, they did not teach me how to deliver myself.

My agitation became so strong that, being unable to satisfy my desires, I excited them by the most extravagant behaviour. I haunted dark alleys and hidden retreats, where I might be able to expose myself to women in the condition in which I should have liked to have been in their company.

One day, when I least expected it, I was sent for by the Comte de la Roque. The frequent visits I had made without being able to speak to him had tired me, and I gave up going to his house; I thought that he had forgotten me, or that he had retained a bad impression of me. I was mistaken. He had more than once witnessed the pleasure with which I fulfilled my duties to his aunt. He had even spoken of it to her, and spoke of it again to me, when I had forgotten it myself. He received me kindly, told me that, instead of putting me off with idle promises, he had tried to find a place for me; that he had been successful.

He took me to the Comte de Gouvon, chief equerry to the Queen, and head of the illustrious house of Solar. The dignified air of this venerable old man made the kindness of his reception more touching. He questioned me with interest, and I answered him with sincerity. He told the Comte de la Roque that I had pleasant features, which gave promise of intelligence; that it appeared to him that in fact I was not wanting in it, but that that was not everything, and that it was necessary to see what I was in other respects. Then, turning to me, he said: "My child, in almost everything the beginning is difficult; in your case, however, it will not be so to any great extent. Be prudent, and endeavour to please everyone here; for the present, that is all you have to do; for the rest, be of good courage; you will be taken care of." Immediately afterwards, he went over to the Marquise de Breil, his stepdaughter, to whom he presented me, and then to the Abbé de Gouvon, his son. This beginning seemed to promise well. I was already experienced enough to know that lackeys were not received with so much ceremony. In fact, I was not treated like one. I took my meals at the steward's table, and wore no livery; and when the Comte de Favria, an empty-headed young fool, wanted me to get up behind his carriage, his grandfather forbade my riding behind anyone's carriage, or attending upon anyone outside the house. However, I waited at table, and, in the house, performed almost the duties of a lackey; but I per-

formed them to a certain extent voluntarily, without being especially attached to anyone. With the exception of writing a few letters from dictation, and carving a few figures for the Comte de Favria, I was master of my time for almost the whole of the day. This test, which I did not perceive, was in truth very dangerous; it was not even very kind; for this long idleness might have led me to vices which I should not otherwise have contracted.

This was the period of my life when, without romantic projects, I might most reasonably have hoped for success. The Abbé, who was well satisfied with me, told everybody; and his father had conceived so special a regard for me that the Comte de Favria told me that he had spoken of me to the King.

Everything was going on admirably. I had gained, almost taken by storm, the respect of all; the time of probation was over, and in the house I was looked upon generally as a young man of great promise who was not in his proper place, but whom everyone expected to see promoted to it. But my place was not that which was generally assigned to me, and I was destined to reach it by a very different road. I now come to one of those characteristic traits which are peculiar to me, and which I need only put before the reader without further discussion.

Although there were several new converts like myself at Turin, I was not fond of them and had never wished to see any of them. But I had made the acquaintance of some Genevese who did not belong to them, amongst others, a M. Mussard, surnamed *Tordgueule*, a miniature painter and a sort of connection of mine. He found out that I was staying with the Comte de Gouvon and came to see me with another Genevese, named Bâcle, whose companion I had been during my apprenticeship. This Bâcle was a very amusing fellow, very lively, and full of witty sallies which his age rendered agreeable. Behold me, then, suddenly infatuated with M. Bâcle to such a degree that I was unable to leave him! He intended soon to set out on his return to Geneva. What a loss for me! I realised its full extent. In order, at least, to make the best use of the time that remained to me, I never left his side, or rather, he never left me, for I did not at first lose my head so entirely as to go out without permission and spend the day with him; but soon, seeing that he occupied my time entirely, they forbade him the house, and I became so enraged that, forgetting everything except my friend Bâcle, I never went near the Abbé or the Count, and was never seen in the house. I paid no heed to reprimands. I was threatened with dismissal, and this proved my ruin; it showed me that it was possible not to let Bâcle go unaccompanied. From this moment I saw no other pleasure, no other destiny, no other happiness, than that of making a similar journey, and I saw nothing but the unspeakable bliss of the journey, at the end of which, as a further happiness, I perceived Madame de Warens, but in the remote distance; for I never had the least idea of returning to Geneva.

Full of this wise idea, I behaved in such a manner that I succeeded in getting myself dismissed.

To form an idea of the lengths to which my madness carried me at this moment, one ought to know to what a degree my heart is liable to become heated about the smallest trifles, and how violently it plunges into the idea of the object which attracts it, however idle and worthless this object may be. The oddest, the most childish, the most foolish plans flatter and support my favourite idea, in order to convince me of the reasonableness of devoting myself to it. Would it be believed that anyone, almost nineteen years of age, could place his hopes of support for the rest of his life on an empty bottle? Then listen.

The Abbé de Gouvon, some weeks before, had made me a present of a pretty little heron fountain, with which I was delighted. As we were constantly playing with this artificial fountain, while talking about our journey, the wise Bâcle and myself thought that the one might prove very servicable in lengthening the other. What could there be more curious in the world than a heron fountain? This axiom was the foundation upon which we built the edifice of our future fortune. We need only assemble the peasants of each village round our fountain, and food and all kinds of good cheer would be showered upon us in so much greater abundance, as we were both convinced that provisions cost nothing to those who procure them, and that, if they do not stuff passers-by with them, it is pure ill will on their part. Everywhere we expected weddings and festivities, reckoning that, without further expenditure than the breath of our lungs and the water of our fountain, it would pay our way through Piedmont, Savoy, France—in fact, all over the world. We made endless plans for our journey, and first took our way northwards, more for the pleasure of crossing the Alps than with the idea that we should be obliged to stop anywhere at last.

Such was the plan with which I set out, abandoning without regret my protector, my tutor, my studies, my hopes and the expectation of a fortune almost assured, to begin the life of a regular vagabond. I said good-bye to the capital, to the court, to ambition, vanity, love, pretty women, and all the exciting adventures, the hope of which had brought me there the year before. I set out with my fountain and my friend Bâcle, with a light purse but a heart filled with joy, thinking of nothing but the enjoyment of this roving happiness to which I had suddenly limited my brilliant projects.

I made this extravagant journey quite as agreeably as I had expected, but not exactly in the same way; for, although our fountain amused the landladies and their servants for a few moments at the inns, we had to pay just the same when we went out. But this troubled us little, and we only thought of seriously utilising this resource when our money failed us. An accident spared us the trouble; the fountain broke when we were near Bramant; and, indeed, it was time, for we felt, without venturing to admit it, that we were beginning to get tired of it. This misfortune made us more cheerful than before, and we laughed greatly at our folly in forgetting that our clothes and boots would wear out, and in believing that we

should be able to get new ones by making our fountain play. We continued our journey as cheerfully as we had commenced it, but making our way a little more directly towards the goal which the gradual exhaustion of our resources made it necessary for us to reach.

At Chambéry I became thoughtful, not on account of the folly which I had just committed—no man ever knew how to console himself so rapidly or so completely in regard to the past—but in regard to the reception which awaited me from Madame de Warens; for I looked upon her house quite as my own home. I had written to inform her of my entry into the Comte de Gouvion's house; she knew on what footing I stood there, and, while congratulating me, she had given me some excellent advice as to the manner in which I ought to requite the kindness shown to me. She looked upon my fortune as assured, unless I destroyed it by my own fault. What would she say when she saw me arrive?

How my heart beat as I drew near to her house! My legs trembled beneath me; my eyes seemed covered with a veil; I saw nothing, I heard nothing, I should not have recognised anybody; I was obliged to stop several times to recover my breath and compose myself.

No sooner had I shown myself to Madame de Warens, than her manner reassured me. I trembled at the first sound of her voice. I threw myself at her feet, and, in transports of liveliest joy, I fastened my lips upon her hand. I do not know whether she had heard any news of me, but her face showed little surprise and no displeasure. "Poor little one," she said in a caressing voice, "here you are again then? I knew you were too young for the journey. I am glad, at any rate, that it has not turned out so badly as I had feared." Then she made me tell my story, which was not a long one, and which I faithfully related, suppressing a few details, but otherwise neither sparing nor excusing myself.

Thus I was at last settled in her house. From the first day, the most complete intimacy was established between us, which has continued during the rest of her life. "Little one" was my name; "Mamma" was hers; and we always remained "Little one" and "Mamma," even when advancing years had almost obliterated the difference between us. I find that these two names give a wonderfully good idea of the tone of our intercourse, of the simplicity of our manners, and, above all, of the mutual relation of our hearts. For me she was the tenderest of mothers, who never sought her own pleasure, but always what was best for me; and if sensuality entered at all into her attachment for me, it did not alter its character, but only rendered it more enchanting, and intoxicated me with the delight of having a young and pretty mamma whom it was delightful to me to caress—I say caress in the strictest sense of the word, for it never occurred to her to be sparing of kisses and the tenderest caresses of a mother, and it certainly never entered my mind to abuse them. It will be objected that, in the end, we had relations of a different character; I admit it, but I must wait a little—I cannot say all at once.

Sometimes I talked with mamma about my reading, sometimes I read

to her, which afforded me great pleasure. I tried to read well, and this, also, was useful to me. I have mentioned that she had a cultivated mind, and just at that time it was in its prime.

Although she had only a passing acquaintance with the Court, she had cast a rapid glance at it, which had been sufficient to give her a knowledge of it. She always retained her friends there, and, in spite of secret jealousies, in spite of the disapproval excited by her conduct and her debts, she never lost her pension. She possessed knowledge of the world and that capacity of reflection which makes this knowledge useful. Worldly matters formed the chief topic of her conversations, and, considering my romantic ideas, this was exactly the kind of instruction of which I stood most in need. One of her relations, a M. d'Aubonne, came to pay her a visit. I was enchanted with him. The result of his observations was that, in spite of my attractive appearance and animated features, I was, if not quite silly, a lad of little intelligence, without any ideas, almost without knowledge—in a word, of very limited capacities in every respect; and that the highest position to which I had any right to aspire was that of some day becoming a village *curé*. Such was the account of me which he gave to Madame de Warens. This was the second or the third time that I was thus judged; it was not the last.

The extent of my capacities having thus been settled, and the position for which I was adapted marked out for the second time, the only question remaining was how to fit me for fulfilling my vocation. The difficulty was that I had not studied sufficiently, and did not even know enough Latin to be a priest. Madame de Warens thought of having me taught for some time at the seminary. She spoke of it to the Superior, a Lazarist, named M. Gros, a good little man, lean and grey-haired, who had almost lost the sight of one eye, and who was the most intelligent and the least pedantic Lazarist that I have ever known—although, to tell the truth, that is not saying much.

M. Gros entered heartily into mamma's plan. He was satisfied with a very modest fee for my board, and undertook to teach me.

What a change! I was obliged to submit. I went to the seminary as I should have gone to execution. A seminary is a melancholy abode, especially for one who has just left the house of an amiable woman. I took with me only a single book, which I had begged mamma to lend me, and which was a great consolation to me. No one would guess what kind of book it was; it was a book of music. Amongst the accomplishments which she had cultivated, music had not been forgotten. She had a good voice, sang fairly well, and played the piano a little; she had been good enough to give me some lessons in singing.

At the seminary there was a confounded Lazarist, who took charge of me, and disgusted me with the Latin which he wanted to teach me. He had sleek, greasy, black hair, a gingerbread face, a voice like a buffalo, the look of a night owl and a beard like boar's bristles; his smile was sardonic, his limbs moved like those of a jointed doll. I have forgotten his hateful name, but his frightful and mawkish face has remained in my

memory, and I can scarcely think of it without a shudder. I fancy I still meet him in the corridors, politely holding out his dirty square cap, as an invitation to enter his room, which was more dreadful to me than a prison cell. Imagine the impression such a teacher produced by contrast upon the pupil of a court Abbé.

I was destined to be the rejected of all professions. Although M. Gâtier [another of the instructors in the seminary] had given the least unfavourable account of my progress that he possibly could, it was easily seen that it was out of proportion to my efforts, and that was no encouragement to make me study further. Accordingly, the bishop and the Superior refused to have any more to do with me, and gave me back to Madame de Warens as a person not even good enough for a priest; in other respects, a good enough lad, they said, and free from vice: which was the reason why, in spite of so many discouraging prejudices against me, she did not desert me.

I brought back to her in triumph her volume of music, of which I had made such good use. My air of *Alpheus and Arethusa* was nearly all that I had learnt at the seminary. My marked taste for this art gave her the idea of making me a musician; the opportunity was favourable; she had music at her house at least once a week, and the choir-master of the cathedral, who directed these little concerts, was a frequent visitor. He was a Parisian, named Le Maître, a good composer, very lively, very gay, still young, tolerably good-looking, not very intelligent, but, on the whole, a good fellow. Mamma introduced me to him. I took a fancy to him, and he was not displeased with me; the fee was discussed and settled. In short, I went to his house, where I passed the winter the more agreeably, as it was only twenty yards distant from mamma's; we were with her in a moment, and very often supped there together.

I lived at Annecy for nearly a year without the least reproach; everybody was satisfied with me. Since my departure from Turin I had committed no follies, nor was I guilty of any as long as I was under mamma's eyes.

One evening during the month of February, in very cold weather, while we were all seated round the fire, we heard a knock at the street door. Perrine [a friend of M. le Maître] took her lantern, went down and opened it; and returned with a young man, who came upstairs, introduced himself with an easy air, paid M. le Maître a short and well-turned compliment, and told us that he was a French musician, obliged by the low state of his finances to offer his services to churches, in order to pay his way. When he heard the words "French musician," Le Maître's good heart leaped for joy; he was passionately fond of his country and his profession. He received the young wayfarer, offered him a night's lodging, of which he seemed sorely in want, and which he accepted without much ceremony. He told us that his name was Venture de Villeneuve, that he came from Paris, that he had lost his way, and, forgetting for the moment his role of musician, he added that he was going to Grenoble to see one of his relations who was a member of the parliament.

During supper the conversation turned upon music, and he spoke well upon the subject. He was acquainted with all the great virtuosi, all the famous works, all the actors and actresses, pretty women, and great noblemen.

The reader will assuredly agree with me that, after having become infatuated with Bâcle, who, when all is said and done, was nothing but a boor, it was only to be expected that I should be enchanted by Venture, a man of education, talent, intelligence, and worldly experience, who might be called an agreeable rake. This was just what happened to me.

My liking for M. Venture, more reasonable in its cause, was also less extravagant in its effects than my friendship for M. Bâcle, although it was warmer and more lasting. I loved to see him, to listen to him; everything he did appeared to me charming, everything he said was an oracle to me; but my infatuation did not go so far that I could not have endured separation from him.

I spoke of him to mamma with transport; Le Maître spoke of him to her in terms of the highest praise. She consented that he should be introduced to her; but the meeting was altogether unsuccessful. He found her affected; she found him dissolute, and, being alarmed to think that I had formed so undesirable an acquaintance, she not only forbade me to bring him again, but painted in such lively colours the risks I ran with this young man, that I became a little more reserved in my intercourse with him, and, luckily for my morals and my understanding, we were soon separated.

The ancient Chapter of Geneva, into which formerly so many princes and bishops esteemed it an honour to be admitted, has lost in exile some of its ancient splendour, but has retained its pride. In order to be admitted, it is still necessary to be a gentleman or doctor of Sorbonne; and if there is an excusable pride, next after that which is derived from personal merit, it is that which is derived from birth. Besides, all the priests, who have laymen in their service, as a rule treat them with considerable arrogance. It was thus that the canons often treated Le Maître. Le Maître could not endure this disdain. He immediately took a resolution of leaving them, and nothing could dissuade him from this; although Madame de Warens, to whom he went to say good-bye, did her utmost to appease him. He could not forego the pleasure of avenging himself upon his tyrants, by leaving them in the lurch during the Easter festival, which was just the time when his services were most needed. But what troubled him most was his music, which he wanted to take with him—no easy task, for it filled a tolerably heavy box which could not be carried under the arm.

Mamma did what I should have done in her place, and should do again. After many fruitless attempts to keep him back, seeing that he had made up his mind to depart, whatever happened, she devoted herself to assisting him as far as she possibly could. She sent for me and ordered me to follow Le Maître at least as far as Lyons, and not to leave him as long as he needed my assistance. She has since confessed to me that the desire of separating me from Venture had been one of her chief considera-

tions in this arrangement. She consulted Claude Anet, her faithful servant, about the removal of the box. He was of opinion that it would infallibly lead to discovery if we hired a beast of burden in Annecy; that, as soon as it was dark, we ought to carry the box ourselves a certain distance, and then hire an ass in some village to convey it as far as Seyssel, where, being on French territory, we should no longer run any risk. We followed his advice; we set out the same night at seven o'clock, and mamma, on pretence of paying my expenses, reinforced the lightly filled purse of the poor "Kitten" [Le Maître] by a sum of money which was very useful to him. Claude Anet, the gardener, and myself carried the box as best we could as far as the first village, where an ass relieved us; and the same night we reached Seyssel.

M. Reydelet, *curé* of Seyssel, was canon of St. Peter's, consequently acquainted with Le Maître, and one of the persons from whom it was most important that he should conceal himself. My advice, on the contrary, was that we should present ourselves to him, and, on some pretext or other, ask him for a night's lodging as if we were at Seyssel with the sanction of the Chapter. Le Maître liked the idea, which made his revenge ironical and amusing. We accordingly proceeded boldly to M. Reydelet's house, and were kindly received.

Two days after our arrival at Lyons, as we were going through a little street not far from our inn, Le Maître was overtaken by one of his attacks, which was so violent that I was seized with affright. I cried out and shouted for help, gave the name of his inn, and begged someone to take him there; then while the crowd gathered round, eager to assist a man who had fallen senseless and foaming at the mouth in the middle of the street, he was abandoned by the only friend on whom he had a right to depend. I seized the moment when nobody was thinking of me; I turned the corner of the street and disappeared. Thank Heaven, I have finished this painful confession! If I had many more of a similar kind to make, I should abandon the task I have commenced.

As soon as I had left Le Maître, I made up my mind, and set out again for Annecy. The reason and secrecy of our departure had greatly interested me in the safety of our retreat; and this interest, which entirely absorbed my attention, had for some days diverted me from the thought of return; but as soon as a feeling of security left me free from anxiety, the ruling passion recovered its ascendancy. Nothing flattered or tempted me; my only desire was to return to mamma. My return was so speedy, and my mind so distracted, that, although I recall to mind all my other journeys with the liveliest pleasure, I have not the slightest recollection of this; I remember nothing about it, except my departure from Lyons and my arrival at Annecy. I leave it to the reader to imagine whether this latter period is ever likely to fade from my memory. On my arrival, I no longer found Madame de Warens; she had set out for Paris.

BOOK FOUR

IN ORDER to get news of mamma, the only thing I could do was to wait; for where could I look for her in Paris, and what means had I to make the journey? Annecy was the safest place to gain tidings of her whereabouts, sooner or later. I therefore remained where I was, but behaved very badly. I never called on the bishop, who had already assisted me, and might have assisted me further; my patroness was no longer near me, and I was afraid of being reprimanded by him for running away. Still less did I go to the seminary; M. Gros was no longer there. I visited none of my acquaintances; however, I should have liked to go and see the Intendant's wife, but was afraid to do so. I did worse than this; I found M. Venture again, of whom, in spite of my enthusiasm for him, I had not even thought since my departure. I found him resplendent, feted throughout Annecy; the ladies fought for him. This success completely turned my head. I saw no one but Venture, who almost made me forget Madame de Warens. Sempstresses, chambermaids, and shop girls had not much temptation for me; I wanted young ladies.

One morning, the dawn appeared so beautiful that I threw on my clothes and hurried out into the country to see the sun rise.

Without perceiving it, I had wandered some distance from the town; the heat increased, and I walked along under the shady trees of a little valley by the side of a brook. I heard behind me the sound of horses' hoofs and the voices of girls, who seemed in a difficulty, but, nevertheless, were laughing heartily at it. I turned round, and heard myself called by name; when I drew near, I found two young ladies of my acquaintance, Mademoiselle de Graffenried and Mademoiselle Galley, who, being poor horsewomen, did not know how to make their horses cross the brook. They told me that they were on their way to Toune, an old château belonging to Madame Galley; they begged me to assist them to get their horses across, which they could not manage by themselves. I wanted to whip the horses, but they were afraid that I might be kicked and they themselves thrown off. I accordingly had recourse to another expedient. I took Mademoiselle Galley's horse by the bridle, and then, pulling it after me, crossed the brook with the water up to my knees; the other horse followed without any hesitation. After this, I wanted to take leave of the young ladies and go my way like a fool. They whispered a few words to each other, and Mademoiselle de Graffenried, turning to me, said, "No, no; you shan't escape us like that. You have got wet in serving us, and we owe it as a duty to our conscience to see that you get dry. You must come with us, if you please; we make you our prisoner." My heart beat; I looked at Mademoiselle Galley. "Yes, yes," added she, laughing at my look of affright; "prisoner of war. Get up behind her; we will give a good account of you." "But, mademoiselle," I objected, "I have not the honour of your mother's acquaintance; what will she say when she sees me?" "Her mother

is not at Touné," replied Mademoiselle de Graffenried; "we are alone; we return this evening, and you can return with us."

The pleasant excursion and the chatter of the young ladies made me so talkative that we were never silent for a moment until evening—in fact, as long as we were together.

The day passed in the most unrestrained enjoyment, which, however, never overstepped the limits of the strictest decency. No *double-entendre*, no risky jest was uttered; and this decency was by no means forced, it was perfectly natural, and we acted and spoke as our hearts prompted. In short, my modesty—others will call it stupidity—was so great, that the greatest liberty of which I was guilty was once to kiss Mademoiselle Galley's hand. It is true that the circumstances gave special value to this favour. We were alone, I was breathing with difficulty, her eyes were cast down; my mouth, instead of giving utterance to words, fastened upon her hand, which she gently withdrew after I had kissed it, looking at me in a manner that showed no irritation. I do not know what I might have said to her; her friend came into the room, and appeared to me distinctly ugly at that moment.

At last, they remembered that they ought not to wait till night before returning to the town. We only just had time to get back while it was daylight.

I left them almost at the spot where they had found me. With what regret we separated! With what delight we planned to meet again! Twelve hours spent together were for us as good as centuries of intimacy.

My readers will not fail to laugh at my love adventures, and to remark that, after lengthy preliminaries, even those which made greatest progress end in a kiss of the hand. Oh, my readers, do not be mistaken! I have, perhaps, had greater enjoyment in my amours which have ended in a simple kiss of the hand than you will ever have in yours, which, at least, have begun with that!

I returned to Lausanne.

I took it into my head to give lessons in music, which I did not understand, and to say that I came from Paris, where I had never been. As there was no choir school, in which I could have offered to assist, and as, besides, I was not such a fool as to venture amongst those who were acquainted with the art, I commenced to carry out my fine project by making inquiries for a small inn where I could live well and cheaply. I was recommended to a certain M. Perrotet, who took boarders. This Perrotet proved to be the best fellow in the world, and gave me a most hearty reception. I told him my petty lies, as I had prepared them. He promised to speak about me, and to try to get me some pupils, and said that he would not ask me for any money until I had earned some. Pupils did not come in crowds; I did not even get a single girl to teach, and no one belonging to the town. I had in all two or three fat "Deutschers," whose stupidity was only equalled by my ignorance, who wearied me to death, and, in my hands, did not turn out very accomplished strummers. I was sent for to one house only, where a little serpent of a girl amused herself

with showing me a quantity of music of which I could not read a note, and which she was spiteful enough afterwards to sing in the music master's face, to show him how it ought to be executed.

I cannot say exactly how long I remained at Lausanne.

I insensibly learned music by teaching it. My life was tolerably pleasant; a sensible man would have been content with it, but my restless heart wanted something more.

One day, being at Boudry, I went into an inn to dine; I saw there a man with a long beard, a violet-coloured coat after the Greek style, a fur cap, of somewhat noble appearance and presence, who often had great difficulty in making himself understood, since he spoke an almost unintelligible jargon, which resembled Italian more than any other language I understood nearly everything he said, and I was the only person who did. He could only express his meaning by making signs to the landlord and the country people. I said a few words to him in Italian, which he understood perfectly; he got up and embraced me with delight. The acquaintance was soon made, and from that moment I acted as his interpreter. His dinner was a good one, mine was barely tolerable; he invited me to share his, and I accepted without ceremony. Drinking and chattering, we became quite intimate, and at the end of the meal we were inseparable. He told me that he was a Greek prelate and Archimandrite of Jerusalem, and that he had been commissioned to make a collection in Europe for the restoration of the Holy Sepulchre. He showed me beautiful patents from the Czarina and the Emperor; he had several more from other sovereigns. He proposed that I should accompany him as secretary and interpreter. Although I had just bought a new violet coat, which was not ill suited to my new employment, I looked anything but smart, so that he thought it would be an easy matter to secure my services, and in this he was not mistaken. Our agreement was soon made; I asked nothing, and he promised much. Without security, without bond, without knowing anything about him, I submitted myself to his guidance, and the next morning behold me on my way to Jerusalem!

At Berne my services were of some use to him, and I did not come off as badly as I had expected. I was more courageous and eloquent than I should have been on behalf of myself. But it was not so simple a matter as at Fribourg; lengthy and frequent conferences with the chief men of the State were necessary, and the examination of his papers was not the work of a day. At length, when everything was in order, he was admitted to an audience by the Senate. I went with him as his interpreter, and was ordered to speak. This was the last thing I had expected; it had never entered my head that, after long conferences with the individual members, it would be necessary to address the assembly in a body as if nothing had been said. Judge of my embarrassment! For a man as bashful as myself, to speak, not only in public but before the Senate of Berne, and to speak extempore, without having a single minute for preparation, was enough to annihilate me. And yet I did not even feel nervous. Briefly and clearly I explained the Archimandrite's commission. I praised the piety of those

princes who had contributed to the collection he had come to make. In order to stir their excellencies to emulation, I said that no less was to be expected from their accustomed munificence; and then, having tried to prove that this good work was equally meritorious for all Christians without distinction of sect or creed, I ended by promising the blessings of Heaven to all those who should take part in it. I will not say that my speech made a great impression, but it was certainly to the taste of the audience, and, on leaving, the Archimandrite received a considerable donation, and, in addition, compliments upon the intelligence of his secretary, which I had the pleasing task of interpreting, although I did not venture to render them word for word.

The first thing we did on our arrival at Soleure was to go and pay our respects to the French ambassador. Unfortunately for my Bishop, this ambassador was the Marquis de Bonac, who had been ambassador at the Sublime Porte, and was bound to be well acquainted with everything concerning the Holy Sepulchre. The Archimandrite had a quarter of an hour's audience, to which I was not admitted, as the ambassador was acquainted with the *lingua franca* and spoke Italian at least as well as myself. When my Greek went out, I was going to follow him, but was detained; it was my turn next. Having given myself out as a Parisian, I was, as such, under his Excellency's jurisdiction. He asked me who I was, and exhorted me to tell the truth. I promised to do so, and asked him for a private audience, which was granted. He took me to his study, and shut the door. I threw myself at his feet and kept my word.

When I was consulted as to what I should like to do, I showed a great desire to go to Paris. The ambassador liked the idea, which at least seemed likely to relieve him of me. M. de Merveilleux, secretary and interpreter to the embassy, said that his friend, M. Godard, a Swiss colonel in the service of France, was looking for a companion for his nephew, who was entering the service very early, and thought that I might suit him. With this idea, which was adopted without much consideration, my departure was settled; and I, who saw before me a journey, with Paris at the end of it, was highly delighted. They gave me some letters, a hundred francs for my travelling expenses, together with some very good advice, and I set out.

The journey took me a fortnight, which I may reckon amongst the happy days of my life. I was young, and in good health; I had sufficient money and abundant hopes; I travelled on foot and I travelled alone. That I should consider this an advantage would appear surprising, if the reader were not by this time familiar with my disposition. My pleasing chimeras kept me company, and never did my heated imagination give birth to any that were more magnificent. When anyone offered me an empty seat in a carriage, or accosted me on the road, I made a wry face when I saw that fortune overthrown, the edifice of which I reared during my walk. This time my ideas were warlike. I was going to be attached to a military man and to become a soldier myself; for it had been arranged that I should

begin by being a cadet. I already saw myself in an officer's uniform, with a beautiful white plume.

How greatly did the entrance into Paris belie the idea I had formed of it! The external decorations of Turin, the beauty of its streets, the symmetry and regularity of the houses, had made me look for something quite different in Paris. I had imagined to myself a city of most imposing aspect, as beautiful as it was large, where nothing was to be seen but splendid streets and palaces of gold and marble. Entering by the suburb of St. Marceau, I saw nothing but dirty and stinking little streets, ugly black houses, a general air of slovenliness and poverty, beggars, carters, menders of old clothes, criers of decoctions and old hats. All this, from the outset, struck me so forcibly, that all the real magnificence I have since seen in Paris has been unable to destroy this first impression, and I have always retained a secret dislike against residence in this capital. I may say that the whole time, during which I afterwards lived there, was employed solely in trying to find means to enable me to live away from it.

To judge from the manner in which I was received by all those to whom I had letters, I thought my fortune was made.

I was greatly flattered, but little benefited. In the meantime, I began to be pressed for money; a hundred francs, out of which I had paid the expenses of my journey, could not carry me very far. Fortunately, I received from the ambassador a small additional remittance which was very useful to me, and I think that he would not have abandoned me if I had had more patience; but I am unable to wait long for what I desire, or to solicit it. I lost heart, I appeared no more, and all was at an end. I had not forgotten my poor mamma; but how was I to find her? Where was I to look for her? Madame de Merveilleux, who was acquainted with my story, had assisted me in my inquiries for a long time without success. At last, she informed me that Madame de Warens had left Paris more than two months ago, but that no one knew whether she had gone to Savoy or Turin, and that some said she had returned to Switzerland. This was enough to decide me to follow her, as I was sure that, wherever she was, I should find her in the country more easily than I had been able to do in Paris.

I did not go to Lyons entirely without an object. As soon as I arrived, I went to the Chasottes to see Mademoiselle du Châtelet, a friend of Madame de Warens, to whom she had given me a letter when I went there with M. le Maître, so that it was an acquaintance already made. She informed me that her friend had, in fact, passed through Lyons, but that she did not know whether she had gone on as far as Piedmont; and that Madame de Warens herself, when she left, had been uncertain whether she would not have to stop in Savoy; that, if I desired, she would write for information, and that the best thing I could do would be to wait at Lyons till she had heard from her. I accepted her offer, but I did not venture to tell her that I was in a hurry for the answer, and that, as my small means were exhausted, I was not in a position to wait long for it. What restrained me was not any unfriendliness in her reception; on the

contrary, she had been very cordial to me, and had treated me on a footing of equality, which deprived me of the courage to disclose my circumstances to her, and to come down from the role of an agreeable companion to that of a miserable beggar.

One evening, I was sitting in Bellecour, after having partaken of a very light supper, musing how I should get out of my difficulties, when a man in a cap came and sat by my side. He looked like one of those silk-workers who, at Lyons, are called *taffetatiers*. He spoke to me; I answered him. After we had talked for about a quarter of an hour, with the same coolness and without any alteration in the tone of his voice, he proposed that we should amuse ourselves together. I waited for him to explain what amusement he meant, but, without another word, he made ready to give me a practical illustration. I was so terrified at this disgraceful proposal, that, without replying, I got up in a hurry, and ran away as fast as I could, fancying the wretch was at my heels. I was so confused that, instead of making for my lodging, I ran in the direction of the quay, and did not stop till I had crossed the wooden bridge, trembling as if I had just committed a crime.

During this journey I met with an adventure of an almost similar kind, but which exposed me to greater danger. One very hot evening I decided to pass the night in the public square. I had already settled myself upon a bench, when an Abbé, who was passing by, saw me lying down, came up to me, and asked me if I had anywhere to sleep. I confessed the state of my affairs, and he seemed touched. He sat down by my side and we conversed. He was an agreeable talker; all he said gave me the highest possible opinion of him. When he saw that I was favourably inclined, he told me that he had not very extensive quarters himself; that he had only one room, but that he certainly would not leave me to sleep in the square; that it was too late to find a lodging, and he offered me half his bed for the night. I accepted his offer, for I already had hopes of finding in him a friend who might be useful to me. We went. He struck a light. His room seemed neat and clean, and he did the honours with great politeness. He took some cherries steeped in brandy out of a glass jar; we each ate two, and went to bed.

Taught by my former experience, I soon understood what he wanted, and shuddered. Not knowing in what kind of house or in whose hands I was, I was afraid to make a noise for fear of being murdered. I pretended not to know what he wanted of me. No similar adventures have ever happened to me either in Paris or any other city. They have given me so disagreeable an impression of the people of Lyons that I have always looked upon this city as the most frightfully corrupt in all Europe.

A few days afterwards, I heard of Madame de Warens, who was at Chambéri, and sent me some money to rejoin her, which I was only too delighted to do. Since then my finances have often been very low, but never to such an extent that I have been obliged to fast. I note this period of my life with a heart sensible of the care of Providence; it was the last time in my life that I ever suffered hunger and wretchedness.

I remained a week or so longer at Lyons, while Mademoiselle du Châtelet executed some trifling commissions for mamma.

At the Chasottes I became acquainted with other boarders and their friends, amongst others Mademoiselle Serre, a young girl of fourteen, to whom I did not pay particular attention at the time, but with whom I fell violently in love eight or nine years later, and no wonder, for she was a charming girl.

Full of the expectation of soon seeing my good mamma again, I abandoned my dreams for a while, and the real happiness which awaited me relieved me of the trouble of seeking for it in what was merely visionary. I not only found her again, but also, near her and by her assistance, a pleasant situation; for she informed me that she had found an occupation for me which she hoped would suit me, and one which would not take me far away from her. I exhausted my conjectures in trying to guess what this occupation might be, but it would have needed the gift of prophecy to guess aright. I had enough money to make the journey comfortably. Mademoiselle du Châtelet wanted me to take a horse; to this I would not agree, and I was right; I should have lost the enjoyment of the last journey I ever made on foot; for the excursions which I frequently made in the neighbourhood of Motiers, while I lived there, do not deserve the name.

At length I arrived; I saw her again. She was not alone. The Intendant-General was with her when I entered. Without a word, she took me by the hand and introduced me to him with that graceful manner which gained her the affection of all, saying: "Here is the poor young man, sir; deign to protect him as long as he deserves it, and I shall feel no further anxiety about him for the rest of his life." Then she turned to me; "My child," she said, "you belong to the King; thank Monsieur l'Intendant, who offers you the means to live." I opened my eyes wide and said nothing, without knowing exactly what to think of it; my growing ambition nearly turned my head, and already I saw myself a young Intendant. My fortune certainly did not prove as brilliant as I had expected from such a start; but, for the moment, it was enough to keep me, and that, for me, was a good deal. The state of the case was as follows:

King Victor Amadeus, judging, from the issue of preceding wars and the state of his ancestral inheritance, that it would one day slip from his hands, did his utmost to exhaust it beforehand. A few years ago, having resolved to tax the Savoyard nobility, he had ordered a general land register of the country to be made, in order to impose taxation on landed property and distribute it more fairly. The work, commenced in the father's time, was completed by the son. Two or three hundred persons, land surveyors who were called geometricians, and writers who were called secretaries, were employed in the task, and mamma had secured me an appointment amongst the latter. The post, although not very lucrative, afforded me ample means to live upon in that country; the misfortune was, that the employment was only temporary, but it put me in a position to wait and look about me, and mamma had purposely en-

deavoured to secure for me the special protection of the Intendant, that I might be able to proceed to some more permanent employment, when my present work was finished.

I entered upon my duties a few days after my arrival. The work was not difficult and I soon became familiar with it. Thus it came to pass, that, after four or five years of vagabondage, of folly, and suffering, since I had left Geneva, I began for the first time to earn a respectable living

BOOK FIVE

I THINK it was in 1732 that, as I have just related, I arrived at Chambéri, and commenced land-surveying in the King's service. I was nearly twenty-one years of age.

I lived at home, that is to say, with mamma; but I never found my room at Annecy again. No garden, no brook, no landscape! The house which she occupied was dark and gloomy, and my room was the darkest and gloomiest in the house. A wall to look out upon, a blind alley instead of a street, very little air, light, or room; crickets, rats, rotten boards—all combined to make a by no means pleasant abode. But I was in her house, I was near her; always at my desk, or in her room, I did not notice the ugliness of my own; I had no time to think of it.

Here commences, from the time of my arrival at Chambéri to my departure from Paris in 1741, a period of eight or nine years, during which I shall have few events to relate, because my life was as simple as it was pleasant. This uniformity was exactly what I most wanted to complete the formation of my character, which continual troubles had prevented from becoming settled. During this precious interval, my miscellaneous and disconnected education acquired consistency, and made me what I have never ceased to be, amidst all the storms which awaited me. This development was imperceptible and slow, accompanied by few events worth recording.

I was, then, an ardent Frenchman, and this made me a newsmonger. I went with the crowd of gapers to the market place, to wait for the post; and, sillier than the ass in the fable, I was very anxious to know what master's saddle I should have the honour to carry; for at that time it was declared that we should belong to France, and that Savoy would be exchanged for the territory of Milan. However, it must be admitted that I had some reason for anxiety; for, if this war had turned out badly for the allies, mamma's pension would have been in danger.

While there was fighting in Italy, there was singing in France. Rameau's operas began to make a stir, and gave a lift to his theoretical works, which, by reason of their obscurity, were within the reach of only a few capacities. Having accidentally heard his *Treatise on Harmony* mentioned, I had no rest till I had procured the book.

I soon became entirely absorbed by music, and found it impossible to think of anything else. I never went to my desk willingly; the restraint

and constant hard work made it an unendurable torture, and at last I expressed a wish to throw up my employment, in order to devote myself entirely to music. It may be imagined that this folly on my part did not escape opposition. To leave a respectable situation and a certain salary in order to run after uncertain pupils, was too foolish a plan to meet with mamma's approval. At last, I extorted her consent more by dint of importunities and caresses than arguments which she considered satisfactory. I immediately ran to M. Coccelli, general manager of the Survey, to resign my appointment, as proudly as if I had performed a most heroic action; and I voluntarily resigned my situation, without cause, reason, or excuse, with as much and even greater joy than I had accepted it less than two years before.

This step, utterly foolish as it was, procured for me in the country a certain consideration which was useful to me. Some imagined that I possessed means which I did not possess; others, seeing me entirely devoted to music, estimated my talents by the sacrifice that I had made, and believed that, with so much passion for this art, I must really possess a superior knowledge of it. In the country of the blind the one-eyed are kings; I passed for a good master, since all the rest were bad.

I was suddenly launched into the fashionable world, admitted and sought after in the best houses, everywhere graciously received, caressed, and feted; amiable young ladies, gaily dressed, awaited my arrival, and received me with eagerness; I saw nothing but enchanting objects, I smelt nothing but the perfume of roses and orange flowers, found nothing but singing, gossip, laughter and amusement; I only left one house to find the same in another. In truth, I cannot think of my young pupils without pleasure. Why, when I mention here the most amiable of them, can I not reinstate them and myself in those happy times which we enjoyed, those sweet and innocent moments which we spent together? The first was Mademoiselle de Mellardède, a lively brunette, full of tender vivacity and grace, and free from thoughtlessness. Like most girls of her age, she was rather thin; but her bright eyes, her slender figure, and her attractive manner needed no fulness to add to her charm. I used to go to her in the morning, when she was generally in *deshabille*, without any headdress except her hair, carelessly pinned up and set off by a few flowers which she placed there on my arrival, and which were taken off when I left, for her hair to be dressed. I am more afraid of a pretty young woman in *deshabille* than of anything else in the world.

I also had some pupils among the middle classes, amongst others, one who was the indirect cause of a change in my relations, of which I have to speak, since I must tell everything. She was a grocer's daughter, named Mademoiselle Lard; a perfect model for a Greek statue, and whom I should quote as the most beautiful girl I have ever seen, if true beauty could exist without life and soul. Her indifference, coldness, and want of feeling were almost incredible. It was as impossible to please as it was to annoy her; and I am convinced that, if any man had made an attempt upon her virtue, she would have allowed him to succeed, not from incli-

nation, but from sheer stupidity. Her mother, who did not wish to run the risk, never left her for a moment. In having her taught singing, in providing her with a young master, she did all she could to rouse her, but without success. While the master tried to fascinate the daughter, the mother tried to fascinate the master, with equally bad success.

Madame Lard showed me too much attention for me to show none to her. These attentions touched me greatly. I spoke about them to mamma, as something which was no secret; and, even if there had been any mystery, I should have spoken to her all the same, for it would have been impossible for me to keep a secret of any kind from her; my heart was as open before her as in the sight of heaven. She did not consider the matter quite as harmless as I did.

The Comtesse de Menthon, the mother of one of my pupils, was a woman of great wit, and had the reputation of being equally malicious.

I was not calculated to attract Madame de Menthon, who only liked to see brilliant company around her; nevertheless, she paid me some attention, not on account of my personal appearance, about which she certainly did not trouble herself, but because of my supposed wit, which might have made me serviceable to her. She had a lively taste for satire, and was fond of composing songs and verses upon those who displeased her. If she had found me sufficiently gifted to assist her in composing her verses, and sufficiently obliging to write them, between us we should soon have turned Chambéry upside down. These lampoons would have been traced back to their source; Madame de Menthon would have got out of it by sacrificing me, and I should, perhaps, have been imprisoned for the rest of my life, as a reward for playing the Apollo of the ladies.

Happily, nothing of the kind happened. Madame de Menthon kept me to dinner two or three times, to make me talk, and found that I was only a fool. I was conscious of this myself, and sighed over it, envying the accomplishments of my friend Venture, whereas I ought to have been grateful to my stupidity for saving me from danger. I continued her daughter's singing master, and nothing more, but I lived peacefully, and was always welcome in Chambéry, which was far better than being considered a wit by her and a serpent by everybody else.

Be that as it may, mamma saw that, in order to rescue me from the perils of my youth, she must treat me as a man, which she immediately proceeded to do, but in the most singular manner that ever occurred to a woman in similar circumstances. I found her manner more serious, and her utterances more moral than usual. The playful gaiety, which was usually mingled with her advice, was all at once succeeded by a sustained gravity, neither familiar nor severe, which seemed to pave the way for an explanation. After having in vain asked myself the reason of this change, I asked her, which was just what she expected. She proposed a walk in the little garden on the following day; the next morning found us there. She had taken precautions that we should be left undisturbed all day, and employed the time in preparing me for the kindness which she wished to show me, not, as another woman would have done, by artifices

and coquetry, but by language full of feeling and good sense, better calculated to instruct than to seduce me, which appealed rather to my heart than my senses. But, however admirable and useful the words she addressed to me may have been, although they were anything but cold and mournful, I did not listen to them with all the attention they deserved, and did not impress them on my memory, as I should have done at any other time. The manner in which she began, the appearance of careful preparation had disquieted me; while she was speaking, I was dreamy and distracted, thinking less of what she was saying than of what she wanted; and, as soon as I understood, which was by no means easy, the novelty of the idea, which had never once entered my head all the time I had been living with her, it so completely took possession of me that I was no longer in a state to pay attention to what she said to me. I only thought of her, and did not listen to her.

With characteristic singularity, which accorded with her systematic mind, she took the superfluous precaution of attaching conditions; but, as soon as I saw their reward, I no longer listened to them, and hastened to agree to everything. I even doubt whether there is a man in the world sufficiently honest and courageous to make a bargain in a similar case, or a woman capable of pardoning him, if he ventured to do so. In consequence of the same singularity, she attached to the agreement the most solemn formalities, and gave me eight days to think over them, which, like a hypocrite, I assured her I did not require; for, to crown the singularity of the whole affair, I was really glad of the respite, so greatly had the novelty of these ideas struck me, and so disordered did I feel the state of my own to be, that I wanted time to set them in order.

It will be imagined that those eight days seemed eight centuries to me; on the contrary, I could have wished that they had really lasted as long. I do not know how to describe my condition; it was a kind of fright mingled with impatience, during which I was so afraid of what I longed for that I sometimes seriously endeavoured to think of some decent way of avoiding the promised happiness. Consider my ardent and lascivious temperament, my heated blood, my heart intoxicated with love, my vigorous health, my age. Remember that, in this condition, thirsting after women, I had never yet touched one; that imagination, need, vanity, and curiosity, all combined to devour me with the burning desire of being a man and showing myself one. Add to this, above all—for it must never be forgotten—that my tender and lively attachment to her, far from diminishing, had only become warmer every day, that I was never happy except with her; that I never left her except to think of her; that my heart was full, not only of her goodness and amiability, but of her sex, her form, her person; in a word, of her, under every aspect in which she could be dear to me. Do not imagine, that, because she was ten or twelve years older than myself, she had either grown old, or appeared so to me. During the five or six years since the first sight of her had so enchanted me, she had really altered very little, and, in my eyes, not at all. She had always appeared charming to me, and, at that time, everyone still considered her

so. Her figure alone had become a little stouter. In other respects, it was the same eye, the same complexion, the same bosom, the same features, the same beautiful fair hair, the same cheerfulness, even the voice was the same, the silvery voice of youth, which always made so deep an impression upon me that, even now, I cannot hear without emotion the tones of a pretty girlish voice.

The day, more dreaded than wished for, at length arrived. I promised everything, and kept my word. My heart scaled all my vows, without desiring their reward. However, I obtained it. For the first time I found myself in the arms of a woman, a woman whom I adored. Was I happy? No; I tasted pleasure. A certain unconquerable feeling of melancholy poisoned its charm; I felt as if I had been guilty of incest. Two or three times, while pressing her in ecstasy to my arms, I wetted her bosom with my tears. She, on the other hand, was neither sad nor excited; she was tender and calm. As she was by no means sensual and had not looked for enjoyment, she felt no gratification, and never experienced remorse.

I repeat it: all her faults were due to her errors, none to her passions. She was well born, her heart was pure, she loved propriety; her inclinations were upright and virtuous, her taste was refined; she was formed for an elegance of manners which she always loved but never followed, because, instead of listening to her heart, which always guided her aright, she listened to her reason, which guided her wrongly; for when the latter is led astray by false principles, these are always belied by its real feelings; but, unfortunately, she rather prided herself on her philosophy, and the morals which she drew from it corrupted those which her heart dictated.

I know beforehand that, when I ascribe to her a sensitive disposition and a cold temperament, I shall, as usual, be accused of contradiction, and with as much reason. It may be that Nature was wrong, and that this combination ought not to have existed; I only know that it did exist. All who have known Madame de Warens, many of whom are still alive, know well that this was the case. I will even venture to add, that she never knew but *one* real pleasure in life—to procure enjoyment for those whom she loved. Anyone is at liberty to judge of that as he pleases, and learnedly prove that it is not true. My duty is to state the truth, not to make people believe it.

The intimate terms on which I lived with her afforded her the opportunity of forming a more favourable estimate of me than before; she was of opinion that, in spite of my awkward manner, I was worth being trained for the world, and that, if I one day appeared on a certain footing, I should be in a position to make my way. With this idea, she devoted herself, not only to forming my judgment, but also my appearance and manners, in order to make me amiable as well as estimable.

Convinced that I should never succeed in saving much money, and that, after all, it would only be of very little use to her, I at last felt that there was nothing else to be done, in view of the disaster which I feared, except for me to secure a position, which would enable me to provide for her myself, as soon as she ceased to provide for me and found herself

reduced to want. Unfortunately, I built my plans upon my own inclinations, and foolishly persisted in looking for my fortune in music, feeling *moufs* and melodies rising in my head, I thought that, as soon as I should be in a position to make use of them, I should become a celebrated man, a modern Orpheus, whose notes could not fail to attract all the wealth of Peru. As I now began to read music fairly well, the question was, how I was to learn composition. The difficulty was to find anyone to teach me; for I did not expect to be able to teach myself with the assistance of my Rameau alone; and, since Le Maître's departure, there was no one in Savoy who knew anything about harmony.

Here will be seen another of those inconsistencies of which my life is full, and which have often led me directly away from the object I had in view, even when I thought that I was making straight for it. Venture had often spoken to me of the Abbé Blanchard, his composition master, a man of great merit and talents, who at the time was music master of Besançon Cathedral, and now occupies the same post in the Chapel of Versailles. I determined to go to Besançon and take lessons from the Abbé Blanchard; and this idea seemed to me so sensible that I succeeded in making mamma look upon it in the same light. She immediately set about getting ready my little outfit with the extravagance she displayed in everything. Thus, with the object of preventing her bankruptcy and repairing in the future the consequences of her extravagance, I began at the outset by putting her to an expenditure of eight hundred francs; I hastened her ruin, in order to put myself in a position to prevent it. Foolish as this conduct may have been, the illusion was complete on my part and even on hers. We were both of us convinced—I, that I was working for her benefit: she, that I was working for my own.

I had counted upon finding Venture still at Annecy, and intended to ask him for a letter of introduction to the Abbé Blanchard. He was no longer there. I could learn nothing more, and was obliged to content myself with a mass composed by himself, written in four parts, which he had left for me. With this recommendation, I set out for Besançon, by way of Geneva, where I paid a visit to my relations, and through Nyon, where I saw my father, who received me as usual and undertook to send on my trunk, which, as I was on horseback, arrived after myself. I reached Besançon. The Abbé received me kindly, promised to teach me, and offered to help me in any way he could. When we were ready to begin, I received a letter from my father, informing me that my trunk had been seized and confiscated at Rousses, a French custom house on the Swiss frontier. Alarmed at this news, I made use of the acquaintances whom I had made at Besançon, to find out the reason of this confiscation; for, being certain that I had nothing contraband, I could not imagine what excuse there was for it.

This loss made me return at once to Chambéry, without having learned anything with the Abbé Blanchard; and, after weighing everything carefully, and seeing that misfortune pursued me in all my undertakings, I resolved to attach myself entirely to mamma, to share her lot, and no

longer to trouble myself to no purpose about a future on which I had no influence. She received me as if I had brought back treasures, gradually supplied the loss of my wardrobe, and my misfortune, sufficiently great for us both, was forgotten almost as soon as it overtook us.

In this manner I passed two or three years, my attention divided between music, magisteries, schemes, and journeys; wandering incessantly from one thing to another; wanting to settle down to something, without knowing what, but gradually being drawn towards study, associating with men of letters, hearing literature discussed, even sometimes venturing to join in the discussion myself; rather adopting the terminology of books than understanding their contents. In my journeys to Geneva, I occasionally called upon my good old friend M. Simon, who encouraged my growing eagerness by entirely fresh news from the republic of letters, taken from Baillet or Colomés. At Chambéri I also frequently saw a Jacobin, a professor of physics, a good-natured friar, whose name I have forgotten, who often performed little experiments which amused me extremely. From his directions, and with the assistance of the *Mathematical Recreations* of Ozanam, I tried to make some sympathetic ink. With this object, having filled a bottle more than half full with quicklime, orpiment, and water, I corked it tightly. Almost immediately it began to effervesce violently. I ran to uncork the bottle, but was too late; it burst in my face like a bomb. I swallowed so much chalk and orpiment that it nearly killed me. I could not see for more than six weeks, and this taught me not to dabble again in experimental physics, without any knowledge of the elements of the science.

This event proved very detrimental to my health, which for some time had been sensibly deteriorating. I do not understand how it was that, although I had a good constitution, and did not indulge in any excesses, I visibly declined.

The decline in my health affected my temper and moderated the ardour of my imagination. Feeling myself weaker, I became quieter, and lost, in some degree, my mania for travelling. I remained more at home, and was attacked, not by ennui, but by melancholy; my passions were succeeded by hysteria; my languor changed to sadness; I wept and I sighed about nothing; I felt life slipping away from me before I had enjoyed it. I sighed over the state in which I was leaving my poor mamma; over the state into which I saw her ready to fall. I can assert that my only regret was at leaving her, and leaving her in so lamentable a condition. At length, I became really ill. She nursed me more tenderly than any mother ever nursed her child.

By her unremitting attention and watchfulness, and incredible exertions, she saved me; and it is certain that she alone could have done so. I have little faith in the medicine of physicians, but a great deal in that of true friends. I became entirely her work, entirely her child, more so than if she had been really my mother. We began, without thinking of it, to be inseparable, to share, as it were, our existence in common.

Although cured of my serious complaint, I had not recovered my

strength. My chest was still weak; some traces of fever remained, and made me languid. I desired nothing except to end my days near her who was so dear to me, to support her in her good resolutions, to make her feel what constituted the real charm of a happy life, to make her life such, as far as it depended on me. But I saw, I even felt, that the continual solitude of our intercourse in a dull and gloomy house would end in becoming equally dull and gloomy. The remedy presented itself as it were of its own accord. Mamma had prescribed milk for me, and wanted me to go into the country to take it. I consented, provided she went with me. That was enough to determine her; the only question to be decided was, where we should go.

Taking advantage of the dislike, which I discovered she felt towards the town, I proposed to her to leave it altogether, and to settle in pleasant solitude, in some little house, at a sufficient distance from the town to baffle troublesome visitors.

An unfortunate apprehension kept her back. She did not dare to leave her uncomfortable house, for fear of displeasing the landlord. "Your plan of retirement," she said, "is charming, and I like it very much; but in such retirement we should have to live. If I leave my prison, I run the risk of losing my bread; and, when this fails us in the woods, we shall be obliged to return again to town to look for it. To lessen the chance of being obliged to do so, do not let us leave the town altogether. Let us pay this trifling annuity to the Comte de St. Laurent, that he may leave me mine. Let us look for some retreat, far enough from the town to allow us to live in peace, and near enough for us to return to it whenever it is necessary." This was what we did. After looking about a little, we settled upon Les Charmettes, an estate belonging to M. de Conzié, close to Chambéry, but as retired and solitary as if it had been a hundred leagues away. As far as I can remember times and dates, we took possession of it towards the end of the summer of 1736. I was delighted the first night we slept there. "Oh, mamma," said I to my dear friend, while I embraced her with tears of tenderness and joy, "this is the abode of happiness and innocence. If we do not find both here, it will be useless to look for them anywhere else."

BOOK SIX

AT THIS PERIOD commences the brief happiness of my life; here approach the peaceful but rapid moments which have given me the right to say, *I have lived*. I got up at sunrise, and was happy; I walked, and was happy; I saw mamma, and was happy; I left her, and was happy; I roamed the forests and hills, I wandered in the valleys, I read, I did nothing, I worked in the garden, I picked the fruit, I helped in the work of the house, and happiness followed me everywhere—happiness, which could not be referred to any definite object, but dwelt entirely within myself, and which never left me for a single instant.

One morning, when I was no worse than usual, while lifting the top

of a little table upon its stand, I became conscious of a sudden and almost incomprehensible disturbance in my whole body. I cannot compare it better than with a kind of storm, which arose in my blood, and in a moment gained the mastery over all my limbs. My veins began to beat so violently that I not only felt, but even heard it, especially the beating of the carotid arteries. This was accompanied by a loud noise in my ears, of three, or rather, four kinds; a dull and heavy buzzing, a more distinct murmur like that of running water, a sharp whistling sound, and the beating which I have just described, the pulsations of which I could easily count, without feeling my pulse or touching my body with my hands. This internal noise was so loud that it deprived me of my hitherto keen faculties of hearing, and made me not altogether deaf, but hard of hearing, as I have continued to be from that day.

My surprise and affright may easily be imagined. I looked upon myself as dead; I took to my bed, and the physician was sent for; trembling with fear, I told him my case, which I considered hopeless. I believe he thought the same, but he acted as became his profession. He strung together a series of lengthy explanations of which I understood nothing; then, in consequence of his sublime theory, he commenced, *in anima vili*, the experimental cure which he was pleased to try. It was so painful, so disgusting, and produced so little effect, that I soon became tired of it; and, at the end of a few weeks, finding myself neither better nor worse, I left my bed and resumed my ordinary occupations, although the beating of my arteries and the buzzing in my ears still continued, and, in fact, have never left me for a moment from that day, that is to say, for thirty years.

Hitherto I had been a great sleeper. The total inability to sleep, by which all these symptoms have been accompanied, even to the present day, finally convinced me that I had not long to live.

On this occasion, mamma was far more useful to me than all the theologians in the world could have been.

As she always reduced everything to a system, she had not failed to treat religion in the same manner. Her system of religion was made up of ideas of the most different kinds, some very sensible, others very foolish, of feelings connected with her character, and of prejudices arising from her education. Even had no Christian morality existed, I believe she would have followed its principles, since they harmonised so completely with her character. She did all that was prescribed; but she would have done it just the same, even if it had not been prescribed.

As I found in her all the principles which I needed in order to fortify my soul against the terrors of death and its consequences, I drew upon this source of confidence with perfect security. I became more closely attached to her than I had ever been: I should have been willing to hand over to her entirely the life which I felt was ready to leave me.

Whether I lived or died, I had no time to lose. A man who, at the age of five-and-twenty, knows nothing and wishes to learn everything, is bound to make the best use of his time. Not knowing at what point

destiny or death might arrest my zeal, I desired, in any case, to get an idea of everything, in order to discover the special bent of my natural abilities, and also to judge for myself what was worthy of cultivation.

In the execution of this plan I found another advantage which had not occurred to me—that of economising my time. I certainly cannot have been born for study, for continuous application tires me to such an extent that I am utterly unable to devote more than half an hour together to the close study of the same subject, especially when following another's train of thought.

I began with some philosophical treatise, such as the *Logic* of Port-Royal, Locke's *Essay*, Malebranche, Leibnitz, Descartes, &c. I soon observed that all these authors nearly always contradicted each other, and I conceived the fanciful idea of reconciling them, which fatigued me greatly, and made me lose considerable time. I muddled my head without making any progress.

From these studies I proceeded to elementary geometry, beyond which I never advanced, although I persistently attempted, in some degree, to overcome my weakness of memory by dint of retracing my steps hundreds of times, and by incessantly going over the same ground. Next came algebra, in which I still took Father Lamy for my guide. When I was more advanced, I took Father Reynaud's *Science of Calculation*; then his *Analysis Demonstrated*, which I merely skimmed. I have never got so far as to understand properly the application of algebra to geometry.

After this came Latin. By dint of continual practice, I was able to read the Latin authors with tolerable ease, but I have never been able to speak or write in that language, which frequently caused me embarrassment, when I found myself, I know not how, enrolled a member of the society of men of letters.

My most regular occupations were history and geography; and, as these did not require any great effort of mind, I made as much progress as was possible, considering my weak memory. I tried to study Father Pétau, and plunged into the obscurities of chronology; but I was disgusted by the critical portion of it, which is most intricate, and by preference I took up the study of the exact measurement of time and the course of the heavenly bodies. I should also have become fond of astronomy, if I had had the necessary appliances; but I was obliged to content myself with a few elementary principles, learnt from books, and some crude observations which I made with a telescope, merely to learn the general idea of the situation of the heavenly bodies.

The following winter [our friend] Barillot returned from Italy. He brought me books; amongst others, the *Bontempi* and the *Cantella della Musica*, which gave me a taste for the history of music and the theoretical investigation of this beautiful art. Barillot remained some time; and, as I had attained my majority some months ago, it was agreed that, in the following spring, I should go to Geneva to claim my mother's fortune, or, at least, the share that came to me, until it should be discovered what had

become of my brother. This plan was carried out as had been arranged: I went to Geneva, where I was joined by my father.

I was afraid of difficulties being raised in consequence of my change of religion, but found none. The laws of Geneva are in this respect not so severe as those of Berne, where anyone who changes his religion loses, not only his status, but his property as well. My claims were not disputed, but the inheritance itself, for some reason or other which I do not know, was reduced to a very small sum.

Meanwhile, my health was not completely re-established; on the contrary, I was visibly wasting away. I was as pale as a corpse and thin as a skeleton.

By way of reducing myself completely, after having read a little philosophy, I began the study of anatomy, and took a survey of the number and working of the individual parts which composed my bodily machine. Twenty times a day I was prepared to feel the whole out of gear. Far from being astonished at finding myself in a dying condition, I only felt surprised that I was still able to live, and I believed that every complaint of which I read the description was my own. I am convinced that, if I had not been ill, this fatal study would have made me so. Finding in each complaint the symptoms of my own, I thought that I was suffering from all; and thereby contracted one, which was still more cruel than all the rest, and from which I thought I was free—an eager desire to be cured, which it is difficult for a man to escape, when once he begins to read medical books. By dint of research, reflection, and comparison, I came to the conclusion that the foundation of my malady was a polypus of the heart, and Salomon [our physician] seemed struck by this idea. I exerted all my mental powers to discover how polypus of the heart could be healed. Anet, during a journey which he made to Montpellier to visit the botanical gardens and the demonstrator M. Sauvages had been told that M. Fizes had cured such a polypus. Mamma remembered this, and mentioned it to me. This was enough to inspire me with a longing to go and consult M. Fizes. The hope of being cured restored my courage, and gave me strength to undertake the journey. The money which I had brought from Geneva furnished the means; and mamma, far from attempting to dissuade me, encouraged me to go. Behold me, then, on my way to Montpellier! I had no need to go so far to find the physician I required. As riding fatigued me too much, I took a carriage at Grenoble.

At Moirans five or six carriages arrived, one after the other, after my own. Most of these carriages formed part of the equipage of a newly wedded bride, whose name was Madame du Colombier. She was accompanied by another lady, Madame de Larnage, who was younger and not so good-looking, but equally amiable, who intended to proceed from Romans, where Madame du Colombier was stopping, to the town of St. Andiol, near the Pont-Saint-Esprit. Considering my well-known shyness, it will not be imagined that I readily made the acquaintance of these elegant ladies and their suite; but at last, as I travelled by the same route, stopped at the same inns, and, under penalty of being considered a regu-

lar boor, was obliged to appear at the same table, it became impossible for me to avoid making the acquaintance. I did so, and even sooner than I could have wished, for all this bustle was ill-suited to a sick man, especially one of my temperament. But curiosity makes these roguish creatures so insinuating that, in order to make a man's acquaintance, they begin by turning his head. This is what happened to me. Madame du Colombier was too closely surrounded by young dandies to have time to make advances to me, and besides, it was not worth while, since we were soon to separate; but Madame de Larnage, who was not so beset by admirers, had to make provision for her journey. It was Madame de Larnage who undertook my conquest; and, from that time, it was good-bye to poor Jean Jacques, or rather to my fever, hysteria, and polypus—good-bye to everything, when in her company, with the exception of certain palpitations of the heart, which remained, and of which she showed no inclination to cure me. The bad state of my health was our first subject of conversation.

As we became more intimate, I was obliged to speak about myself; to say who I was, and where I came from. This caused me some embarrassment, for I clearly saw that the word "convert" would ruin me in polite society and amongst ladies of fashion. I do not know what curious whim prompted me to pass myself off as an Englishman. I gave myself out as a Jacobite. I called myself Dudding, and they called me Mr. Dudding. A confounded Marquis de Torignan, who was with us, an invalid like myself, and old and ill-tempered into the bargain, took it into his head to enter into conversation with Mr. Dudding. He talked to me about King James, the Pretender, and the old Court of Saint-Germain. I was on thorns: I knew nothing about them, except the little I had read in Count Hamilton and the newspapers, but I made such good use of my scanty knowledge that I got out of it pretty well. Luckily, no one thought of asking me about the English language, of which I did not understand a single word.

We had left Madame du Colombier and her suite at Romans. We continued our journey, slowly and most agreeably.

We had reached Valence in time for dinner, and, according to our praiseworthy custom, remained there for the rest of the day. We put up outside the town, at Saint-Jacques. I shall never forget this inn or the room which Madame de Larnage occupied. After dinner she wanted to go for a walk. I was very ill at ease, and frequently on the point of taking liberties; but the fear of offending or displeasing her, and the still greater dread of being derided, laughed at, mocked, of providing an anecdote for the table, made me full of indignation against myself for my stupid bashfulness. Happily, Madame de Larnage was more humane. She abruptly interrupted the silence by putting her arm round my neck, while, at the same time, her mouth, pressed upon my own, spoke too clearly for me to have any further doubt. The crisis could not have occurred at a more happy moment. I became amiable. It was time. She had given me the confidence, the want of which has always prevented me from being

natural. For once I was myself. never have my eyes, my senses, my heart and my mouth spoken so well; never have I repaired my errors so completely; and if this little conquest had cost Madame de Larnage some trouble, I had reason to believe that she did not regret it.

This delightful life lasted four or five days, during which I was intoxicated with the sweetest pleasures. They were unadulterated and lively, without the least alloy of pain, the first and only pleasures of the kind that I have enjoyed; and I can only say that I owe it to Madame de Larnage that I shall not leave the world without having known the meaning of pleasure.

Travelling amours cannot last. We were obliged to separate, and I confess that it was time: not that I was surfeited, or anything like it; I became more attached to her every day; but, in spite of her discretion, I had little left except good will, and, before we separated, I wished to enjoy that little, which she submitted to, by way of precaution against the young ladies of Montpellier. We beguiled our regrets by forming plans to meet again. It was decided that I should continue the treatment, which did me considerable good, and spend the winter at Saint-Andiol under her superintendence. I was to stay only five or six weeks at Montpellier, to allow her time to arrange the necessary preliminaries, to prevent scandal. She gave me full instructions about what it was necessary for me to know, what I was to say, and the manner in which I was to behave. Meanwhile, we were to write to each other.

I finished my journey.

I had been told to go and see the Pont du Gard, and did not fail to do so. It was the first Roman work that I had seen. I expected to see a monument worthy of the hands which had erected it; for once, and for the only time in my life, the reality surpassed the expectation. Only the Romans could have produced such an effect.

At Nîmes I went to see the amphitheatre. It is a far more magnificent work than the Pont du Gard, but it made far less impression upon me.

During my journey I had quite forgotten that I was ill. I remembered it when I arrived at Montpellier. My attacks of hysteria were certainly cured, but all my other ailments remained; and, though familiarity made me less sensitive to them, they were enough to make anyone, who was suddenly attacked by them, fancy himself at death's door. In fact, they were more alarming than painful, and caused more suffering of the mind than of the body, the destruction of which they seemed to announce. Hence, while distracted by violent passions, I thought no more of the state of my health; but, as my complaints were not imaginary, I became aware of them again as soon as I recovered my coolness. I then began to think seriously of Madame de Larnage's advice, and the object of my journey. I consulted the most famous physicians, particularly M. Fizes, and, by way of excessive precaution, boarded with a doctor. He was an Irishman, named Fitzmorris, who took in a considerable number of medical students; and what made his house more comfortable for a resident patient was, that he was satisfied with a moderate fee for board, and

charged his boarders nothing for medical attendance. He undertook to carry out M. Fizes' regulations, and to look after my health.

Amongst the students were several Irish, from whom I tried to learn a few words of English, in anticipation of Saint-Andiol; for the time of my departure was close at hand. Madame de Larnage importuned me by every post, and I prepared to obey her. It was clear that my physicians, who did not understand my complaint at all, regarded it as existing only in my imagination, and, under those circumstances, treated me with their Chinaroot, their waters, and their whey.

I saw that they were only trying to humbug me and make me waste my money; and as I thought that their substitute at Saint-Andiol would do that just as well as they, but in a more agreeable manner, I resolved to give her the preference, and, with this wise resolution, I left Montpellier.

Feeling very ill at ease concerning the resolution that I had taken, I began to reflect upon it as I continued my journey towards the Pont-Saint-Esprit, which was the road to Chambéri as well as Saint-Andiol. The remembrance of mamma and her letters, although she did not write to me so often as Madame de Larnage, again aroused in my heart the remorse which I had stifled during the first part of my journey, and which, on my return, became so keen that, counterbalancing the love of pleasure, it put me in a condition to listen to reason alone.

With these thoughts were mingled reflections upon my situation and my duty, and thoughts of that good and generous mamma, whose debts, already heavy, were increased by my foolish expenditure, who drained her purse for my sake and whom I was so unworthily deceiving. This reproach became so lively that it finally turned the scale. When I had nearly reached the Pont-Saint-Esprit, I resolved to hasten past Saint-Andiol without stopping.

My impatience to reach home made me travel faster than I had intended. I had sent a letter to mamma from Valence, to inform her of the day and hour of my arrival. As I was half a day in advance, I spent that time at Chaparillan, in order to arrive exactly at the moment I had fixed. I wanted to enjoy to the full the pleasure of seeing her again. I preferred to put it off a little, in order to add to it the pleasure of being expected. This precaution had always proved successful: I had always found my arrival celebrated by a kind of little holiday; I expected as much on this occasion, and these attentions, which I felt so much, were worth the trouble of procuring.

I arrived, then, punctual to the moment. When I was still some distance off, I looked ahead in the hope of seeing her on the road; my heart beat more violently, the nearer I approached. I arrived out of breath, for I had left my carriage in town; I saw no one in the court, at the door, or at the window. I began to feel uneasy and afraid that some accident had happened. I entered: everything was quiet: some workmen were eating in the kitchen: there were no signs that I was expected. The maid appeared surprised to see me: she knew nothing about my coming. I went

upstairs; at last I saw her, my dear mamma, whom I loved so tenderly, so deeply and so purely; I ran up to her, and threw myself at her feet. "Ah!" said she, embracing me, "you are back again then, little one! Have you had a pleasant journey? How are you?" This reception somewhat surprised me. I asked her whether she had received my letter. She answered, "Yes." "I should not have thought so," I said, and the explanation ended there. A young man was with her. I remembered having seen him in the house before I left, but now he seemed established there, as in fact he was. In a word, I found my place filled.

This young man belonged to the Vaud country; his father, named Vintzenried, was keeper, or, as he called himself, Captain of the Castle of Chillon. The son was a journeyman wigmaker, and was travelling the country in pursuit of his calling, when he first presented himself to Madame de Warens, who received him kindly, as she received all travellers, especially those from her own country.

The newcomer had shown himself zealous, diligent and careful in carrying out her numerous little commissions, and had appointed himself foreman of her labourers. As noisy as I was quiet, he was seen and heard everywhere at once, at the plough, in the hayloft, in the woodhouse, in the stable, in the farmyard. Gardening was the only thing he neglected, because the work was too quiet, and afforded no opportunity for making a noise. His great delight was to load and drive a waggon, to saw or chop wood: he was always to be seen with an axe or pick in his hand, running, hustling, and shouting with all his might. I do not know how many men's work he did, but he made noise enough for ten or a dozen. All this noise and bustle imposed on my poor mamma: she thought that in this young man she had found a treasure to assist her in business matters. In order to attach him to her, she employed all the means she thought likely to produce this result—not forgetting that on which she placed most reliance.

In a word, this illustrious person soon became everything in the house, and I myself nothing.

Insensibly I felt myself isolated and alone in that house of which I had formerly been the soul, and in which I led, so to speak, a double life. I gradually accustomed myself to disregard all that took place in it, and even kept aloof from those who dwelt in it. In order to spare myself continual torment, I shut myself up with my books, or wept and sighed to my heart's content in the midst of the woods. This life soon became unendurable. I felt that the personal presence of a woman who was so dear to me, while I was estranged from her heart, only aggravated my sorrow, and that I should feel the separation from her less cruelly if I no longer saw her. I therefore resolved to leave the house. I told her so, and, far from offering any opposition, she approved of it. She had a friend at Grenoble, named Madame Deybens, whose husband was a friend of M. de Mably, the *Grand-Prévôt* of Lyons. M. Deybens suggested to me that I should undertake the education of M. de Mably's children. I accepted the post, and set out for Lyons, without causing, almost without

feeling, the slightest regret at a separation, the mere idea of which would formerly have caused us both the most deadly anguish.

I possessed almost sufficient knowledge for a tutor, and believed that I had the necessary qualifications. During the year which I spent at M. de Mably's, I had ample time to undeceive myself. My naturally gentle disposition would have made me well adapted for this profession had not a violent temper been mingled with it. As long as all went well, and I saw that my trouble and attention, of which I was not sparing, were successful, I was an angel; but, when things went wrong, I was a devil. When my pupils did not understand me, I raved like a madman; when they showed signs of insubordination, I could have killed them, which was not the way to make them either learned or well-behaved.

At length, disgusted with a profession for which I was ill-adapted, and with a very troublesome situation, which had nothing agreeable for me, after a year's trial, during which I had spared no pains, I resolved to leave my pupils, feeling convinced that I should never succeed in bringing them up properly. M. de Mably saw this as well as I did. However, I do not think that he would ever have taken upon himself to dismiss me, if I had not spared him the trouble, and such excessive condescension in such a case I cannot certainly approve of.

I left everything, I renounced everything, I set out, I flew, and, arriving in all the transports of my early youth, found myself again at her feet. Ah! I should have died for joy if I had found again in her reception, in her eyes, in her caresses, or, lastly, in her heart, one quarter of that which I had formerly found there, and which I myself still brought back to her.

Alas for the terrible illusions of human life! She received me with the same excellent heart, which could only die with her; but I sought in vain the past which was gone, never to return. I had scarcely remained with her half an hour, when I felt that my former happiness was gone forever. I found myself again in the same disconsolate situation from which I had been obliged to flee.

My dear little room was my only recreation. After a prolonged search for remedies against my mental anxiety, I bethought myself of looking about for a remedy against the troubles which I foresaw; and, returning to my old ideas, I suddenly began to build fresh castles in the air, in order to extricate my poor mamma from the cruel extremities into which I saw her on the point of falling. I did not feel myself sufficiently learned, and I did not believe that I was sufficiently talented, to shine in the republic of letters, or to make a fortune by that means. A new idea, which occurred to me, inspired me with the confidence which the mediocrity of my talents could not give me. I had not given up the study of music when I left off teaching it; on the contrary, I had studied the theory of it sufficiently to consider myself learned in this department of the art. Whilst reflecting upon the trouble I had found in learning to read the notes, and the great difficulty I still felt in singing at sight, I began to think that this difficulty might be due to the nature of the case as much as to my own incapacity, especially as I knew that no one finds it an easy task to learn music. On

examining the arrangement of the musical signs, I found them frequently very badly invented. I had long thought of denoting the scale by figures, to obviate the necessity of always drawing the lines and staves when the most trifling air had to be written. I had been hindered by the difficulties of the octaves, the time, and the values of the notes. This idea again occurred to me, and, on reconsidering it, I saw that these difficulties were not insurmountable. I carried it out successfully, and was at length able to note any music whatever by my figures with the greatest exactness, and also, I may say, with the greatest simplicity. From that moment, I considered my fortune made; and, in my eagerness to share it with her to whom I owed everything, I thought of nothing but setting out for Paris, feeling no doubt that, when I laid my scheme before the Academy, I should cause a revolution. I had brought a little money back from Lyons; I sold my books. In a fortnight my resolution was taken and carried out.

At last, full of the magnificent hopes which had inspired me, being ever and at all times the same, I started from Savoy with my system of music, as I had formerly started from Turin with my heron-fountain.

Such have been the errors and faults of my youth. I have related the history of them with a fidelity of which my heart approves. If, later, I have honoured my riper years with any virtues, I should have declared them with the same frankness, and such was my intention. But I must stop here. Time may lift many a veil. If my memory descends to posterity, perhaps it will one day learn what I had to say; then it will be understood why I am silent.

Part the Second

BOOK SEVEN

AFTER two years of silence and patience, in spite of my resolutions, I again take up my pen. Reader, suspend your judgment upon the reasons which force me to do so; you cannot judge of them until you have read the story of my life.

At the conclusion of the first part of my Confessions, I was setting out, much against my wish, for Paris, having left my heart at Les Charmettes, where I had built my last castle in the air, intending one day to return and lay at the feet of mamma, restored to her former self, the riches I should have gained, and reckoning upon my system of music as a sure road to fortune.

I stayed a little time at Lyons, to visit my acquaintances, to get some letters of introduction for Paris, and to sell my geometrical books which I had taken with me. Everybody received me kindly. M. and Madame de Mably were glad to see me again, and invited me to dinner several

times. At their house I made the acquaintance of the Abbé de Mably, as I had previously made that of the Abbé de Condillac, both of whom were on a visit to their brother. I saw M. Bordes again, an old acquaintance of mine, who had often assisted me with the greatest willingness and with genuine pleasure. On this occasion I found him just the same. It was he who assisted me in disposing of my books, and himself gave me, or procured from others, strongly-worded letters of introduction for Paris.

On my previous journey I had seen Paris in an unfavourable aspect. On the present occasion I saw it from a correspondingly brilliant point of view, not, however, in the matter of lodgings, for, upon the recommendation of M. Bordes, I put up at the Hôtel St. Quentin, in the Rue des Cordiers, near the Sorbonne; I had a wretched room, in a wretched street and a wretched hotel, in which, however, several distinguished persons had stayed, such as Gresset, Bordes, the Abbés de Mably and de Condillac and several others, none of whom, unfortunately for me, were any longer there; but I made the acquaintance of a certain M. de Bonnefond, a young country squire, who was lame, fond of litigation, and set up for a purist. Through him I made the acquaintance of M. Roguin, now my oldest friend, who introduced me to the philosopher Diderot, of whom I shall soon have much to say.

I arrived at Paris in the autumn of 1741, with fifteen *louis d'or* in my pocket, my comedy of *Narcissus*, and my musical scheme, as my sole resource. I had therefore little time to lose in trying to lay them out to the best advantage. I hastened to make use of my letters of introduction.

M. de Réaumur undertook to bring my proposal forward, and it was accepted. On the day appointed, I was introduced and presented by M. de Réaumur; and on the same day, the 22nd of August, 1742, I had the honour of reading before the Academy the Essay which I had prepared for the purpose. I managed to get through my reading and examination with credit. The Essay was well received, and I was complimented upon it, which equally surprised and flattered me, for I did not imagine that, in the opinion of an Academy, anyone who did not belong to it could possess common sense. The commission appointed to examine me consisted of MM. de Mairan, Hellot and De Fouchy, all three certainly persons of ability, but not one was sufficiently acquainted with music, at least, to be competent to judge of my scheme.

As the result of their report, the Academy granted me a certificate full of high-flown compliments, between the lines of which it was easy to read that, as a matter of fact, it considered my system to be neither new nor useful. I did not feel under any obligation to adorn with such a document my work entitled, *A Treatise on Modern Music*, in which I made my appeal to the public.

After the great and fruitless exertions I had recently made, I needed a little rest. Instead of abandoning myself to despair, I quietly abandoned myself to my usual idleness and the care of Providence; and, in order to give the latter time to do its work, I proceeded to consume, in a leisurely manner, the few *louis* which I still had left. I regulated the expense of my

careless pleasures, without entirely giving them up. I only went to the café every other day, and to the theatre twice a week. As for money spent on women, there was no need for retrenchment, for I have never in my life laid out a *sou* in this manner, except on one occasion, of which I shall have to speak presently.

Thus, I quietly waited until my money should be exhausted; and I believe that I should have come to my last *sou* without any further uneasiness had not Father Castel, whom I sometimes went to see on my way to the café, roused me from my lethargy. He was mad, but, after all, a good fellow. He was sorry to see me wasting my time and abilities without doing anything. He said to me, "Since musicians and savants will not sing together with you, change your string and try the women; perhaps you will succeed better in that quarter. I have spoken about you to Madame de Beuzenval; go and see her, and mention my name. She is a good woman, who will be pleased to see a countryman of her son and husband. At her house you will meet her daughter, Madame de Broglie, who is a clever and accomplished woman. Madame Dupin is another lady to whom I have spoken of you; take your work to her; she is anxious to see you and will receive you kindly. No one can do anything in Paris without the women; they are like the curves, of which clever people are the asymptotes; they constantly approach, but never touch."

After having repeatedly put off these terrible tasks, I at length summoned up courage and went to call upon Madame de Beuzenval, who received me affably. Madame de Broglie happening to enter the room, she said to her, "My daughter, this is M. Rousseau, of whom Father Castel spoke to us." Madame de Broglie complimented me upon my work, and, conducting me to her piano, showed me that she had paid some attention to it.

Let me now speak of my introduction to Madame Dupin. When I saw her for the first time, she was still one of the most beautiful women in Paris. She received me while she was dressing herself. Her arms were bare, her hair dishevelled, and her dressing gown disarranged. Such an introduction was quite new to me; my poor head could not stand it; I was troubled and confused; in short, I fell madly in love with her.

My confusion did not appear to create a bad impression: she took no notice of it. She received the book and the author kindly, spoke to me about my system like one who knew all about it, sang, accompanied herself on the piano, made me stay to dinner, and gave me a seat at table by her side. This was more than enough to turn my head completely, and it did so.

M. de Francueil [Madame Dupin's stepson] conceived a friendship for me: we worked together, and began a course of chemistry at M. Rouelle's. In order to be near him, I left my Hôtel St. Quentin, and went to lodge at the Tennis Court in the Rue Verdelet, which adjoins the Rue Plâtrière, where M. Dupin lived. In consequence of a neglected cold, I was attacked by an inflammation of the lungs, of which I nearly died.

The day before I fell ill, I had gone to see an opera by Royer, which

was being played at the time, the name of which I have forgotten. In spite of my prejudice in favour of the talents of others, which has always made me so mistrustful of my own, I could not prevent myself from thinking the music feeble, cold, and wanting in originality. I even sometimes said to myself: It seems to me that I could do better than that. But the awe-inspiring idea I had formed of the composition of an opera, the importance which I heard specialists attach to such an undertaking, immediately discouraged me, and made me blush for having ventured to entertain the idea.

The same subject occupied my attention also during my convalescence, but I was calmer. After long, and often involuntary, thinking about the matter, I determined to satisfy myself, and to attempt to compose an opera, words and music, without any assistance from others.

I did not carry on my work to any great extent, as I was diverted from it by other matters. While I was attached to the house of Dupin, Madame de Beuzenval and Madame de Broglie, whom I still saw occasionally, had not forgotten me. The Comte de Montaigu, a captain in the guards, had just been appointed ambassador at Venice. Madame de Broglie, knowing that the ambassador was looking out for a secretary, proposed me. We entered into negotiations. I asked fifty *louis* as salary, which was little enough for a post in which it was necessary to keep up an appearance. He only offered a hundred *pistoles*, and I was to pay my own travelling expenses. The proposal was ridiculous. We were unable to come to terms. M. de Francueil, who did his utmost to prevent me from going, in the end prevailed. I remained, and M. de Montaigu departed, taking with him another secretary, named M. Follau, who had been recommended to him at the Foreign Office. No sooner had they arrived at Venice than they quarrelled. Follau, seeing that he had to do with a madman, left him in the lurch; and M. de Montaigu, having no one but a young abbé named de Binis, who wrote under the secretary's instruction, and was not in a position to fill the place, was obliged to have recourse to me again. The chevalier, his brother, a man of intelligence, by giving me to understand that there were certain privileges connected with the post of secretary, succeeded in inducing me to accept a thousand francs. I received twenty *louis* for my travelling expenses, and set out.

At Lyons, I should have liked to take the route by way of Mont Cenis, in order to pay a passing visit to my poor mamma; but I went down the Rhône, and took ship at Geneva for Toulon, on account of the war and for the sake of economy, and also in order to procure a passport from M. de Mirepoix, at that time commander in Provence, to whom I had been directed. M. de Montaigu, finding himself unable to do without me, wrote me letter after letter to hasten my journey. An incident delayed it.

It was the time of the plague at Messina. The English fleet was anchored there, and visited the felucca on which I was. On our arrival at Genoa, after a long and tedious passage, we were subjected to a quarantine of twenty-one days.

I had a pleasant journey through Lombardy. I visited Milan, Verona, Brescia, and Padua, and at length reached Venice, where the ambassador was impatiently expecting me.

I found heaps of despatches from the Court and the other ambassadors, of which he had been unable to read the parts written in cypher, although he possessed the key. As I had never worked in any office, and had never in my life seen a government cypher, I was at first afraid of finding myself perplexed; but I found that nothing could be more simple, and in less than a week I had deciphered the whole, which certainly was not worth the trouble, for the embassy at Venice has seldom much to do, and, besides, the government would not have cared to intrust the most trifling negotiation to a man like M. de Montaigu. Until my arrival he had found himself in great difficulties, since he did not know how to dictate or to write legibly. I was very useful to him; he was aware of it, and treated me well.

I found the performance of my duties less difficult than I had expected, seeing that I had no experience, and was associated with an ambassador who was equally inexperienced, whose ignorance and obstinacy, in addition, seemed to delight in thwarting everything that good sense and some little knowledge suggested to me as likely to be useful for the King's service and his own. The obstinacy and stupidity of this poor man made me every moment write and commit absurdities, of which I was obliged to be the agent since he so desired it, but which sometimes rendered the performance of my duties unendurable and even almost impracticable. For instance, he insisted that most of his despatches to the King and the Minister should be written in cypher, although neither the one nor the other contained anything at all which rendered such a precaution necessary. I represented to him that, between Friday, when the despatches from the Court arrived, and Saturday, when our own were sent off, there was not sufficient time for so much writing in cypher and the large amount of correspondence which I had to get ready for the same courier. He discovered an admirable plan: this was, to begin on Thursday to write the answers to the despatches which were due on the following day. This idea appeared to him so happy that, in spite of all I could say as to the impossibility and absurdity of carrying it out, I was obliged to resign myself to it.

I frequently took it upon myself to do what he ought to have done: I did all I could for the French who applied to him or me. In any other country I would have done more, but as, by reason of my official capacity, I could not see anyone who held any position, I was frequently obliged to refer to the consul, who, being settled in the country with his family, was obliged to be careful, which prevented him from doing as much as he would have liked. Sometimes, however, when he hung back and did not venture to speak, I was emboldened to take dangerous steps, which generally proved successful. I remember one instance which even now makes me laugh. It would hardly be suspected that it is to me that the theatregoers of Paris are indebted for Coralline and her sister Camille; but

nothing is more true Veronese, their father, had accepted an engagement for himself and his children in the Italian company, and, after having received 2,000 francs for travelling expenses, instead of starting for France, quietly entered into an engagement at the *théâtre de Saint-Luc* in Venice, where Coralline, although quite a child, attracted large audiences. M. le Duc de Greves, as lord high chamberlain, wrote to the ambassador to claim the father and daughter. M. de Montaigu handed me the letter, and simply said, "See to this," without giving me any further instructions. I went to M. le Blond [the French consul], and begged him to speak to the patrician to whom the theatre belonged, who was a Giustiniani, and persuade him to dismiss Veronese, as being engaged in the King's service. Le Blond, who was not very eager to accept the commission, performed it badly.

Giustiniani had recourse to various subterfuges, and Veronese was not discharged I felt annoyed. It was the time of the Carnival. I took a domino and a mask and rowed to the palace Giustiniani. All who saw my gondola arrive with the ambassador's livery were astounded; such a thing had never been seen in Venice. I entered, and ordered myself to be announced as "a lady in a mask." As soon as I was introduced, I removed my mask and announced myself. The senator turned pale, and stood astounded. "Monsieur," I said to him in Venetian, "I regret to trouble your Excellency with this visit, but you have at your theatre a man named Veronese, who is engaged in the King's service, who has been claimed from you, but without success. I come to demand him in His Majesty's name." This brief speech took effect. No sooner had I left, than Giustiniani ran to give an account of the incident to the State Inquisitors, who reprimanded him severely. Veronese was dismissed the same day. I sent him a message that, if he did not start in a week, I would have him arrested, and he set out without delay.

On another occasion, by my own efforts and almost without anyone's assistance, I extricated the captain of a merchant ship from a difficulty. He was a Marseillais, named Olivet. He asked me at least to dine on board. I accepted the invitation, and took with me Carrio, the secretary to the Spanish embassy, an amiable and talented man, who has since held a similar position at Paris, as well as that of *chargé d'affaires*, and with whom I had formed an intimacy, after the manner of our ambassadors.

I confess that I did not try to avoid the opportunity of making myself known, but neither did I seek it unbecomingly. It appeared to me only fair that I should look for the natural reward of valuable services, that is to say, the esteem of those who are in a position to estimate and reward them. I was good-natured and mild to excess in enduring involuntary injustice, proud and hasty when insulted with malice aforethought, a lover of decency and dignity on proper occasions, and no less exacting in the respect that was due to me, than careful in showing to others the respect that I owed to them.

I patiently endured the neglect, the brutality and ill-treatment of M. Montaigu as long as I thought I saw in it only bad temper, and no

signs of hatred; but as soon as I saw that the design had been formed of depriving me of the consideration I deserved for my faithful services, I determined to resign my post. From that time M. de Montaigu never ceased to cause me annoyance and to treat me with injustice, by doing his utmost to deprive me of the trifling privileges attached to my post. He so far forgot himself as to present a written memorial to the Senate demanding my arrest.

I must not leave Venice without saying a few words about the famous amusements of this city, or, at least, the small share of them which I enjoyed during my stay.

We had become intimate with two or three witty and well-educated Englishmen, who were as passionately fond of music as ourselves. All these gentlemen had their wives or female friends or mistresses; the latter were nearly all women of education, at whose houses music and dancing took place. A little gambling also went on, but our lively tastes, talents, and fondness for the theatre rendered this amusement insipid.

As for women, it is not in a city like Venice that a man abstains from them. Have you no confessions to make on this point? someone may ask. Yes, I have something to tell, and I will make this confession as frankly as the rest.

I have always disliked common prostitutes; however, at Venice there was nothing else within my reach, since my position excluded me from most of the distinguished houses in the city. I lived nearly a year in Venice as chastely as I had lived in Paris, and I left it at the end of eighteen months, without having had anything to do with women, except twice, in consequence of special opportunities, which I will mention.

The first was provided for me by that honourable gentleman Domenico Vitali [to whom the ambassador had entrusted the care of his house]. At table, the conversation turned upon the amusements of Venice. The company reproached me for my indifference to the most piquant of all, and extolled the graceful manners of the Venetian women, declaring that they had not their equals in the world. Domenico said that I must make the acquaintance of the most amiable of all; he expressed himself ready to introduce me, and assured me that I should be delighted with her.

The *padoana*, to whose house we went, was good-looking, even handsome, but her beauty was not of the kind that pleased me. Domenico left me with her. I sent for *sorbett*, asked her to sing to me, and, at the end of half an hour, I put a ducat on the table and prepared to go. But she was so singularly scrupulous that she refused to take it without having earned it, and, with equally singular foolishness, I satisfied her scruples. I returned to the palace, feeling so convinced that I had caught some complaint that the first thing I did was to send for the physician and ask him to give me some medicine. Nothing can equal the feeling of depression from which I suffered for three weeks, without any real inconvenience, or the appearance of any symptoms to justify it. I could not imagine that it was possible to get off unscathed from the embraces of the *padoana*. Even the physician had the greatest trouble imaginable to reassure me.

He only succeeded by persuading me that I was formed in a peculiar manner, which lessened the chance of infection; and, although I have perhaps exposed myself to this risk less than any other man, the fact that I have never suffered in this respect seems to prove that the physician was right. However, this belief has never made me imprudent; and, if Nature has really bestowed this advantage upon me, I can declare that I have never abused it.

My other adventure, although with a woman also, was of a very different kind, both in its origin and consequences. I have mentioned that Capitaine Olivet invited me to dinner on board his vessel, and that I took with me the secretary of the Spanish embassy. When the first health was drunk, I expected at least a volley. Nothing of the kind! Carrio, who read my thoughts, laughed to see me sulking like a child. Before the dinner was half over, I saw a gondola approaching. "Faith!" said the captain to me, "take care of yourself; here comes the enemy." I asked him what he meant, and he answered with a jest. The gondola lay to, and I saw a dazzlingly beautiful young woman step out, coquettishly dressed and very nimble. In three bounds she was in the cabin and seated at my side, before I perceived that a place had been laid for her. She was a brunette of twenty years at the most, as charming as she was lively. She could only speak Italian. Her accent alone would have been enough to turn my head. She threw herself into my arms, pressed her lips close to mine, and squeezed me almost to suffocation. Her large, black, Oriental eyes darted shafts of fire into my heart, and although surprise at first caused me some disturbance, my amorous feelings so rapidly overcame me that, in spite of the spectators, the fair enchantress was herself obliged to restrain me. I was intoxicated, or rather delirious. In the evening, we escorted her back to her apartments.

When I left her, I made an appointment for the next day. I did not keep her waiting. I found her in a more than wanton *déshabillé*, which is only known in southern countries, and which I will not amuse myself with describing, although I remember it only too well.

I entered the room of a courtesan as if it had been the sanctuary of love and beauty; in her person I thought I beheld its divinity. I should never have believed that, without respect and esteem, I could have experienced the emotions with which she inspired me. No sooner had I recognised, in the preliminary familiarities, the value of her charms and caresses than, for fear of losing the fruit of them in advance, I was anxious to make haste to pluck it. Suddenly, in place of the flame which consumed me, I felt a deathly chill run through my veins; my legs trembled under me; and, feeling ready to faint, I sat down and cried like a child.

I wanted to sit by her side, but she moved, sat down on a couch, got up immediately afterwards, and, walking about the room and fanning herself, said to me in a cold and disdainful tone, "*Zanetto, lascia le donne, et studia la matematica*" [Leave women and study mathematics].

My first intention, on leaving M. de Montaignu, was to retire to Geneva, until happier circumstances should have removed the obstacles

which prevented me from rejoining my poor mamma. But the stir which our quarrel had caused made me resolve to go to Court in person to give an account of my conduct and to lodge a complaint against that of a madman.

The report of my story had preceded me; and, on my arrival, I found that everyone, both in the offices and in public, was scandalised at the ambassador's follies. But, in spite of this, in spite of the public outcry in Venice, in spite of the unanswerable proofs which I produced, I was unable to obtain justice.

I returned to my old lodgings at the Hôtel St. Quentin, which was situated in an unfrequented quarter of the city, close to the Luxembourg. We had a new landlady, who came from Orleans. To help her with the linen, she had a young girl from her native place, about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, who, like the landlady, took her meals with us. This girl, whose name was Thérèse le Vasseur, was of respectable family, her father being an official at the Orleans mint, and her mother engaged in business. The family was a large one, and, as the mint stopped working, the father found himself without resources, while the mother, who had become bankrupt, managed her affairs badly, gave up business, and came to Paris with her husband and daughter, who, by her own exertions, supported all three.

The first time I saw this girl appear at table, I was struck by her modest behaviour, and, still more, by her lively and gentle looks, which, in my eyes, at that time appeared incomparable. She was very bashful, and so was I.

Her fear that it would annoy me not to find in her that which she believed I expected delayed my happiness more than anything else. I saw that she was disturbed and confused before she gave herself up to me, anxious to make herself understood, and yet afraid to explain herself.

At last we came to an explanation. She confessed to me with tears that she had once misconducted herself in the early years of her womanhood, when a cunning seducer had taken advantage of her ignorance. As soon as I understood her, I uttered a cry of joy. "Virginity!" I cried. "Paris is the right place, twenty is the right age to look for it! Ah, my Thérèse! I am only too happy to possess you, modest and healthy, and not to find what I never looked for."

At first I had only sought amusement; I now saw that I had found more and had gained a companion. A little intimacy with this excellent girl, a little reflection upon my situation, made me feel that, while thinking only of my pleasures, I had done much to promote my happiness. To supply the place of my extinguished ambition, I needed a lively sentiment which should take complete possession of my heart. In a word, I needed a successor to mamma. As I should never live with her again, I wanted someone to live with her pupil, in whom I might find the simplicity and docility of heart which she had found in me. I felt it necessary that the gentle tranquillity of private and domestic life should make up to me for the loss of the brilliant career which I was renouncing. When I was quite

alone, I felt a void in my heart, which it only needed another heart to fill. Destiny had deprived me of, or, at least in part, alienated me from, that heart for which Nature had formed me. From that moment I was alone; for with me it has always been everything or nothing. I found in Thérèse the substitute that I needed. Thanks to her, I lived happily, as far as the course of events permitted. At first I tried to improve her mind, but my efforts were useless. Her mind is what Nature has made it; culture and teaching are without influence upon it. I am not ashamed to confess that she has never learnt how to read properly, although she can write fairly well.

My opera being ready, the next thing was to make some money by it, which was a far more difficult task. The *Muses galantes* was at first rehearsed several times at the Magasin, and afterwards at the Grand Theatre. There was a large audience at the general rehearsal, and several pieces were warmly applauded. Nevertheless, during the performance—very badly conducted by Rebel—I felt myself that the piece would not be accepted, and, indeed, that it could not be presented to the public without great alterations. Accordingly I withdrew it without saying a word.

In 1747 we went to spend the autumn in Touraine, at the Château of Chenonceaux, a Royal mansion upon the Cher, built by Henri II. for Diana of Poitiers.

While I was growing fat at Chenonceaux, my poor Thérèse was increasing in size at Paris for another reason; and, on my return, I found the work which I had commenced in a more forward condition than I had expected. Considering my position, this would have thrown me into the greatest embarrassment, had not some table companions furnished me with the only means of getting out of the difficulty. The company, fairly numerous, was very gay without being noisy, and many broad stories were told, which, however, were free from vulgarity. I heard a number of amusing anecdotes, and also gradually adopted, thank Heaven! not the morals, but the principles which I found established. Honourable people injured, husbands deceived, women seduced, secret accouchements, these were the most ordinary topics; and he who contributed most to the population of the Foundling Hospital was always most applauded. I caught the infection; I formed my manner of thinking upon that which I saw prevalent amongst very amiable and, in the main, very honourable people.

I said to myself, "Since it is the custom of the country, one who lives here may follow it." Here was the expedient for which I was looking. I cheerfully resolved to adopt it, without the least scruples on my own part; I only had to overcome those of Thérèse, with whom I had the greatest trouble in the world to persuade her to adopt the only means of saving her honour. Her mother, who, in addition, was afraid of this new embarrassment in the shape of a number of brats, supported me, and Thérèse at last yielded. We chose a discreet and safe midwife, one Mademoiselle Gouin, who lived at the Pointe Saint-Eustache, to take care of this precious charge; and when the time came, Thérèse was taken to her house

by her mother for her accouchement. I went to see her several times, and took her a monogram, which I had written on two cards, one of which was placed in the child's swaddling clothes, after which it was deposited by the midwife in the office of the hospital in the usual manner. The following year the same inconvenience was remedied by the same expedient, with the exception of the monogram, which was forgotten.

Here I will mention my first acquaintance with Madame d'Epinay, whose name will frequently recur in these Memoirs. M. de Francueil partly inspired her with the friendship he himself entertained for me, and confessed his relations with her, which, for this reason, I would not speak of here, had they not become public property. In spite of my awkwardness and stupidity, Madame d'Epinay would take me with her to the gaieties at La Chevrette, a château near Saint-Denis belonging to M. de Bellegarde. There was a stage there, on which performances were frequently given. A part was given to me, which I studied for six months without intermission, but when the piece was performed, I had to be prompted in it from beginning to end. After this trial, no more parts were offered to me.

Although, since my return from Venice, I have not spoken of Diderot, or my friend Roguin, I had not neglected either, and with the former especially I had daily grown more and more intimate. He had a Nanette, just as I had a Thérèse: this was a further point of agreement between us. But the difference was, that my Thérèse, who was at least as good-looking as his Nanette, was of a gentle disposition and an amiable character, calculated to gain the attachment of an honourable man, while his Nanette, who was a regular shrew and a fish-fag, exhibited no redeeming qualities which could compensate, in the eyes of others, for her defective education. However, he married her, which was very praiseworthy, if he had promised to do so. As for myself, having made no promise of the kind, I was in no hurry to imitate him.

I spoke of Condillac and his work to Diderot, and introduced them to each other. They were made to suit each other, and did so. As we lived at a great distance from one another, we all three met once a week at the Palais-Royal, and dined together at the Hôtel du Panier Fleuri. These little weekly dinners must have been exceedingly agreeable to Diderot, for he, who nearly always failed to keep his other appointments, never missed one of them. On these occasions I drew up the plan of a periodical, to be called *Le Peisifleur*, to be written by Diderot and myself alternately. I sketched the outlines of the first number, and in this manner became acquainted with D'Alembert, to whom Diderot had spoken of it. However, unforeseen events stopped the way, and the project fell into abeyance.

These two authors had just undertaken the *Dictionnaire Encyclopédique*, which at first was only intended to be a kind of translation of Chambers's, almost like that of James's *Dictionary of Medicine*, which Diderot had just finished. The latter wanted to secure my assistance in this second enterprise, and proposed that I should undertake the musical part of it. I consented, and completed it very hastily and indifferently, in

the three months which were allowed to myself, and all the other collaborators in the work. But I was the only one who was ready at the time appointed.

The undertaking was interrupted by his imprisonment. His *Pensées philosophiques* had brought upon him a certain amount of annoyance, which led to no further consequences.

It is impossible to describe the anguish which my friend's misfortune caused me. My melancholy imagination, which always exaggerates misfortune, became alarmed. I thought that he would be imprisoned for the rest of his life; I nearly went mad at the idea. I wrote to Madame de Pompadour, entreating her to procure his release, or to get me imprisoned with him. I received no answer to my letter.

BOOK EIGHT

HAVING LIVED in two of the most brilliant houses in Paris, I had made some acquaintances, in spite of my want of tact; amongst others, at Madame Dupin's, the young hereditary prince of Saxe-Gotha and Baron de Thun, his tutor.

At supper the Prince spoke of Diderot's confinement. The Baron, in order to make me speak, accused the prisoner of imprudence, which I myself displayed by the impetuosity with which I defended him. This excess of zeal was excused in a man who was inspired by attachment to an unfortunate friend, and the conversation took another turn. Two Germans, belonging to the Prince's suite, were present: M. Klupfel, a man of great ability, his chaplain, who afterwards supplanted the Baron, and became his tutor; and a young man named Grimm, who held the post of reader until he could find some other place, and whose modest equipment showed how urgent was his need for finding something of the kind. From that same evening, Klupfel and myself formed an acquaintance which soon ripened into friendship. My acquaintance with M. Grimm did not advance so rapidly; he kept himself in the background, and gave no signs of the boastfulness which he afterwards displayed when he became prosperous.

On my return to Paris, I received the agreeable news that Diderot had been released from the donjon, and confined to the château and park of Vincennes on parole, with permission to see his friends. How painful it was to me not to be able to run to him on the spot! But I was detained for two or three days at Madame Dupin's by duties which I could not neglect, and, after what seemed three or four centuries of impatience, I flew into my friend's arms. O indescribable moment! He was not alone; D'Alembert and the treasurer of the Sainte-Chapelle were with him. When I entered, I saw no one except him. I made a single bound, I uttered a single cry, I pressed my face to his; I embraced him closely without an utterance, except that of my tears and sighs; I was choked with tenderness

and joy The first thing he did, after leaving my arms, was to turn towards the ecclesiastic and say to him: "You see, sir, how my friends love me!" Completely overcome by my emotion, I did not at that time think of this manner of turning it to advantage; but, when occasionally reflecting upon it afterwards, I have always thought that this would not have been the first idea that would have occurred to me had I been in Diderot's place.

I found him greatly affected by his imprisonment. The donjon had made a terrible impression upon him, and, although he was comfortable at the castle and allowed to walk where he pleased in a park that was not even surrounded by walls, he needed the society of his friends, to avoid giving way to melancholy. As I was certainly the one who had most sympathy with his sufferings, I believed that I should also be the one whose presence would be most consoling to him, and, in spite of very pressing engagements, I went at least every other day, alone or with his wife, to spend the afternoon with him.

The summer of 1749 was excessively hot. Vincennes is reckoned to be two leagues distant from Paris. Being unable to afford a conveyance, I set out at two o'clock in the afternoon on foot, when I was alone, and walked fast, in order to get there sooner. The trees on the road—always lopped after the fashion of the country—hardly afforded any shade, and often, exhausted by heat and fatigue, I threw myself on the ground, being unable to walk any further. In order to moderate my pace, I bethought myself of taking a book with me. One day I took the *Mercur de France*, and, while reading as I walked, I came upon the subject proposed by the Academy of Dijon as a prize essay for the following year: "Has the progress of the arts and sciences contributed more to the corruption or purification of morals?"

From the moment I read these words, I beheld another world and became another man. Although I have a lively recollection of the impression which they produced upon me, the details have escaped me since I committed them to paper in one of my four letters to M. de Malesherbes.

What I distinctly remember on this occasion is, that on my arrival at Vincennes I was in a state of agitation bordering upon madness. Diderot perceived it. I told him the reason, and read to him the *Prosopopoea* of Fabricius, written in pencil, under an oak tree. He encouraged me to allow my ideas to have full play, and to compete for the prize. I did so, and from that moment I was lost. The misfortunes of the remainder of my life were the inevitable result of this moment of madness.

I worked at this Essay in a very curious manner, which I have adopted in almost all my other works. I devoted to it the hours of the night when I was unable to sleep. I meditated in bed with my eyes shut, and turned and re-turned my periods in my head with incredible labour. Then, when I was finally satisfied with them, I stored them up in my memory until I was able to commit them to paper; but the time spent in getting up and dressing myself made me forget everything, and when I sat down in front of my paper I could recall scarcely anything of what I

had composed. I conceived the idea of making Madame le Vasseur my secretary. I had taken lodgings for her, her husband and her daughter, nearer to my own; and she, in order to save me the expense of a servant, came every morning to light my fire and attend to my little wants. When she came, I dictated to her from my bed the result of my labours of the preceding night; and this plan, to which I have long adhered, has saved me from forgetting much.

When the Essay was finished I showed it to Diderot, who was pleased with it, and suggested a few corrections. This production, however, although full of warmth and vigour, is altogether destitute of logic and arrangement. Of all the works that have proceeded from my pen, it is the weakest in argument and the poorest in harmony and proportion; but, however great a man's natural talents may be, the art of writing cannot be learnt all at once.

At the same time I indulged in a somewhat coarser enjoyment, the last of the kind with which I have to reproach myself. I have mentioned that Klupfel, the minister, was of an amiable disposition; my relations with him were nearly as intimate as with Grimm, and became equally confidential. They sometimes shared my table. These meals, somewhat more than simple, were enlivened by the witty and broad jokes of Klupfel and the humorous Germanisms of Grimm, who had not yet become a purist.

Sensuality did not preside at our little orgies; its place was supplied by gaiety, and we were so well satisfied with each other that we were unable to separate. Klupfel had furnished a room for a little girl, who, notwithstanding, was at everybody's disposal, since he was unable to keep her by himself. One evening, as we were entering the *café*, we met him coming out to go and sup with her. We rallied him; he revenged himself gallantly by taking us to share the supper, and then rallied us in turn. The poor creature appeared to me to be of a fairly good disposition, very gentle, and little adapted for her profession, for which an old hag, whom she had with her, dressed her as well as she was able. The conversation and the wine enlivened us to such a degree that we forgot ourselves. The worthy Klupfel did not desire to do the honours of his table by halves, and all three of us, in turn, went into the adjoining room with the little one, who did not know whether she ought to laugh or cry. Grimm has always declared that he never touched her, and that he remained so long with her simply in order to amuse himself at our impatience. If he really did not touch her, it is not likely that he was prevented by any scruples, since, before going to live with the Comte de Frièse, he lived with some girl in the same quarter of Saint-Roch.

I left the Rue des Moineaux, where this girl lived, feeling as ashamed as Saint-Preux, when he left the house where he had been made drunk, and I had a vivid remembrance of my own story when writing his. Thérèse perceived, from certain indications, and, above all, from my confused air, that I had something to reproach myself with; I relieved my conscience of the burden by making a prompt and frank confession. In this I did well;

for, the next morning, Grimm came in triumph to her, to give her an exaggerated account of my offence, and since that time he has never failed spitefully to remind her of it. This was the more inexcusable in him, since I had freely and voluntarily taken him into my confidence and had the right to expect from him that he would not give me cause to repent it. I never felt so much as on this occasion the goodness of my Thérèse's heart, for she was more indignant at Grimm's conduct than offended at my unfaithfulness, and I only had to submit to tender and touching reproaches on her part, in which I did not detect the slightest trace of anger.

In the following year (1750) I heard that my *Essay*, of which I had not thought any more, had gained the prize at Dijon.

While philosophising upon the duties of man, an event occurred which made me reflect more seriously upon my own. Thérèse became pregnant for the third time. Too honest towards myself, too proud in my heart to desire to belie my principles by my actions, I began to consider the destination of my children and my connection with their mother, in the light of the laws of nature, justice, and reason, and of that religion—pure, holy and eternal, like its author—which men have polluted, while pretending to be anxious to purify it, and which they have converted, by their formulas, into a mere religion of words, seeing that it costs men little to prescribe what is impossible, when they dispense with carrying it out in practice.

If I was wrong in my conclusions, nothing can be more remarkable than the calmness with which I abandoned myself to them.

My third child was accordingly taken to the Foundling Hospital, like the other two. The two next were disposed of in the same manner, for I had five altogether. This arrangement appeared to me so admirable, so rational, and so legitimate, that, if I did not openly boast of it, this was solely out of regard for the mother; but I told all who were acquainted with our relations. I told Grimm and Diderot. I afterwards informed Madame d'Épinay, and, later, Madame de Luxembourg, freely and voluntarily, without being in any way obliged to do so, and when I might easily have kept it a secret from everybody. All things considered, I chose for my children what was best, or, at least, what I believed to be best for them. I could have wished, and still wish, that I had been reared and brought up as they have been.

I have promised my confession, not my justification; therefore I say no more on this point. It is my duty to be true; the reader's to be just. I shall never ask more from him than that.

In the state of independence in which I intended to live, it was necessary to find means of subsistence. I bethought myself of a very simple plan: copying music at so much a page. If a more solid employment would have fulfilled the same end, I should have adopted it, but as I had taste and ability for this, and as it was the only occupation which would provide my daily bread without personal dependence, I was satisfied with it. Believing that I no longer had need of foresight, and silencing the voice of vanity, from cashier to a financier I became a copyist of music.

I thought I had gained greatly by the choice, and I have so little regretted it, that I have never abandoned this employment except under compulsion, and then only to resume it as soon as I was able.

No sooner had my Essay appeared, than the defenders of literature fell upon me as if by common consent.

I then discovered that it is by no means so easy as one imagines to be poor and independent. I wanted to live by my profession; the public would not have it. They invented a thousand ways of indemnifying me for the time which they made me lose. Presents of all kinds were always being sent to me. Soon I should have been obliged to show myself like Punch, at so much a head. I know no slavery more cruel and degrading than that. I saw no remedy for it, except to refuse all presents, great and small, and to make no exception in favour of anyone. The only effect of this was to increase the number of the donors, who desired to have the honour of overcoming my resistance, and of compelling me to be under an obligation to them, in spite of myself. Many, who would not have given me a crown if I had asked for it, never ceased to importune me with their offers, and to avenge themselves when they found them rejected, charged me with arrogance and ostentation, in consequence of my refusal.

The *Devin du Village* made me quite the fashion, and soon there was not a man in Paris more sought after than myself. The history of this piece, which marked an epoch in my life, is mixed up with that of the connections which I had formed at that time. In order that the sequel may be rightly understood, I must enter into details.

I had a tolerably large number of acquaintances, but only two chosen friends, Diderot and Grimm. Owing to the desire which I always feel, to bring together all who are dear to me, I was so devoted a friend of both, that it was unavoidable that they should soon become equally devoted to each other. I brought them together; they suited each other, and soon became more intimate with each other than with me. Diderot had acquaintances without number; but Grimm, being a foreigner and a new-comer, had his to make. I desired nothing better than to assist him. I had introduced him to Diderot; I introduced him to Gauffecourt. I took him to Madame de Chenonceaux, to Madame d'Épinay, to the Baron d'Holbach, with whom I found myself connected, almost in spite of myself.

The composition of my new work had so excited me that I had a great desire to hear it, and I would have given all I possessed to have seen it performed, as I should have liked, with closed doors, as Lulli is said to have once had *Armide* performed before himself alone. As it was not possible for me to enjoy this pleasure except in company with the public, I was obliged to get my piece accepted at the Opera in order to hear it.

When everything was ready and the day fixed for the performance, it was proposed to me that I should take a journey to Fontainebleau, to be present at the last rehearsal, at any rate.

On that day I was dressed in my usual careless style, with a beard of some days' growth and a badly combed wig. Considering this want of

good manners as a proof of courage, I entered the hall where the King, the Queen, the Royal Family, and the whole Court were presently to arrive. I took my seat in a box to which M. de Cury [manager of Court entertainments] conducted me—a large stage box, opposite a smaller and higher one, where the King sat with Madame de Pompadour. Surrounded by ladies, and the only man in front of the box, I had no doubt that I had been put there on purpose to be seen. When the theatre was lighted up, and I found myself, dressed in the manner I was, in the midst of people all most elegantly attired, I began to feel ill at ease. I asked myself whether I was in my right place, and whether I was suitably dressed. After a few moments of uneasiness, I answered “Yes,” with a boldness which perhaps was due rather to the impossibility of drawing back than to the force of my arguments. I said to myself: I am in my place, since I am going to see my own piece performed; because I have been invited; because I composed it solely for that purpose; because, after all, no one has more right than myself to enjoy the fruit of my labour and talents. I am dressed as usual, neither better nor worse. If I again begin to yield to public opinion in any single thing, I shall soon become its slave again in everything.

I soon found I had no reason for uneasiness. The piece was very badly acted, but the singing was good, and the music well executed. I have seen pieces excite more lively transports of admiration, but never so complete, so delightful, and so moving an intoxication, which completely overcame the audience, especially at a first performance before the Court. Those who saw it on this occasion can never have forgotten it, for the effect was unique.

The same evening, M. le Duc d’Aumont sent word to me to present myself at the château on the following day at eleven o’clock, when he would present me to the King. M. de Cury, who brought me the message, added that he believed that it was a question of a pension, the bestowal of which the King desired to announce to me in person.

Will it be believed that the night which succeeded so brilliant a day was for me a night of anguish and perplexity? My first thought, after that of this presentation, was a certain necessity, which had greatly troubled me on the evening of the performance, and had frequently obliged me to retire, and might trouble me again on the next day, in the gallery or the King’s apartments, amongst all the great people, while waiting for His Majesty to pass. This infirmity was the chief cause which prevented me from going into society, or from staying in a room with ladies when the doors were closed. The mere idea of the situation in which this necessity might place me was enough to affect me to such an extent that it made me feel ready to faint, unless I should be willing to create a scandal, to which I should have preferred death. Only those who know what this condition is can imagine the horror of running the risk of it.

I next pictured myself in the King’s presence and presented to His Majesty, who condescended to stop and speak to me. On such an occasion, tact and presence of mind were indispensable in answering. Would my

accursed timidity, which embarrasses me in the presence of the most ordinary stranger, abandon me when I found myself in the presence of the King of France? Would it suffer me to select, on the spur of the moment, the proper answer? This danger alarmed, frightened, and made me tremble so violently that I resolved, at all hazards, not to expose myself to it.

I lost, it is true, the pension, which was in a manner offered to me; but, at the same time, I escaped the yoke which it would have imposed upon me. Adieu truth, liberty, and courage! How could I, from that time forth, have dared to speak of independence and disinterestedness? I left the same morning.

My departure caused some stir, and was generally censured.

As for the pecuniary profits of this work, although it did not bring me in a quarter of what it would have brought in in the hands of another, they were, nevertheless, large enough to enable me to live upon them for several years, and to make up for the continued ill success of my copying. But I paid dearly for the pecuniary ease which this piece procured me by the endless annoyance which it brought upon me. It was the germ of the secret jealousies which did not break out until long afterwards. From the time of its success, I no longer found in Grimm, Diderot, or, with few exceptions, in any of the men of letters with whom I was acquainted, the cordiality, the frankness, or pleasure in my society which I believed I had hitherto found in them. As soon as I appeared at the Baron's, the conversation ceased to be general. Those present collected in small groups and whispered together, so that I was left alone, without knowing whom to speak to. For a long time I endured this mortifying neglect, and, finding that Madame d'Holbach, who was gentle and amiable, always received me kindly, I put up with her husband's rudeness as long as it was possible. One day, however, he attacked me without reason or excuse, and with such brutality—in the presence of Diderot, who never said a word, and of Margency, who has often told me since then that he admired the gentleness and moderation of my answers—that at last, driven away by this unworthy treatment, I left his house, resolved never to enter it again. However, this did not prevent me from always speaking respectfully of himself and his house; while he never expressed himself in regard to me in other than most insulting and contemptuous terms.

Gauffecourt, with whom I was at that time extremely intimate, found himself obliged to make a journey to Geneva on business, and proposed to me to accompany him; I consented. As I was not well enough to be able to dispense with the care of the *gouverneuse*, it was decided that she should go with us, and that her mother should look after the house. Having made all our arrangements, we all three set out together on the 1st of June, 1754.

We had scarcely performed half the journey, when Thérèse showed the greatest repugnance to remaining alone in the carriage with Gauffecourt, and when, in spite of her entreaties, I wanted to get down, she did the same, and walked with me. For some time I scolded her for this whim, and even opposed it so strongly, that she felt obliged to declare the reason for her conduct. I thought that I was dreaming, I fell from the clouds,

when I heard that my friend de Gauffecourt, more than sixty years old, gouty, impotent, and worn out by a life of pleasure and dissipation, had been doing his utmost, since we had started, to corrupt a person who was no longer young or beautiful, and who belonged to his friend, and that by the lowest and most disgraceful means, even going so far as to offer her money, and attempting to excite her passions by reading a disgusting book to her and showing her the disgraceful pictures of which it was full. Thérèse, in a fit of indignation, once threw his villainous book out of the carriage; and she told me that, the very first day, when I had gone to bed before supper with a very violent headache, he had employed all the time, during which he was alone with her, in attempts and actions more worthy of a satyr or he-goat than of an honourable man, to whom I had confided myself and my companion. What a surprise! what an entirely new cause of grief for me! I, who had until then believed that friendship was inseparable from all the amiable and noble sentiments which constitute all its charm, for the first time in my life found myself compelled to couple it with contempt, and to withdraw my confidence and esteem from a man whom I loved, and by whom I believed myself to be loved! The wretch concealed his disgraceful conduct from me; and, to avoid exposing Thérèse, I found myself compelled to conceal my contempt from him, and to keep hidden, in the bottom of my heart, feelings which he was never to know. Sweet and holy illusion of friendship! Gauffecourt was the first to lift thy veil before my eyes. How many cruel hands since then have prevented it from covering thy face again!

Before I left Paris, I had sketched the dedication of my *Essay on Equality*. I finished it at Chambéry, and dated it from that place, thinking it better, in order to avoid all unpleasantness, not to date it either from France or Geneva. On my arrival in this city, I gave myself up to the republican enthusiasm which had led me there. This enthusiasm was increased by the reception I met with. Feted and made much of by all classes, I abandoned myself entirely to patriotic zeal, and, ashamed of being excluded from my rights as a citizen by the profession of a religion different from that of my fathers, I resolved publicly to return to the latter.

After four months' stay at Geneva, I returned to Paris in October, avoiding Lyons, so as not to meet Gauffecourt. As I did not intend to return to Geneva until the following spring, I resumed, during the winter, my usual habits and occupations, the chief of which was the correction of the proofs of my *Discourse on Inequality*, which was being published in Holland by Rey, whose acquaintance I had recently made at Geneva. As this work was dedicated to the Republic, and this dedication might be displeasing to the Council, I waited to see the effect it produced at Geneva before I returned there. The result was not favourable to me; and this dedication, which had been dictated solely by the purest patriotism, made enemies for me in the Council, and brought upon me the jealousy of some of the citizens.

However, this ill success would not have kept me from carrying out my intention of retiring to Geneva, had not motives, which had greater

influence over my heart, contributed to this result. M. d'Epinay, being desirous of adding a wing which was wanting to the château of La Chevrette, went to extraordinary expense to finish it. One day, having gone, in company with Madame d'Epinay, to see the works, we continued our walk a quarter of a league further, as far as the reservoir of the waters of the park, which adjoined the forest of Montmorency, where there was a pretty kitchen garden, attached to which was a small and very dilapidated cottage, called the Hermitage. This solitary and agreeable spot had struck my attention when I saw it for the first time before my journey to Geneva. In my transport, I let fall the exclamation, "Ah, madam, what a delightful place to live in! Here is a refuge ready made for me." Madame d'Epinay did not take much notice of my words at the time; but, on this second visit, I was quite surprised to find, in place of the old ruins, a little house almost entirely new, very nicely arranged, and very habitable for a small establishment of three persons. Madame d'Epinay had had the work carried out quietly and at very trifling expense, by taking some materials and some of the workmen from the château. When she saw my surprise, she said, "There, Mr. Bear, there is your asylum; you chose it; friendship offers it to you. I hope that it will put an end to your cruel idea of separating from me." I do not believe that I have ever felt more deeply or more delightfully touched; I bathed with my tears the beneficent hand of my friend; and, if I was not vanquished from that moment, I was sorely shaken in my resolution. Madame d'Epinay, who was unwilling to be beaten, became so pressing, employed so many different means, and so many persons, in order to get over me—even enlisting Madame le Vasseur and her daughter in her service—that she finally triumphed over my resolutions. Abandoning the idea of settling in my native country, I decided, and promised, to live in the Hermitage; and, while the building was getting dry, she undertook to see after the furniture, so that all was ready for occupation the following spring.

One thing which greatly contributed to confirm my resolution, was the fact that Voltaire had settled in the neighbourhood of Geneva. I knew that this man would cause a revolution there; that I should find again in my own country the tone, the airs, and the manners which drove me from Paris; that I should have to maintain a perpetual struggle; and that no other choice would be left to me, except to behave either as an insufferable pedant or as a coward and a bad citizen.

BOOK NINE

I WAS so impatient to take up my abode in the Hermitage that I could not wait for the return of fine weather; and, as soon as my new home was ready, I hastened to betake myself thither, amidst the loud ridicule of the Holbachian clique, who openly predicted that I should not be able to endure three months' solitude, and that they would soon see me returning to confess my failure and live in Paris as they did. I myself, who had been

for fifteen years out of my element, and now saw that I was on the point of returning to it, took no notice of their raillery. Ever since I had been thrown into the world against my will, I had not ceased to regret my dear Charmettes, and the blissful life which I had led there. I felt that I was born for the country and retirement, it was impossible for me to live happily anywhere else.

It was on the 9th of April, 1756, that I left Paris, never to live in a city again, for I do not reckon the brief periods for which I afterwards stayed in Paris, London and other cities, only when passing through them, or against my will. Madame d'Épinay took us all three in her carriage; her farmer took charge of my small amount of luggage, and I was installed in my new home the same day.

After having devoted some days to my rustic enthusiasm, I began to think about putting my papers in order and distributing my occupations. I set aside my mornings for copying, as I had always done, and my afternoons for walking, armed with my little notebook and pencil.

Of the different works which I had on the stocks, the one which I had long had in my head, at which I worked with the greatest inclination, to which I wished to devote myself all my life, and which, in my own opinion, was to set the seal upon my reputation—was my *Institutions Politiques*. Thirteen or fourteen years ago, I had conceived the idea of it, when, during my stay at Venice, I had had occasion to observe the faults of its much-vaunted system of government.

Although I had been already engaged five or six years upon this work, it was still in a very backward state.

Another undertaking, the idea of which had occurred to me later, occupied my attention more at this moment. This was *Selections* from the works of the Abbé de Saint-Pierre.

I contemplated a third work, the idea of which was due to certain observations which I had made upon myself; and I felt the more encouraged to undertake it as I had reason to hope that I might produce a book really useful to mankind, even one of the most useful that could be offered to it, if the execution worthily corresponded to the plan which I had sketched for myself. The observation has been made, that most men, in the course of their lives, are frequently unlike themselves, and seem transformed into quite different men. It was not to establish a truth so well known that I desired to write a book; I had a newer and even more important object. This was to investigate the causes of these changes, confining myself to those which depended on ourselves, in order to show how we might ourselves control them, in order to make ourselves better and more certain of ourselves.

Besides all this, I had for some time contemplated a system of education, to which Madame de Chenonceaux [daughter-in-law of Madame Dupin], who trembled for her son's future, as the result of the education which he was receiving from his father, had begged me to give attention.

I followed for some time, with tolerable exactness, the distribution of time that I had marked out for myself, and was very well satisfied with

it, but, when the fine weather brought back Madame d'Épinay more frequently to Épinay or La Chevrette, I found that attentions, which at first did not cost me much, but which I had not reckoned upon, greatly upset my other arrangements. I have already said that Madame d'Épinay had some very amiable qualities; she was very devoted to her friends and served them most zealously; and, as she spared neither time nor trouble, she certainly deserved that they should show her some attentions in return. Hitherto I had fulfilled this duty without feeling that it was one; but at last I discovered that I had loaded myself with a chain, the weight of which only friendship prevented me from feeling: I had made the burden heavier by my dislike of crowded rooms. Madame d'Épinay availed herself of this to make a proposal, which seemed to suit me well, and suited her even better; this was that she should let me know when she would be alone, or nearly so. I consented, without foreseeing to what I was binding myself. The consequence was, that I no longer visited her when it was convenient to me, but when it suited her, so that I was never sure of having a whole day at my disposal. This tie considerably spoiled the pleasure which my visits to her had formerly afforded me.

Having thus made up my mind to an inevitable servitude, I resigned myself to it without resistance, and found it, at least during the first year, less burdensome than I should have expected.

For want of a friend, who should be entirely devoted to me, I needed friends whose impulse might overcome my indolence. For this reason I cultivated and strengthened my relations with Diderot and the Abbé de Condillac, entered into fresh and still closer relations with Grimm, and, in the end, I found myself thrown back, without any idea of it, upon literature, which I thought I had abandoned forever.

My first appearance led me by a new path into another intellectual world, the simple and lofty economy of which I was unable to look upon without enthusiasm. My continued attention to it soon convinced me that there was nothing but error and folly in the doctrine of our philosophers, and misery and oppression in our social arrangements. Deluded by my foolish pride, I thought that I was born to destroy all these illusions, and, believing that, in order to gain a hearing, it was necessary for my manner of life to harmonize with my principles, I adopted the singular course which I have not been permitted to continue, in which I set an example for which my pretended friends have never forgiven me, which at first made me ridiculous, and would have ended by making me respectable, if it had been possible for me to persevere in it.

Hitherto I had been good; from that moment I became virtuous, or, at least, intoxicated with virtue. This intoxication had commenced in my head, but had passed on into my heart. The noblest pride sprang up therein on the ruins of uprooted vanity. I pretended nothing; I became really what I seemed; and, for the four years at least, during which this state of effervescence lasted in all its force, there was nothing great or beautiful, which a man's heart could contain, of which I was not capable between heaven and myself. This was the origin of my sudden eloquence,

of the truly celestial fire which inflamed me and spread over my first writings, and which for forty years had not emitted the least spark, since it was not yet kindled.

I was truly transformed; my friends and acquaintances no longer recognised me. I was no longer the shy, bashful rather than modest man, who did not venture to show himself or utter a word, whom a playful remark disconcerted, whom a woman's glance caused to blush. Audacious, proud, undaunted, I carried with me everywhere a confidence, which was firmer in proportion to its simplicity, and had its abode rather in my soul than in my outward demeanour. The contempt for the manners, principles, and prejudices of my age, with which my deep meditations had inspired me, rendered me insensible to the raillery of those who possessed them, and I pulverised their trifling witticisms with my maxims, as I should have crushed an insect between my fingers.

This change began as soon as I had left Paris and the sight of the vices of the great city ceased to keep up the indignation with which it had inspired me. As soon as I lost sight of men, I ceased to despise them; as soon as I lost sight of the wicked, I ceased to hate them. My heart, little adapted for hatred, only caused me to deplore their wretchedness, from which it did not distinguish their wickedness. This gentler, but far less lofty, frame of mind soon dulled the burning enthusiasm which had so long carried me away, and, without anyone perceiving it, even without perceiving it myself, I became again shy, courteous, and timid; in a word, the same Jean Jacques as I had been before.

At the height of my greatest exaltation, I was suddenly pulled back like a kite by the string, and restored to my place by Nature, assisted by a smart attack of my complaint. I employed the only remedy which afforded me relief, that is to say, the bougies, which put a stop to my celestial amours, for, besides that a man is seldom amorous when he is suffering, my imagination, which is animated in the open air and under the trees, languishes and dies in a room and under the rafters of a ceiling. I have often regretted that Dryads did not exist; it would most assuredly have been amongst them that I should have found the object of my attachment.

Other domestic disturbances occurred at the same time to increase my annoyance. Madame le Vasseur, while paying me the most effusive compliments, was doing her utmost to alienate her daughter from me. I received letters from my old neighbourhood, in which I was informed that the worthy old woman, without my knowledge, had contracted debts in the name of Thérèse, who knew it, but said nothing to me about it. That I had to pay them annoyed me much less than their having been kept a secret from me. How could she, from whom I had never kept a secret, keep one from me? Can one conceal anything from those whom one loves? The Holbachian clique, finding that I never went to Paris, began to be seriously afraid that I was comfortable in the country, and that I should be foolish enough to remain there. Then began those intrigues, the object of which was to get me back, indirectly, to the city. Diderot, who did not want to show himself so soon, began by detaching

Deleyme from me, whom I had made acquainted with him, and who received and handed on to me the impressions which Diderot desired to give him, without perceiving their real purpose.

Everything seemed in league to tear me from my delightful and foolish reveries. Before I had recovered from my attack of illness, I received a copy of the poem on the destruction of Lisbon, which I supposed was sent to me by the author. This put me under the obligation of writing to him, and saying something about his composition. I treated him in this letter with all possible regard, consideration, delicacy, and, I venture to say, respect. But, as I knew how easily his self-love was irritated, I did not send the letter to himself, but to Dr. Tronchin, his physician and friend, with full authority to deliver or suppress it, whichever he thought best. Tronchin gave him the letter. Voltaire, in reply, wrote me a few lines to the effect that, as he was ill and also nurse to someone else, he would defer his answer to another occasion, and said not a word about the subject. Tronchin, who sent this letter to me, enclosed it in one from himself, in which he expressed little esteem for the person who had handed it to him.

I have never published, or even shown, these two letters, since I am not fond of making a show of such petty triumphs; the originals will be found in my collection. Since then, Voltaire has published the answer which he promised me, but never sent. It is no other than the romance of *Candide*, of which I cannot speak, because I have not read it.

All these distractions ought to have cured me completely of my fantastic amours, and they were perhaps a means offered me by Heaven to prevent their fatal consequences; but my unlucky star was in the ascendant, and I had scarcely begun to go out again, when my heart, my head, and my feet again took the same paths.

I represented to myself love and friendship, the two idols of my heart, under the most enchanting forms.

In order to place my characters in the midst of suitable surroundings, I successively passed in review the most beautiful spots that I had seen in the course of my travels.

For a long time I confined myself to this indefinite plan, because it was sufficient to fill my fancy with agreeable objects, and my heart with feelings, upon which it loves to feed itself. These fictions, by their constant recurrence, at length assumed greater consistency, and fixed themselves in my brain under a definite shape. It was then that it occurred to me to give expression upon paper to some of the situations which they offered me, and, recalling all the feelings of my youth, to give play, to a certain extent, to the desire of loving, which I had never been able to satisfy, and by which I felt myself devoured.

In the height of my reveries, I received a visit from Madame d'Houdetot, the first she had ever paid me in her life, but which, unfortunately, was not the last, as will be seen later. The Comtesse d'Houdetot was the daughter of the late M. de Bellegarde, farmer-general, and sister of M. d'Épinay and MM. de Lalive and de la Briche. Her connection with M. de

Saint-Lambert, with whom I was becoming intimate, rendered her still more interesting to me; and it was in order to bring me news of this friend, who at the time was, I believe, at Manon, that she came to the Hermitage.

This visit somewhat resembled the commencement of a romance. She lost her way. Her coachman had left the road at a place where it turned off, and tried to cross straight from the mill at Clairvaux to the Hermitage; her carriage stuck in the mud at the bottom of the valley; she decided to get out and finish the journey on foot. Her thin shoes were soon wet through; she sank in the mire; her servants had the greatest trouble imaginable to extricate her, and at last she reached the Hermitage in a pair of boots, making the air ring with shouts of laughter, in which I joined when I saw her arrive. She was obliged to change all her clothes; Thérèse provided for her wants, and I persuaded her to put aside her dignity, and join us in a rustic collation, at which she greatly enjoyed herself. It was late, and she remained only a short time; but the meeting was so cheerful that she was delighted, and seemed disposed to come again. However, she did not carry out her intention until the following year; but alas! this delay was not of the least avail to protect me.

Satisfied with having roughly sketched my plan, I returned to the situations of detail which I had marked out. The result of the form in which I arranged them was the two first parts of *Julie*, which I wrote and made a fair copy of during the winter months with indescribable pleasure, using the finest gilt-edged paper, blue and silver writing sand to dry the ink, and blue ribbon to fasten my manuscript; in short, nothing was sufficiently elegant or refined for the charming girls, with whom, like another Pygmalion, I was infatuated. Every evening, by the fireside, I read and read again these two parts to the womenfolk. The daughter, without saying a word, and moved to tenderness, joined her sobs to mine; the mother, finding no compliments in it, understood nothing of it, remained quiet, and contented herself with repeating to me, during the intervals of silence, "That is very fine, sir."

The return of spring had redoubled my tender frenzies, and in my erotic transports I had composed for the last parts of *Julie* several letters which have a flavour of the rapturous frame of mind in which I wrote them.

Exactly at the same time, I had a second unexpected visit from Madame d'Houdetot. In the absence of her husband, who was a captain in the *Gendarmérie*, and of her lover, who was also in the service, she had come to Eaubonne, in the midst of the valley of Montmorency, where she had taken a very nice house. It was from there that she made a second excursion to the Hermitage. On this occasion, she came on horseback, dressed in men's clothes. Although I am not fond of such masquerades, I was charmed with the air of romance in this particular case, and this time—it was love. As it was the first and only time in my life, and its consequences have stamped it indelibly upon my recollection with terrible force, I must be permitted to enter with some detail into the matter.

Madame la Comtesse d'Houdetot was approaching her thirtieth year,

and was by no means handsome. Her face was pitted with smallpox, her complexion was coarse, she was shortsighted, and her eyes were rather too round, but, notwithstanding, she looked young, and her features, at once lively and gentle, were attractive. She had an abundance of luxuriant black hair, which curled naturally, and reached down to her knees. Her figure was neat, and all her movements were marked by awkwardness and grace combined. Her wit was both natural and agreeable; gaiety, lightheartedness, and simplicity were happily united in it. She overflowed with delightful sallies of wit, which were perfectly spontaneous, and which often fell from her lips involuntarily. She possessed several agreeable accomplishments, played the piano, danced well, and composed very pretty verses. As for her character, it was angelic; gentleness of soul was the foundation of it; and, with the exception of prudence and strength, all the virtues were combined in it.

She had been married very young and against her inclinations to the Comte d'Houdetot, a man of position and a gallant soldier, but a gambler and a shuffler, and a person of but few amiable qualities, whom she had never loved. She found in M. de Saint-Lambert all the good qualities of her husband, together with others that were more agreeable—intellect, virtue, and talent. If one can excuse anything in the manners of the age, it is undoubtedly an attachment, which is refined by its duration, honoured by its effects, and only cemented by mutual esteem.

As far as I have been able to judge, she came to see me a little from her own inclination, but more from a desire to please Saint-Lambert, who had exhorted her to do so, and was right in believing that the friendship, which was beginning to be formed between us, would make this society agreeable to all three. She knew that I was aware of their relations, and, being able to speak of him to me without restraint, it was natural that she should find my society agreeable. She came; I saw her. I was intoxicated with love without an object. This intoxication enchanted my eyes; this object became centred in her. I saw my Julie in Madame d'Houdetot, and soon I saw only Madame d'Houdetot, but invested with all the perfections with which I had just adorned the idol of my heart. To complete my intoxication, she spoke to me of Saint-Lambert in the language of passionate love. O contagious power of love! When I listened to her, when I found myself near her, I was seized with a delightful shivering, which I have never felt when with anyone else. When she spoke, I felt myself overcome by emotion. I imagined that I was interesting myself only in *her* feelings, when my own were similar. I swallowed in deep draughts the contents of the poisoned cup, of which as yet I only tasted the sweetness. At last, without either of us perceiving it, she inspired me with all those feelings for herself which she expressed for her lover. Alas! it was very late, it was very hard for me, to be consumed by a passion, as violent as it was unfortunate, for a woman whose heart was full of love for another!

We were both intoxicated with love; she for her lover, I for her. Our sighs, our delightful tears mingled together. Tender confidants, our feel-

ings were so closely connected that it was impossible that they should not unite in something; and yet, amidst this dangerous intoxication, she never forgot herself for a moment, as for myself, I protest, I swear that if, sometimes carried away by my senses, I attempted to make her unfaithful, I never truly desired it. The vehemence of my passion of itself kept it within bounds. The duty of self-denial had exalted my soul. The splendour of all the virtues adorned in my eyes the idol of my heart; to have soiled its divine image would have been its annihilation. I might have committed the crime; it has been committed a hundred times in my heart; but—to degrade my Sophie¹ could that ever have been possible? No, no! I told her so myself a hundred times. Had it been in my power to satisfy myself, had she abandoned herself to me of her own accord, I should, except in a few brief moments of delirium, have refused to be happy at such a cost. I loved her too dearly to desire to possess her.

The reader can judge whether I found it possible to conceal for long my affection for Madame d'Houdetot. Our intimacy was patent to everybody; we made no secret or mystery of it: it was not of a kind to require it.

All women possess the art of concealing their anger, especially when it is strong. Madame d'Epinay, who was violent but deliberate, possesses this art in an eminent degree. She pretended to see nothing, to suspect nothing; and, while she redoubled her care and attention to me, and almost flirted with me, she at the same time pretended to overwhelm her sister-in-law with rudeness and marks of contempt, with which she appeared to wish to inspire me as well.

One day, when I went to see Madame d'Houdetot at *Eaubonne*, on her return from one of her journeys to *Paris*, I found her sad, and saw that she had been crying. I was obliged to restrain myself, since Madame de *Blainville*, her husband's sister, was present; but, as soon as I had a moment to myself, I told her of my uneasiness. "Ah!" she said with a sigh, "I am much afraid that your follies will deprive me of all peace for the rest of my life. *Saint-Lambert* has been informed, and wrongly informed. He does me justice, but he is annoyed, and, what is worse, he does not tell me all. Happily, I have made no secret of our friendship, which was formed under his auspices. My letters, like my heart, were full of you; I have concealed nothing from him except your insensate love, of which I hoped to cure you, and which, although he does not mention it, I can see that he considers a crime on my part. Someone has done us an ill turn, and wronged me; but never mind. Let us either break off our acquaintance, or do you behave yourself as you ought. I do not wish to have anything more to conceal from my lover."

We both of us knew that Madame d'Epinay corresponded with *Saint-Lambert*. It was not the first storm which she had raised against Madame d'Houdetot; she had made countless attempts to get him away from her, and the past success of some of these attempts made Madame d'Houdetot tremble for the future.

While I was in *Paris*, *Saint-Lambert* arrived on leave. As I knew nothing of it, I did not see him until after my return to the country, at

first at La Chevrette, and afterwards at the Hermitage, where he came with Madame d'Houdetot to ask me to invite him to dinner. It may be imagined how pleased I was to receive them, but I was still more pleased to see the good understanding between them. Rejoiced that I had not disturbed their happiness, I felt happy in it myself; and I can swear that, during the whole course of my mad passion, but especially at this moment, even if I had been able to take Madame d'Houdetot from him, I should not have wished, and I should not even have felt tempted to do so.

As for Saint-Lambert, he behaved honourably and judiciously. As I was the only guilty party, I alone was punished, and that even mercifully. He treated me severely, but amicably; and I saw that I had lost something of his esteem, but nothing of his friendship.

Although, in the bottom of my heart, I could produce sufficiently honourable testimony in my favour, appearances were so much against me, that the unconquerable feeling of shame, by which I was always dominated, gave me, in his presence, the appearance of a guilty person, and he often abused it in order to humiliate me. A single incident will make our mutual relations clear. After dinner I read to him the letter which I had written to Voltaire the year before, and which he had heard spoken of. He went to sleep while I was reading it; and I, formerly so proud, now so foolish, did not venture to discontinue reading, and read on while he snored. Thus did I humble myself; thus did he avenge himself; but his generosity never permitted him to do so except when we three were alone.

After he went away again, I found Madame d'Houdetot greatly altered in her behaviour towards me. I was as surprised as if I ought not to have expected it. I was more affected by it than I ought to have been, and this caused me much suffering. It seemed that everything by which I expected to be cured only plunged deeper into my heart the arrow which I had at length rather broken off than pulled out.

One day, when I least expected it, Madame d'Epinay sent for me. When I entered the room, I observed, in her eyes and manner, an appearance of embarrassment, which was the more striking to me as it was unusual, since no one in the world knew better than she how to control her features and movements. "My friend," said she, "I am leaving for Geneva; my chest is in a bad state, my health is breaking up so rapidly that I must go and consult Tronchin, even if I have to neglect everything else." This resolution, so abruptly taken, at the commencement of bad weather, astonished me the more, as, when I left her thirty-six hours before, not a word had been said about it. I asked her whom she intended to take with her. She told me that she meant to take her son and M. de Linant, and then added, in an indifferent tone, "And won't you come too, my dear bear?" As I did not believe that she spoke seriously, since she knew that, in the time of year upon which we were just entering, I was hardly in a fit state to leave my room, I spoke jestingly of the advantage of one sick person being accompanied by another. She herself did not seem to have meant the proposition seriously, and nothing more was said about it.

During the rest of my visit, we spoke of nothing but the preparations for her journey, into which she threw herself with great energy, as she had made up her mind to start in a fortnight.

I did not need much penetration to understand that there was some secret reason for this journey which was concealed from me. This secret, which was a secret to me alone in the house, was discovered the very next day by Thérèse, to whom Teissier, the *maître d'hôtel*, who had heard it from the lady's maid, revealed it. Although I am under no obligation to Madame d'Épinay to keep the secret, since I did not learn it from her, it is too closely connected with those which she did confide to me for me to be able to make any distinction. On this point, therefore, I will say nothing. But these same secrets, which never have been, and never will be revealed by me, either by word of mouth or the pen, have become known to too many for it to be possible that they can have remained unknown to any of Madame d'Épinay's associates.

When I was informed of the true motive of this journey, I should have recognised the secret instigation of the hand of an enemy, in the attempt to make me the chaperon of Madame d'Épinay; but, as she had not pressed me at all to accompany her, I persisted in regarding the attempt as not seriously intended, and I merely laughed at the fine figure that I should have cut if I had been foolish enough to undertake the charge. Besides, she gained considerably by my refusal, for she succeeded in persuading her husband himself to accompany her.

The weather became bad, and people were beginning to leave the country. Madame d'Houdetot informed me of the day on which she intended to come and say good-bye to our valley, and made an appointment to meet me at Eaubonne. It so happened that it was the day on which Madame d'Épinay was leaving La Chevette for Paris, in order to prepare for her journey. Fortunately, she set out in the morning, and I still had time, after leaving her, to go and dine with her sister-in-law. I made and kept the resolution to see in Madame d'Houdetot nothing but my friend and my friend's mistress; and I spent four or five hours in her company, *tête-à-tête*, in a delightful calm, infinitely preferable, even in the matter of enjoyment, to the attacks of burning fever which I had hitherto felt in her presence. As she knew only too well that my heart was unchanged, she was grateful for the efforts I had made to control myself; it increased her esteem for me, and I had the pleasure of seeing that her friendship for me was not extinguished. She informed me of the speedy return of Saint-Lambert, who, although he had almost recovered from his attack, was no longer in a condition to endure the fatigues of war, and was leaving the service in order to live quietly with her. We formed the charming plan of an intimate companionship between us three, and we had reason to hope that the execution of this plan would be lasting in its results, seeing that all the feelings which can unite upright and feeling hearts were the foundation of it, and we combined, in our three selves, sufficient talents and knowledge to render any foreign elements unneces-

sary. Alas! while abandoning myself to the prospect of so charming a life, I little thought of that which awaited me.

We afterwards spoke of my relations with Madame d'Épinay. I showed her a letter from Diderot, together with my answer; I told her all the circumstances connected with it, and informed her I had resolved to leave the Hermitage. She vigorously opposed it, and with arguments which were all-powerful with my heart. She declared that she would have much liked me to go with her to Geneva, as she foresaw that she would inevitably be compromised by my refusal; indeed, Diderot's letter seemed to announce it beforehand. However, as she knew my reasons as well as myself, she did not insist upon this point. At parting, she kissed me before her servants. This kiss, so different from those which I had sometimes stolen from her beneath the trees, was a guarantee to me that I had regained command over myself. I am nearly certain that, if my heart had had time to strengthen itself without interruption, three months would have been more than enough to cure me completely.

Here end my personal relations with Madame d'Houdetot.

Thus, after a long friendship for the one of these two women, and a deep affection for the other, I took farewell of both on the same day: of one, never to see her again in my life; of the other, only to see her twice more, upon occasions of which I shall afterwards speak.

Grimm was the only one who appeared to have taken no part in this affair; and it was to him that I resolved to address myself. I wrote a long letter to him, in which I exposed the absurdity of wishing me to look upon it as my duty to take the journey to Geneva, the uselessness of it, even the embarrassment I should have been to Madame d'Épinay, and the inconveniences which would have resulted to myself.

Grimm did not reply for some time. His answer was curious. I will here give a copy of it:

Madame d'Épinay's departure is put off; her son is ill, and she is obliged to wait until he has recovered. I will think over your letter. Stay quietly at your Hermitage. I will let you know my opinion in time. As she will certainly not leave for some days, there is no hurry. Meanwhile, if you think fit, you can make your offers to her, although that appears to me a matter of indifference. For, as I know your position as well as you know it yourself, I have no doubt that she will reply to them as she ought. It seems to me that the only thing to be gained by it is, that you will be able to say to those who urge you, that, if you do not go, it will not be for want of having offered your services. Besides, I do not see why you think it absolutely necessary that the philosopher should be the speaking-trumpet of all the world; and why do you imagine, because his advice is that you should go, that all your friends are of the same opinion? If you write to Madame d'Épinay, her answer may serve as a reply to all those friends, since you set such great store upon replying to them. Adieu.

Greatly astonished by the perusal of this letter, I anxiously endeavoured to find out what it might mean, but in vain. What! instead of sending me a simple answer to my letter, he takes time to think over it,

as if the time he had already taken had not been enough! He even informs me of the state of suspense in which he desires to keep me, as if it were a question of a difficult problem which had to be solved, or as if it was important to him to deprive me of every means of clearly understanding his feelings, until the moment when he should be pleased to declare them to me! What could be the meaning of all these precautions, this delay, this secrecy? Is this the way to respond to confidence? Does this look like honourable and upright behaviour? I sought in vain for some favourable interpretation of his conduct; I found none.

After long waiting, in a state of cruel anxiety, into which this barbarous man had plunged me, I heard, eight or ten days later, that Madame d'Épinay had set out, and I received a second letter from him. It contained only seven or eight lines, which I did not read through. . . . It proclaimed a rupture, but in terms such as only the most infernal hate can dictate, and which, from his eagerness to make them offensive, seemed almost silly. He forbade me to enter his presence as he might have warned me off his estates. His letter, to make it appear ridiculous, only needed to be read with greater calmness. Without copying it, without even reading it to the end, I sent it back to him immediately with the following note:

I refused to listen to my just suspicions Too late I understand your character.

This, then, is the letter which you wanted time to think over. I send it back to you, it is not for me. You can show mine to all the world, and hate me without concealment: that will be one falsehood less on your part.

He sent my letter all round Paris, together with remarks of his own, which, however, did not prove so successful as he had expected. It was not considered that the permission to show my letter, which he had known how to extort from me, exempted him from reproach, for having so lightly taken me at my word in order to injure me. People kept asking what personal wrong I had done to him that could justify so violent a hatred. At last they came to the conclusion that, even if they had been of such a nature as to oblige him to break with me, friendship, even though extinguished, still had rights which he ought to have respected. But, unfortunately, Paris is frivolous. Impressions of the moment are soon forgotten. The unfortunate man who is absent is neglected; the prosperous man inspires respect by his presence. The game of intrigue and wickedness continues, and is renewed; and its effects, unceasingly reviving, soon efface the past.

In fact, my condition was most deplorable. I saw all my friends leaving me, without my knowing how or why. Diderot, who boasted of alone remaining faithful to me, and who had, for three months past, promised to pay me a visit, never came at all. The winter now began to make itself felt, and, with it, attacks of my usual complaints.

I decided to communicate my feelings and resolutions to Madame d'Épinay, not doubting for a moment that the feelings of humanity, generosity, propriety, and the good qualities which I believed I had recog-

nised in her, in spite of those that were bad, would make her hasten to agree with me. My letter was as follows:

THE HERMITAGE, *November 23rd, 1757*

If one could die of grief, I should not be alive now. But at last I have made up my mind. All friendship between us is over, madam, but that which no longer exists still preserves its rights, which I know how to respect. I have by no means forgotten your kindness towards me, and you can reckon upon all the gratitude which a man can feel for one whom he can no longer love. All further explanation would be useless. I keep my own conscience, and refer you to your own.

I wanted to leave the Hermitage, and I ought to have done so. But it is declared that I must remain here until spring, and since my friends desire it, I will remain until then, if you consent to it.

A few days later, I at last had the pleasure of receiving from Diderot the visit which he had so often promised, and as often failed to keep his word. It could not have occurred at a more opportune moment; he was my oldest friend; he was almost the only friend I had left; under these circumstances, my delight at seeing him may be imagined. My heart was full; I poured its contents into his. I enlightened him upon many facts which had been kept from him, or had been disguised or invented. I told him what I felt justified in telling him of all that had taken place. I made no pretence of concealing from him what he knew only too well—that a love, as unfortunate as it was foolish, had been the instrument of my destruction; but I never admitted that Madame d'Houdetot knew of it, or, at least, that I had declared it to her. I told him of Madame d'Épinay's unworthy artifices to intercept the very innocent letters written to me by her sister-in-law. I desired that he should learn these details from the lips of the persons whom she had attempted to seduce. Thérèse gave him an exact account of everything; but my feelings may be imagined, when it came to the mother's turn, and I heard her declare and maintain that she knew nothing at all about it! This was her statement, in which she never wavered. Not four days since, she had repeated all the details to me, and then, in my friend's presence, she flatly contradicted me. This attitude appeared to me decisive; and I then keenly felt my imprudence in having so long kept such a woman near me. I did not break out into invectives; I hardly condescended to say a few contemptuous words to her. I felt how much I owed to the daughter, whose unassailable uprightness contrasted strongly with her mother's contemptible cowardice. But, from that moment, my mind was made up in regard to the old woman, and I only waited for a suitable opportunity to carry out my determination.

This opportunity came sooner than I had expected. On the 10th of December I received an answer from Madame d'Épinay. Its contents were as follows:

GENEVA, *December 1st, 1757.*

After having given you, for several years, every possible proof of friendship and sympathy, I can now only pity you. You are very unhappy. I wish your

conscience may be as clear as mine That may be necessary for your future tranquillity

Since you wanted to leave the Hermitage, and ought to have done so, I am astonished that your friends have prevented you As for myself, I do not consult my friends as to my duties, and I have nothing more to say to you concerning yours.

A dismissal so unexpected, but so clearly expressed, did not leave me a moment to hesitate. I was bound to leave the Hermitage at once, whatever the weather or the state of my health might be, even if I had to sleep in the woods or on the snow, with which the ground was covered, and in spite of anything Madame d'Houdetot might say or do; for, although I was ready to humour her in everything, I was not prepared to disgrace myself.

I found myself in the most terrible embarrassment of my life; but my mind was made up: I swore that, whatever might happen, I would not sleep in the Hermitage after a week. I set about removing my effects, having determined to leave them in the open field rather than keep the key longer than the week; for I was anxious, above all, that everything should be settled before anyone could write to Geneva and receive an answer. I was filled with a courage which I had never felt before: all my vigour had returned to me. Honour and indignation, upon which Madame d'Épinay had not reckoned, restored it to me. Fortune assisted my boldness. M. Mathas, *procureur fiscal* of M. le Prince de Condé, heard of my difficulties. He offered me a little house which stood in his garden at Mont-Louis, in Montmorency. I accepted his offer with eagerness and gratitude. The bargain was soon concluded. I hastily bought some furniture, in addition to what I had already, that Thérèse and myself might have a bed to sleep on. With great trouble, and at great expense, I managed to get my goods removed in a cart. In spite of the ice and snow, my removal was effected in two days, and, on the 15th of December, I gave up the keys of the Hermitage, after having paid the gardener's wages, as I could not pay my rent.

I told Madame le Vasseur that we must separate; her daughter tried to shake my resolution, but I was inflexible. I saw her off to Paris in the messenger's cart, with all the furniture and effects belonging to her and her daughter in common. I gave her some money, and undertook to pay for her lodging with her children or elsewhere, to provide for her as long as it was in my power, and never to let her want for bread as long as I had any myself.

Lastly, the day after my arrival at Mont-Louis, I wrote the following letter to Madame d'Épinay:

MONTMORENCY, *December 17th, 1757*

MADAM,—Nothing is so simple or so necessary as to leave your house, since you do not approve of my remaining there. As you refused to allow me to spend the rest of the winter at the Hermitage, I left it on the 15th of December. I was fated to enter and to leave it in spite of myself. I thank you for the stay which you invited me to make there, and I would thank you still more if I had

paid less dearly for it. You are right in thinking that I am unhappy. no one in the world knows better than yourself the extent of that unhappiness. If it is a misfortune to be deceived in the choice of one's friends, it is equally cruel to be disabused of so pleasant a mistake.

Such is the true story of my stay at the Hermitage, and of the reasons which caused me to leave it.

BOOK TEN

THE extraordinary energy with which a temporary irritation had enabled me to leave the Hermitage left me as soon as I was out of it. I was no sooner settled in my new abode than severe and frequent attacks of retention of urine were complicated by the fresh inconvenience of a rupture, which had for some time tortured me, without my knowing that it was one I soon became subject to the most painful attacks.

During a somewhat severe winter, in the month of February, and in the condition I have already described, I spent two hours, morning and afternoon, in an open turret at the bottom of the garden in which my house stood. This turret, which stood at the end of a terraced walk, looked upon the valley and fishpond of Montmorency, and showed me in the distance, as far as I could see, the simple but stately château of Saint-Gratien, the retreat of the virtuous Catinat. In this place, which at that time was bitterly cold, unsheltered from the wind and snow, and with no other fire except that in my heart, I composed, in three weeks, my letter to D'Alembert upon Theatres. This was the first of my writings—for *Julie* was not half finished—in which I have found delight in work. Hitherto, virtuous indignation had been my Apollo; on this occasion, tenderness and gentleness of soul supplied his place.

I revised and made a fair copy of this letter, and was about to get it printed, when, after a long silence, I received a letter from Madame d'Houdetot, which overwhelmed me with a fresh affliction, the most painful that I had as yet suffered. She told me in this letter that my passion for her was known throughout Paris, that I had spoken of it to persons who had made it public; that these rumours had reached the ears of her lover, and had nearly cost him his life; that at last he did her justice, and that they had become reconciled; but that she owed it to him, as well as to herself and her reputation, to break off all intercourse with me; that, in the meanwhile, she assured me that they would never cease to take an interest in me, that they would defend me before the public, and that she would send from time to time to inquire after me.

"And you too, Diderot!" I exclaimed. Unworthy friend! Nevertheless, I could not make up my mind to condemn him yet. My weakness was known by other persons who might have caused it to be talked about. I wanted to doubt; but soon I was unable to do so any longer. Soon afterwards, Saint-Lambert behaved in a manner worthy of his generosity. Knowing my heart tolerably well, he guessed the state of mind in which

I must be, betrayed by one section of my friends, and abandoned by the rest. He came to see me. When he came first, he had very little time to spare. He came again. Unfortunately, as I did not expect him, I was not at home. Thérèse, who was, had a conversation with him, which lasted more than two hours, in the course of which they told each other of several things which it was of great importance for both of us to know. As for Madame d'Houdetot, he gave Thérèse a detailed account of many circumstances with which neither she nor even Madame d'Houdetot were acquainted—things which I alone knew, which I had mentioned to Diderot alone under the seal of friendship; and it was Saint-Lambert himself to whom he had chosen to confide them. This finally decided me. Resolved to break with Diderot once and for all, I had nothing further to think about, except the manner of doing it; for I had perceived that secret ruptures always proved prejudicial to me, since they left the mask of friendship to my most cruel enemies.

Thus freed from all anxiety, I employed my leisure and independence in resuming my literary occupations with greater regularity. I finished *Julie* in the winter, and sent it to Rey, who had it printed in the following year.

I do not know what whim had prompted Rey, for a long time past, to urge me to write the Memoirs of my life. Although, as far as incidents were concerned, they were not at that time particularly interesting, I felt that they might be made so by the candour with which I was capable of treating the subject; and I was determined to make it a work unique of its kind, by an unexampled veracity, which, for once at least, would enable the outside world to behold a man as he really was in his inmost self. I had always ridiculed the false ingenuousness of Montaigne, who, while pretending to confess his defects, is most careful to attribute to himself only such as are amiable; whereas I, who have always believed, and still believe, myself to be, all things considered, the best of men, felt that there is no human heart, however pure it may be, which does not conceal some odious vice. I knew that I was represented in the world under features so utterly different from my own, and sometimes so distorted, that, in spite of my defects, none of which I had the least desire to conceal, I could not help being the gainer by showing myself in my true character. Besides, this was impossible without also showing others as they were, and consequently this work could not be published until after my own death and that of several others. This further emboldened me to write my Confessions, for which I shall never have to blush before anybody. I accordingly determined to devote my leisure to carrying out this undertaking, and I commenced to collect the letters and papers which might guide or assist my memory, greatly regretting all that I had torn up, burned, or lost, up to this time.

This project of complete retirement, one of the most sensible that I had ever formed, made a very strong impression on my mind, and I had already commenced to carry it out, when Heaven, which was preparing a different destiny for me, flung me into a fresh whirl of excitement.

M. le Maréchal, Duc de Luxembourg, came twice every year into the district where his forefathers had formerly been masters, to spend five or six weeks as an ordinary inhabitant, but in great style, which in no way fell short of the old magnificence of his house. The first time he visited it, after I had settled at Montmorency, M. and Madame la Maréchale sent their compliments to me by a footman, and an invitation to sup with them whenever I pleased. Each time that they came again, they never failed to repeat their compliments and invitation. Madame la Comtesse de Boufflers, who was very intimate with Madame la Maréchale, had come to Montmorency. She sent to inquire after me, and asked whether she might pay me a visit. I replied politely, but did not stir. During the Easter visit of the following year (1759), the Chevalier de Lorenzi, who belonged to the suite of M. le Prince de Conti, and to Madame de Luxembourg's circle, came to visit me several times. We became acquainted, he pressed me to go to the château. I refused. At last, one afternoon, when I least expected it, I saw M. le Maréchal de Luxembourg approaching, attended by five or six persons. There no longer remained any means of escape; and I could not, without being considered arrogant and ill-bred, avoid returning his visit, and paying my respects to Madame la Maréchale, on the part of whom he overwhelmed me with polite messages. Thus commenced, under fatal auspices, a connection which I could no longer escape, but which a presentiment, only too well founded, made me dread, until I found myself committed to it.

I was terribly afraid of Madame de Luxembourg. I knew that she was amiable. I had seen her several times at the theatre, and at Madame Dupin's ten or twelve years ago, when she was Duchesse de Boufflers, and was still in the first brilliancy of her beauty. But she had the reputation of being spiteful; and this, in so great a lady, made me tremble. No sooner did I see her than I was vanquished. I found her charming, with that charm which is proof against time, and is most calculated to act upon my heart. I expected to find her conversation sarcastic and full of epigrams. This was not the case; it was something far better. Her conversation does not sparkle with wit; it exhibits no flights of fancy, or even, properly speaking, *finesse*; but it is marked by an exquisite refinement, which is never striking, but is always pleasing. Her flatteries are the more intoxicating in proportion to their simplicity; it seems as if they fall from her lips without thinking, and are the overflowsings of a heart which is too full. I fancied that I perceived, at my first visit, that, in spite of my awkward manner and clumsy phrases, she found my society agreeable. All Court ladies know how to produce this impression whenever they please, whether it be true or not; but all do not know, as Madame de Luxembourg did, how to produce it in so charming a manner that one no longer thinks of doubting it.

When M. le Maréchal had visited me at Mont-Louis, I had received him and his suite in my one room with a feeling of embarrassment; not because I was obliged to ask him to sit down in the middle of my dirty plates and broken jugs, but because my floor was rotten and falling to pieces, and I was afraid that the weight of his suite might make it give

way altogether. Thinking less of my own danger than of that to which this worthy gentleman's affability exposed him, I hastened to get him out of it, by taking him, in spite of the weather, which was still very cold, to my tower, which was completely exposed and had no fireplace. When we were there, I told him the reason why I had brought him; he repeated it to Madame la Maréchale, and both pressed me to stay at the château until the floor had been repaired; or, if I preferred, at a detached building in the middle of the park, which was called the "little château."

I was offered the choice of one of the four complete apartments which it contains, in addition to the ground floor, which consists of a ballroom, a billiard room, and a kitchen. I chose the smallest and simplest, above the kitchen, which I had as well. It was delightfully neat, with furniture in blue and white. In this profound and delightful solitude, in the midst of woods and waters, to the accompaniment of the songs of birds of every kind, surrounded by the perfumes of orange blossoms, I composed, in a continued state of ecstasy, the fifth book of *Émile*, the fresh colouring of which is in great part due to the lively impression of the locality in which I wrote.

How eagerly I ran every morning at sunrise to breathe the perfumed air of the peristyle! What delicious *café au lait* I took there with my Thérèse! My cat and dog kept us company. This retinue alone would have been enough for my whole life; I should never have experienced a moment's weariness. I was in an earthly paradise; I lived there in the same state of innocence, and enjoyed the same happiness.

During their July visit, M. and Madame de Luxembourg showed me so many attentions, and treated me with such kindness, that, living in their house and overwhelmed by their civilities, I could not do less than repay it by visiting them frequently. Yet I never felt quite at my ease with Madame la Maréchale. Although not completely reassured as to her character, I feared it less than her wit, of which I particularly stood in awe. I knew that she was difficult to satisfy in conversation, and that she had the right to be so. I knew that women, especially great ladies, must be amused, and that it is better to offend them than to bore them; and I judged, from her remarks upon the conversation of the people who had just taken leave of her, what she must have thought of my silly nonsense. I thought of an expedient to save myself from the embarrassment of talking to her: this was, to read to her. She had heard *Julie* spoken of; she knew that it was being printed; she showed an eagerness to see the work; I offered to read it to her, and she consented. I went to her every morning at ten o'clock: M. de Luxembourg came, and the door was shut. I read by the side of her bed, and portioned out my readings so well that they would have lasted throughout her stay, even if it had not been interrupted. The success of this expedient surpassed my expectations. Madame de Luxembourg took a violent fancy to *Julie* and its author; she spoke of nothing but me, thought of nothing but me, flattered me the whole of the day, and embraced me ten times a day. She insisted that I should always sit by her at table, and when any great noblemen wanted to take this

place, she told them that it belonged to me, and made them sit somewhere else

As soon as the little house at Mont-Louis was ready, I furnished it neatly and simply, and returned there to live, being unable to renounce the determination to which I had come when I left the Hermitage, namely, always to live in a place of my own but neither could I make up my mind to give up my apartment in the little château. I kept the key of it, and in my fondness for the nice little breakfasts in the peristyle, I often slept there, and sometimes spent two or three days, as if it had been my country house.

Besides these two lodgings, I soon had a third at the Hôtel de Luxembourg, the owners of which pressed me so earnestly to go and see them sometimes, that I agreed, in spite of my aversion to Paris; even then I only went on days that had been agreed upon beforehand, simply to supper, and returned the following morning. I entered and left by the garden adjoining the boulevard; so that I was enabled to say, with strict truth, that I had never set foot upon the pavement of Paris.

During their second stay at Montmorency, in 1760, having come to the end of *Julie*, I had recourse to *Émile*, in order to keep in with Madame de Luxembourg; but this did not prove so successful, either because the subject was less to her taste, or because she was at last tired of so much reading. However, as she reproached me with allowing myself to be cheated by my publishers, she wanted me to leave the printing and publication of it to her, that she might make a better bargain. I accepted her proposal, expressly stipulating that the work should not be printed in France.

She had brought with her on one occasion her granddaughter Mademoiselle de Boufflers, now Madame la Duchesse de Lauzun. Her name was Amélie. She was a charming person. Her face, gentleness, and timidity were truly maidenly. Nothing could have been more amiable or more interesting than her features, nothing tenderer or more chaste than the feelings which they inspired. Besides, she was a mere child, not yet eleven years of age. Madame la Maréchale, finding her too shy, did her best to rouse her. She several times allowed me to kiss her, which I did with my usual awkwardness. Instead of the pretty things which anyone else in my place would have said, I stood mute and utterly confused. I do not know which of us was the more bashful, the poor little one or myself. One day I met her alone on the staircase of the little château; she was coming to see Thérèse, with whom her governess still was. Not knowing what to say to her, I asked her to give me a kiss, which, in the innocence of her heart, she did not refuse, as she had already given me one that very morning, by her grandmamma's orders, and in her presence. The next day, while reading *Émile* at Madame la Maréchale's bedside, I came upon a passage, in which I have justly censured the very thing that I had myself done the day before. She found the observation very just, and made some sensible remark upon it, which caused me to blush. How I curse my incredible stupidity, which has often caused me to appear vile and guilty,

when I have only been foolish and embarrassed—a foolishness which is regarded as only a false excuse in the case of a man who is known to be not wanting in intelligence! I can swear that in this kiss, which was so blamable, as in all the rest, *Mademoiselle Amélie's* heart and feelings were no purer than my own. I can even swear that, if at that moment I could have avoided meeting her, I would have done so; for, although I was very pleased to see her, I was greatly at a loss to find something agreeable to say to her in passing. How is it that a child can intimidate a man whom the power of kings fails to alarm? What is a man to do? How is he to behave, if he is utterly destitute of presence of mind? If I force myself to speak to people whom I meet, I infallibly utter some foolish remark; if I say nothing, then I am a misanthrope, a wild animal, a bear. Complete imbecility would have been far more favourable to me; but the talents which I lacked in society have made those which I possessed the instruments of my ruin.

In the midst of petty literary squabbles, which only confirmed me more and more in my resolution, I was the recipient of the greatest honour which the profession of letters has ever conferred upon me, and of which I felt most proud: *M. le Prince de Conti* condescended to visit me twice, once at the little château, and once at *Mont-Louis*. On both occasions, he selected the time when *Madame de Luxembourg* was not at *Montmorency*, in order to make it clearer that he only came to see me. I have never had any doubt that I owed his kindness originally to *Madame de Luxembourg* and *Madame de Boufflers*; but neither have I any doubt that I owe the kindness with which he has never ceased to honour me since then, to his own feelings and myself.

As my apartment at *Mont-Louis* was very small, and the situation of the turret was delightful, I took the Prince there; and he, to crown his favours, desired that I would have the honour of playing a game of chess with him.

A few days afterwards, he sent me a hamper of game, which I accepted in a proper manner. Some time after that, he sent me a second hamper, accompanied by a note from one of his officers of the hunt, written by his instructions, informing me that the contents had been shot by His Highness himself. I accepted it; but I wrote to *Madame de Boufflers* that I would accept no more. This letter was generally blamed, and deservedly. To refuse presents of game from a Prince of the blood, who, besides, displays such delicacy in sending them, shows rather the boorishness of an ill-bred person who forgets himself, than the delicate feeling of a proud man, who desires to preserve his independence.

If I did not commit the additional folly of becoming his rival, I very nearly did so; for, at the time, *Madame de Boufflers* was still his mistress, and I knew nothing about it. She came to see me pretty often with the *Chevalier de Lorenzi*. She was handsome and still young. She affected the old Roman spirit, while I was always romantic; this was a sufficient similarity. I was nearly caught; I believe she saw it. The *Chevalier* saw it also; at least, he spoke to me about it, and in a manner not calculated to dis-

courage me. But this time I was prudent—and it was time to be so, at fifty years of age.

At the moment of writing these lines, a young woman, who had her designs upon me, has just made dangerous advances to me, and that with very significant glances; but, if she had pretended to forget my fifty years, I have remembered them. After having extricated myself from this snare, I have no longer any fear of falling, and I feel that I can answer for myself for the rest of my days.

BOOK ELEVEN

ALTHOUGH *Julie*, which had been in the press for a long time, was not yet published at the end of 1760, it was beginning to make a great stir. Madame de Luxembourg had spoken of it at Court, Madame d'Houdetot in Paris. The latter had even obtained permission from me for Saint-Lambert to have it read in manuscript to the King of Poland, who was delighted with it. Duclos, to whom I had also had it read, had spoken of it to the Academy. All Paris was impatient to see this romance; the booksellers' shops in the Rue Saint-Jacques and the Palais-Royal were besieged by persons making inquiries about it. At last it appeared, and its success, contrary to what is usually the case, corresponded to the eagerness with which it had been expected. Madame la Dauphine, who was one of the first who read it, spoke of it to M. de Luxembourg as a delightful work. Opinions were divided amongst men of letters; but amongst the general public the verdict was unanimous, the ladies, especially, became infatuated with the book and the author to such an extent, that there were few, even amongst the highest circles, whose conquest I could not have made if I had been so disposed. I possess proofs of this, which I do not wish to commit to writing, but which, without any need of putting them to the test, confirm my opinion.

What made the women so favourably disposed towards me was their conviction that I had written my own history, and that I myself was the hero of this romance. This belief was so firmly established, that Madame de Polignac wrote to Madame de Verdelin, begging her to persuade me to let her see the portrait of Julie. Everyone was convinced that it was impossible to express sentiments so vividly without having felt them, or to describe the transports of love so glowingly, unless they came straight from the heart. In this they were right. It is quite true that I wrote this romance in a state of most feverish ecstasy, but they were wrong in thinking that it had needed real objects to produce this condition; they were far from understanding to what an extent I am capable of being inflamed by beings of the imagination. Had it not been for a few reminiscences of my youth and Madame d'Houdetot, the love which I felt and described would have had only the nymphs of the air for its object.

In the midst of the successful reception of my work by the public

and the favour of the ladies, I felt that I was losing ground at the Hôtel de Luxembourg, not with M. de Luxembourg, whose kindness and friendship seemed to increase daily, but with Madame de Luxembourg. Since I had found nothing more to read to her, her room had not been so freely open to me; and, during her visits to Montmorency, although I presented myself with great regularity, I hardly ever saw her except at table. My place at her side, even, was no longer reserved for me as before. As she no longer offered it to me, spoke to me but little, and I had not much to say to her either, I was glad to find another place, where I was more at my ease, especially in the evening; for I unconsciously made a practice of sitting closer to M. le Maréchal.

After having waited a considerable time since I had handed *Émile* to Madame de Luxembourg, without hearing anything about it, I at length was informed that an arrangement had been made at Paris with the bookseller Duchesne, and by him with Néaulme of Amsterdam. Madame de Luxembourg sent me the two copies of the agreement.

Having signed the two documents, I sent them both to Madame de Luxembourg, in accordance with her desire; she gave one to Duchesne and kept the other herself, instead of sending it back to me, and I have never seen it again.

Even before I perceived any coldness on the part of Madame la Maréchale, I was anxious, in order to avoid exposing myself to it, to carry out my old plan; but, as I was without the means, I was obliged to wait until the agreement of *Émile* was concluded, and in the meantime I put the final touches to the *Contrat Social*, and sent it to Rey, fixing the price of the manuscript at 1,000 *francs*, which he gave me.

Besides these two works and my *Dictionnaire de Musique*, at which I worked from time to time, I had some other writings of less importance, all ready for publication, which I intended to bring out, either separately or in a general collection of my works, if I ever undertook to produce one. The most important of these, most of which are still in manuscript in the hands of Du Peyrou, was an *Essai sur l'Origine des Langues*, which I had read to M. de Malesherbes and the Chevalier de Lorenzi, who expressed his approval of it. I calculated that all these works together, after all expenses, would be worth to me at least 8,000 or 10,000 *francs*, which I intended to sink in a life annuity for myself and Thérèse. After this, we would go and live together in the corner of some province, where I would no longer trouble the public with myself, or trouble myself about anything further, except how to end my days peacefully, while continuing to do as much good around me as was possible, and to write at my leisure the Memoirs which I meditated.

Such was my scheme, the execution of which was rendered still easier to me by the generosity of Rey, which I must not pass by in silence. He is the only one who has openly admitted that he made a good thing out of me; and he has often told me that he owed his fortune to me, and offered to share it with me. Being unable to show his gratitude to myself directly, he desired to prove it at least in the person of my better half, upon whom

he settled an annuity of 300 *francs*, stating in the deed that it was an acknowledgment of the advantages he owed to me.

This pension was a great assistance to Thérèse, and a great relief for me. But I was far from desiring any direct profit for myself from it, any more than from any other presents which she received. She has always had the absolute disposal of it. If I kept her money, I rendered her a faithful account of it, without ever deducting a farthing for our common expenses, even when she was better off than I was. "That which is mine is ours," I said to her, "and that which is yours is yours." I always behaved, in money matters, in accordance with this principle, which I often repeated to her. Those who are base enough to accuse me of accepting through her hands what I refused to accept with my own no doubt judged my heart by their own, and had but little knowledge of me.

The *Contrat Social* was printed with little delay. It was different with *Émile*, for the publication of which I was obliged to wait, before I could carry out my project of retirement. From time to time, Duchesne sent me specimens of type to choose from; and after I had made a choice, instead of putting the work in hand, he sent me fresh ones. When we had at last settled upon the size and type, and several sheets had already been struck off, in consequence of a slight alteration which I made in a proof he began all over again, and, at the end of six months, we were not so far advanced as on the first day. While these experiments were going on, I discovered that the book was being printed in France as well as in Holland, and in two separate editions. What could I do? The manuscript was no longer under my control.

I had lived at Montmorency for more than four years, without having enjoyed one single day of good health. Although the air is excellent, the water is bad; and this may very well have been one of the causes which aggravated my usual complaints. About the end of the autumn of 1761 I fell seriously ill, and spent the whole winter in almost constant suffering. My physical ailments, increased by numerous uneasinesses, made them still more painful to me. For some time secret and gloomy forebodings had been disturbing me, although I did not know to what they referred. I received several curious anonymous letters, and even signed ones which were equally curious.

While my condition grew worse, the printing of *Émile* proceeded more slowly, and was at last entirely suspended. I was unable to learn the reason. I could not procure information from anyone, and knew nothing of what was going on, M. de Malesherbes being in the country at the time. No misfortune, whatever it may be, ever troubles or overwhelms me, provided that I know in what it consists; but I am naturally afraid of darkness; I dread and hate its gloomy appearance; mystery always makes me uneasy; it is too much opposed to my disposition, which is frank to the verge of imprudence. During the daytime, the sight of the most hideous monster would, I believe, alarm me but little; but if I were to see by night a figure in a white sheet, I should be afraid. Thus my

fancy, kindled by this prolonged silence, busied itself in conjuring up for me a number of phantoms.

I saw nothing but Jesuits everywhere, without reflecting that they, on the eve of their annihilation, and fully occupied with their own defence, had something else to do than to intrigue against the printing of a book in which they were not concerned.

I felt that I was dying. I can scarcely understand how it was that my extravagant notions did not prove my deathblow, so terribly was I alarmed at the idea that my memory would be dishonoured in a work which was my best and most worthy of me. I never felt such dread of death; and I believe that, if I had died then, I should have died in a state of utter despair.

The printing, when it had once been resumed, was quietly continued and finished; and I noticed as a singular fact, that, after the fresh sheets, which had been stringently exacted for the first two volumes, the last two were passed without a word, and no objection of any kind was taken to their contents. However, I still felt an uneasiness, which I must not omit to mention. After having been alarmed at the Jesuits, I became alarmed at the Jansenists and philosophers.

The *Contrat Social* appeared a month or two before *Émile*. Rey, whom I had made promise never to introduce any of my books secretly into France, applied to the magistrate for permission to introduce this by way of Rouen, to which place he sent his consignments by sea. He received no reply; his packages remained at Rouen for several months, when they were sent back to him, after an attempt had been made to confiscate them; but he created such a disturbance that they were returned to him. Certain persons, out of curiosity, procured some copies from Amsterdam, which circulated without making much stir. Mauléon, who had heard and even seen something of this, spoke to me about it with an air of mystery which surprised me, and would even have made me uneasy, unless, feeling sure that I had acted in order in everything, and had done nothing with which I could reproach myself, I had reassured myself by my grand principle. I entertained no doubt that M. de Choiseul, who had already shown himself favourably disposed towards me, and appreciated the eulogy which my esteem had caused me to pronounce upon him in this work, would support me on this occasion against the ill will of Madame de Pompadour.

At that time, I certainly had as much reason as ever to reckon upon the kindness of M. de Luxembourg, and his support in case of necessity; for he never gave me more frequent or more touching proofs of his friendship. During his Easter visit, my melancholy state of health did not allow me to go to the château; but he never let a day pass without paying me a visit, and, seeing that my sufferings were incessant, he at last persuaded me to let him send for Brother Côme. He brought him to me himself, and had the courage, certainly rare and meritorious in a great nobleman, to remain with me during the operation, which was a long and painful one. However, it was only a question of being probed; but

I had never been able to submit to it, even at the hands of Morand, who made the attempt several times, but always unsuccessfully. Brother Côme, whose skill and lightness of hand was unequalled, at last succeeded in introducing a very small probe, after having caused me great suffering for more than two hours, during which I did my utmost to restrain my cries, to avoid distressing the tender-hearted Marquis. On the first examination, Brother Côme thought he had discovered a large stone, and told me so; on the second, he could not find it. After having made a second and third examination, with a care and exactitude which made the time seem very long, he declared that there was no stone at all, but that the prostate gland was scirrhus and abnormally swollen. He found the bladder large and in good condition, and he ended by expressing his opinion that I should suffer greatly, and that I should live for a long time. If the second prediction is fulfilled as completely as the first, my sufferings are not nearly at an end.

Thus, after having been successively treated for so many years for complaints which I never had, I ended by learning that my malady, incurable without being fatal, would last as long as myself.

Émile at last appeared, without my having heard any more about fresh proofs or other difficulties.

The publication of this book did not take place with the outburst of approval which had followed that of all my other writings. Never did a work meet with such praise from private individuals, and so little approbation from the public. What those who were most capable of judging said and wrote to me about it, confirmed me in the opinion that it was the best, as well as the most important, of my writings. But all this was told me with the most curious circumspection, as if it had been a matter of importance to keep all favourable opinion of it secret. Madame de Boufflers, who declared to me that the author of such a work deserved statues and the homage of all mankind, without any ceremony begged me, at the end of her note, to send it back to her. D'Alembert, who wrote to me to the effect that the work decided my superiority, and was bound to place me at the head of all men of letters, did not sign his note, although he had signed all those which he had previously written to me. Duclos, a friend on whom I could depend, an upright but cautious man, and who thought highly of the work, avoided expressing any opinion of it in writing. La Condamine fell upon the *Profession of Faith*, and beat about the bush. Clairaut, in his letter, confined himself to the same part of the book, but was not afraid to declare how greatly he had been touched by reading it: he told me, in so many words, that the perusal of it had warmed his old soul. Of all those to whom I sent my book, he was the only one who told the world, openly and unreservedly, how highly he thought of it.

The dull murmur which precedes the storm began to make itself heard. All keen-witted persons saw clearly that, in regard to my book and myself, some plot was brewing, which would soon explode. As for me, my feelings of security and stupidity were so great that, far from

having any idea of my misfortune, I did not even suspect the cause, after I had felt the effects of it. My opponents began by cleverly spreading the idea, that, while the Jesuits were severely treated, no favouritism could be shown towards books and authors who attacked religion. I was reproached for having put my name to *Émile*, as if I had not put it to all my other writings, against which nothing had been said. It seemed as if people were afraid of being forced to take certain steps which they would regret, but which circumstances rendered necessary, and to which my imprudence had given occasion. These rumours reached my ears, but caused me scarcely any uneasiness.

I remained calm. The rumours increased and soon assumed a different character. The public, and, above all, the Parliament, appeared irritated by my calmness. At the end of a few days the excitement became terrible; the threats changed their object, and were addressed directly to myself. Members of Parliament might be heard saying quite openly, that it was no good to burn the books; that the authors ought to be burnt as well. One thing, however, still comforted me. I found Madame de Luxembourg so calm, so contented, so cheerful even, that she must have known what she was about, since she did not show the least anxiety on my account, did not utter a word of sympathy or apology, and regarded the turn the affair was taking with as much coolness as if she had nothing to do with it, and had never taken the least interest in myself. The only thing that surprised me was that she said nothing at all to me. It appeared to me that she ought to have said something. Madame de Boufflers seemed more uneasy. She came to and fro in an agitated manner, showed great activity, assured me that M. le Prince de Conti was also exerting himself to ward off the blow which was being prepared for me, and which she attributed simply to the present state of affairs, in which it was of importance to the Parliament not to give the Jesuits an opportunity of accusing it of indifference in religious matters. She seemed, however, to have little confidence in the success of the Prince's efforts or her own. The drift of all her conversations, which were more alarming than reassuring, was the same: to induce me to leave the country and retire to England, where she offered to find me several friends, amongst others the celebrated Hume, with whom she had long been acquainted. Seeing that I persisted in remaining calm, she adopted a line which was more calculated to shake my resolution. She gave me to understand that, if I was arrested and examined, I should be obliged to mention Madame de Luxembourg, and that her friendship for me certainly deserved that I should not expose myself to the danger of being forced to compromise her. I replied that she might make herself easy, and that in such a case I would certainly not compromise her. She answered, that such a resolution was easier to take than to keep, and in this she was right, especially in my case, since I was quite determined never to perjure myself, or speak falsely before the judges, whatever risk there might be in telling the truth.

A few days afterwards, M. le Maréchal received from the *curé* of Deuil, a friend of Grimm and Madame d'Épinay, a letter, containing the

information, which he declared came from a trustworthy source, that the Parliament intended to proceed against me with extreme severity, and that, on a certain day, which he mentioned, a warrant would be issued for my apprehension. I regarded this as an invention on the part of the Holbachians: I knew that the Parliament paid great attention to forms, and that it would be an infringement of them all, to commence on this occasion with a warrant of arrest, before it had been judicially established whether I acknowledged the book and was really its author.

Feeling sure that, under all this, there was some secret which was being withheld from me, I quietly awaited the issue of events, having full confidence in my upright behaviour and innocence throughout the affair, and being only too happy, whatever persecution might await me, to be summoned to the honour of suffering for the truth's sake. Far from being afraid, and keeping myself concealed, I went every day to the château, and took my usual walk in the afternoon. On the 8th of June, the day before the issue of the decree, I took it in company with two professors belonging to the Oratory, Father Alamanni and Father Mandard. We took some provisions with us to Champeaux, where we enjoyed a hearty meal. We had forgotten to take glasses, and supplied their place with stalks of rye, through which we sucked the wine from the bottles, eagerly picking out the thickest stalks, in order to see which could suck the hardest. I have never been so gay in my life.

I have mentioned how I suffered from sleeplessness in my youth. Since then, I had accustomed myself to read in bed every night, until I found my eyes getting heavy. Then I put out my candle, and tried to doze for a few minutes, which did not last long. My usual evening reading was the Bible, and in this manner I have read the whole of it through at least five or six times. On this particular evening, finding myself more wakeful than usual, I continued my reading for a longer time, and read the whole book, which ends with the history of the Levite of Ephraim—the Book of Judges, if I am not mistaken, for I have never looked at it since then. This history greatly affected me, and I was pondering over it in a half-dreamy state, from which I was suddenly roused by a noise and a light. The latter was carried by Thérèse, who was showing the way to M. le Roche, who, seeing me start up abruptly, said to me, “Do not be alarmed: I come from Madame la Maréchale, who has written to you herself, and also sends you a letter from M. le Prince de Conti.” Inside Madame de Luxembourg’s letter I found another, which had been brought to her by a special messenger from the Prince, containing the information that, in spite of all his efforts, it had been decided to proceed against me with the utmost rigour of the law. “The excitement,” so he wrote, “is very great: nothing can avert the blow: the Court demands it, the Parliament wills it: at seven o’clock tomorrow morning the warrant of arrest will be issued, and executed immediately. I have obtained an assurance that, if he makes his escape, he will not be pursued; but, if he persists in his wish to allow himself to be taken, then he will be arrested.” La Roche besought me, in Madame de Luxembourg’s name, to get up and go and

consult with her. It was two o'clock: she had just gone to bed. "She is waiting for you," he added, "and will not go to sleep until she has seen you." I hurriedly dressed myself, and hastened to her.

For the first time in her life she appeared to me agitated. Her anxiety touched me. In this moment of surprise, in the middle of the night, I myself was not free from excitement, but when I saw her I forgot myself, and thought only of her and the melancholy part which she would play if I allowed myself to be taken; for, while I felt that I had courage enough never to speak anything but the truth, even though it was bound to injure and ruin me, I did not feel that I had sufficient presence of mind or cleverness, or even, perhaps, sufficient firmness, to avoid compromising her, if I was hard pressed. This decided me to sacrifice my reputation for the sake of her peace of mind, and, on this occasion, to do for her that which nothing would have induced me to do for myself. The moment my mind was made up, I told her, as I did not wish to depreciate the value of my sacrifice by allowing it to be purchased from me. I am convinced that she could not have been mistaken as to my motives, but she did not say a single word to me which showed that she appreciated them. I was so shocked at this indifference that I even hesitated whether I should not draw back, but M. de Luxembourg appeared upon the scene, and Madame de Boufflers arrived from Paris a few moments afterwards. They did what Madame de Luxembourg ought to have done. I allowed myself to be flattered, I was ashamed to go back from my word, and the only question remaining was, where I should go, and when I should start. M. de Luxembourg proposed that I should stay a few days at his house, *incognito*, which would give me more time to consider and decide upon my course of action.

Madame de Boufflers made fresh efforts to persuade me to cross over to England. She did not shake my determination. I have never liked England or the English, and all the eloquence of Madame de Boufflers, far from overcoming my dislike, only seemed to increase it, without my knowing why.

Being determined to set out the same day, as soon as morning came, I had already started, as far as everybody else was concerned; La Roche, whom I sent to fetch my papers, would not tell even Thérèse whether I had left or not.

The officers of justice were to have arrived at ten o'clock. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when I started, and they had not yet arrived. It had been settled that I should travel by the post; I had no conveyance. M. le Maréchal made me a present of a cabriolet, and lent me horses and a postillion as far as the first post, where, thanks to the arrangements he had made, no difficulty was made about providing me with horses.

As I had not dined at table, and had not shown myself in the *château*, the ladies came to say good-bye to me in the *entresol*, where I had spent the day. Madame la Maréchale embraced me several times, with every appearance of melancholy; but I no longer perceived in her embraces the heartiness of those which she had lavished upon me two or

three years before. Madame de Boufflers also embraced me and spoke very kindly to me.

M. le Maréchal did not open his mouth; he was as pale as death. He persisted in accompanying me as far as the conveyance, which was waiting for me at the watering place. We crossed the garden without uttering a word. I had a key of the park, with which I opened the gate, after which, instead of putting it back into my pocket, I gave it to him without a word. He took it with surprising eagerness, of which I have been unable to avoid thinking frequently since then I have rarely in my life experienced a more bitter moment than that of this separation. Our embrace was long and silent; we both felt that it was a last farewell.

My conveyance was uncomfortable, and I was too unwell to make long-day journeys. Besides, my appearance was not sufficiently imposing to ensure my being well served; and everybody knows that, in France, post horses only feel the whip upon the postillions' shoulders. By feigning the guides handsomely, I thought I could supply the place of threatening words and gestures; but this only made matters much worse. They took me for a poor wretch travelling on commission, who was journeying by post for the first time in his life. From that time I was supplied with nothing but the most sorry nags, and became the laughingstock of the postillions. I ended, as I ought to have begun, by being patient and saying nothing, and let them go on as they pleased.

On entering the territory of Berne I ordered a halt. I got out of the carriage, flung myself upon the ground, kissed and embraced it, and, in my delight, cried out: "O Heaven, protector of virtue, I offer my praise to thee! I set foot in a land of liberty." Thus it is that, in the blind confidence of my hopes, I have always been seized with passionate fondness for that which was destined to bring misfortune upon me. The surprised postillion thought I was mad. I got into the carriage again, and, a few hours afterwards, I had the pure and lively satisfaction of being pressed in the arms of the worthy Roguin.

BOOK TWELVE

HERE COMMENCES the work of darkness, in which, for eight years past, I have been entombed, without ever having been able, in spite of all my efforts, to penetrate its frightful obscurity.

I did not long remain in doubt as to the reception which awaited me at Geneva, in case I felt inclined to return there. My book was burned there, and a warrant was issued against me on the 18th of June, that is to say, nine days after it had been issued in Paris. In this second decree, so many incredible absurdities were heaped together, and the ecclesiastical edict was so distinctly violated, that at first I refused to believe the news when it reached me, and, when it was actually confirmed, I trembled lest so manifest and crying an infringement of every law, commencing with that of common sense, should turn Geneva upside down. But I need

not have disturbed myself, everything remained quiet. If there was any disturbance amongst the people, it was only directed against me, and I was publicly treated by all the town gossips and *custres* like a pupil threatened with a flogging for having said his catechism badly.

These two decrees gave the signal for the cry of execration which went up against me throughout Europe with unexampled fury. All the newspapers, journals, and pamphlets sounded a most terrible note of alarm.

I was called an infidel, an atheist, a lunatic, a madman, a wild beast, a wolf. Seeking in vain for the cause of this universal animosity, I was ready to believe that all the world had gone mad. What! the compiler of the *Paix Perpetuelle* the promoter of discord! the editor of the *Vicaire savoyard* an infidel! the author of the *Nouvelle Héloïse* a wolf! the author of *Émile* a madman! Good heavens! what then should I have been if I had published the work upon *L'Esprit*, or something of the same kind?

The day of my installation in my new abode was already settled, and I had written to Thérèse to rejoin me, when suddenly I heard that a storm was brewing against me in Berne. I decided to leave on the following day. My difficulty was, to know where to go. Geneva and France were closed to me, and I clearly foresaw that, in this matter, everyone would be eager to imitate his neighbour's example.

Madame Boy de la Tour [niece of M. Roguin] proposed to me to take up my quarters in an empty furnished house, belonging to her son, in the village of Motiers, in Val-de-Travers, in the county of Neuchâtel.

Colonel Roguin insisted on crossing the mountain with me, to see me installed at Motiers. A sister-in-law of Madame Boy de la Tour, by name Madame Girardier, who found the house which I was to occupy a great convenience to herself, was not particularly pleased at my arrival. However, she let me take possession politely enough, and I took my meals with her, until Thérèse arrived, and my little establishment was set in order.

Since my departure from Montmorency, feeling certain that I should henceforth be a wanderer upon the face of the earth, I hesitated about allowing her to join me and share the wandering life to which I saw myself condemned. I felt that, owing to this catastrophe, the relations between us would be altered, and that what had hitherto been a favour and a kindness on my part would henceforth be the same on hers. If her attachment remained proof against my misfortunes, she would be greatly distressed by them, and her grief would only add to my woes. If, on the other hand, my misfortune cooled her affection for me, she would look upon it as a sacrifice if she remained constant to me; and, instead of feeling the pleasure which I felt in sharing my last crust of bread with her, she would only be sensible of her own merit in consenting to follow me whithersoever destiny might force me to go.

I accordingly wrote to her to set out; she came. It was hardly two months since I had left her; but it was our first separation, after the many years we had been together. We had both felt it cruelly.

Shortly after my establishment at Motiers-Travers, having received

every possible assurance that I should be left in peace, I assumed the Armenian costume. This was not a new idea of mine; it had often occurred to me in the course of my life, and it often occurred to me again at Montmorency, where the constant use of bougies, which frequently compelled me to keep my room, made me sensible of the advantages of a long garment. The chance afforded by an Armenian tailor, who frequently came on a visit to a relation at Montmorency, tempted me to take advantage of it, in order to assume this new costume, in spite of what people might say, to which I paid but little heed. However, before adopting this new outfit, I desired to have the advice of Madame de Luxembourg, who strongly advised me to do so. I accordingly procured a little Armenian wardrobe; but the storm, which was roused against me, made me put off wearing it until the times were calmer, and it was not until several months later that, being obliged by fresh attacks of my complaint to have recourse to bougies, I thought that I might, without risk, assume this dress at Motiers, especially after having consulted the pastor of the place, who told me that I could wear it even in church without giving offence. I accordingly put on the jacket, caftan, fur cap, and girdle; and, after having been present at divine service in it, I saw no impropriety in wearing it in the presence of my Lord Marshal. His Excellency, when he saw me thus attired, said, by way of compliment, "*Salaam alek*" [Peace be with you]; this ended the matter, and I never afterwards wore any other dress.

I found my stay at Motiers very agreeable; nothing but an assured means of livelihood was wanting to make me decide to end my days there; but living was rather expensive, and all my former schemes had been upset by the break-up of my old household and the establishment of a new one, by the sale or dispersal of my effects, and by the expenses which I had been obliged to incur since my departure from Montmorency. I saw my little capital dwindling daily; two or three years would be sufficient to consume what was left, while I saw no means of replacing it, unless I began to write books again—a fatal profession, which I had already abandoned.

Convinced that my situation would soon alter, and that the public, recovering from its madness, would put the authorities to the blush, my only desire was to make my means last until this happy alteration took place, which would make it easier for me to take my choice of such means of subsistence as might present themselves. With this object, I again took up my *Dictionnaire de Musique*, which, after ten years' labour, was already far advanced, and only needed a final revision, and to be copied out fairly. My book, which had recently been sent on to me, furnished me with the means of finishing this work: my papers, which were sent at the same time, enabled me to start upon my Memoirs, to which I intended henceforth to devote my sole attention.

At Motiers I had almost as many visitors as at the Hermitage and Montmorency, but, for the most part, of a very different kind.

Such a visitor, for instance, was M. de Feins, equerry to the Queen, and a captain of cavalry in the Queen's regiment, who was so persevering as to spend several days at Motiers, and even to accompany me on foot as far as La Ferrière, leading his horse by the bridle, without having anything else in common with me, except that we both knew a certain Mademoiselle Fel, and both played at cup-and-ball.

Another person, whose acquaintance I made almost at the same time, at first merely through the medium of correspondence, was M. Laliaud, of Nîmes, who wrote to me from Paris, asking me to send him my profile in silhouette, which he said he required for a bust of myself in marble, which he was having made by Le Moine, with the intention of placing it in his library. If this was a piece of flattery, simply intended to disarm me, it was completely successful. I imagined that a man who desired to have my bust in marble in his library must be full of my works, and consequently of my principles, and that he must love me, because his soul was in unison with mine. This idea was bound to attract me. I have seen M. Laliaud subsequently. I have found him eager to render me several trifling services, and to meddle with my humble affairs. But, beyond that, I doubt whether any single work of mine has been included in the very limited number of books which he has read in the course of his life. I am ignorant whether he has a library, and whether it is a piece of furniture which he is likely to use; and as for the bust, it is limited to a poor figure in clay, executed by Le Moine, from which he has had a hideous portrait engraved, which nevertheless passes current under my name, as if it had some resemblance to me.

Such were my acquisitions, in the way of connections and friendships, at Motiers. I should have needed many such to compensate for the cruel losses which I suffered at the same time!

First, I lost M. de Luxembourg, who, having suffered great torture at the hands of the physicians, at last fell a victim to them, who treated his gout, which they persistently refused to acknowledge, as a malady which they were able to cure.

My second loss, more painful and irreparable, was that of the best of women and mothers, who, already burdened with years, and overburdened with misery and infirmities, left this valley of tears for the abode of the blessed, where the pleasing recollection of the good we have done in this world below is its everlasting reward.

My third and last loss—for I had then no more friends to lose—was that of my Lord Marshal. I did not lose him by death; but, tired of serving ungrateful masters, he left Neufchâtel, and I have never seen him again.

I had in view a general edition of my works. Such an edition appeared to me necessary, in order to establish the authenticity of the books bearing my name, which were really by me, and to put the public in a position to be able to distinguish them from the pseudonymous writings, which my enemies attributed to me, in order to discredit and degrade me. In addition to that, this edition would be a simple and honourable way of

insuring a means of subsistence; in fact, it was the only one, for I had abandoned bookmaking, my Memoirs could not be published during my lifetime.

A company of Neufchâtel businessmen offered to undertake the collected edition, and a printer or bookseller of Lyons, named Reguillat, somehow or other managed to thrust himself among them in the capacity of manager. An agreement was concluded, but not signed, when the *Lettres écrites de la Montagne* appeared. The terrible outburst against this infernal work and its abominable author alarmed the company, and the enterprise fell through.

When the fury of decrees and persecutions was at its height, the Genevese had particularly distinguished themselves by joining in the hue and cry with all their might. My friend Vernes, amongst others, with a truly theological generosity, chose just this moment to publish some letters against me, in which he claimed to prove that I was not a Christian. These letters, written in a conceited style, were none the better for it, although it was stated positively that Bonnet, the naturalist, had assisted in their composition, for the said Bonnet, although a materialist, is notwithstanding most intolerantly orthodox, the moment it is a question of myself. I certainly did not feel tempted to answer this production; but, as the opportunity presented itself of saying a few words about it in the *Lettres de la Montagne*, I inserted a somewhat contemptuous note, which made Vernes furious. He filled Geneva with his cries of rage, and D'Ivernois informed me that he was out of his mind. Some time afterwards an anonymous pamphlet appeared, which seemed to be written with the water of Phlegethon instead of ink. In this letter I was accused of having exposed my children in the streets, of taking about with me a soldiers' trollop, of being worn out by debauchery, rotten with the pox, and similar politenesses. It was easy for me to recognise my man. On reading this libellous production, my first thought was to estimate at its true value everything that is called renown and reputation amongst men; when I saw a man treated as a whoremonger who had never been in a brothel in his life, and whose greatest fault was a constant timidity and shyness, like that of a virgin; when I saw that I was supposed to be eaten up by the pox—I, who had not only never had the slightest attack of any venereal disease, but who, according to the physicians, was so formed that it would have been impossible for me to contract it. After careful consideration, I came to the conclusion that I could not better refute this libel than by having it printed in the town in which I had lived longest. I sent it to Duchesne to be printed just as it was, with a prefatory notice, in which I mentioned M. Vernes, and a few brief notes, in order to explain the facts.

It is time to proceed to the final catastrophe at Motiers, and my departure from Val de Travers, after a residence of two years and a half, and eight months of unshaken firmness in enduring most unworthy treatment.

On the night after the fair at Motiers, at the beginning of Septem-

ber, I was attacked in the house where I lived in a manner which imperilled the lives of the inmates.

At midnight, I heard a loud noise in the gallery which ran along the back part of the house. A shower of stones, thrown against the window and the door which led to this gallery, fell into it with such a noise that my dog, who slept in the gallery, and at first commenced to bark, was terrified into silence, and ran into a corner, where he scratched and gnawed the boards in his endeavours to escape. Hearing the noise, I got up. I was on the point of leaving my room to go into the kitchen, when a stone thrown by a powerful hand smashed the window of the kitchen, flew across it, burst open the door of my room, and fell at the foot of my bed; and, if I had been a second sooner, I should have had it in my stomach. I concluded that the noise had been made in order to attract my attention, and the stone thrown to receive me when I left my room. I dashed into the kitchen. There I found Thérèse, who had also got up and ran trembling towards me. We stood close against a wall, out of the line of the window, to avoid being hit by the stones, and to think of what we should do; for to go out to call for help would have been certain death. Fortunately, the servant of a worthy old man, who lodged below me, got up at the noise, and ran to call the lord of the manor, who lived next door. He jumped out of bed, threw on his dressing gown, and immediately came with the watch, who, on account of the fair, were making the round, and were close at hand. When he saw the havoc, he grew pale with affright; and, at the sight of the stones, of which the gallery was full, he exclaimed, "Good God! it is a regular quarry!" On going below, we found that the door of a small yard had been broken open, and that an attempt had been made to get into the house through the gallery.

All the persons of importance in the district came to see me, and united their entreaties to induce me to bow to the storm, and to leave, at least for a time, a parish in which I could no longer live with safety or honour. I took advantage of this opportunity to carry out a plan which had occupied my attention for several months, and which I have hitherto been unable to mention, for fear of interrupting the thread of my narrative.

This plan was, to go and settle in the island of Saint-Pierre, a domain belonging to the hospital of Berne, in the middle of the Lake of Bièvre.

I sent for Thérèse with my books and belongings. We boarded with the receiver of the island. His wife's sisters, who lived at Nidau, came to see her in turns, and this was company for Thérèse. Here I first experienced the pleasures of a life which I could have wished might last out my own; but the taste which I acquired for it only served to make me feel more keenly the bitterness of that life which was so soon to succeed it.

I took such a fancy to the island of Saint-Pierre, and was so comfortable there, that, from continually concentrating all my desires upon this island, I formed the design of never leaving it.

Ah! said I to myself, how gladly would I exchange the permission to leave the island, for which I do not care at all, for the assurance of

being able to remain there always! Instead of being allowed here by sufferance, why am I not kept here by force? Those who only leave me here on sufferance, can drive me away at any moment; can I venture to hope that my persecutors, seeing me happy here, will allow me to continue to be so?

My apprehensions did not long remain unfulfilled. At the moment when I least expected it, I received a letter from the *Bailli* of Nidau, within whose jurisdiction the island of Saint-Pierre was included; in this letter he conveyed to me, on the part of their Excellencies, the order to leave the island and their States. I thought I was dreaming when I read it. Nothing could have been less natural, less reasonable, less expected than such an order; for I had rather looked upon my forebodings as the uneasiness of a man alarmed by his misfortunes, than as a presentiment which rested upon the slightest foundation.

If I had listened to the first impulse of my indignation, I should have set out at once. But where was I to go? what was to become of me, at the beginning of winter, when I had made no plans or preparations, and was without a guide or conveyance. Unless I was prepared to leave everything in confusion, my papers, belongings, and affairs generally, I required time to see to them, and it was not mentioned in the order whether this was to be allowed me or not. My continued misfortunes began to weaken my courage. For the first time in my life, I felt my natural pride bend beneath the yoke of necessity; and, in spite of the murmurings of my heart, I was obliged to humiliate myself by asking for delay. The reply from Berne to both these letters was an order, couched in most harsh and formal terms, to leave the island and all the territory belonging directly or indirectly to the Republic within the space of twenty-four hours, and never to enter it again, under pain of the severest penalties.

It was a terrible moment. Since then I have often been in greater distress, never in greater embarrassment.

I wrote to Buttafuoco: and, if I did not exactly make up my mind to go over to Corsica, I thought a good deal about the means of undertaking the journey. I spoke of it to M. Dastier, who, having formerly served in the island under M. de Maillebois, was, of course, well acquainted with it. He spared no effort to dissuade me from my intention; and I confess that the frightful picture, which he drew of the Corsicans and their country, greatly cooled my ardent desire to go and live amongst them.

But, when the persecutions to which I was subjected at Motiers made me think of leaving Switzerland, this desire was revived by the hope of at last finding amongst those islanders the tranquillity which was denied me everywhere else. One thing only alarmed me in regard to the journey—my unfitness for, and the aversion which I had always felt to, the active life to which I should be condemned. Fitted by nature to meditate at leisure by myself, I was utterly unfitted to speak, act, and conduct affairs amongst men. Nature, who had endowed me with a capacity for the former, had refused it for the latter. However, I felt that, without directly

taking part in public affairs, I should be obliged, as soon as I arrived in Corsica, to throw myself into the eagerness of the people, and to hold frequent conferences with the chief personages of the island. The object of my journey itself required that, instead of seeking retirement, I should seek, in the midst of the nation, the information which I needed. It was clear that I should no longer be my own master; that, hurried along, in spite of myself, into a whirl of activity, for which I was not adapted by nature, I should lead a life utterly opposed to my tastes, and should only be seen at a disadvantage.

I thought of an expedient, which seemed to me well adapted to settle everything.

I decided to go there, in accordance with the instructions of Buttafuoco, as soon as it should be possible for me to do so; but, in order to live quietly there, I made up my mind to abandon, at least to all appearance, the work of legislation, and in order to repay my hosts in some measure for their hospitality, to confine myself to writing their history on the spot, with the reservation of quietly acquiring the information necessary to make me of greater use to them, if I saw any prospect of success.

While I was thus hesitating, the persecutions at Motiers occurred, which forced me to withdraw. I was not prepared for a long journey, especially to Corsica.

Thus I was compelled to abandon my cherished scheme, and having been unable, in my discouragement, to prevail upon my enemies to dispose of me as they thought fit, I decided, at the invitation of my Lord Marshal, to go to Berlin, leaving Thérèse behind to spend the winter in the island with my books and belongings, and depositing my papers in the hands of [our friend] Du Peyrou. I made such haste that, on the next morning, I left the island and reached Bienne before noon.

When I left the island, Kirchberger accompanied me as far as Bienne, where I found Wildremet and some other Biennese waiting for me. We all dined together at the inn; and the first thing I did, on arriving, was to order a conveyance, as I intended to set out on the following morning. During dinner, these gentlemen renewed their entreaties to me, to remain amongst them, with such warmth and such touching assurances, that, in spite of all my resolutions, my heart, which has never been able to resist affection, felt moved by theirs. As soon as they saw that I began to hesitate, they redoubled their efforts, and with such success that I finally allowed myself to be overcome, and consented to remain at Bienne, at any rate until the following spring.

What affected me most, in spite of all that I had been told as to the eagerness of the inhabitants to have me amongst them, was, that I did not observe, when walking through the streets, any politeness in their behaviour, or friendliness in their looks. However, I had quite made up my mind to remain there, when, even on the next day, I learned, saw, and perceived myself, that the town was in a terrible state of excitement on my account. Several persons were obliging enough to hasten to inform

me that, on the next day, I should be told, as harshly as possible, to leave the State, that is to say, the town, immediately.

At last, having with difficulty procured a conveyance, I set out on the following morning from this murderous land, before the arrival of the deputation, with which it was proposed to honour me, even before I was able to see Thérèse again, to whom, when I thought that I was going to stay in Berne, I had written to join me, and whom I had hardly time enough to put off by a few lines, in which I informed her of my fresh misfortune. It will be seen, in the third part of my Confessions, if I ever have strength to write it, how, when I thought that I was setting out for Berlin, I was really setting out for England, and how the two ladies who were anxious to control my movements, after having driven me by their continued intrigues from Switzerland, where I was not sufficiently in their power, at last succeeded in delivering me into the hands of their friend.

I added what follows on the occasion of my reading these Confessions to M. and Madame la Comtesse d'Egmont, M. le Prince Pignatelli, Madame la Marquise de Mesmes, and M. le Marquis de Juigné:

"I have told the truth; if anyone knows things that contradict what I have just related, even though they be proved a thousand times over, he knows what is false and an imposture; and, if he declines to investigate and inquire into them together with me while I am still in the land of the living, he loves neither justice nor truth. As for myself, I declare openly and fearlessly: whosoever, even without having read my writings, after examining with his own eyes my disposition, my character, my manners, my inclinations, my pleasures, and my habits, can believe me to be a dishonourable man, is himself a man who deserves to be choked."

Thus I concluded the reading of my Confessions, and everyone was silent. Madame d'Egmont was the only person who appeared to be affected; she trembled visibly, but she quickly recovered herself and remained silent, like the rest of the company. Such were the results of this reading and my declaration.

TRUTH AND POETRY

by

*JOHANN WOLFGANG
VON GOETHE*

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

1749-1832

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE, the greatest figure in German literature, once commented on his life as follows:

"I had the advantage of being born when the world was agitated by great movements, which have continued during my long life; so that I am a living witness of the Seven Years' War, the American Revolution, the French Revolution, the whole Napoleonic era, with the downfall of that hero, and the events which followed. Thus I have attained results and insight impossible to those who must learn these things from books."

One quite naturally expects the autobiography of the author of *Faust* to be a document of unusual interest.

"I called it *Dichtung und Wahrheit* [*Truth and Poetry*]," said Goethe to Eckermann, during the last year of his life, "because it raises itself by higher tendencies from the region of a lower Reality. Now Jean Paul, in the spirit of contradiction, has written *Wahrheit aus Meinem Leben* [*Truth out of My Life*], as if the truth from the life of such a man could be any other than that the author was a Philistine. But the Germans do not easily understand how to receive anything out of the common course, and what is of a high nature often passes by them without their being aware. A fact of our lives is valuable, not so far as it is true, but so far as it is significant."

Truth and Poetry, or, as someone has suggested that it be called, *The Prose and Poetry of My Life*, appeared in three parts between 1811 and 1814. Part Four was published after Goethe's death and translated into English in 1846. The four parts carry the story of Goethe's life only to the beginning of the author's residence at Weimar, which began in 1775.

Of the Weimar period Goethe found it perhaps difficult to speak even late in life when he had become a literary figure of international importance. But there is probably a further reason for his reluctance:

"Altogether, the most important part," he says, "of an individual's life is that of development, and mine is concluded in the detailed volumes of *Dichtung und Wahrheit*. Afterwards begins the conflict with the world, and that is interesting only in its results."

Goethe was born on August 28, 1749, at Frankfort on the Main. In *Dichtung und Wahrheit* he records unforgettably the picture of his childhood in this ancient and picturesque city, before and during the French occupation in 1759. His early education was carefully planned and in part carried out by his father, a man of pronounced pedagogical leanings, and if, as a result, young Wolfgang went to the university somewhat erratically prepared, it is nevertheless true that his father's very real interest in his son's career is of great significance. His mother's influence was of a different sort. She was only eighteen when Goethe was born, and her well-known remark that "I and my Wolfgang have always held together because we were young together," tells the story. Goethe's sister Cornelia also figures prominently in the account of the Frankfort period. She too was subjected to the father's rigorous educational theories. Says her brother:

"She, only a year younger than I, had lived my whole conscious period of life with me, and was thus bound to me by the closest of ties. To these natural causes was added a forcible motive, which proceeded from our domestic position; a father certainly affectionate and well-meaning, but grave, who, because he cherished within a very tender heart, externally, with incredible consistency, maintained a brazen sternness, that he might attain the end of giving his children the best education, and of building up, regulating, and preserving his well-founded house; a mother, on the other hand, as yet almost a child, who first grew up to consciousness with and in her two eldest children; these three, as they looked at the world with healthy eyes, capable of life, and desiring present enjoyment. My father followed out his views unshaken and uninterrupted; the mother and children could not give up their feelings, their claims, their wishes."

To this period belongs the account of Goethe's early and unfortunate love affair with Gretchen.

Goethe went to Leipzig in 1765 ostensibly to study law. According to his own account, however, he was already determined to devote himself to art and literature, and he even slipped away for a short visit to the art gallery at Dresden. He

wrote some poetry and composed two comedies, *Die Laune des Verliebten* and *Die Mitschuldigen*. His chief sources of inspiration during this period were apparently the lectures of Gellert and the works of Winckelmann and Lessing. Illness forced him to return to Frankfort in 1769.

During his convalescence Goethe continued his varied interests and through the influence of Catherine von Klettenberg even became interested in alchemy. His father was nevertheless still determined that he should study law, and the following year sent his son to Strasbourg in Alsace. Here Goethe did in 1770 obtain the degree of Licentiate in Law, despite the fact that the Strasbourg period included his stimulating friendship with Herder and his love affair with Frederike Brion. Probably the best-known portion of *Dichtung und Wahrheit* is Goethe's idyllic story of his visits to Frederike at Sessenheim. If it be objected that the parallel with Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* is unduly insisted upon, one can only say that Goethe never intended this or the book as a whole to be a true historical record.

In 1772 Goethe, who had been admitted to the bar and had been giving some attention to the legal profession in Frankfort, went to Wetzlar for the purpose of gaining practical experience at the imperial supreme court. But of greater significance were his literary productions (*Werther*, *Götz von Berlichingen*, and the first drafts of *Faust*) and his friendship with Charlotte Buff. *The Sorrows of Werther* became immediately one of the most popular books in all Europe. It was, in a sense, the symbol of the so-called "Storm and Stress" period and gave its young author an international reputation.

In 1774 Goethe met the young princes of Weimar when the latter visited Frankfort. Early the following year he was betrothed to Anna Elisabeth Schonemann (whom he calls Lili), but, after a visit to Switzerland during which Goethe visited his sister, the engagement was broken. At this difficult moment of his life there arrived an invitation to come to the court of Weimar for a short visit. Goethe accepted and became the guest of Karl August on November 7, 1775.

At this point Goethe concludes his autobiography. The remaining years of his long life may be summarized very briefly. Goethe soon became one of the most prominent persons in the court, being first appointed privy counselor and later president of the chamber. He was ennobled by the Emperor. In 1779 he accompanied the ducal party on a trip to Switzerland and later spent two years in Italy (1786-88). *Egmont* appeared in 1788 and *Torquato Tasso* in 1789. His association with Christiane Vulpius began shortly after his Italian visit (they were not formally married, however, until

1806), and in 1794 began his eleven years of close friendship with Schiller, lasting until the latter's death in 1805.

Three years later Goethe published the first part of *Faust*. He considered it simply a fragment, and yet he did not resume work upon the tragedy until sixteen years had elapsed. He completed it in 1831 but forbade its publication during his lifetime. Undoubtedly it is the greatest of his works. "There is no other poem," says Bayard Taylor, "which, like this, is the work of a whole life and which deals with the profoundest problems of all life. It is so universally comprehensive that every reader finds in it reflections of his faith and philosophy."

To some extent this is true also of Goethe's autobiography. In *Faust* Goethe gives us a record of the experiences which all thoughtful men have in common; in *Dichtung und Wahrheit* he looks back to his boyhood and youth and describes those experiences and struggles that prepared him for his conflict with life.

TRUTH AND POETRY

Part the First

FIRST BOOK

ON THE 28th of August, 1749, at midday, as the clock struck twelve, I came into the world, at Frankfort-on-the-Main. My horoscope was propitious: the sun stood in the sign of the Virgin, and had culminated for the day; Jupiter and Venus looked on him with a friendly eye, and Mercury not adversely; while Saturn and Mars kept themselves indifferent; the Moon alone, just full, exerted the power of her reflection all the more, as she had then reached her planetary hour. She opposed herself, therefore, to my birth, which could not be accomplished until this hour was passed.

These good aspects, which the astrologers managed subsequently to reckon very auspicious for me, may have been the causes of my preservation; for, through the unskilfulness of the midwife, I came into the world as dead, and only after various efforts was I enabled to see the light. This event, which had put our household into sore straits, turned to the advantage of my fellow citizens, inasmuch as my grandfather, the *Schultheiss*, John Wolfgang Textor, took occasion from it to have an *accoucheur* established, and to introduce or revive the tuition of midwives, which may have done some good to those who were born after me.

When we desire to recall what befel us in the earliest period of youth, it often happens that we confound what we have heard from others with that which we really possess from our own direct experience. Without, therefore, instituting a very close investigation into the point, which after all could lead to nothing, I am conscious that we lived in an old house, which in fact consisted of two adjoining houses that had been opened into each other. A spiral staircase led to rooms on different levels, and the unevenness of the stories was remedied by steps. For us children, a younger sister and myself, the favourite resort was a spacious floor below, near the door of which was a large wooden lattice that allowed us direct communication with the street and open air.

The old, many-cornered, and gloomy arrangement of the house was moreover adapted to awaken dread and terror in childish minds. Unfortunately, too, the principle of discipline that young persons should be early deprived of all fear for the awful and invisible, and accustomed to the terrible, still prevailed. We children, therefore, were compelled to

sleep alone, and when we found this impossible, and softly slipped from our beds to seek the society of the servants and maids, our father, with his dressing gown turned inside out, which disguised him sufficiently for the purpose, placed himself in the way, and frightened us back to our resting places. The evil effect of this anyone may imagine. How is he who is encompassed with a double terror to be emancipated from fear? My mother, always cheerful and gay, and willing to render others so, discovered a much better pedagogical expedient. She managed to gain her end by rewards. It was the season for peaches, the plentiful enjoyment of which she promised us every morning if we overcame our fears during the night. In this way she succeeded, and both parties were satisfied.

In the interior of the house my eyes were chiefly attracted by a series of Roman Views, with which my father had ornamented an anteroom. They were engravings by some of the accomplished predecessors of Piranesi, who well understood perspective and architecture, and whose touches were clear and excellent. There I saw every day the Piazza del Popolo, the Colosseum, the Piazza of St. Peter's and St. Peter's Church, within and without, the castle of St. Angelo, and many other places. These images impressed themselves deeply upon me, and my otherwise very laconic father was often so kind as to furnish descriptions of the objects. His partiality for the Italian language, and for everything pertaining to Italy, was very decided. A small collection of marbles and natural curiosities, which he had brought with him thence, he often showed to us; and he devoted a great part of his time to a description of his travels, written in Italian, the copying and correction of which he slowly and accurately completed, in several parcels, with his own hand.

Generally we passed all our leisure hours with my grandmother, in whose spacious apartment we found plenty of room for our sports. She contrived to engage us with various trifles, and to regale us with all sorts of nice morsels. But one Christmas evening, she crowned all her kind deeds, by having a puppet show exhibited before us, and thus unfolding a new world in the old house. This unexpected drama attracted our young minds with great force; upon the Boy particularly it made a very strong impression, which continued to vibrate with a great and lasting effect.

The little stage with its speechless personages, which at the outset had only been exhibited to us, but was afterwards given over for our own use and dramatic vivification, was prized more highly by us children, as it was the last bequest of our good grandmother, whom encroaching disease first withdrew from our sight, and death next tore away from our hearts forever. Her departure was of still more importance to our family, as it drew after it a complete change in our condition.

As long as my grandmother lived, my father had refrained from any attempt to change or renovate the house, even in the slightest particular, though it was known that he had pretty large plans of building, which were now immediately begun.

It was properly about this period that I first became acquainted with my native city, which I strolled over with more and more freedom, in

every direction, sometimes alone, and sometimes in the company of lively companions. I loved more than anything else to promenade on the great bridge over the Main. Its length, its firmness, and its fine appearance rendered it a notable structure, and it was, besides, almost the only memorial left from ancient times of the precautions due from the civil government to its citizens. The booths of the so-called *Pfarreisen* were very important places for us children, and we carried many a *Batzen* to them in order to purchase sheets of coloured paper stamped with gold animals. But seldom, however, could one make one's way through the narrow, crowded, and dirty market place. I call to mind, also, that I always flew past the adjoining meat stalls, narrow and disgusting as they were, in perfect horror. On the other hand, the Roman Hill (*Romerberg*) was a most delightful place for walking.

But a more important, and in one sense more fruitful, place for us was the Council House, named from the Romans. In its lower vaultlike halls we liked but too well to lose ourselves. We obtained an entrance, too, into the large and very simple session room of the Council. The walls as well as the arched ceiling were white, though wainscotted to a certain height, and the whole was without a trace of painting, or any kind of carved work; only, high up on the middle wall, might be read this brief inscription:

*One man's word is no man's word,
Justice needs that both be heard.*

After the most ancient fashion, benches were ranged around the wainscoting, and raised one step above the floor for the accommodation of the members of the assembly.

Once within the *Romer*, we even mingled with the crowd at the audiences of the burgomasters. But whatever related to the election and coronation of the Emperors possessed a greater charm. We managed to gain the favour of the keepers, so as to be allowed to mount the new gay imperial staircase, which was painted in fresco, and on other occasions closed with a grating. The election chamber, with its purple hangings and admirably fringed gold borders, filled us with awe. The representations of animals on which little children or genii, clothed in the imperial ornaments and laden with the insignia of the Empire, made a curious figure were observed by us with great attention; and we even hoped that we might live to see, some time or other, a coronation with our own eyes. They had great difficulty to get us out of the great imperial hall, when we had been once fortunate enough to steal in; and we reckoned him our truest friend who, while we looked at the half-lengths of all the emperors painted around at a certain height, would tell us something of their deeds.

We listened to many a legend of Charlemagne. But that which was historically interesting for us began with Rudolph of Hapsburg, who by his courage put an end to such violent commotions.

The Boy then heard, with much curiosity, what his own family, as well as other older relations and acquaintances, liked to tell and repeat,

viz., the histories of the two last coronations, which had followed close upon each other; for there was no Frankforter of a certain age who would not have regarded these two events, and their attendant circumstances, as the crowning glory of his whole life. Splendid as had been the coronation of Charles Seventh, during which particularly the French Ambassador had given magnificent feasts at great cost and with distinguished taste, the results were all the more afflicting to the good Emperor, who could not preserve his capital Munich, and was compelled in some degree to implore the hospitality of his imperial towns.

If the coronation of Francis First was not so strikingly splendid as the former one, it was dignified by the presence of the Empress Maria Theresa, whose beauty appears to have created as much impression on the men as the earnest and noble form and the blue eyes of Charles Seventh on the women.

Half a year had scarcely passed away in this narrow patriotism before the fairs began, which always produced an incredible ferment in the heads of all children. These great epochs, which came round regularly in spring and autumn, were announced by curious solemnities, which seemed the more dignified because they vividly brought before us the old time, and what had come down from it to ourselves.

Another more singular ceremony, by which the people were excited in broad daylight, was the Piper's-court (*Pfeifer-gericht*). It commemorated those early times when important larger trading towns endeavoured, if not to abolish tolls altogether, at least to bring about a reduction of them, as they increased in proportion with trade and industry.

We children were particularly interested in this festival, because we were not a little flattered to see our grandfather in a place of so much honour; and because commonly, on the selfsame day, we used to visit him, quite modestly, in order that we might, when my grandmother had emptied the pepper into her spice box, lay hold of a cup or small rod, a pair of gloves or an old *Rader Albus*. These symbolical ceremonies, restoring antiquity as if by magic, could not be explained to us without leading us back into past times and informing us of the manners, customs, and feelings of those early ancestors who were so strangely made present to us, by pipers and deputies seemingly risen from the dead, and by tangible gifts, which might be possessed by ourselves.

Meanwhile, our house had been finished, and that too in tolerably short time, because everything had been judiciously planned and prepared, and the needful money provided. We now found ourselves all together again, and felt comfortable: for, when a well-considered plan is once carried out, we forget the various inconveniences of the means that were necessary to its accomplishment.

The first thing brought into order was my father's collection of books. Next, the pictures, which in the old house had hung about promiscuously, were now collected and symmetrically hung on the walls of a cheerful room near the study, all in black frames, set off with gilt mouldings. Cleanliness and order prevailed throughout. Above all, the large panes of

plate glass contributed towards a perfect lightness, which had been wanting in the old house for many causes, but chiefly on account of the panes, which were for the most part round. My father was cheerful on account of the success of his undertaking, and if his good humour had not been often interrupted because the diligence and exactness of the mechanics did not come up to his wishes, a happier life than ours could not have been conceived, since much good partly arose in the family itself, and partly flowed from without.

But an extraordinary event deeply disturbed the Boy's peace of mind, for the first time. On the 1st of November, 1755, the earthquake at Lisbon took place, and spread a prodigious alarm over the world, long accustomed to peace and quiet. A great and magnificent capital, which was, at the same time, a trading and mercantile city, is smitten, without warning, by a most fearful calamity. The earth trembles and totters, the sea roars up, ships dash together, houses fall in, and over them churches and towers, the royal palace is in part swallowed by the waters, the bursting land seems to vomit flames, since smoke and fire are seen everywhere amid the ruins. Sixty thousand persons, a moment before in ease and comfort, fall together, and he is to be deemed most fortunate who is no longer capable of a thought or feeling about the disaster. The flames rage on, and with them rage a troop of desperadoes, before concealed, or set at large by the event. The wretched survivors are exposed to pillage, massacre, and every outrage: and thus, on all sides, Nature asserts her boundless capriciousness.

The Boy, who was compelled to put up with frequent repetitions of the whole matter, was not a little staggered. God, the Creator and Preserver of Heaven and Earth, whom the explanation of the first article of the Creed declared so wise and benignant, having given both the just and the unjust a prey to the same destruction, had not manifested Himself, by any means, in a fatherly character. In vain the young mind strove to resist these impressions. It was the more impossible, as the wise and scripture-learned could not themselves agree as to the light in which such a phenomenon should be regarded.

The next summer gave a closer opportunity of knowing directly that angry God, of whom the Old Testament records so much. A sudden hail-storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning, violently broke the new panes at the back of our house, which looked towards the west, damaged the new furniture, destroyed some valuable books and other things of worth, and was the more terrible to the children, as the whole household, quite beside themselves, dragged them into a dark passage, where, on their knees, with frightful groans and cries, they thought to conciliate the wrathful Deity. Meanwhile, my father, who was alone self-possessed, forced open and unhinged the window frames, by which we saved much glass, but made a broader inlet for the rain that followed the hail, so that after we were finally quieted, we found ourselves in the rooms and on the stairs completely surrounded by floods and streams of water.

These events, startling as they were on the whole, did not greatly in-

terrupt the course of instruction which my father himself had undertaken to give us children. My father had prospered in his own career tolerably according to his wishes: I was to follow the same course, only more easily, and much farther. He prized my natural endowments the more, because he was himself wanting in them; for he had acquired everything only by means of unspeakable diligence, pertinacity, and repetition. He often assured me, early and late, both in jest and earnest, that with my talents he would have deported himself very differently, and would not have turned them to such small account.

By means of a ready apprehension, practice, and a good memory, I very soon outgrew the instructions which my father and the other teachers were able to give, without being thoroughly grounded in anything. Grammar displeased me, because I regarded it as a mere arbitrary law; the rules seemed ridiculous, inasmuch as they were invalidated by so many exceptions, which had all to be learned by themselves. And if the first Latin work had not been in rhyme, I should have got on but badly in that; but as it was, I hummed and sang it to myself readily enough. In the same way we had a Geography in memory verses, in which the most wretched doggerel best served to fix the recollection of that which was to be retained *e.g.*.

*Upper-Yssel has many a fen,
Which makes it hateful to all men.*

The forms and inflections of language I caught with ease; and I also quickly unravelled what lay in the conception of a thing. In rhetoric, composition, and such matters, no one excelled me, although I was often put back for faults of grammar. Yet these were the attempts that gave my father particular pleasure, and for which he rewarded me with many presents of money, considerable for such a lad.

My father taught my sister Italian in the same room in which I had to commit Cellarius to memory. As I was soon ready with my task, and was yet obliged to sit quiet, I listened with my book before me, and very readily caught the Italian, which struck me as an agreeable softening of Latin.

Other precocities, with respect to memory and the power to combine, I possessed in common with those children who thus acquire an early reputation. For that reason my father could scarcely wait for me to go to college. He very soon declared that I must study jurisprudence in Leipzig, for which he retained a strong predilection, and I was afterwards to visit some other university and take my degree. As for this second one, he was indifferent which I might choose, except that he had for some reason or other a disinclination to Gottingen, to my disappointment, since it was precisely there that I had placed such confidence and high hopes.

He told me further that I was to go to Wetzlar and Ratisbon as well as to Vienna, and thence towards Italy, although he repeatedly mentioned that Paris should first be seen, because after coming out of Italy nothing else could be pleasing.

These tales of my future youthful travels, often as they were repeated, I listened to eagerly, the more since they always led to accounts of Italy, and at last to a description of Naples. His otherwise serious and dry manner seemed on these occasions to relax and quicken, and thus a passionate wish awoke in us children to participate in the paradise he described.

As a family picnic in summer is vexatiously disturbed by a sudden storm, which transforms a pleasant state of things into the very reverse, so the diseases of childhood fall unexpectedly on the most beautiful season of early life. And thus it happened with me. I had just purchased Fortunatus with his Purse and Wishing-hat, when I was attacked by a restlessness and fever which announced the smallpox. The evil now invaded our house and attacked me with unusual severity. My whole body was sown over with spots, and my face covered, and for several days I lay blind and in great pain. They tried the only possible alleviation, and promised me heaps of gold if I would keep quiet and not increase the mischief by rubbing and scratching. I controlled myself, while, according to the prevailing prejudice, they kept me as warm as possible, and thus only rendered my suffering more acute. At last, after a woful time, there fell as it were a mask from my face.

I neither escaped measles, nor chicken pox, nor any other of the tormenting demons of childhood; and I was assured each time that it was a great piece of good luck that this malady was now past forever. But, alas! another again threatened in the background, and advanced. These maladies and other unpleasant interruptions were in their consequences doubly grievous; for my father, who seemed to have laid down for himself a certain calendar of education and instruction, was resolved immediately to repair every delay, and imposed double lessons upon the young convalescent. These were not hard for me to accomplish, but were so far troublesome that they hindered, and to a certain extent repressed, my inward development, which had taken a decided direction.

It will be taken for granted that we children had, among our other lessons, a continued and progressive instruction in religion. The Boy had chiefly kept to the first article of Belief. The God who stands in immediate connexion with Nature, and owns and loves it as his work, seemed to him the proper God, who might be brought into closer relationship with man, as with everything else, and who would take care of him, as of the motion of the stars, the days and seasons, the animals and plants. There were texts of the Gospels which explicitly stated this. The Boy could ascribe no form to this Being; he therefore sought Him in His works, and would, in the good Old Testament fashion, build Him an altar. Natural productions were set forth as images of the world, over which a flame was to burn, signifying the aspirations of man's heart towards his Maker. He brought out of the collection of natural objects which he possessed, and which had been increased as chance directed, the best ores and other specimens. But the next difficulty was as to how they should be arranged and raised into a pile. His father possessed a beautiful

red-lackered music stand, ornamented with gilt flowers, in the form of a four-sided pyramid, with different elevations, which had been found convenient for quartets, but lately was not much in use. The Boy laid hands on this, and built up his representatives of Nature one above the other in steps, so that it all looked quite pretty and at the same time sufficiently significant. On an early sunrise his first worship of God was to be celebrated, but the young priest had not yet settled how to produce a flame which should at the same time emit an agreeable odour. At last it occurred to him to combine the two, as he possessed a few fumigating pastils, which diffused a pleasant fragrance with a glimmer, if not with a flame. Nay, this soft burning and exhalation seemed a better representation of what passes in the heart than an open flame. The sun had already risen for a long time, but the neighbouring houses concealed the East. At last it glittered above the roofs, a burning glass was at once taken up and applied to the pastils, which were fixed on the summit in a fine porcelain saucer.

Everything succeeded according to the wish, and the devotion was perfect. The altar remained as a peculiar ornament of the room which had been assigned him in the new house. Everyone regarded it only as a well-arranged collection of natural curiosities. The Boy knew better, but concealed his knowledge. He longed for a repetition of the solemnity. But unfortunately, just as the most opportune sun arose, the porcelain cup was not at hand; he placed the pastils immediately on the upper surface of the stand; they were kindled, and so great was the devotion of the priest that he did not observe, until it was too late, the mischief his sacrifice was doing. The pastils had burned mercilessly into the red lacker and beautiful gold flowers and, as if some evil spirit had disappeared, had left their black, ineffaceable footprints. By this the young priest was thrown into the most extreme perplexity. The mischief could be covered up, it was true, with the larger pieces of his show materials, but the spirit for new offerings was gone, and the accident might almost be considered a hint and warning of the danger there always is in wishing to approach the Deity in such a way.

SECOND BOOK

ALL that has been hitherto recorded indicates that happy and easy condition in which nations exist during a long peace. But nowhere probably is such a beautiful time enjoyed in greater comfort than in cities living under their own laws, and large enough to include a considerable number of citizens, and so situated as to enrich them by trade and commerce.

Thus, the Frankforters passed a series of prosperous years during my childhood; but scarcely, on the 28th of August, 1756, had I completed my seventh year than that world-renowned war broke out, which was also to exert great influence upon the next seven years of my life. Frederick the Second, King of Prussia, had fallen upon Saxony, with sixty thousand

men; and instead of announcing his invasion by a declaration of war, he followed it up with a manifesto, composed by himself, as it was said, which explained the causes that had moved and justified him in so monstrous a step. The world, which saw itself appealed to not merely as spectator but as judge, immediately split into two parties, and our family was an image of the great whole.

I was then a Prussian in my views, or, to speak more correctly, a Fritzian; since what cared we for Prussia? It was the personal character of the great king that worked upon all hearts. I rejoiced with my father in our conquests, readily copied the songs of triumph, and almost more willingly the lampoons directed against the other party, poor as the rhymes might be.

As the eldest grandson and godchild, I had dined every Sunday since my infancy with my grandfather and grandmother, and the hours so spent had been the most delightful of the whole week. But now I relished no morsel that I tasted, because I was compelled to hear the most horrible slanders of my hero. Here blew another wind, here sounded another tone than at home. My liking and even my respect for my grandfather and grandmother fell off. I could mention nothing of this to my parents, but avoided the matter, both on account of my own feelings, and because I had been warned by my mother. In this way I was thrown back upon myself; and as in my sixth year, after the earthquake at Lisbon, the goodness of God had become to me in some measure suspicious, so I began now, on account of Frederick the Second, to doubt the justice of the public. My heart was naturally inclined to reverence, and it required a great shock to stagger my faith in anything that was venerable.

Although to most of us the important events occurring in distant parts served only for topics of ardent controversy, there were others who perceived the seriousness of the times, and feared that the sympathy of France might open a scene of war in our own vicinity. They kept us children at home more than before, and strove in many ways to occupy and amuse us. With this view, the puppet show bequeathed by our grandmother was again brought forth, and arranged in such a way that the spectators sat in my gable room, while the persons managing and performing, as well as the theatre itself as far as the proscenium, found a place in the room adjoining. We were allowed, as a special favour, to invite first one and then another of the neighbours' children as spectators, and thus at the outset I gained many friends; but the restlessness inherent in children did not suffer them to remain long a patient audience. They interrupted the play, and we were compelled to seek a younger public, which could at any rate be kept in order by the nurses and maids. The original drama to which the puppets had been specially adapted we had learnt by heart, and in the beginning this was exclusively performed. Soon growing weary of it, however, we changed the dresses and decorations, and attempted various other pieces, which were indeed on too grand a scale for so narrow a stage. Although this presumption spoiled and finally quite destroyed what we performed, such childish pleasures and employments

nevertheless exercised and advanced in many ways my power of invention and representation, my fancy and a certain technical skill, to a degree which in any other way could not perhaps have been secured in so short a time, in so confined a space, and at so little expense.

The year 1757, which still passed in perfectly civic tranquillity, kept us, nevertheless, in great uneasiness of mind. Perhaps no other was more fruitful of events than this. Conquests, achievements, misfortunes, restorations, followed one upon another, swallowed up and seemed to destroy each other; yet the image of Frederick, his name and glory, soon hovered again above all. The enthusiasm of his worshippers grew always stronger and more animated, the hatred of his enemies more bitter, and the diversity of opinion, which separated even families, contributed not a little to isolate citizens, already sundered in many ways and on other grounds. For in a city like Frankfort, where three religions divide the inhabitants into three unequal masses, where only a few men, even of the ruling faith, can attain to political power, there must be many wealthy and educated persons who are thrown back upon themselves, and, by means of studies and tastes, form for themselves an individual and secluded existence. It will be necessary for us to speak of such men, now and hereafter, if we are to bring before us the peculiarities of a Frankfort citizen of that time.

My father, immediately after his return from his travels, had in his own way formed the design, that to prepare himself for the service of the city, he would undertake one of the subordinate offices, and discharge its duties without emolument, if it were conferred upon him without balloting. In the consciousness of his good intentions, and according to his way of thinking, and the conception which he had of himself, he believed that he deserved such a distinction, which indeed was not conformable to law or precedent. Consequently, when his suit was rejected, he fell into ill-humour and disgust, vowed that he would never accept of any place, and, in order to render it impossible, procured the title of Imperial Councillor, which the Schultheiss and elder *Schoffen* bear as a special honour. He had thus made himself an equal of the highest, and could not begin again at the bottom. The same impulse induced him also to woo the eldest daughter of the Schultheiss, so that he was excluded from the council on this side also. He was now of that number of recluses who never form themselves into a society. They are as much isolated in respect to each other as they are in regard to the whole, and the more so as in this seclusion the character becomes more and more uncouth. My father, in his travels and in the world which he had seen, might have formed some conception of a more elegant and liberal mode of life than was, perhaps, common among his fellow citizens. In this respect, however, he was not entirely without predecessors and associates.

He was wanting in none of the qualities that pertain to an upright and respectable citizen. Thus, after he had built his house, he put his property of every sort into order. An excellent collection of maps by Schenck and other geographers at that time eminent, the aforesaid decrees and mandates, the portraits, a chest of ancient weapons, a case of

remarkable Venetian glasses, cups and goblets, natural curiosities, works in ivory, bronzes, and a hundred other things, were separated and displayed, and I did not fail, whenever an auction occurred, to get some commission for the increase of his possessions.

The name of Klopstock had already produced a great effect upon us, even at a distance. In the outset, people wondered how so excellent a man could be so strangely named; but they soon got accustomed to this, and thought no more of the meaning of the syllables. In my father's library I had hitherto found only the earlier poets, especially those who in his day had gradually appeared and acquired fame. All these had written in rhyme, and my father held rhyme as indispensable in poetical works. Canitz, Hagedorn, Drollinger, Gellert, Creuz, Haller, stood in a row, in handsome calf bindings; to these were added Neukirch's *Telemachus*, Koppen's *Jerusalem Delivered*, and other translations. I had from my childhood diligently read through the whole of these works, and committed portions to memory, whence I was often called upon to amuse the company. A vexatious era on the other hand opened upon my father, when through Klopstock's *Messiah*, verses, which seemed to him no verses, became an object of public admiration. He had taken good care not to buy this book; but the friend of the family, Councillor Schneider, smuggled it in, and slipped it into the hands of my mother and her children.

On this man of business, who read but little, the *Messiah*, as soon as it appeared, made a powerful impression. Those pious feelings, so naturally expressed, and yet so beautifully elevated, that agreeable language, even if considered merely as harmonious prose, had so won the otherwise dry man of business that he regarded the first ten cantos, of which alone we are properly speaking, as the finest Book of Devotion, and once every year in Passion week, when he managed to escape from business, read it quietly through by himself, and thus refreshed himself for the entire year. In the beginning he thought to communicate his emotions to his old friend; but he was much shocked when forced to perceive an incurable dislike cherished against a book of such valuable substance, merely because of what appeared to him an indifferent external form. It may readily be supposed that their conversation often reverted to this topic; but both parties diverged more and more widely from each other, there were violent scenes, and the compliant man was at last pleased to be silent on his favourite work, that he might not lose, at the same time, a friend of his youth and a good Sunday meal.

It is the most natural wish of every man to make proselytes, and how much did our friend find himself rewarded in secret when he discovered in the rest of the family hearts so openly disposed for his saint. The copy, which he used only one week during the year, was devoted to us all the remaining time. My mother kept it secret, and we children took possession of it when we could, that in leisure hours, hidden in some nook, we might learn the most striking passages by heart, and particularly might impress the most tender as well as the most violent parts on our memory, as quickly as possible.

Porcia's dream we recited in a sort of rivalry, and divided between us the wild dialogue of despair between Satan and Adramelech, who have been cast into the Red Sea. The first part, as the strongest, had been assigned to me, and the second, as a little more pathetic, was undertaken by my sister. The alternate and horrible but well-sounding curses flowed only thus from our mouths, and we seized every opportunity to accost each other with these infernal phrases.

One Saturday evening, in winter—my father always had himself shaved overnight, that on Sunday morning he might dress himself for church at his ease—we sat on a footstool behind the stove, and muttered our customary imprecations in a tolerably low voice, while the barber was putting on the lather. But now Adramelech had to lay his iron hands on Satan; my sister seized me with violence, and recited, softly enough, but with increasing passion:—

*"Give me thine aid, I intreat thee, will worship thee, if thou requiest,
Thee, thou monster abandoned, yes thee, of all criminals blackest;
Aid me, I suffer the tortures of death, which is vengeful, eternal,
Once, in the times gone by, with a hot fierce hate I could hate thee,
Now I can hate thee no more! E'en this is the sharpest of tortures."*

Thus far all went on tolerably; but loudly, with a dreadful voice, she cried the following words:—

"How am I crushed!"

The good surgeon was startled, and emptied the lather basin into my father's bosom. There was a great uproar, and a severe investigation was held, especially with respect to the mischief which might have been done if the shaving had been actually going forward. In order to relieve ourselves of all suspicions of wantonness in the affair, we confessed our Satanic characters, and the misfortune occasioned by the hexameters was so apparent that they were again condemned and banished.

Thus children and common people are accustomed to transform the great and sublime into a sport, and even a jest; and how indeed could they otherwise abide and tolerate it?

THIRD BOOK

AT THAT TIME the general interchange of personal good wishes made the city very lively on New Year's day. Those who otherwise did not easily leave home donned their best clothes, that for a moment they might be friendly and courteous to their friends and patrons. The festivities at my grandfather's house on this day were pleasures particularly desired by us children. At early dawn the grandchildren had already assembled there to hear the drums, oboes, clarionets, trumpets, and cornets played upon by the military, the city musicians, and whoever else might furnish his tones.

The New Year's gifts, sealed and superscribed, were divided by us children among the humbler congratulators, and, as the day advanced, the number of those of higher rank increased. The relations and intimate friends appeared first, then the subordinate officials; even the gentlemen of the council did not fail to pay their respects to the Schultheiss, and a select number were entertained in the evening in rooms which were else scarcely opened throughout the year. The tarts, biscuits, marchpane, and sweet wine had the greatest charm for the children, and, besides, the Schultheiss and the two Burgomasters annually received from some institutions some article of silver, which was then bestowed upon the grand-children and godchildren in regular gradation. In fine, this small festival was not wanting in any of those things which usually glorify the greatest.

The New Year's day of 1759 approached, as desirable and pleasant to us children as any preceding one, but full of import and foreboding to older persons. To the passage of the French troops people certainly had become accustomed, and they happened often, but they had been most frequent in the last days of the past year. According to the old usage of an imperial town, the warder of the chief tower sounded his trumpet whenever troops approached, and on this New Year's day he would not leave off, which was a sign that large bodies were in motion on several sides. They actually marched through the city in greater masses on this day, and the people ran to see them pass by. We had generally been used to see them go through in small parties, but these gradually swelled, and there was neither power nor inclination to stop them. In short, on the 2nd of January, after a column had come through Sachsenhausen over the bridge, through the Fahrgasse, as far as the Police Guard House—it halted, overpowered the small company which escorted it, took possession of the before-mentioned Guard House, marched down the Zeile, and after a slight resistance, the main guard were also obliged to yield. In a moment the peaceful streets were turned into a scene of war. The troops remained and bivouacked there until lodgings were provided for them by regular billeting.

This unexpected, and, for many years, unheard-of burden weighed heavily upon the comfortable citizens, and to none could it be more cumbersome than to my father, who was obliged to take foreign military inhabitants into his scarcely finished house, to open for them his well-furnished reception rooms, which were generally closed, and to abandon to the caprices of strangers all that he had been used to arrange and keep so carefully. Siding as he did with the Prussians, he was now to find himself besieged in his own chambers by the French;—it was, according to his way of thinking, the greatest misfortune that could happen to him. Had it, however, been possible for him to have taken the matter more easily, he might have saved himself and us many sad hours, since he spoke French well, and could deport himself with dignity and grace in the daily intercourse of life. For it was the King's Lieutenant who was quartered on us, and he, although a military person, had only to settle civil occurrences, disputes between soldiers and citizens, and questions of debt and quarrels.

This was the Count Thorane, a native of Grasse in Provence, not far from Antibes; a tall, thin, stern figure, with a face much disfigured by the smallpox, black fiery eyes, and a dignified, reserved demeanour. His first entrance was at once favourable for the inmates of the house. They spoke of the different apartments, some of which were to be given up, and others retained by the family; and when the Count heard a picture room mentioned, he immediately requested permission, although it was already night, at least to give a hasty look at the pictures by candlelight. He took extreme pleasure in these things, behaved in the most obliging manner to my father, who accompanied him, and when he heard that the greater part of the artists were still living, and resided in Frankfort and its neighbourhood, he assured us that he desired nothing more than to know them as soon as possible, and to employ them.

But even this sympathy in respect to art could not change my father's feelings nor bend his character. He permitted what he could not prevent, but kept at a distance in inactivity, and the uncommon state of things around him was intolerable to him, even in the veriest trifle.

Count Thorane behaved himself meanwhile in an exemplary manner. He would not even have his maps nailed on the walls, that he might not injure the new hangings. His people were skilful, quiet, and orderly; but, in truth, as during the whole day and a part of the night there was no quiet with him, one complainant quickly following another, arrested persons being brought in and led out, and all officers and adjutants being admitted to his presence;—as, moreover, the Count kept an open table every day; it made in the moderately sized house, arranged only for a family, and with but one open staircase running from top to bottom, a movement and a buzzing like that in a beehive, although everything was managed with moderation, gravity, and severity.

By degrees we became better acquainted with the strange character of the Count. This man clearly understood his own peculiarities, and as there were times in which he was seized with a sort of dejection, hypochondria, or by whatever name we may call the evil demon, he withdrew into his room at such hours, which were often lengthened into days, saw no one but his valet, and in urgent cases could not even be prevailed upon to receive anyone. But as soon as the Evil Spirit had left him, he appeared as before, active, mild, and cheerful. It might be inferred from the talk of his valet, Saint Jean, a small, thin man of lively good nature, that in his earlier years he had caused a great misfortune when overcome by this temper; and that therefore, in so important a position as his, exposed to the eyes of all the world, he had earnestly resolved to avoid similar aberrations.

During the very first days of the Count's residence with us, all the Frankfort artists, as Hirt, Schutz, Trautmann, Nothnagel, and Junker, were called to him. They showed their finished pictures, and the Count bought what were for sale. My pretty, light room in the gable end of the attic was given up to him, and immediately turned into a cabinet and studio, for he designed to keep all the artists at work for a long time,

especially Seekatz of Darmstadt, whose pencil, particularly in simple and natural representations, highly pleased him.

It now seems necessary to state more circumstantially and to make intelligible how, under these circumstances, I made my way with more or less ease through the French language, which, however, I had never learned. Here, too, my natural gift was of service to me, enabling me easily to catch the sound of a language, its movement, accent, tone, and all other outward peculiarities. I knew many words from the Latin; Italian suggested still more; and by listening to servants and soldiers, sentries and visitors, I soon picked up so much that, if I could not join in conversation, I could at any rate manage single questions and answers. All this, however, was little compared to the profit I derived from the theatre. My grandfather had given me a free ticket, which I used daily, in spite of my father's reluctance, by dint of my mother's support. There I sat in the pit, before a foreign stage, and watched the more narrowly the movement and the expression, both of gesture and speech, as I understood little or nothing of what was said, and therefore could only derive entertainment from the action and the tone of voice. I understood least of comedy, because it was spoken rapidly, and related to the affairs of common life, of the phrases of which I knew nothing. Tragedy was not so often played, and the measured step, the rhythm of the Alexandrines, the generality of the expression, made it more intelligible to me in every way.

The versified French comedy was then much in vogue; the pieces of Destouches, Marivaux, and La Chaussée were often produced, and I still remember distinctly many characteristic figures. Of those of Molière I recollect less. What made the greatest impression upon me was the *Hyperbnesia* of Lemièrre, which, as a new piece, was brought out with care and often repeated. The *Devin du Village*, *Rose et Colas*, *Annette et Lubin*, made each a very pleasant impression upon me. I can even now recall the youths and maidens decorated with ribands, and their gestures. It was not long before the wish arose in me to see the interior of the theatre, for which many opportunities were offered me.

From the first day of the occupation of our city, there was no lack of constant diversion, especially for children and young people. Plays and balls, parades, and marches through the town, attracted our attention in all directions. The last particularly were always increasing, and the soldiers' life seemed to us very merry and agreeable.

The residence of the King's Lieutenant at our house procured us the advantage of seeing by degrees all the distinguished persons in the French army, and especially of beholding close at hand the leaders whose names had already been made known to us by reputation. Thus we looked from stairs and landing places, as if from galleries, very conveniently upon the generals who passed by. Before all I remember the Prince Soubise as a handsome, courteous gentleman, but most distinctly the Marechal de Broglie, who was a younger man, not tall, but well-built, lively, active, and abounding in keen glances.

He often came to the King's Lieutenant, and it was soon remarked

that the conversation was on weighty matters. We had scarcely become accustomed to having strangers quartered upon us in the first three months, when a rumour was obscurely circulated that the Allies were on the march, and that Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick was coming to drive the French from the Main. Of these, who could not boast of any especial success in war, no high opinion was held, and after the battle of Rossbach it was thought they might be dispersed. The greatest confidence was placed in Duke Ferdinand, and all those favourable to Prussia awaited with eagerness their delivery from the yoke hitherto borne. My father was in somewhat better spirits—my mother was apprehensive. She was wise enough to see that a small present evil might easily be exchanged for a great affliction; since it was but too plain that the French would not advance to meet the Duke, but would wait an attack in the neighbourhood of the city. A defeat of the French, a flight, a defence of the city, if it were only to cover their rear and hold the bridge, a bombardment, a sack—all these presented themselves to the excited imagination, and gave anxiety to both parties. My mother, who could bear everything but suspense, imparted her fears to the Count through the interpreter. She received the answer usual in such cases: she might be quite easy, for there was nothing to fear, and should keep quiet and mention the matter to no one.

Thus, after an unquiet Passion week, the Good Friday of 1759 arrived. A profound stillness announced the approaching storm. We children were forbidden to quit the house: my father had no quiet, and went out. The battle began: I ascended to the garret, where indeed I was prevented seeing the country round, but could very well hear the thunder of cannon and the general discharge of musketry. After some hours we saw the first symptoms of the battle in a line of wagons, in which the wounded, with various sad mutilations and gestures, were slowly drawn by us, to be taken to the convent of St. Mary, now transformed into a hospital. The compassion of the citizens was instantly moved. Beer, wine, bread, and money were distributed to those who were yet able to take them. But when, some time after, wounded and captive Germans were seen in the train, the pity knew no limits, and it seemed as if everybody would strip himself of every moveable that he possessed to assist his suffering countrymen.

The prisoners, however, were an evidence of a battle unfavourable to the allies. My father, whose party feelings made him quite certain that these would come off victorious, had the violent temerity to go forth to meet the expected victors, without thinking that the beaten party must pass over him in their flight. He first repaired to his garden before the Friedberg gate, where he found everything lonely and quiet, then he ventured to the Bornheim heath, where he soon descried various stragglers of the army, who were scattered and amused themselves by shooting at the boundary stones, so that the rebounding lead whizzed round the head of the inquisitive wanderer. He therefore considered it more prudent to go back, and learned on enquiry what the report of the firing might have before informed him, that all stood well for the French, and that there

was no thought of retreating. Reaching home in an ill-humour, the sight of his wounded and captured countrymen brought him altogether out of his usual self-command. He also caused various donations to be given to the passers-by, but only the Germans were to have them, which was not always possible, as fate had packed together both friend and foe.

My mother and we children, who had already relied on the Count's word, and had therefore passed a tolerably quiet day, were highly rejoiced, and my mother doubly consoled, the next day, when having consulted the oracle of her treasure box, by the prick of a needle, she received a very comfortable answer, both for present and future. We wished our father similar faith and feelings; we flattered him as much as we could; we entreated him to take some food, from which he had abstained all day; but he repulsed our caresses and every enjoyment, and betook himself to his chamber. Our joy, however, was not interrupted; the affair was decided; the King's Lieutenant, who, against his habit, had been on horse-back today, at last returned home, where his presence was more necessary than ever. We sprang to meet him, kissed his hands, and testified our delight. This seemed much to please him. "Well," said he more kindly than usual, "I am glad also for your sakes, my dear children." He immediately ordered that sweetmeats, sweet wine, and the best of everything should be given us, and went to his room, already surrounded by a crowd of the urgent, the demanding, and the suppliant.

We had now a fine collation, pitied our poor father who would not partake of it, and pressed our mother to call him in; but she, more prudent than we, well knew how distasteful such gifts would be to him. In the meantime she had prepared some supper, and would readily have sent a portion up to his room, but he never tolerated such an irregularity even in the most extreme cases; and after the sweet things were removed, we endeavoured to persuade him to come down into the ordinary dining room. At last he allowed himself to be persuaded unwillingly, and we had no notion of the mischief which we were preparing for him and ourselves. The staircase ran through the whole house, along all the anterooms. My father in coming down had to go directly past the Count's apartment. This anteroom was so full of people that the Count, to get through much at once, resolved to come out, and this happened unfortunately at the moment when my father descended. The Count met him cheerfully, greeted him, and remarked, "You will congratulate yourselves and us that this dangerous affair is so happily terminated." "By no means!" replied my father in a rage. "Would that it had driven you to the devil, even if I had gone with you." The Count restrained himself for a moment, and then broke out with wrath—"You shall pay for this," cried he; "you shall find that you have not thus insulted the good cause and myself for nothing!"

My father, meanwhile, came down very calmly, seated himself near us, seemed more cheerful than before, and began to eat. We were glad of this, unconscious of the dangerous method in which he had rolled the stone from his heart. Soon afterwards my mother was called out, and we

had great pleasure in chattering to our father about the sweet things the Count had given us. Our mother did not return. At last the interpreter came in. At a hint from him we were sent to bed, it was already late, and we willingly obeyed. After a night quietly slept through, we heard of the violent commotion which had shaken the house the previous evening. The King's Lieutenant had instantly ordered my father to be led to the guardhouse. The subalterns well knew that he was never to be contradicted; yet they had often earned thanks by delaying the execution of his orders. The interpreter, whose presence of mind never forsook him, contrived to excite this disposition in them very strongly. The tumult, moreover, was so great that a delay brought with it its own concealment and excuse. He had called out my mother, and put the adjutant, as it were, into her hands, that by prayers and representations she might gain a brief postponement of the matter. He himself hurried up to the Count, who with great self-command had immediately retired into the inner room, and would rather allow the most urgent affair to stand still than wreak on an innocent person the ill-humour once excited in him, and give a decision derogatory to his dignity.

The address of the interpreter to the Count, the train of the whole conversation, were often enough repeated to us by the fat interpreter, who prided himself not a little on the fortunate result.

The King's Lieutenant still lived at our house. He in no respect had changed his deportment, especially towards us; but it was observable, and the interpreter made it still more evident to us, that he no longer discharged his duties with the same cheerfulness and zeal as at the outset, though always with the same rectitude and fidelity. His character and habits, which showed the Spaniard rather than the Frenchman; his caprices, which were not without their influence on his business; his unbending will under all circumstances, his susceptibility as to everything that concerned his person or reputation—all this together might perhaps sometimes bring him into conflict with his superiors. Add to this that he had been wounded in a duel, which had arisen in the theatre, and it was deemed wrong that the King's Lieutenant, himself chief of police, should have committed a punishable offence. As I have said, all this may have contributed to make him live more retired, and here and there perhaps to act with less energy.

The endeavour was made to gain justice by representations, equity by entreaties, favour by influence, and the quartermasters were prevailed upon to decide thus: the Count was to change his lodgings, and our house, in consideration of the burden borne day and night for several years uninterruptedly, was to be exempt for the future from billeting. But, to furnish a plausible pretext for this, we were to take in lodgers on the first floor, which the Count had occupied, and thus render a new quartering as it were impossible. The Count, who hoped to be soon recalled and placed elsewhere, was pleased to move without opposition to another good residence, and left us in peace and good will. Soon afterwards he quitted the city, and received different appointments in

gradation, but, it was rumoured, not to his own satisfaction. At last we heard nothing further about him, except after several years we were assured that he had died as governor of one of the French colonies in the West Indies.

FOURTH BOOK

MUCH INCONVENIENCE as the quartering of the French had occasioned us, we had become so accustomed to it that we could not fail to miss it, nor could we children fail to feel as if the house were deserted. Moreover, it was not decreed that we should again attain perfect family unity. New lodgers were already agreed upon, and after some sweeping and scouring, planing and rubbing with beeswax, painting and varnishing, the house was completely restored again. The chancery-director Moritz, with his family, very worthy friends of my parents, moved in. He was not a native of Frankfort, but an able jurist and man of business, and managed the legal affairs of many small princes, counts, and lords. I never saw him otherwise than cheerful and pleasant, and diligent with his law papers. His wife and children, gentle, quiet, and benevolent, did not indeed increase the sociableness of our house, for they kept to themselves; but a stillness, a peace returned, which we had not enjoyed for a long time. I now again occupied my attic room, in which the ghosts of the many pictures sometimes hovered before me, while I strove to frighten them away by labour and study.

The want of confidence in the public method of instruction was daily increasing. People looked about for private tutors, and because single families could not afford the expense, several of them united to attain their object. Yet the children seldom agreed, the young man had not sufficient authority, and after frequently repeated vexations, there were only angry partings. It is not surprising, therefore, that other arrangements were thought of which should be more permanent as well as more advantageous.

The thought of establishing boarding schools (*Pensionen*) had arisen from the necessity which everyone felt for having the French language taught and communicated orally. My father had brought up a young person who had been his footman, valet, secretary, and in short successively all in all. This man, whose name was Pfeil, spoke French well. After he had married, and his patrons had to think of a situation for him, they hit upon the plan of making him establish a boarding school, which extended gradually into a small academy, in which everything necessary, and at last even Greek and Latin, was taught.

The vivacity of this man brought a great rage for music into our house. My father remained on lasting good terms with him up to certain points of dispute. A large piano of Frederici was purchased also for us, which I, adhering to my harpsichord, hardly touched, but which so much increased the troubles of my sister, as, to do proper honour to the new instrument, she had to spend some time longer every day in practice;

while my father, as overseer, and Pfeil, as a model and encouraging friend, alternately took their positions at her side.

A singular taste of my father caused much inconvenience to us children. This was the cultivation of silk, of the advantages of which, when it should be more widely extended, he had a high opinion. Some acquaintances at Hanau, where the breeding of the worms was carried on with great care, gave him the immediate impulse.

That we children might not be wanting in every variety of life and learning, a teacher of the English language must announce himself just at this time, who pledged himself to teach English to anybody not entirely raw in languages within four weeks; and to advance him to such a degree that, with some diligence, he could help himself further. His price was moderate, and he was indifferent as to the number of scholars at one lesson. My father instantly determined to make the attempt, and took lessons, in connexion with my sister and myself, from this expeditious master.

Everywhere I heard it said that to understand the Old as well as the New Testament, the original languages were requisite. The latter I could read quite easily, because, that there might be no want of exercise even on Sundays, the so-called Epistles and Gospels had, after church, to be recited, translated, and in some measure explained. I now designed doing the same thing with the Old Testament, the peculiarities of which had always especially interested me.

My father, who did not like to do anything by halves, determined to request the rector of our Gymnasium, one Dr. Albrecht, to give me private lessons weekly [in Hebrew], until I should have acquired what was most essential in so simple a language, for he hoped that if it would not be despatched as soon as English, it could at least be managed in double the time. Reading, interpreting, grammar, transcribing, and the repetition of words seldom lasted a full half hour; for I immediately began to aim at the sense of the matter, and, though we were still engaged in the first book of Moses, to utter several things suggested to me by the later books. At first the good old man tried to restrain me from such digressions, but at last they seemed to entertain him also. It was impossible for him to suppress his characteristic cough and chuckle, and although he carefully avoided giving me any information that might have compromised himself, my importunity was not relaxed; nay, as I cared more to set forth my doubts than to learn their solution, I grew constantly more vivacious and bold, seeming justified by his deportment. Yet I could get nothing out of him, except that ever and anon he would exclaim, with his peculiar shaking laugh, "Ah! mad fellow! ah! mad boy!"

Still, my childish vivacity, which scrutinized the Bible on all sides, may have seemed to him tolerably serious and worthy of some assistance. He therefore referred me, after a time, to the large English Biblical work which stood in his library.

It had long seemed to me desirable to work out the history of Joseph, but I could not get on with the form, particularly as I was conversant with

no kind of versification which would have been adapted to such a work. But now I found a treatment of it in prose very suitable, and I applied all my strength to its execution. I now endeavoured to discriminate and paint the characters and, by the interpolation of incidents and episodes, to make the old simple history a new and independent work. I did not consider, what, indeed, youth cannot consider, that subject matter was necessary to such a design, and that this could only arise by the perceptions of experience. Suffice it to say that I represented to myself all the incidents down to the minutest details, and narrated them accurately to myself in their succession.

Amid all these heterogeneous occupations and labours, which followed each other so rapidly that one could hardly reflect whether they were permissible and useful, my father did not lose sight of the main object. He endeavoured to direct my memory and my talent for apprehending and combining to objects of jurisprudence, and therefore gave me a small book by Hopp, in the shape of a catechism, and worked up according to the form and substance of the Institutions. I soon learned questions and answers by heart, and could represent the catechist as well as the catechumen; and, as in religious instruction at that time, one of the chief exercises was to find passages in the Bible as readily as possible, so here a similar acquaintance with the *Corpus Juris* was found necessary, in which, also, I soon became completely versed.

FIFTH BOOK

MEANWHILE I was quite unexpectedly involved in an affair which brought me near to a great hazard, and at least for a long time into perplexity and distress. The good terms on which I had stood with an old-time faithful friend whom I called Pylades were maintained up to the time of my youth. We indeed saw each other less often, because our parents did not stand on the best footing with each other; but when we did meet, the old raptures of friendship broke out immediately. Once we met in the alleys which offer a very agreeable walk between the outer and inner gate of Saint Gallus. We had scarcely returned greetings than he said to me, "I hold to the same opinion as ever about your verses. Those which you recently communicated to me I read aloud to some pleasant companions, and not one of them will believe that you have made them." "Let it pass," I answered; "we will make them and enjoy them, and the others may think and say of them what they please."

"There comes the unbeliever now," added my friend. "We will not speak of it," I replied; "what is the use of it? One cannot convert them." "By no means," said my friend; "I cannot let the affair pass off in this way."

After a short and indifferent conversation, my young comrade, who was but too well disposed towards me, could not suffer the matter to drop, without saying to the other, with some resentment, "Here is my friend

who made those pretty verses, for which you will not give him credit!" "He will certainly not be offended at that," answered the other, "for we do him an honour when we suppose that more learning is required to make such verses than one of his years can possess." I replied with something indifferent; but my friend continued, "It will not cost much labour to convince you. Give him any theme, and he will make you a poem on the spot." I assented, we were agreed, and the other asked me whether I would venture to compose a pretty love letter in rhyme, which a modest young woman might be supposed to write to a young man, to declare her inclination. "Nothing is easier than that," I answered, "if I only had writing materials." He pulled out his pocket almanac, in which there were a great many blank leaves, and I sat down upon a bench to write. They walked about in the meanwhile, but always kept me in sight. I immediately brought the required situation before my mind, and thought how agreeable it must be if some pretty girl were really attached to me, and would reveal her sentiments to me, either in prose or verse. I therefore began my declaration with delight, and in a little while executed it in a flowing measure, between doggerel and madrigal, with the greatest possible *naiveté*, and in such a way that the sceptic was overcome with admiration, and my friend with delight. The request of the former to possess the poem I could the less refuse, as it was written in his almanac; and I willingly saw the documentary evidence of my capabilities in his hands. He departed with many assurances of admiration and respect, and wished for nothing more than that we should often meet; so we settled soon to go together into the country.

Our party actually took place, and was joined by several more young people of the same rank. On the way there, while they highly extolled my love letter, they confessed to me that they had made a very merry use of it, viz.—that it had been copied in a feigned hand, and, with a few pertinent allusions, had been sent to a conceited young man, who was now firmly persuaded that a lady to whom he had paid distant court was excessively enamoured of him, and sought an opportunity for closer acquaintance. They at the same time told me in confidence that he desired nothing more now than to be able to answer her in verse; but that neither he nor they were skilful enough, so that they earnestly solicited me to compose the much-desired reply. I gave my consent.

A little while afterwards I was urgently invited, through my friend, to take part in one of the evening feasts of that society. The lover, he said, was willing to bear the expense on this occasion, and desired expressly to thank the friend who had shown himself so excellent a poetical secretary.

We came together late enough, the meal was most frugal, the wine drinkable: while as for the conversation, it turned almost entirely on jokes upon the young man, who was present, and certainly not very bright, and who, after repeated readings of the letter, almost believed that he had written it himself.

My natural good nature would not allow me to take much pleasure

in such a malicious deception, and the repetition of the same subject soon disgusted me. I should certainly have passed a tedious evening if an unexpected apparition had not revived me. On our arrival the table had already been neatly and orderly covered, and sufficient wine had been put on; we sat down and remained alone, without requiring further service. As there was, however, a want of wine at last, one of them called for the maid; but instead of the maid there came in a girl of uncommon, and, when one saw her with all around her, of incredible beauty. "What do you desire?" she asked, after having cordially wished us a good evening. "The maid is ill in bed. Can I serve you?" "The wine is out," said one. "If you would fetch us a few bottles, it would be very kind." "Do it, Gretchen," said another; "it is but a cat's leap from here." "Why not?" she answered, and taking a few empty bottles from the table, she hastened out. Her form, as seen from behind, was almost more elegant. The little cap sat so neatly upon her little head, which a slender throat united very gracefully to her neck and shoulders. Everything about her seemed choice, and one could survey her whole form the more at ease, as one's attention was no more exclusively attracted and fettered by the quiet, honest eyes and lovely mouth. I reproved my comrades for sending the girl out alone at night, but they only laughed at me, and I was soon consoled by her return, as the publican lived only just across the way. "Sit down with us, in return," said one. She did so; but, alas, she did not come near me. She drank a glass to our health, and speedily departed, advising us not to stay very long together, and not to be so noisy, as her mother was just going to bed. It was not, however, her own mother, but the mother of our hosts.

The form of that girl followed me from that moment on every path; it was the first durable impression which a female being had made upon me; and as I could find no pretext to see her at home, and would not seek one, I went to church for love of her, and had soon traced out where she sat. Thus, during the long Protestant service, I gazed my fill at her. When the congregation left the church I did not venture to accost her, much less to accompany her, and was perfectly delighted if she seemed to have remarked me and to have returned my greeting with a nod. Yet I was not long denied the happiness of approaching her. They had persuaded the lover, whose poetical secretary I had been, that the letter written in his name had been actually despatched to the lady, and had strained to the utmost his expectations that an answer must soon come. This, also, I was to write, and the waggish company entreated me earnestly, through Pylades, to exert all my wit and employ all my art, in order that this piece might be quite elegant and perfect.

In the hope of again seeing my fair one, I went immediately to work, and thought of everything that would be in the highest degree pleasing if Gretchen were writing it to me. I imagined I had written out everything so completely from her form, her nature, her manner, and her mind that I could not refrain from wishing that it were so in reality, and lost myself in rapture at the mere thought that something similar could be

sent from her to me. Thus I mystified myself, while I intended to impose upon another; and much joy and much trouble was yet to arise out of the affair. When I was once more summoned, I had finished, promised to come, and did not fail at the appointed hour. There was only one of the young people at home; Gretchen sat at the window spinning; the mother was going to and fro. The young man desired that I should read to him aloud; I did so, and read not without emotion, as I glanced over the paper at the beautiful girl; and when I fancied that I remarked a certain uneasiness in her deportment, and a gentle flush on her cheeks, I uttered better and with more animation than which I wished to hear from herself. The cousin, who had often interrupted me with commendations, at last entreated me to make some amendments. These affected some passages which indeed were rather suited to the condition of Gretchen than to that of the lady, who was of a good family, wealthy, and known and respected in the city. After the young man had designated the desired changes, and had brought me an inkstand, but had taken leave for a short time on account of some business, I remained sitting on the bench against the wall, behind the large table, and essayed the alterations that were to be made, on the large slate, which almost covered the whole table, using a style that always lay in the window, because upon this slate reckonings were often made, and various memoranda noted down, and those coming in or going out even communicated with each other.

I had for a while written different things and rubbed them out again, when I exclaimed impatiently, "It will not do!" "So much the better," said the dear girl in a grave tone; "I wished that it might not do! You should not meddle in such matters." She arose from the distaff and, stepping towards the table, gave me a severe lecture, with a great deal of good sense and kindness. "The thing seems an innocent jest; it is a jest, but it is not innocent. I have already lived to see several cases in which our young people, for the sake of such mere mischief, have brought themselves into great difficulty." "But what shall I do?" I asked. "The letter is written, and they rely upon me to alter it." "Trust me," she replied, "and do not alter it; nay, take it back, put it in your pocket, go away, and try to make the matter straight through your friend. I will also put in a word; for look you, though I am a poor girl, and dependent upon these relations,—who indeed do nothing bad, though they often, for the sake of sport or profit, undertake a good deal that is rash,—I have resisted them, and would not copy the first letter, as they requested. They transcribed it in a feigned hand, and if it is not otherwise, so may they also do with this. And you, a young man of good family, rich, independent, why will you allow yourself to be used as a tool in a business which can certainly bring no good to you, and may possibly bring much that is unpleasant?" I was glad to hear her speaking thus continuously, for generally she introduced but few words into conversation. My liking for her grew incredibly,—I was not master of myself,—and replied, "I am not so independent as you suppose; and of what use is wealth to me, when the most precious thing I can desire is wanting?"

She had drawn my sketch of the poetic epistle towards her, and read it half aloud in a sweet and graceful manner. "That is very pretty," said she, stopping at a sort of *naïve* point; "but it is a pity that it is not destined for a real purpose." "That were indeed very desirable," I cried, "and, oh! how happy must he be, who receives from a girl he infinitely loves such an assurance of her affection." "There is much required for that," she answered; "and yet many things are possible." "For example," I continued, "if anyone who knew, prized, honoured, and adored you laid such a paper before you, what would you do?" I pushed the paper nearer to her, which she had previously pushed back to me. She smiled, reflected for a moment, took the pen, and subscribed her name. I was beside myself with rapture, sprang up, and would have embraced her. "No kissing!" said she. "That is so vulgar; but let us love if we can." I had taken up the paper and thrust it into my pocket. "No one shall ever get it," said I; "the affair is closed. You have saved me." "Now complete the salvation," she exclaimed, "and hurry off, before the others arrive, and you fall into trouble and embarrassment." I could not tear myself away from her; but she asked me in so kindly a manner, while she took my right hand in both of hers, and lovingly pressed it! The tears stood in my eyes; I thought hers looked moist. I pressed my face upon her hands and hastened away. Never in my life had I found myself in such perplexity.

The young persons with whom in this way I formed a closer and closer connexion were not properly low, but ordinary sort of people. Their activity was commendable, and I listened to them with pleasure when they spoke of the manifold ways and means by which one could gain a living; above all they loved to tell of people, now very rich, who had begun with nothing.

One of the most innocent, and at the same time amusing, parties of pleasure in which I engaged with different companies of young people was this: that we seated ourselves in the Hochst market ship, observed the strange passengers packed away in it, and bantered and teased, now this one, now that, as pleasure or caprice prompted. At Hochst we got out at the same time as the market boat from Mentz arrived.

Once I had undertaken this journey with Gretchen's cousins, when a young man joined us at table in Hochst, who might be a little older than we were. They knew him, and he got himself introduced to me. He had something very pleasing in his manner, though he was not otherwise distinguished. Coming from Mentz, he now went back with us to Frankfort, and conversed with me of everything that related to the internal arrangements of the city, and the public offices and places, on which he seemed to me to be very well informed. When we separated he bade me farewell, and added that he wished I might think well of him, as he hoped on occasion to avail himself of my recommendation. I did not know what he meant by this, but the cousins enlightened me some days after; they spoke favourably of him, and requested me to intercede with my grandfather, as a middle place was just now vacant, which this friend would

like to obtain. I at first excused myself, because I had never meddled in such affairs; but they went on urging me until I resolved to do it.

For some time I had observed that Gretchen span no more, but on the other hand was employed in sewing, and that, too, on very fine work, which surprised me the more, as the days were already shortening, and winter was coming on. I thought no further about it, only it troubled me that several times I had not found her at home in the morning as formerly, and could not learn, without importunity, whither she had gone. Yet I was destined one day to be surprised in a very odd manner. My sister, who was getting herself ready for a ball, asked me to fetch her some so-called Italian flowers, at a fashionable milliner's. They were made in convents, and were small and pretty; myrtles especially, dwarf roses, and the like, came out quite beautifully and naturally. I granted her the favour, and went to the shop where I had already often been with her. Hardly had I entered and greeted the proprietress than I saw sitting in the window a lady, who in a lace cap looked very young and pretty, and in a silk mantilla seemed very well shaped. I could easily recognize that she was an assistant, for she was occupied in fastening a ribbon and feathers upon a hat. The milliner showed me the long box with single flowers of various sorts; I looked them over, and as I made my choice glanced again towards the lady in the window; but how great was my astonishment when I perceived an incredible similarity to Gretchen, nay, was forced to be convinced at last that it was Gretchen herself. No doubt remained when she winked with her eyes and gave me a sign that I must not betray our acquaintance. I now with my choosing and rejecting drove the milliner into despair more than even a lady could have done. I had, in fact, no choice, for I was excessively confused, and at the same time liked to linger, because it kept me near the girl, whose disguise annoyed me, though in that disguise she appeared to me more enchanting than ever. Finally, the milliner seemed to lose all patience, and with her own hands selected for me a whole bandbox full of flowers, which I was to place before my sister and let her choose for herself. Thus I was, as it were, driven out of the shop, while she sent the box first by one of her girls.

Scarcely had I reached home than my father caused me to be called, and communicated to me that it was now quite certain that the Archduke Joseph would be elected and crowned King of Rome. An event so highly important was not to be expected without preparation, nor allowed to pass with mere gaping and staring. He wished, therefore, he said, to go through with me the election and coronation diaries of the two last coronations, as well as through the last capitulations of election, in order to remark what new conditions might be added in the present instance. The diaries were opened, and we occupied ourselves with them the whole day till far into the night, while the pretty girl, sometimes in her old house dress, sometimes in her new costume, ever hovered before me, backwards and forwards among the most august objects of the Holy Roman Empire.

That great political object, the election and coronation of a King of Rome, was pursued with more and more earnestness. The assembling of

the electoral college, originally appointed to take place at Augsburg in the October of 1763, was now transferred to Frankfort, and both at the end of this year and in the beginning of next, preparations went forward, which should usher in this important business.

With my grandfather and other members of the council, whose families I used to visit, this was no pleasant time; they had so much to do with meeting distinguished guests, complimenting, and the delivery of presents.

In these days I did not come to myself. At home I had to write and copy; everything had to be seen; and so ended the month of March, the second half of which had been rich in festivals for us. I had promised Gretchen a faithful and complete account of what had lately happened, and of what was to be expected on the coronation day. This great day approached; I thought more how I should tell it to her than of what properly was to be told; all that came under my eyes and my pen I merely worked up rapidly for this sole and immediate use. At last I reached her residence somewhat late one evening, and was not a little proud to think how my discourse on this occasion would be much more successful than the first unprepared one.

She liked to hear about the jewels of the Empire. I promised her that we should, if possible, see these together. She made some jesting remarks when she learned that the garments and crown had been tried on the young king. I knew where she would gaze at the solemnities of the coronation day, and directed her attention to everything that was impending, and particularly to what might be minutely inspected from her place of view.

Thus we forgot to think about time; it was already past midnight, and I found that I unfortunately had not the house key with me. I could not enter the house without making the greatest disturbance. I communicated my embarrassment to her. "After all," said she, "it will be best for the company to remain together." The cousins and the strangers had already had this in mind, because it was not known where they would be lodged for the night. The matter was soon decided; Gretchen went to make some coffee, after bringing in and lighting a large brass lamp, furnished with oil and wick, because the candles threatened to burn out.

The coffee served to enliven us for several hours, but the game gradually slackened; conversation failed; the mother slept in the great chair; the strangers, weary from travelling, nodded here and there, and Pylades and his fair one sat in a corner. She had laid her head on his shoulder and had gone to sleep, and he did not keep long awake. A younger cousin, sitting opposite to us by the slate, had crossed his arms before him, and slept with his face resting upon them. I sat in the window corner, behind the table, and Gretchen by me. We talked in a low voice: but at last sleep overcame her also, she leaned her head on my shoulder, and sank at once into a slumber. Thus I now sat, the only one awake, in a most singular position, in which the kind brother of death soon put me also to rest. I went to sleep, and when I awoke it was already bright day.

Gretchen was standing before the mirror arranging her little cap; she was more lovely than ever, and when I departed cordially pressed my hands. I crept home by a roundabout way; for, on the side towards a little *Stag-düch*, my father had opened a sort of little peephole in the wall, not without the opposition of his neighbour. This side we avoided when we wanted not to be observed by him in coming home. My mother, whose mediation always came in well for us, had endeavoured to palliate my absence in the morning at breakfast, by the supposition that I had gone out early, and I experienced no disagreeable effects from this innocent night.

The coronation day dawned at last, on the 3rd of April, 1764; the weather was favourable, and everybody was in motion. I, with several of my relations and friends, had been provided with a good place in one of the upper stories of the Romer itself, where we might completely survey the whole.

What passed within the cathedral, the endless ceremonies which precede and accompany the anointing, the crowning, the dubbing of knighthood,—all this we were glad to hear told afterwards by those who had sacrificed much else to be present in the church. Now, the sound of bells, and the van of the long train which gently made its way over the many-coloured bridge, announced that all was done. Finally both their Majesties came up.

Everybody knew now that the Emperor and King would return from the cabinet, whither they had retired from the balcony, and feast in the great hall of the Romer. We had been able to admire the arrangements made for it, the day before; and my most anxious wish was, if possible, to look in today. I repaired, therefore, by the usual path, to the great staircase, which stands directly opposite the door of the hall. Here I gazed at the distinguished personages who this day acted as the servants of the head of the Empire.

Neither my years nor the mass of present objects allowed me to make many reflections. I strove to see all as much as possible; and when the dessert was brought in and the ambassadors re-entered to pay their court, I sought the open air, and contrived to refresh myself with good friends in the neighbourhood, after a day's half-fasting, and to prepare for the illumination in the evening.

This brilliant night I purposed celebrating in a right hearty way; for I had agreed with Gretchen, and Pylades and his mistress, that we should meet somewhere at nightfall. The city was already resplendent at every end and corner when I met my beloved. I offered Gretchen my arm; we went from one quarter to another, and found ourselves very happy in each other's society.

Here now, four abreast, we walked very comfortably up and down, and I, by Gretchen's side, fancied that I really wandered in those happy Elysian fields where they pluck from the trees crystal cups that immediately fill themselves with the wine desired, and shake down fruits that change into every dish at will. At last we also felt such a necessity, and

conducted by Pylades, we found a neat, well-arranged eating house. When we encountered no more guests, since everybody was going about the streets, we were all the better pleased, and passed the greatest part of the night most happily and cheerfully, in the feeling of friendship, love, and attachment. When I had accompanied Gretchen as far as her door, she kissed me on the forehead. It was the first and last time that she granted me this favour; for, alas, I was not to see her again.

The next morning, while I was yet in bed, my mother entered, in trouble and anxiety. It was easy to see when she was at all distressed. "Get up," she said, "and prepare yourself for something unpleasant. It has come out that you frequent very bad company, and have involved yourself in very dangerous and bad affairs. Your father is beside himself, and we have only been able to get thus much from him, that he will investigate the affair by means of a third party. Remain in your chamber and await what may happen. Councillor Schneider will come to you; he has the commission both from your father and from the authorities; for the matter is already prosecuted, and may take a very bad turn."

I saw that they took the affair for much worse than it was; yet I felt myself not a little disquieted, even if only the actual state of things should be detected. My old *Messiah*-loving friend finally entered, with the tears standing in his eyes; he took me by the arm and said, "I am heartily sorry to come to you on such an affair. I could not have supposed that you could go astray so far. But what will not wicked companions and bad example do! Thus can a young inexperienced man be led step by step into crime!" "I am conscious of no crime," I replied, "and as little of having frequented bad company."

"The question now is not one of defence," said he, interrupting me, "but of investigation, and on your part of an upright confession." "What do you want to know?" retorted I. He seated himself, drew out a paper, and began to question me: "Have you not recommended N. N. to your grandfather as a candidate for the * * place?" I answered, "Yes." "Where did you become acquainted with him?" "In my walks." "In what company?" I started: for I would not willingly betray my friends.

"Silence will not do now," he continued, "for all is sufficiently known." "What is known then?" said I. "That this man has been introduced to you by others like him—in fact, by * * *." Here he named three persons whom I had never seen nor known: which I immediately explained to the questioner. "You pretend," he resumed, "not to know these men, and have yet had frequent meetings with them."

"Not in the least," I replied; "for, as I have said, except the first, I do not know one of them, and even him I have never seen in a house." "Have you not often been in * * * street?"

"Never," I replied. This was not entirely conformable to the truth. I had once accompanied Pylades to his sweetheart, who lived in that street; but we had entered by the back door and remained in the summerhouse. I therefore supposed that I might permit myself the subterfuge that I had not been in the street itself.

The good man put more questions, all of which I could answer with a denial: for of all that he wished to learn I knew nothing. At last he seemed to become vexed and said, "You repay my confidence and good will very badly; I come to save you. You cannot deny that you have composed letters for these people themselves or for their accomplices, have furnished them writings, and have thus been accessory to their evil acts; for the question is of nothing less than of forged papers, false wills, counterfeit bonds, and things of the sort. I come not only as a friend of the family, I come in the name and by order of the magistrates, who, in consideration of your connexions and youth, would spare you and some other young persons, who, like you, have been lured into the net."

It was strange to me that among the persons he named, none of those with whom I had been intimate were found. The circumstances touched, without agreeing, and I could still hope to save my young friends. But the good man grew more and more urgent. I could not deny that I had come home late many nights, that I had contrived to have a house key made, that I had been seen at public places more than once with persons of low rank and suspicious looks, that some girls were mixed up in the affair; in short, everything seemed to be discovered but the names. This gave me courage to persist steadfastly in my silence.

"Do not," said my excellent friend, "let me go away from you; the affair allows of no delay; immediately after me another will come, who will not grant you so much scope. Do not make the matter, which is bad enough, worse by your obstinacy."

I represented very vividly to myself the good cousins, and particularly Gretchen: I saw them arrested, tried, punished, disgraced, and then it went through my soul like a flash of lightning that the cousins, though they always observed integrity towards me, might have engaged in such bad affairs, at least the oldest, who never quite pleased me, who came home later and later, and had little to tell of a cheerful sort. Still I kept back my confession.

"Personally," said I, "I am conscious of nothing evil, and can rest satisfied on that side, but it is not impossible that those with whom I have associated may have been guilty of some daring or illegal act. They may be sought, found, convicted, punished; I have hitherto nothing to reproach myself with; and will not do any wrong to those who have behaved well and kindly to me."

He did not let me finish, but exclaimed with some agitation, "Yes, they will be found out. These villains met in three houses." (He named the streets, he pointed out the houses, and, unfortunately, among them was the one to which I used to go.) "The first nest is already broken up, and at this moment so are the two others. In a few hours the whole will be clear. Avoid, by a frank confession, a judicial inquiry, a confrontation, and all other disagreeable matters."

The house was known and marked. Now I deemed silence useless; nay, considering the innocence of our meetings, I could hope to be still more useful to them than to myself. "Sit down," I exclaimed, fetching

him back from the door; "I will tell all, and at once lighten your heart and mine; only one thing I ask: henceforth let there be no doubt of my veracity."

I soon told my friend the whole progress of the affair, and was, at first, calm and collected; but the more I brought to mind and pictured to myself the persons, objects, and events, so many innocent pleasures and charming enjoyments, and was forced to depose as before a criminal court, the more did the most painful feeling increase, so that at last I burst forth in tears and gave myself up to unrestrained passion.

I now reproached myself for having told the affair and brought all the positions to light. I foresaw that our childish actions, our youthful inclinations and confidences, might be quite differently interpreted, and that I might perhaps involve the excellent Pylades in the matter and render him very unhappy. All these images, pressed vividly one after the other before my soul, sharpened and spurred my distress, so that I did not know what to do for sorrow I cast myself at full length upon the floor and moistened it with my tears.

I know not how long I might have lain, when my sister entered, was frightened at my gestures, and did all that she could to raise me up. She told me that a person connected with the magistracy had waited below with my father for the return of the family friend, and that after they had been closeted together for some time, both the gentlemen had departed, had talked to each other with apparent satisfaction, and had even laughed. She believed that she had heard the words—"It is all right; the affair is of no consequence."

"Indeed!" I broke out, "the affair is of no consequence for me,—for us; for I have committed no crime, and if I had, they would contrive to help me through: but the others, the others," I cried, "who will stand by them!"

I now experienced no satisfaction but in chewing the cud of my misery, and in a thousandfold imaginary multiplication of it. My whole inventive faculty, my poetry and rhetoric, had cast themselves on this diseased spot, and threatened, precisely by means of this vitality, to involve body and soul into an incurable disorder. In this melancholy condition nothing more seemed to me worth a desire, nothing worth a wish.

Thus I passed both day and night in great disquiet, in raving and lassitude, so that I felt happy at last when a bodily illness seized me with considerable violence, when they had to call in the help of a physician, and think of every way to quiet me. They supposed that they could do it generally by the sacred assurance that all who were more or less involved in the guilt had been treated with the greatest forbearance, that my nearest friends, being as good as innocent, had been dismissed with a slight reprimand, and that Gretchen had retired from the city and had returned to her own home. They lingered the most over this last point, and I did not take it in the best part; for I could discover in it, not a voluntary departure, but only a shameful banishment. My bodily and mental condition was not improved by this; my distress now first really began, and

I had time enough to torment myself by picturing the strangest romance of sad events and an inevitably tragical catastrophe.

Part the Second

SIXTH BOOK

It was not long before they gave me a special overseer. Fortunately, it was a man whom I loved and valued. They no longer said that I might relapse into my former attachments and connexions, they left me by degrees perfect liberty. In the company of casual acquaintances I took several casual trips to that mountain-range which, from my childhood, had risen before me, far and stately. Thus we visited Homburg, Kroneburg, and ascended the Feldberg, from which the view enticed us to further explorations. Königstein, too, was not unvisited; Wiesbaden, Schwalbach and its environs, occupied us many days; we reached the Rhine, which we had seen from the heights winding away in the distance. Mayence astonished us, but could not long enthral a youthful mind, longing to range the open country; Biberich and its situation delighted us, and, contented and happy, we resumed our journey home.

I had much intercourse with a young Englishman who was educated in Pfeil's boarding school. He could give a good account of his own language; I practised it with him, and thus learned much concerning his country and people. He came and went in our house for some time without my remarking in him any attachment to my sister, yet he may have been nourishing one in secret till it grew to a passion, for at last it declared itself suddenly and unexpectedly. She knew him, she esteemed him, and he was worthy of it.

The fine weather and the beautiful country did not remain unenjoyed by so lively a company; water excursions were frequently arranged, because these are the most sociable of all parties of pleasure. Yet whether we were moving on water or on land, the individual attracting powers immediately showed themselves; each couple kept together, and for some men who were not engaged, of whom I was one, there remained either no conversation with the ladies at all or only such as no one would have chosen for a day of pleasure. A friend who found himself in this situation, and who might have been in want of a partner chiefly for this reason, that with the best humour he lacked tenderness, and with much intelligence, that delicate attention, without which connexions of this kind are not to be thought of;—this man, after often humorously and wittily lamenting his condition, promised at the next meeting to make a proposal which would benefit himself and the whole company. Nor did he fail to perform his promise: for, when after a brilliant trip by water, and a very pleasant walk, reclining on the grass between shady knolls, or sitting on

mossy rocks and roots of trees, we had cheerfully and happily consumed a rural meal, and our friend saw us all cheerful and in good spirits, he, with a waggish dignity, commanded us to sit close round him in a semi-circle, before which he stepped, and began to make an emphatic peroration as follows:—

“Most worthy friends of both sexes, paired and unpaired!”—It was already evident, from this address, how necessary it was that a preacher of repentance should arise and sharpen the conscience of the company. “One part of my noble friends is paired, and they may find themselves quite happy; another unpaired, and these find themselves in the highest degree miserable, as I can assure you from my own experience; and although the loving couples are here in the majority, yet I would have them consider whether it is not a social duty to take thought for the whole?”

“I have already provided for the execution of my project, if it should meet your approbation. Here is a bag in which are the names of the gentlemen; now draw, my fair ones, and be pleased to favour as your servant, for a week, him whom fate shall send you. This is binding only within our circle; as soon as that is broken up, these connexions are also abolished, and the heart may decide who shall attend you home.”

A large part of the company had been delighted with this address, and the manner in which he delivered it, and seemed to approve of the notion; yet some couples looked at each other as if they thought that it would not answer their purpose.

Half willingly, half on compulsion, the ladies drew their tickets, and it was easy to see that various passions were in play during this little affair. Fortunately it happened that the merry-minded were separated, while the more serious remained together; and so, too, my sister kept her Englishman, which, on both sides, they took very kindly of the god of Love and Luck.

Michaelmas, the time when I was to go to the university, was approaching, and my mind was excited quite as much about my life as about my learning. I grew more and more clearly conscious of an aversion to my native city. By Gretchen's removal, the heart had been broken out of the boyish and youthful plant; it needed time to bud forth again from its sides, and surmount the first injury by a new growth. My ramblings through the streets had ceased; I now, like others, only went such ways as were necessary. I never went again into Gretchen's quarter of the city, not even into its vicinity; and as my old walls and towers became gradually disagreeable to me, so also was I displeased at the constitution of the city; all that hitherto seemed so worthy of honour now appeared to me in distorted shapes.

Indeed, at all times, the poetic imitation of what I had perceived in myself, in others, and in nature, afforded me the greatest pleasure. I did it with ever-increasing facility, because it came by instinct, and no criticism had led me astray; and if I did not feel full confidence in my productions, I could certainly regard them as defective, but not such as to be

utterly rejected. Was this or that censured in them, I still retained in private my conviction that I could not but gradually improve, and that sometime I might be honourably named along with Hagedorn, Gellert, and other such men. But such a distinction alone seemed to me too empty and inadequate, I wished to devote myself professionally and with zeal to those aforesaid fundamental studies, and while I thought to advance myself more rapidly in my own works by a more thorough insight into antiquity, to qualify myself for a university professorship, which seemed to me the most desirable thing for a young man who intended to cultivate himself and to contribute to the cultivation of others.

With these intentions, I always had my eye upon Göttingen. My whole confidence rested upon men like Heyne, Michaelis, and so many others; my most ardent wish was to sit at their feet, and attend to their instructions. But my father remained inflexible. Howsoever some family friends, who were of my opinion, tried to influence him, he persisted that I must go to Leipzig. I was now resolved, contrary to his views and wishes, to choose a line of studies and of life for myself, by way of self-defence. The obstinacy of my father, who, without knowing it, opposed himself to my plans, strengthened me in my impiety, so that I made no scruple to listen to him by the hour, while he described and repeated to me the course of study and of life which I should pursue at the universities and in the world.

Closely as I kept these projects a secret from everyone else, I could not hide them from my sister, who, after being very much alarmed about them at first, was finally consoled when I promised to send after her, so that she could enjoy with me the brilliant station I was to obtain, and share my comfort with me.

Michaelmas, so longingly expected, came at last, when I set out with delight, in company with the bookseller Fleischer and his wife (whose maiden name was Triller, and who was going to visit her father in Wittemberg), and I left behind me the worthy city in which I had been born and bred, with indifference, as if I wished never to set foot in it again.

I arrived in Leipzig just at the time of the fair, from which I derived particular pleasure: for here I saw before me the continuation of a state of things belonging to my native city, familiar wares and traders;—only in other places, and in a different order. I rambled about the market and the booths with much interest, but my attention was particularly attracted by the inhabitants of the Eastern countries in their strange dresses, the Poles and Russians, and above all, the Greeks, for the sake of whose handsome forms and dignified costume I often went to the spot.

But this animating bustle was soon over, and now the city itself appeared before me, with its handsome, high, and uniform houses. It made a very good impression upon me, and it cannot be denied that in general, but especially in the silent moments of Sundays and holidays, it has something imposing; and when in the moonlight the streets were

half in shadow, half illuminated, they often invited me to nocturnal promenades.

I now hastened with my letters of introduction to Hofrath Bohme, who, once a pupil of Maskow, and now his successor, was professor of history and public law. A little, thickset, lively man, he received me kindly enough, and introduced me to his wife. Both of them, as well as the other persons whom I waited on, gave me the pleasantest hopes as to my future residence, but at first I let no one know of the design I entertained, although I could scarcely wait for the favourable moment when I should declare myself free from jurisprudence and devoted to the study of the classics. I cautiously waited till the Fleischers had returned, that my purpose might not be too prematurely betrayed to my family. But I then went, without delay, to Hofrath Bohme, to whom, before all, I thought I must confide the matter, and with much self-importance and boldness of speech disclosed my views to him. However, I found by no means a good reception of my proposition. As professor of history and public law, he had a declared hatred for everything that savoured of the *belles-lettres*. Unfortunately he did not stand on the best footing with those who cultivated them, and Gellert in particular, in whom I had, awkwardly enough, expressed much confidence, he could not even endure. To send a faithful student to those men, therefore, while he deprived himself of one, and especially under such circumstances, seemed to him altogether out of the question. He therefore gave me a severe lecture on the spot, in which he protested that he could not permit such a step without the permission of my parents, even if he approved of it himself, which was not the case in this instance. He then passionately inveighed against philology and the study of languages, but still more against poetical exercises, which I had indeed allowed to peep out in the background. He finally concluded that, if I wished to enter more closely into the study of the ancients, it could be done much better by the way of jurisprudence.

At first I attended my lectures assiduously and faithfully; but the philosophy would not enlighten me at all. It was soon quite as bad with the law lectures: for I already knew just as much as the professor thought good to communicate to us. My stubborn industry in writing down the lectures at first was paralyzed by degrees, for I found it excessively tedious to pen down once more that which, partly by question, partly by answer, I had repeated with my father often enough to retain it forever in my memory.

My letters of introduction had given me the *entrée* into good families, whose circles of relatives also received me well. But as I was soon forced to feel that the company had much to find fault with in me, and that after dressing myself in their fashion, I must now talk according to their tongue also, and as, moreover, I could plainly see that I was, on the other hand, but little benefited by the instruction and mental improvement I had promised myself from my academical residence, I began to be lazy, and to neglect the social duties of visiting, and other attentions. In the matter of taste Madame Bohme had the greatest influence upon me. Madame

Bohme was an educated woman, who opposed the trivial, weak, and commonplace; she was, besides, the wife of a man who lived on bad terms with poetry in general, and would not even allow that of which she perhaps might have somewhat approved. She listened, indeed, for some time, with patience, when I ventured to recite to her the verse or prose of famous poets, who already stood in good repute,—for then, as always, I knew by heart everything that chanced in any degree to please me; but her complaisance was not of long duration. The first whom she outrageously abused were the poets of the Weisse school, who were just then often quoted with great applause, and had delighted me very particularly. If I looked more closely into the matter, I could not say she was wrong. I had sometimes even ventured to repeat to her, though anonymously, some of my own poems; but these fared no better than the rest of the set.

Besides this, there came the *Jeremiads*, with which Gellert, in his *Practicum*, was wont to warn us against poetry. He wished only for prose essays, and always criticised these first. Verses he treated as a sorry addition, and what was the worst of all, even my prose found little favour in his eyes; for, after my old fashion, I used always to lay, as the foundation, a little romance, which I loved to work out in the epistolary form. The subjects were impassioned, the style went beyond ordinary prose, and the contents probably did not display any very deep knowledge of mankind in the author, and so I stood in very little favour with our professor, although he carefully looked over my labours as well as those of the others, corrected them with red ink, and here and there added a moral remark. Many leaves of this kind, which I kept for a long time with satisfaction, have unfortunately, in the course of years, at last disappeared from among my papers.

Amid this manifold distraction, this dismemberment of my existence and my studies, it happened that I took my dinners at Hofrath Ludwig's. He was a medical man, a botanist, and his company, with the exception of Morus, consisted of physicians just commencing or near the completion of their studies. Now during these hours I heard no other conversation than about medicine or natural history, and my imagination was drawn over into quite a new field. I heard the names of Haller, Linnæus, Buffon, mentioned with great respect; and even if disputes often arose about mistakes into which it was said they had fallen, all agreed in the end to honour the acknowledged abundance of their merits. The subjects were entertaining and important, and enchained my attention. By degrees I became familiar with many names and a copious terminology, which I caught up the more willingly as I was afraid to write down a rhyme, however spontaneously it presented itself, or to read a poem, for I was fearful that it might please me at the time, and that perhaps immediately afterwards, like so much else, I should be forced to pronounce it bad.

This uncertainty of taste and judgment disquieted me more and more every day, so that at last I fell into despair. I had brought with me those of my youthful labours which I thought the best, partly because I hoped to get some credit by them, partly that I might be able to test

my progress with greater certainty; but I found myself in the miserable situation in which one is placed when a complete change of mind is required,—a renunciation of all that one has hitherto loved and found good. However, after some time, and many struggles, I conceived so great a contempt for my labours, begun and ended, that one day I burnt up poetry and prose, plans, sketches, and projects all together on the kitchen hearth, and threw our good old landlady into no small fright and anxiety by the smoke which filled the whole house.

SEVENTH BOOK

AMIDST such studies and reflections, an unexpected event surprised me. My countryman, John George Schlosser, after spending his academical years with industry and exertion, had repaired to Frankfort-on-the-Main, in the customary profession of an advocate; but his mind, aspiring and seeking after the universal, could not reconcile itself to this situation for many reasons. He accepted, without hesitation, an office as private secretary to the Duke Ludwig of Wurtemberg, who resided in Treptow. As long as Schlosser remained in Leipzig, I dined daily with him, and became acquainted with a very pleasant set of boarders. In fact, I remained with them after Schlosser's departure, deserted Ludwig's table, and found myself so much the better off in this society, which was limited to a certain number, as I was very well pleased with the daughter of the family, a very neat, pretty girl, and had opportunities to exchange friendly glances with her,—a comfort which I had neither sought nor found by accident since the mischance with Gretchen.

I was, after the fashion of humanity, in love with my name, and, as young uneducated people commonly do, I wrote it down everywhere. Once I had carved it very handsomely and accurately on the smooth bark of a linden tree of moderate age. The following autumn, when my affection for Annette was in its fullest bloom, I took the trouble to cut hers above it. Towards the end of the winter, in the meantime, like a capricious lover, I had wantonly sought many opportunities to tease her and cause her vexation; in the spring I chanced to visit the spot, and the sap, which was rising strongly in the trees, had welled out through the incisions which formed her name, and which were not yet crusted over, and moistened with innocent vegetable tears the already hardened traces of my own. Thus to see her here weeping over me,—me, who had so often called up her tears by my ill conduct, filled me with confusion. At the remembrance of my injustice and of her love, even the tears came into my eyes, I hastened to implore pardon of her, doubly and trebly, and I turned this incident into an idyll, which I never could read to myself without affection, or to others without emotion.

My early affection for Gretchen I had now transferred to Annette (*Aennchen*), of whom I can say nothing more than that she was young, handsome, sprightly, loving, and so agreeable that she well deserved to be

set up for a time in the shrine of the heart as a little saint, that she might receive all that reverence which it often causes more pleasure to bestow than to receive. I saw her daily without hindrance; she helped to prepare the meals which I enjoyed, she brought, in the evening at least, the wine which I drank, and indeed our select club of noonday boarders was a warranty that the little house, which was visited by few guests except during the fair, well merited its good reputation. Opportunity and inclination were found for various kinds of amusement. But as she neither could nor dared go much out of the house, the pastime was somewhat limited. We sang the songs of Zacharia, played the *Duke Michael* of Kruger, in which a knotted handkerchief had to take the place of the nightingale; and so, for a while, it went on quite tolerably.

But since such connexions, the more innocent they are, afford the less variety in the long run,—so was I seized with that wicked distemper which seduces us to derive amusement from the torment of a beloved one, and to domineer over a girl's devotedness with wanton and tyrannical caprice. My ill-humour at the failure of my poetical attempts, at the apparent impossibility of coming to a clear understanding about them, and at everything else that might pinch me here and there, I thought I might vent on her, because she truly loved me with all her heart and did whatever she could to please me. By unfounded and absurd fits of jealousy, I destroyed our most delightful days both for myself and her. She endured it for a time with incredible patience, which I was cruel enough to try to the uttermost. But to my shame and despair I was at last forced to remark that her heart was alienated from me, and that I might now have good ground for the madness in which I had indulged without necessity and without cause. There were also terrible scenes between us, in which I gained nothing; and I then first felt that I had truly loved her and could not bear to lose her. My passion grew, and assumed all the forms of which it is capable under such circumstances; nay, at last I even took up the *rôle* which the girl had hitherto played. I sought everything possible in order to be agreeable to her, even to procure her pleasure by means of others; for I could not renounce the hope of winning her again. But it was too late! I had lost her really, and the frenzy with which I revenged my fault upon myself, by assaulting in various frantic ways my physical nature, in order to inflict some hurt on my moral nature, contributed very much to the bodily maladies under which I lost some of the best years of my life; indeed I should perchance have been completely ruined by this loss had not my poetic talent here shown itself particularly helpful with its healing power.

Already, at many intervals before, I had clearly enough perceived my ill conduct. I really pitied the poor child, when I saw her so thoroughly wounded by me, without necessity. I pictured to myself so often and so circumstantially her condition and my own, and, as a contrast, the contented state of another couple in our company, that at last I could not forbear treating this situation dramatically, as a painful and instructive penance. Hence arose the oldest of my extant dramatic labours, the little piece

entitled, *Die Laune des Verliebten* (*The Lover's Caprice*); in the simple nature of which one may at the same time perceive the impetus of a boiling passion.

As the inhabitants of Leipzig had now destroyed for me the pleasant feeling of revering a great man, so did a new friend whom I gained at the time very much diminish the respect which I entertained for my present fellow citizens. This friend was one of the strangest fellows in the world. He was named Behrisch, and was tutor to the young Count Lindenau. Even his exterior was singular enough. Lean and well-built, far advanced in the thirties, a very large nose, and altogether marked features; he wore from morning till night a scratch which might well have been called a peruke, but dressed himself very neatly, and never went out but with his sword by his side, and his hat under his arm. He was one of those men who have quite a peculiar gift of killing time, or rather, who know how to make something out of nothing, in order to pass time away. Everything that he did must be done with slowness, and a certain deportment which might have been called affected, if Behrisch had not even by nature had something affected in his manner. He resembled an old Frenchman, and also spoke and wrote French very well and easily. His greatest delight was to busy himself seriously about drolleries, and to follow up without end any silly notion. Thus he was constantly dressed in grey, and as the different parts of his attire were of different stuffs, and also of different shades, he could reflect for whole days as to how he should procure one grey more for his body, and was happy when he had succeeded in this, and could put to shame us who had doubted it, or had pronounced it impossible. He then gave us long severe lectures, about our lack of inventive power and our want of faith in his talents.

For the rest, he had studied well, was particularly versed in the modern languages and their literature, and wrote an excellent hand. He was very well disposed to me, and I, having been always accustomed and inclined to the society of older persons, soon attached myself to him. My intercourse, too, served him for a special amusement, since he took pleasure in taming my restlessness and impatience, with which, on the other hand, I gave him enough to do. In the art of poetry he had what is called taste, a certain general opinion about the good and bad, the mediocre and tolerable; but his judgment was rather censorious, and he destroyed even the little faith in contemporary writers which I cherished within me, by unfeeling remarks, which he knew how to advance with wit and humour, about the writings and poems of this man and that. He received my own affairs with indulgence, and let me have my way, but only on the condition that I should have nothing printed.

EIGHTH BOOK

ANOTHER MAN, although infinitely different from Behrisch in every respect, might yet be compared with him in a certain sense; I mean Oeser, who

was also one of those men who dream away their lives in a comfortable state of being busy. From the very first moment he had much attracted me; even his residence, strange and portentous, was highly charming to me. In the old castle Pleissenburg, at the right-hand corner, one ascended a repaired, cheerful, winding staircase. The salons of the Academy of Design, of which he was director, were found to the left, and were light and roomy; but he himself could only be reached through a narrow, dark passage, at the end of which one first sought the entrance into his apartments, having just passed between the whole suite of them and an extensive granary. The first apartment was adorned with pictures from the later Italian school, by masters whose grace he used highly to commend. As I, with some noblemen, had taken private lessons of him, we were permitted to draw here, and we often penetrated into his adjoining private cabinet, which contained at the same time his few books, collections of art and natural curiosities, and whatever else might have most interested him.

The atmosphere of art and taste in which Oeser lived, and into which one was drawn, provided one visited him frequently, was the more and more worthy and delightful, because he was fond of remembering departed or absent persons, with whom he had been, or still continued to be, on good terms; for if he had once given anyone his esteem, he remained unalterable in his conduct towards him, and always showed himself equally friendly.

The mind can be highly delighted in two ways, by perception and conception. But the former demands a worthy object, which is not always at hand, and a proportionate culture, which one does not immediately attain. Conception, on the other hand, requires only susceptibility; it brings its subject matter with it, and is itself the instrument of culture. Hence that beam of light was most welcome to us which that most excellent thinker brought down to us through dark clouds. One must be a young man to render present to oneself the effect which Lessing's *Laocoon* produced upon us, by transporting us out of the region of scanty perceptions into the open fields of thought.

We were the most enchanted with the beauty of that thought, that the ancients had recognised death as the brother of sleep, and had represented them similar even to confusion, as becomes Menæchmi. Here we could first do high honour to the triumph of the beautiful, and banish the ugly of every kind into the low sphere of the ridiculous in the kingdom of art, since it could not be utterly driven out of the world.

But as conception and perception mutually require each other, I could not long work up these new thoughts, without an infinite desire arising within me to see important works of art, once and away, in great number. I therefore determined to visit Dresden without delay. I was not in want of the necessary cash; but there were other difficulties to overcome, which I needlessly increased still further, through my whimsical disposition; for I kept my purpose a secret from everyone, because I wished to contem-

plate the treasures of art there quite after my own way, and, as I thought, to allow no one to perplex me.

The few days of my residence in Dresden were solely devoted to the picture gallery. The antiquities still stood in the pavilion of the great garden, but I declined seeing them, as well as all the other precious things which Dresden contained; being but too full of the conviction that, even in and about the collection of paintings much must yet remain hidden from me. Thus I took the excellence of the Italian masters more on trust and in faith than by pretending to any insight into them. What I could not look upon as nature, put in the place of nature, and compare with a known object, was without effect upon me. It is the material impression which makes the beginning even to every more elevated amateurship.

At last, though unwillingly, I returned to Leipzig, and found my friends, who were not used to such digressions in me, in great astonishment, busied with all sorts of conjectures as to what might be the import of my mysterious journey.

Very pleasant and wholesome for me was the connexion which I formed with the Breitkopf family. Bernhard Christoph Breitkopf, the proper founder of the family, who had come to Leipzig as a poor journeyman printer, was yet living, and occupied the Golden Bear, a respectable house in the new Newmarket, with Gottsched as an inmate. The son, Johann Gottlob Immanuel, had already been long married, and was the father of many children. They thought they could not spend a part of their considerable wealth better than in putting up, opposite the first house, a large new one, the Silver Bear, which they built higher and more extensive than the original house itself. Just at the time of the building I became acquainted with the family.

The father had invented or perfected musical type. He permitted me the use of a fine library, which related principally to the origin and progress of printing, and thus I gained some knowledge in that department. I was now to enter into another sort of connexion in this house; for the copper-plate engraver, Stock, had moved into the attic. I now divided my time between the upper and lower stories, and attached myself much to the man, who, together with his persevering industry, possessed an excellent humour, and was good nature itself.

The technical neatness of this branch of art charmed me, and I associated myself with him to execute something of the kind. My predilection was again directed towards landscape, which, while it amused me in my solitary walks, seemed in itself more attainable and more comprehensible for works of art than the human figure, which discouraged me. Under his directions, therefore, I etched, after Thiele and others, various landscapes, which, although executed by an unpractised hand, produced some effect, and were well received. The grounding (varnishing) of the plates, the putting in the high lights, the etching, and at last the biting with aquafortis, gave me variety of occupation, and I soon got so far that I could assist my master in many things.

Notwithstanding all our efforts relative to art and antiquity, we each of us always had Winckelmann before our eyes, whose ability was acknowledged in his fatherland with enthusiasm. We read his writings diligently and tried to make ourselves acquainted with the circumstances under which he had written the first of them.

We young people now learned with rejoicings that Winckelmann would return from Italy, visit his princely friend, call on Oeser by the way, and so come within our sphere of vision. We made no pretensions to speaking with him, but we hoped to see him; and as at that time of life one willingly changes every occasion into a party of pleasure, we had already agreed upon a journey to Dessau, where, in a beautiful spot, made glorious by art, in a land well governed, and at the same time extremely adorned, we thought to lie in wait now here, now there, in order to see with our own eyes these men so highly exalted above us walking about. Oeser himself was quite elated if he only thought of it, and the news of Winckelmann's death fell down into the midst of us like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. I still remember the place where I first heard it; it was in the court of the Pleissenburg, not far from the little gate through which one used to go up to Oeser's residence. One of my fellow pupils met me and told me that Oeser was not to be seen, with the reason why. This monstrous event produced a monstrous effect; there was an universal mourning and lamentation, and Winckelmann's untimely death sharpened the attention paid to the value of his life. Perhaps, indeed, the effect of his activity, if he had continued it to a more advanced age, would probably not have been so great as it now necessarily became, when, like many other extraordinary men, he was distinguished by fate through a strange and calamitous end.

Now, while I was infinitely lamenting the death of Winckelmann, I did not think that I should soon find myself in the case of being apprehensive about my own life: since, during all these events, my bodily condition had not taken the most favourable turn. I had already brought with me from home a certain touch of hypochondria, which, in this new sedentary and lounging life, was rather strengthened than diminished. The pain in the breast, which I had felt from time to time ever since an accident at Auerstadt, and which after a fall from horseback had perceptibly increased, made me dejected. By an unfortunate diet, I destroyed my powers of digestion; the heavy Merseburg beer clouded my brain; the coffee, which gave me a peculiarly melancholy tone, especially when taken with milk after dinner, paralysed my bowels, and seemed completely to suspend their functions, so that I experienced great uneasiness on this account, yet without being able to embrace a resolution for a more rational mode of life.

My natural disposition, supported by the sufficient strength of youth, fluctuated between the extremes of unrestrained gaiety and melancholy discomfort. Besides this, the epoch of the cold-water bath, which was unconditionally recommended, had then begun. One was to sleep on a hard bed, only slightly covered, by which all the usual perspiration was sup-

pressed. These and other follies, in consequence of some misunderstood suggestions of Rousseau, would, it was promised, bring us nearer to nature, and deliver us from the corruption of morals. Now, all the above, without discrimination, applied with injudicious alternation, were felt by many most injuriously, and I irritated my happy organization to such a degree that the particular systems contained within it necessarily broke out at last into a conspiracy and revolution, in order to save the whole.

One night I awoke with a violent hæmorrhage, and had just strength and presence of mind enough to waken my next room neighbour. Dr. Reichel was called in, who assisted me in the most friendly manner, and thus for many days I wavered betwixt life and death.

I left Leipzig in the September of 1768, in a comfortable hired coach, and in the company of some respectable persons of my acquaintance. The nearer I approached my native city, the more I recalled to myself doubtfully the circumstances, prospects, and hopes with which I had left home, and it was with a very disheartening feeling that I now returned, as it were, like one shipwrecked. Yet since I had not very much with which to reproach myself, I contrived to compose myself tolerably well; however, the welcome was not without emotion. The great vivacity of my nature, excited and heightened by sickness, caused an impassioned scene. I might have looked worse than I myself knew, since for a long time I had not consulted a looking glass; and who does not become used to himself? Enough, they silently resolved to communicate many things to me only by degrees, and before all things to let me have some repose both bodily and mental.

My father was personally in tolerable comfort. He was in good health, spent a great part of the day in the instruction of my sister, wrote at the description of his travels, and was longer in tuning his lute than in playing on it. He concealed at the same time, as well as he could, his vexation at finding instead of a stout active son, who ought now to take his degree and run through the prescribed course of life, an invalid who seemed to suffer still more in soul than in body. He did not conceal his wish that they would be expeditious with my cure; but one was forced to be specially on one's guard in his presence against hypochondriacal expressions, because he could then become passionate and bitter.

My mother, by nature very lively and cheerful, spent under these circumstances very tedious days. Her little housekeeping was soon provided for. The mind of the good lady, internally never unoccupied, wished to find an interest in something, and that which was nearest at hand was religion, which she embraced the more fondly as her most eminent female friends were cultivated and hearty worshippers of God. At the head of these stood Fräulein von Klettenberg. She is the same person from whose conversations and letters arose the "Confessions of a Beautiful Soul," which are found inserted in *Wilhelm Meister*.

In the meantime a very severe trial was preparing for me; for a disturbed, and one might even say, for certain moments, destroyed digestion excited such symptoms that, in great tribulation, I thought I should lose

my life, and none of the remedies applied would produce any further effect. In this last extremity, my distressed mother constrained our embarrassed physician with the greatest vehemence to come out with his universal medicine; after a long refusal, he hastened home at the dead of night and returned with a little glass of crystallized dry salt, which was dissolved in water and swallowed by the patient. It had a decidedly alkaline taste. The salt was scarcely taken than my situation appeared relieved, and from that moment the disease took a turn which, by degrees, led to my recovery. I cannot say how far this strengthened and enhanced our faith in our physician, and our industry to make ourselves partakers of such a treasure.

Scarcely was I in some measure recovered, and, favoured by the change in the season, able once more to occupy my old gable chamber, than I also began to provide myself with a little apparatus. A small air furnace with a sand bath was prepared, and I very soon learned to change the glass alembics, with a piece of burning match cord, into vessels in which the different mixtures were to be evaporated.

Strange and unconnected as these operations were, I yet learned many things from them. I paid strict attention to all the crystallizations that might occur, and became acquainted with the external forms of many natural things, and inasmuch as I well knew that in modern times chemical subjects were treated more methodically, I wished to get a general conception of them, although, as a half-adept, I had very little respect for the apothecaries and all those who operated with common fire. However, the chemical *Compendium* of Boerhaave attracted me powerfully, and led me on to read several of his writings, in which (since, moreover, my tedious illness had inclined me towards medical subjects) I found an inducement to study also the *Aphorisms* of this excellent man, which I was glad to stamp upon my mind and in my memory.

Another employment, somewhat more human, and by far more useful for my cultivation at the moment, was reading through the letters which I had written home from Leipzig. Nothing reveals more with respect to ourselves than when we again see before us that which has proceeded from us years before, so that we can now consider ourselves as an object of contemplation. Only, in truth, I was then too young, and the epoch which was represented by those papers was still too near.

In reading through those letters which had been written from Leipzig to my sister, this remark, among others, could not escape me,—that from the very beginning of my academical course, I had esteemed myself very clever and wise, since, as soon as I had learned anything, I put myself in the place of the professor, and so became didactic on the spot. I was amused to see how I had immediately applied to my sister whatever Gellert had imparted or advised in his lectures, without seeing that both in life and in books a thing may be proper for a young man without being suitable for a young lady; and we both together made merry over these mimicries. The poems also which I had composed in Leipzig were already too poor for me; and they seemed to me cold, dry, and, in respect to that

which was meant to express the state of the human heart or mind, too superficial. This induced me, now that I was to leave my father's house once more and go to a second university, again to decree a great high *auto-da-fé* against my labours. Several commenced plays, some of which had reached the third or the fourth act, while others had only the plot fully made out, together with many other poems, letters, and papers, were given over to the fire, and scarcely anything was spared except the manuscript by Behrisch, *Die Laune des Verliebten* and *Die Mitschuldigen*, which last I constantly went on improving with peculiar affection, and, as the piece was already complete, I again worked over the plot, to make it more bustling and intelligible. Lessing, in the first two acts of his *Minna*, had set up an unattainable model of the way in which a drama should be developed, and nothing was to me of greater concern than to enter thoroughly into his mind and his views.

I experienced a great influence from an important work that fell into my hands; it was Arnold's *History of the Church and of Heretics*. This man is not merely a reflective historian, but at the same time pious and feeling. His sentiments chimed in very well with mine, and what particularly delighted me in his work was that I received a more favourable notion of many heretics, who had been hitherto represented to me as mad or impious. The spirit of contradiction and the love of paradoxes stick fast in us all. I diligently studied the different opinions, and as I had often enough heard it said that every man has his own religion at last, so nothing seemed more natural to me than that I should form mine too, and this I did with much satisfaction. The Neo-Platonism lay at the foundation; the hermetical, the mystical, the cabalistic, also contributed their share, and thus I built for myself a world that looked strange enough.

I reconciled myself to my father's intention of sending me to Strasburg, where I was promised a cheerful, gay life, while I should prosecute my studies and at last take my degree.

In spring I felt my health, but still more my youthful spirits, again restored, and once more longed to be out of my father's house, though with reasons far different from those on the first time. The pretty chambers and spots where I had suffered so much had become disagreeable to me, and with my father himself there could be no pleasant relation. I could not quite pardon him for having manifested more impatience than was reasonable at the relapse of my disease, and at my tedious recovery; nay, for having, instead of comforting me by forbearance, frequently expressed himself in a cruel manner, about that which lay in no man's hand, as if it depended only on the will. And he, too, was in various ways hurt and offended by me.

For young people bring back from the university general ideas, which, indeed, is quite right and good; but because they fancy themselves very wise in this, they apply them as a standard to the objects that occur, which must then, for the most part, lose by the comparison.

NINTH BOOK

MY JOURNEY to the beautiful Alsace I accomplished in the newly contrived comfortable diligence, without delay, and in a short time.

I alighted at the Ghost (*Geist*) tavern, and hastened at once to satisfy my most earnest desire and to approach the minster, which had long since been pointed out to me by fellow travellers and had been before my eyes for a great distance. I took small but well-situated and pleasant lodgings on the summer side of the Fish-market, a fine long street, where the everlasting motion came to the assistance of every unoccupied moment. I then delivered my letters of introduction.

Most of my fellow boarders were medical students. These, as is well known, are the only students who zealously converse about their science and profession even out of the hours of study. This lies in the nature of the case. The objects of their endeavours are the most obvious to the senses, and at the same time the highest, the most simple, and the most complicated. Medicine employs the whole man, for it occupies itself with the whole man. All that the young man learns refers directly to an important, dangerous indeed, but yet in many respects lucrative practice. He therefore devotes himself passionately to whatever is to be known and to be done, partly because it is interesting in itself, partly because it opens to him the joyous prospect of independence and wealth.

At table then I heard nothing but medical conversations, just as formerly in the boardinghouse of Hofrath Ludwig. Yet this dissipation and dismemberment of my studies was not enough, they were to be once more seriously disturbed; for a remarkable political event set everything in motion, and procured us a tolerable succession of holidays. Marie Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria and Queen of France, was to pass through Strasburg on her road to Paris. The solemnities by which the people are made to take notice that there is greatness in the world were busily and abundantly prepared, and especially remarkable to me was the building which stood on an island in the Rhine between the two bridges, erected for her reception and for surrendering her into the hands of her husband's ambassadors.

I yet remember well the beauteous and lofty mien, as cheerful as it was imposing, of this youthful lady. Perfectly visible to us all in her glass carriage, she seemed to be jesting with her female attendants, in familiar conversation, about the throng that poured forth to meet her train. In the evening we roamed through the streets to look at the various illuminated buildings, but especially the glowing spire of the minster, on which, both near and in the distance, we could not sufficiently feast our eyes.

Scarcely had the news of the queen's happy arrival rung from the capital than it was followed by the horrible intelligence that, owing to an oversight of the police during the festal fireworks, a large number of persons, with horses and carriages, had been destroyed in a street ob-

structed by building materials, and that the city, in the midst of the nuptial solemnities, had been plunged into mourning and sorrow. They attempted to conceal the extent of the misfortune, both from the young royal pair and from the world, by burying the dead in secret, so that many families were convinced only by the ceaseless absence of their members that they, too, had been swept off by this awful event.

We now gave ourselves up again to our quiet, easy routine of the university and society, and in the latter the Actuary Salzmann, president of our table, continued to be the general pedagogue. Salzmann had many acquaintances and an entrance everywhere; a very pleasant circumstance for his companion, especially in summer, for good company and refreshment were found in all the public gardens far and near, and more than one invitation for this or that pleasant day was received. On one such occasion I found an opportunity to recommend myself very rapidly to a family which I was visiting for only the second time. We were invited, and arrived at the appointed hour. The company was not large; some played and some walked as usual. Afterwards, when they were to go to supper, I saw our hostess and her sister speaking to each other with animation, and as if in a peculiar embarrassment. I accosted them and said: "I have indeed no right, ladies, to force myself into your secrets; but perhaps I may be able to give you good council, or even to serve you."

Upon this they disclosed to me their painful dilemma: namely, that they had invited twelve persons to table, and that just at that moment a relation had returned from a journey, who now, as the thirteenth, would be a fatal *momento mori*, if not for himself, yet certainly for some of the guests.

"The case is very easily mended," replied I; "permit me to take my leave, and stipulate for indemnification." As they were persons of consequence and good breeding, they would by no means allow this, but sent about in the neighbourhood to find a fourteenth. I suffered them to do so, yet when I saw the servant coming in at the garden gate without having effected his errand, I stole away and spent my evening pleasantly under the old linden trees of the Wanzenau. That this self-denial was richly repaid me was a very natural consequence.

But that I might experience symbolically how much one, even in externals, has to adapt oneself to society, and direct oneself according to it, I was compelled to something which seemed to me the most disagreeable thing in the world. I had really very fine hair, but my Strasburg hairdresser at once assured me that it was cut much too short behind, and that it would be impossible to make a *frizure* of it in which I could show myself, since nothing but a few short curls in front were decreed lawful, and all the rest, from the crown, must be tied up in a queue or a hair bag. Nothing was left but to put up with false hair till the natural growth was again restored according to the demands of the time. He promised me that nobody should ever remark this innocent cheat (against which I objected at first very earnestly), if I could resolve upon it immediately. He kept his word, and I was always looked upon as the young man who had the best

and the best-dressed head of hair. But as I was obliged to remain thus propped up and powdered from early in the morning, and at the same time to take care not to betray my false ornament by heating myself or by violent motions, this restraint in fact contributed much to my behaving for a time more quietly and politely, and accustomed me to going with my hat under my arm, and consequently in shoes and stockings also; however, I did not venture to neglect wearing understockings of fine leather, as a defence against the Rhine gnats, which, on the fine summer evenings, generally spread themselves over the meadows and gardens. If now, under these circumstances, a violent bodily motion was denied me, our social conversations certainly became more and more animated and impassioned; indeed they were the most interesting in which I had hitherto ever borne part.

Let me be permitted, with this sudden turn, to mention dancing, of which the ear is reminded, as the eye is of the minster, every day and every hour in Strasburg and all Alsace. From early youth my father himself had given my sister and me instruction in dancing, a task which must have comported strangely enough with so stern a man. After my misfortune with Gretchen, and during the whole of my residence in Leipzig, I did not make my appearance again on the floor; on the contrary, I still remember that when, at a ball, they forced me into a minuet, both measure and motion seemed to have abandoned my limbs, and I could no more remember either the steps or the figures, so that I should have been put to disgrace and shame if the greater part of the spectators had not maintained that my awkward behaviour was pure obstinacy, assumed with the view of depriving the ladies of all desire to invite me and draw me into their circle against my will.

A friend, who waltzed very well, advised me to practise myself first in parties of a lower rank, so that afterwards I might be worth something in the highest. He took me to a dancing master, who was well known for his skill; this man promised me that, when I had in some degree repeated the first elements, and made myself master of them, he would then lead me further.

One circumstance, however, greatly facilitated the instruction of this teacher; he had two daughters, both pretty and both yet under twenty. Having been instructed in this art from their youth upwards, they showed themselves very skilful, and might have been able, as partners, soon to help even the most clumsy scholars into some cultivation. They were both very polite, spoke nothing but French, and I, on my part, did my best, that I might not appear awkward or ridiculous before them. I had the good fortune that they likewise praised me, and were always willing to dance a minuet to their father's little violin, and, what indeed was more difficult for them, to initiate me, by degrees, into waltzing and whirling. Their father did not seem to have many customers, and they led a lonely life. For this reason they often asked me to remain with them after my hour and to chat away the time a little; which I the more willingly did, as the younger one pleased me well, and generally they both altogether be-

haved very becomingly. I often read aloud something from a novel, and they did the same. The elder, who was as handsome, perhaps even handsomer than the second, but who did not correspond with my taste so well as the latter, always conducted herself towards me more obligingly and more kindly in every respect. She was always at hand during the hour, and often protracted it; hence I sometimes thought myself bound to offer back a couple of tickets to her father, which, however, he did not accept. The younger one, on the contrary, although she did nothing unfriendly towards me, was yet rather reserved, and waited till she was called by her father before she relieved the elder.

The cause of this became manifest to me one evening. For when, after the dance was done, I was about to go into the sitting room with the elder, she held me back and said, "Let us remain here a little longer; for I will confess to you that my sister has with her a woman who tells fortunes from cards, and who is to reveal to her how matters stand with an absent lover, on whom her whole heart hangs, and upon whom she has placed all her hope."

The old woman was now flattered, and good payment was promised her if she would tell the truth to the elder sister and to me. With the usual preparations and ceremonies she began her business, in order to tell the fair one's fortune first. She carefully considered the situation of the cards, but seemed to hesitate, and would not speak out what she had to say.

"I see now," said the younger, who was already better acquainted with the interpretation of such a magic tablet, "you hesitate, and do not wish to disclose anything disagreeable to my sister; but that is a cursed card!" The elder one turned pale, but composed herself and said, "Only speak out; it will not cost one's head!" The old woman, after a deep sigh, showed her that she was in love, that she was not beloved, that another person stood in the way, and other things of like import. We saw the good girl's embarrassment. The old woman thought somewhat to improve the affair by giving hopes of letters and money. "Letters," said the lovely child, "I do not expect, and money I do not desire. If it is true, as you say, that I love, I deserve a heart that loves me in return."

"Let us see if it will not be better," replied the old woman, as she shuffled the cards and laid them out a second time; but before the eyes of all of us, it had only become still worse. The fair one stood not only more lonely, but surrounded with many sorrows; her lover had moved somewhat farther, and the intervening figures nearer. The old woman wished to try it the third time, in hopes of a better prospect; but the beautiful girl could restrain herself no longer; she broke out into uncontrollable weeping, her lovely bosom heaved violently, she turned round and rushed out of the room. I knew not what I should do. Inclination kept me with the one present; compassion drove me to the other; my situation was painful enough.

"Comfort Lucinda," said the younger; "go after her." I hesitated; how could I comfort her without at least assuring her of some sort of affection,

and could I do that at such a moment in a cool, moderate manner? "Let us go together," said I to Emilia. "I know not whether my presence will do her good," replied she. Yet we went, but found the door bolted. Lucinda made no answer; we might knock, shout, entreat, as we would. "We must let her have her own way," said Emilia; "she will not have it otherwise now!" And, indeed, when I called to my mind her manner from our very first acquaintance, she always had something violent and unequal about her, and chiefly showed her affection for me by not behaving to me with rudeness. What should I do? I paid the old woman richly for the mischief she had caused, and was about to go, when Emilia said, "I stipulate that the cards shall now be cut for you too." The old woman was ready. "Do not let me be present," cried I, and hastened downstairs.

The next day I had not courage to go there. The third day, early in the morning, Emilia sent me word by a boy who had already brought me many a message from the sisters, and had carried back flowers and fruits to them in return, that I should not fail that day. I came at the usual hour. After the lesson I went as usual into the sitting room; the father left us alone; I missed Lucinda.

"She is in bed," said Emilia, "and I am glad of it; do not be concerned about it. Her mental illness is first alleviated when she fancies herself bodily sick; she does not like to die, and therefore she then does what we wish. What will you say if I entreat you not to continue your lessons? You have, I believe, four tickets yet of the last month, and my father has already declared that he finds it inexcusable to take your money any longer, unless you wish to devote yourself to the art of dancing in a more serious manner; what is required by a young man of the world you possess already." "And do you, Emilia, give me this advice, to avoid your house?" replied I.

"Yes, I do," said she, "but not of myself. Only listen. When you hastened away, the day before yesterday, I had the cards cut for you, and the same response was repeated thrice, and each time more emphatically. You were surrounded by everything good and pleasing, by friends and great lords, and there was no lack of money. The ladies kept themselves at some distance. My poor sister in particular stood always the farthest off; one other advanced constantly nearer to you, but never came up to your side, for a third person, of the male sex, always came between. I will confess to you that I thought that I myself was meant by the second lady, and after this confession you will best comprehend my well-meant counsel. To an absent friend I have promised my heart and my hand, and, until now, I loved him above all; yet it might be possible for your presence to become more important to me than hitherto, and what kind of a situation would you have between two sisters, one of whom you had made unhappy by your affection, and the other by your coldness, and all this ado about nothing and only for a short time? For if we had not known already who you are and what are your expectations, the cards would have placed it before my eyes in the clearest manner. Fare you well!" said she, and gave me her hand. I hesitated.

"Now," said she, leading me towards the door, "that it may really be the last time that we shall speak to each other, take what I would otherwise have denied you." She fell upon my neck, and kissed me most tenderly. I embraced her, and pressed her to my bosom.

At this moment the side door flew open, and her sister, in a light but becoming nightdress, sprang out and cried, "You shall not be the only one to take leave of him!" Emilia let me go, and Lucinda seized me, clasped herself fast to my heart, pressed her black locks upon my cheeks, and remained in this position for some time. And thus I found myself in the dilemma between two sisters which Emilia had prophesied to me a moment before. Lucinda let me loose, and looked earnestly into my face. I would have taken her hand and said something friendly to her, but she turned herself away, walked with violent steps up and down the room for some time, and then threw herself into a corner of the sofa. Emilia went to her, but was immediately repulsed, and here began a scene which is yet painful to me in the recollection, and which, although really it had nothing theatrical about it, but was quite suitable to a lively young Frenchwoman, could only be properly repeated in the theatre by a good and feeling actress.

Lucinda overwhelmed her sister with a thousand reproaches. "This is not the first heart," she cried, "that was inclining itself to me, and that you have turned away. Was it not just so with him who is absent, and who at last betrothed himself to you under my very eyes? I was compelled to look on; I endured it; but I know how many thousand tears it has cost me. This one, too, you have now taken away from me, without letting the other go; and how many do you not manage to keep at once? I am frank and good-natured, and everyone thinks he knows me soon and may neglect me. You are secret and quiet, and people think wonders of what may be concealed behind you. Yet there is nothing behind but a cold, selfish heart that can sacrifice everything to itself; this nobody learns so easily, because it lies deeply hidden in your breast; and just as little do they know of my warm, true heart, which I carry about with me as open as my face."

Emilia was silent and had sat down by her sister, who became constantly more and more excited in her discourse and let certain private matters slip out, which it was not exactly proper for me to know. Emilia, on the other hand, who was trying to pacify her sister, made me a sign from behind that I should withdraw; but as jealousy and suspicion see with a thousand eyes, Lucinda seemed to have noticed this also. She sprang up and advanced to me, but not with vehemence. She stood before me and seemed to be thinking of something. Then she said, "I know that I have lost you; I make no further pretensions to you. But neither shall you have him, sister!" With these words she grasped me very singularly by the head, thrusting both her hands into my locks, pressing my face to hers, and kissed me repeatedly on the mouth. "Now," cried she, "fear my curse! Woe upon woe, for ever and ever, to her who kisses these lips for the first time after me! Dare to have anything more to do with him! I

know heaven hears me this time. And you, Sir, hasten now, hasten away as fast as you can!"

I flew down the stairs, with the firm determination never to enter the house again.

TENTH BOOK

THE MOST important event, one that was to have the weightiest consequences for me, was my acquaintance with Herder, and the nearer connexion with him which sprung from it. He accompanied the travels of the Prince of Holstein-Eutin, who was in a melancholy state of mind and had come with him to Strasburg. Our society, as soon as it knew of his arrival, was seized with a great longing to approach him, and this good fortune happened to me first, quite unexpectedly and by chance. I had gone to the Ghost tavern to inquire after some distinguished stranger or other. Just at the bottom of the staircase I found a man who was on the point of ascending, and whom I might have taken for a clergyman. His powdered hair was put up in a queue, his black clothes likewise distinguished him, but still more a long black silk mantle, the skirts of which he had gathered up and stuck into his pocket.

This somewhat striking, but yet, on the whole, polite and pleasing figure, of which I had already been told, left me not the least doubt that he was the celebrated newcomer, and my address was to convince him at once that I knew him. He asked my name, which could be of no consequence to him; but my frankness seemed to please him, since he returned it with great friendliness and, as we mounted the stairs, showed himself ready immediately for animated communication. I have forgotten whom we visited then, it is sufficient to say that at parting I begged permission to wait on him at his own residence, which he granted me kindly enough. I did not neglect to avail myself repeatedly of this favour, and was more and more attracted by him.

From his spirit of contradiction I had much to endure; for he had resolved, partly because he wished to separate from the prince, partly on account of a complaint in his eye, to remain in Strasburg. This complaint is one of the most inconvenient and unpleasant, and the more troublesome since it can be cured only by a painful, highly irritating, and uncertain operation.

During the whole time of this cure I visited Herder morning and evening; I even remained whole days with him, and in a short time accustomed myself so much the more to his chiding and faultfinding, as I daily learned to appreciate his beautiful and great qualities, his extensive knowledge, and his profound views. The influence of this good-natured blusterer was great and important. He was five years older than myself, which in younger days makes a great difference to begin with; and as I acknowledged him for what he was, and tried to value that which he had already produced, he necessarily gained a great superiority over me.

However, he hastened away from Strasburg as soon as possible, and since his stay had hitherto been as expensive as it was unpleasant, I borrowed a sum of money for him, which he promised to refund by an appointed day. The time passed without the arrival of the money. My creditor, indeed, did not dun me; but I was for several weeks in embarrassment. At last the letter and the money came, and here, too, he did not act unlike himself; for, instead of thanks or an apology, his letter contained nothing but satirical things in doggerel verse, which would have puzzled, if not alienated, another; but it did not move me at all, for I had conceived so great and powerful an idea of his worth that it slurred over everything of an opposite nature which could have injured it.

How far I must have been behindhand in modern literature may be gathered from the mode of life which I led at Frankfort, and from the studies to which I had devoted myself; nor could my residence in Strasburg have furthered me in this respect. Now Herder came, and together with his great knowledge brought many other aids, and the later publications besides. Among these he announced to us the *Vicar of Wakefield* as an excellent work, with the German translation of which he would make us acquainted by reading it aloud to us himself.

My fellow boarder, Weyland, who enlivened his quiet, laborious life by visiting from time to time his friends and relations in the country (for he was a native of Alsace), did me many services on my little excursions, by introducing me to different localities and families, sometimes in person, sometimes by recommendations. He had often spoken to me about a country clergyman who lived near Drusenheim, six leagues from Strasburg, in possession of a good benefice, with an intelligent wife and a pair of amiable daughters. The hospitality and agreeableness of this family were always highly extolled. It scarcely needed so much to draw thither a young knight who had already accustomed himself to spend all his leisure days and hours on horseback and in the open air. We decided therefore upon this trip, and my friend had to promise that on introducing me he would say neither good nor ill of me, but would treat me with general indifference, and would allow me to make my appearance clad, if not meanly, yet somewhat poorly and negligently. He consented to this and promised himself some sport from it.

At Drusenheim we stopped a moment, he to make himself spruce, and I to rehearse my part, out of which I was afraid I should now and then fall. The country here has the characteristics of all the open, level Alsace. We rode on a pleasant footpath over the meadows, soon reached Sesenheim, left our horses at the tavern, and walked leisurely towards the parsonage. "Do not be put out," said Weyland, showing me the house from a distance, "because it looks like an old miserable farmhouse; it is so much the younger inside." We stepped into the courtyard; the whole pleased me well: for it had exactly that which is called picturesque, and which had so magically interested me in Dutch art. The effect which time produces on all human work was strongly perceptible. House, barn, and

stable were just at that point of dilapidation where, indecisive and doubtful between preserving and rebuilding, one often neglects the one without being able to accomplish the other.

As in the village, so in the courtyard, all was quiet and deserted. We found the father, a little man, wrapped up within himself, but friendly notwithstanding, quite alone, for the family were in the fields. He bade us welcome, and offered us some refreshment, which we declined. My friend hurried away to look after the ladies, and I remained alone with our host.

The elder daughter again came hastily back into the room, uneasy at not having found her sister. They were anxious about her, and blamed her for this or that bad habit; only the father said, very composedly, "Let her alone; she has already come back!" At this instant she really entered the door; and then truly a most charming star arose in this rural heaven. Both daughters still wore nothing but German, as they used to call it, and this almost obsolete national costume became Frederica particularly well. A short, white, full skirt, with a furbelow, not so long but that the neatest little feet were visible up to the ankle; a tight white bodice and a black taffeta apron,—thus she stood on the boundary between country girl and city girl. Slender and light, she tripped along as if she had nothing to carry, and her neck seemed almost too delicate for the large fair braids on her elegant little head. From cheerful blue eyes she looked very plainly round, and her pretty turned-up nose peered as freely into the air as if there could be no care in the world; her straw hat hung on her arm, and thus, at the first glance, I had the delight of seeing her, and acknowledging her at once in all her grace and loveliness.

I now began to act my character with moderation, half ashamed to play a joke on such good people, whom I had time enough to observe: for the girls continued the previous conversation, and that with passion and some display of temper. All the neighbours and connexions were again brought forward, and there seemed, to my imagination, such a swarm of uncles and aunts, relations, cousins, comers, goers, gossips, and guests that I thought myself lodged in the liveliest world possible. All the members of the family had spoken some words with me; the mother looked at me every time she came in or went out, but Frederica first entered into conversation with me, and as I took up and glanced through some music that was lying around, she asked me if I played also. When I answered in the affirmative, she requested me to perform something; but the father would not allow this, for he maintained that it was proper to serve the guest first with some piece of music or a song.

She played several things with some readiness, in the style which one usually hears in the country, and on a harpsichord, too, that the schoolmaster should have tuned long since, if he had only had time. She was now to sing a song also, a certain tender-melancholy affair; but she did not succeed in it. She rose up and said, smiling, or rather with that touch of serene joy which ever reposed on her countenance, "If I sing badly, I cannot lay the blame on the harpsichord or the schoolmaster; but let us go

out of doors; then you shall hear my Alsatian and Swiss songs; they sound much better."

During supper a notion which had already struck me occupied me to such a degree that I became meditative and silent, although the liveliness of the elder sister, and the gracefulness of the younger, shook me often enough out of my contemplations. My astonishment at finding myself so actually in the Wakefield family was beyond all expression. The father, indeed, could not be compared with that excellent man; but where will you find his like? On the other hand, all the dignity which is peculiar to that husband here appeared in the wife. One could not see her without at the same time reverencing and fearing her. In her were remarked the fruits of a good education; her demeanour was quiet, easy, cheerful, and inviting.

The conversation at table extended my insight into this country and family circle, since the discourse was about various droll incidents which had happened now here, now there. Frederica, who sat by me, thence took occasion to describe to me different localities which it was worth while to visit. As one little story always calls forth another, I was able to mingle so much the better in the conversation, and to relate similar incidents, and as, besides this, a good country wine was by no means spared, I stood in danger of slipping out of my character, for which reason my more prudent friend took advantage of the beautiful moonlight and proposed a walk, which was approved at once. He gave his arm to the elder, I to the younger, and thus we went through the wide field, paying more attention to the heavens above us than to the earth, which lost itself in extension around us. There was, however, nothing of moonshine in Frederica's discourse; by the clearness with which she spoke she turned night into day, and there was nothing in it which would have indicated or excited any feeling, except that her expressions related more than hitherto to me, since she represented to me her own situation, as well as the neighbourhood and her acquaintances, just as far as I should be acquainted with them; for she hoped, she added, I would make no exception, and would visit them again, as all strangers had willingly done who had once stopped with them.

When my companion retired with me into the guest chamber, which was prepared for us, he at once, with self-complacency, broke out into pleasant jesting, and took great credit to himself for having surprised me so much with the similarity to the Primrose family. I chimed in with him by showing myself thankful. "Truly," cried he, "the story is quite complete. This family may very well be compared to that, and the gentleman in disguise here may assume the honour of passing for Mr. Burchell; moreover, since scoundrels are not so necessary in common life as in novels, I will for this time undertake the *rôle* of the nephew, and behave myself better than he did." However, I immediately changed this conversation, pleasant as it might be to me, and asked him, before all things, on his conscience, if he had not really betrayed me. He answered me, "No!" and I could believe him. They had rather inquired, said he, after the merry

table companion who boarded at the same house with him in Strasburg, and of whom they had been told all sorts of preposterous stuff. I now went to other questions. Had she ever been in love? Was she now in love? Was she engaged? He replied to all in the negative. "In truth," replied I, "such a cheerfulness by nature is inconceivable to me. Had she loved and lost, and again recovered herself, or had she been betrothed,—in both these cases I could account for it."

Thus we chatted together far into the night, and I was awake again at the dawn. My desire to see her once more seemed unconquerable, but while I dressed myself, I was horrified at the accursed wardrobe I had so wantonly selected. The further I advanced in putting on my clothes, the meaner I seemed in my own eyes; for everything had been calculated for just this effect. My hair I might perchance have set to rights; but when at last I forced myself into the borrowed, worn-out grey coat, and the short sleeves gave me the most absurd appearance, I felt the more decidedly into despair, as I could see myself only piecemeal, in a little looking glass, since one part always looked more ridiculous than the other.

During this toilette my friend awoke, and with the satisfaction of a good conscience, and in the feeling of pleasurable hope for the day, looked out at me from the quilted silk coverlet. I had for a long time already envied him his fine clothes, as they hung over the chair, and had he been of my size, I would have carried them off before his eyes, changed my dress outside, and hurrying into the garden, left my cursed husk for him; he would have had good humour enough to put himself into my clothes, and the tale would have found a merry ending early in the morning. But that was not now to be thought of, no more was any other feasible accommodation. To appear again before Frederica in the figure in which my friend could give me out as a laborious and accomplished but poor student of theology,—before Frederica, who the evening before had spoken so friendly to my disguised self,—that was altogether impossible. There I stood, vexed and thoughtful, and summoned all my power of invention; but it deserted me! But now when he, comfortably stretched out, after fixing his eyes upon me for a while, all at once burst out into a loud laugh and exclaimed, "No! it is true, you do look most cursedly!" I replied impetuously, "And I know what I will do. Good-bye, and make my excuses!" "Are you mad?" cried he, springing out of bed and trying to detain me. But I was already out of the door, down the stairs, out of the house and yard, off to the tavern; in an instant my horse was saddled, and I hurried away in mad vexation, galloping towards Drusenheim, then through that place, and still further on.

As I now thought myself in safety, I rode more slowly, and now first felt how infinitely against my will I was going away. But I resigned myself to my fate, made present to my mind the promenade of yesterday evening with the greatest calmness, and cherished the secret hope of seeing her soon again. But this quiet feeling soon changed itself again into impatience, and I now determined to ride rapidly into the city, change my dress, take a good, fresh horse, since then, as my passion made me believe,

I could at all events return before dinner, or, as was more probable, to the dessert, or towards evening, and beg my forgiveness.

I was just about to put spurs to my horse to execute this plan, when another, and, as seemed to me, a very happy thought, passed through my mind. In the tavern at Drusenheim, the day before, I had noticed a son of the landlord very nicely dressed, who, early this morning, being busied about his rural arrangements, had saluted me from his courtyard. He was of my figure, and had for the moment reminded me of myself. No sooner thought than done! My horse was hardly turned round, when I found myself in Drusenheim; I brought him into the stable, and in a few words made the fellow my proposal, namely, that he should lend me his clothes, as I had something merry on foot at Sesenheim. I had no need to talk long; he agreed to the proposition with joy.

"Now have you not," said I, as he handed me his beribboned hat, "something or other to be done at the parsonage, that I might announce myself there in a natural manner?" "Good!" replied he, "but then you must wait two hours yet. There is a woman confined at our house; I will offer to take the cake to the parson's wife, and you may carry it over. Pride must pay its penalty, and so must a joke."

I had not skipped far with my present, which I carried in a neat tied-up napkin, when, in the distance, I saw my friend coming towards me with the two ladies. My heart was uneasy, which was certainly unsuitable under this jacket. I stood still, took breath, and tried to consider how I should begin; and now I first remarked that the nature of the ground was very much in my favour; for they were walking on the other side of the brook, which, together with the strips of meadow through which it ran, kept the two footpaths pretty far apart. When they were just opposite to me, Frederica, who had already perceived me long before, cried, "George, what are you bringing there?" I was clever enough to cover my face with my hat, which I took off, while I held up the loaded napkin high in the air. "A christening cake!" cried she at that. "How is your sister?" "Well," said I, for I tried to talk in a strange dialect, if not exactly in the Alsatian. "Carry it to the house!" said the elder, "and if you do not find my mother, give it to the maid; but wait for us, we shall soon be back,—do you hear?" I hastened along my path in the joyous feeling of the best hope that, as the beginning was so lucky, all would go off well, and I had soon reached the parsonage. I found nobody either in the house or in the kitchen; I did not wish to disturb the old gentleman, whom I might suppose busy in the study; I therefore sat down on the bench before the door, with the cake beside me, and pressed my hat upon my face.

I cannot easily recall a pleasanter sensation. To sit again on this threshold, over which, a short time before, I had blundered out in despair; to have seen her already again, to have already heard again her dear voice, so soon after my chagrin had pictured to me a long separation, every moment to be expecting herself and a discovery, at which my heart throbbed, and yet, in this ambiguous case, a discovery without shame; for at the very beginning it was a merrier prank than any of those they had

laughed at so much yesterday. Love and necessity are the best masters; they both acted together here, and their pupil was not unworthy of them.

I had scarcely had time to look about me and was losing myself in sweet reveries, when I heard somebody coming; it was Frederica herself. "George, what are you doing here?" she cried from a distance. "Not George!" cried I, running towards her, "but one who craves forgiveness of you a thousand times." She looked at me with astonishment, but soon collected herself, and said, after fetching her breath more deeply, "You abominable man, how you frighten me!" "The first disguise has led me into the second," exclaimed I. "The former would have been unpardonable if I had only known in any degree to whom I was going; but this one you will certainly forgive, for it is the shape of persons whom you treat so kindly." Her pale cheeks had coloured up with the most beautiful rose-red. "You shall not be worse off than George, at any rate! But let us sit down! I confess the fright has gone into my limbs." I sat down beside her, exceedingly agitated.

At table there was some talk about going to walk; which, however, did not suit me very well in my peasant's clothes. But the ladies, early on that day already, when they learned who had run away in such a desperate hurry, had remembered that a fine hunting coat (*Pekesche*) of a cousin of theirs, in which, when there, he used to go sporting, was hanging in the clothespress. I, however, declined it, externally with all sorts of jokes, but internally with a feeling of vanity, not wishing, as the cousin, to disturb the good impression I had made as the peasant. The father had gone to take his afternoon nap; the mother, as always, was busy about her housewifery. But my friend proposed I should tell them some story, to which I immediately agreed. We went into a spacious arbour, and I gave them a tale which I have since written out under the title of *The New Melusina*. I succeeded in gaining the reward of the inventors and narrators of such productions, namely, in awakening curiosity, in fixing the attention, in provoking overhasty solutions of impenetrable riddles, in deceiving expectations, in confusing by the more wonderful which came into the place of the wonderful, in arousing sympathy and fear, in causing anxiety, in moving, and at last, by the change of what was apparently earnest into an ingenious and cheerful jest, in satisfying the mind, and in leaving the imagination materials for new images, and the understanding materials for further reflection.

Part the Third

ELEVENTH BOOK

WHEN I returned to my occupations in the city, I felt them more than usually wearisome, for a man born to activity forms plans too extensive for

his capacity and overburdens himself with labour. This goes on very well till some physical or moral impediment comes in the way, and clearly shows the disproportion of the powers to the undertaking.

I pursued jurisprudence with as much diligence as was required to take my degree with some credit. Medicine charmed me, because it showed nature, if it did not unfold it on every side; and to this I was attached by intercourse and habit. To society I was obliged to devote some time and attention, for in many families much had turned out both honourably and agreeably.

Being in a worse humour than ever, because the malady was violent after dinner, I attended the clinical lecture. The great care and cheerfulness with which our respected instructor led us from bed to bed, the minute observation of important symptoms, the judgment of the cause of complaint in general, the fine Hippocratic mode of proceeding, by which, without theory, and out of an individual experience, the forms of knowledge revealed themselves, the addresses with which he usually crowned his lectures—all this attracted me towards him, and made a strange department, into which I only looked as through a crevice, so much the more agreeable and fascinating. My disgust at the invalids gradually decreased, as I learned to change their various states into distinct conceptions, by which recovery and the restoration of the human form and nature appeared possible. He probably had his eye particularly upon me, as a singular young man, and pardoned the strange anomaly which took me to his lectures. On this occasion he did not conclude his lecture, as usual, with a doctrine which might have reference to an illness that had been observed, but said cheerfully, "Gentlemen, there are some holidays before us; make use of them to enliven your spirits. Studies must not only be pursued with seriousness and diligence, but also with cheerfulness and freedom of mind. Give movement to your bodies, and traverse the beautiful country on horse and foot. He who is at home will take delight in that to which he has been accustomed, while for the stranger there will be new impressions, and pleasant reminiscences in future."

There were only two of us to whom this admonition could be directed. May the recipe have been as obvious to the other as it was to me! I thought I heard a voice from heaven, and made all the haste I could to order a horse and dress myself out neatly. I sent for Weyland, but he was not to be found. This did not delay my resolution, but the preparations unfortunately went on slowly, and I could not depart so soon as I had hoped. Fast as I rode, I was overtaken by the night. The way was not to be mistaken, and the moon shed her light on my impassioned project. The night was windy and awful, and I dashed on, that I might not have to wait till morning before I could see her.

It was already late when I put up my horse at Sesenheim. The landlord, in answer to my question, whether there was still light in the parsonage, assured me that the ladies had only just gone home; he thought he had heard they were still expecting a stranger. This did not please me, as I wished to have been the only one. I hastened, that, late as I was, I might

at least appear the first. I found the two sisters sitting at the door. They did not seem much astonished, but I was, when Frederica whispered into Olivia's ear, loud enough for me to hear, "Did I not say so? Here he is!" They conducted me into a room, where I found a little collation set out. The mother greeted me as an old acquaintance; and the elder sister, when she saw me in the light, broke out into loud laughter, for she had little command over herself.

After this first and somewhat odd reception, the conversation became at once free and cheerful, and a circumstance, which had remained concealed from me this evening, I learned on the following day. Frederica had predicted that I should come; and who does not feel some satisfaction at the fulfilment of a foreboding, even if it be a mournful one?

Early in the morning Frederica asked me to take a walk. Her mother and sister were occupied in preparing everything for the reception of several guests. By the side of this beloved girl I enjoyed the noble Sunday morning in the country, as the inestimable Hebel has depicted it.

Since that impassioned girl had cursed and sanctified my lips (for every consecration involves both), I had, superstitiously enough, taken care not to kiss any girl, because I feared that I might injure her in some unheard-of spiritual manner. I therefore subdued every desire by which a youth feels impelled to win from a charming girl this favour, which says much or little. But even in the most decorous company a heavy trial awaited me. Those little games, as they are called, which are more or less ingenious, and by which a joyous young circle is collected and combined, depend in a great measure upon forfeits, in the calling in of which kisses have no small value. I had resolved, once for all, not to kiss, and as every want or impediment stimulates us to an activity to which we should otherwise not feel inclined, I exerted all the talent and humour I possessed to help myself through, and thus to win rather than lose, before the company, and for the company.

In the city many occupations and dissipations awaited me, from the midst of which I collected myself for the sake of my beloved, by means of a correspondence, which we regularly established. Even in her letters she always remained the same; whether she related anything new, or alluded to well-known occurrences, lightly described or cursorily reflected, it was always as if, even with her pen, she appeared going, coming, running, bounding with a step as light as it was sure. I also liked very much to write to her, for the act of rendering present her good qualities increased my affection even during absence, so that this intercourse was little inferior to a personal one, nay, afterwards became pleasanter and dearer to me.

In the midst of these objects the desire of poetising, which I had not felt for a long time, again came forward. For Frederica I composed many songs to well-known melodies. They would have made a pretty little book; a few of them still remain, and will easily be found among my others.

But now our love was to undergo a singular trial. I will call it a trial

(*Prüfung*), although this is not the right word. The country family with which I was intimate was related to some families in the city of good note and respectability, and comfortably off as to circumstances. The young townspeople were often at Sesenheim. The older persons, the mothers and aunts, being less moveable, heard so much of the life there, of the increasing charms of the daughters, and even of my influence, that they first wished to become acquainted with me, and after I had often visited them, and had been well received by them, desired also to see us once altogether, especially as they thought they owed the Sesenheim folks a friendly reception in return.

I now saw them, I say, for the first time, in town rooms, which were indeed spacious, but yet narrow, if we take into consideration the carpets, glasses, clocks, and porcelain figures.

The relation to that which one loves is so decided that the surrounding objects have little to do with it, but nevertheless the heart desires that these shall be the suitable, natural, and usual objects. With my lively feeling for everything present, I could not at once adapt myself to the contradiction of the moment. The respectable and calmly noble demeanour of the mother was perfectly adapted to the circle; she was not different from the other ladies; Olivia, on the other hand, showed herself as impatient as a fish out of water. As she had formerly called to me in the gardens, or beckoned me aside in the fields, if she had anything particular to say to me, she also did the same here, when she drew me into the recess of a window. This she did awkwardly and with embarrassment, because she felt that it was not becoming, and did it notwithstanding. She had the most unimportant things in the world to say to me—nothing but what I knew already; for instance, that she wished herself by the Rhine, over the Rhine, or even in Turkey. Frederica, on the contrary, was highly remarkable in this situation. Properly speaking, she also did not suit it, but it bore witness to her character that, instead of finding herself adapted to this condition, she unconsciously moulded the condition according to herself. She acted here as she had acted with the society in the country. She knew how to animate every moment. Without creating any disturbance, she put all in motion, and exactly by this pacified society, which really is only disturbed by ennui. She thus completely fulfilled the desire of her town aunts, who wished for once, on their sofas, to be witnesses of those rural games and amusements. If this was done to satisfaction, so also were the wardrobe, the ornaments, and whatever besides distinguished the town nieces, who were dressed in the French fashion, considered and admired without envy. With me also Frederica had no difficulty, since she treated me the same as ever. She seemed to give me no other preference but that of communicating her desires and wishes to me rather than to another, and thus recognising me as her servant.

At last I saw them take their departure, and it seemed as though a stone fell from my heart; for my own feelings had shared the condition of Frederica and Olivia; I was not passionately tormented like the latter, but I felt by no means as comfortable as the former.

Since I had properly gone to Strasburg to take my degree, it may be rightly reckoned among the irregularities of my life that I treated this material business as a mere collateral affair. All anxiety as to my examination I had put aside in a very easy fashion, but I had now to think of the *disputation*, for on my departure from Frankfurt I had promised my father and resolved within myself to write one.

The friends to whom I communicated my embarrassment deemed me ridiculous, because one can dispute upon *theses* as well, nay, even better, than upon a treatise, and in Strasburg this was not uncommon. I allowed myself to be very well inclined to such an expedient, but my father, to whom I wrote on the subject, desired a regular work, which, as he thought, I could very well prepare, if I only chose so to do and allowed myself proper time. I was now compelled to throw myself upon some general topic, and to choose something which I should have at my fingers' ends. Ecclesiastical history was almost better known to me than the history of the world, and that conflict in which the church—the publicly recognised worship of God—finds itself, and always will find itself, in two different directions, had always highly interested me. For now it lies in an eternal conflict with the state, over which it will exalt itself; now with the individuals, all of whom it will gather to itself. The state, on its side, will not yield the superior authority to the church, and the individuals oppose its restraints. The state desires everything for public, universal ends; the individual for ends belonging to the home, heart, and feelings. From my childhood upwards I had been a witness of such movements, when the clergy now offended their authorities, now their congregations. I had therefore established it as a principle in my young mind that the state—the legislator—had the right to determine a worship, according to which the clergy should teach and conduct themselves, and the laity, on the other hand, should direct themselves publicly and externally; while there should be no question about anyone's thoughts, feelings, or notions. Thus I believed that I had at once got rid of all collisions. I therefore chose for my *disputation* the first half of this theme, namely, that the legislator was not only authorised, but bound to establish a certain worship, from which neither the clergy nor the laity might free themselves. I carried out this theme partly historically, partly argumentatively, showing that all public religions had been introduced by leaders of armies, kings, and powerful men; that this had even been the case with Christianity. The example of Protestantism lay quite close at hand. I went to work at this task with so much the more boldness, as I really only wrote it to satisfy my father, and desired and hoped nothing more ardently than that it might not pass the censorship. I had imbibed from Behrisch an unconquerable dislike to see anything of mine in print, and my intercourse with Herder had discovered to me but too plainly my own insufficiency, nay, a certain mistrust in myself had through this means been perfectly matured. As I drew this work almost entirely out of myself, and wrote and spoke Latin with fluency, the time which I expended on the treatise passed very agreeably. The manner had at least some foundation; the style, naturally speaking,

was not bad; the whole was pretty well rounded off. As soon as I had finished it, I went through it with a good Latin scholar, who, although he could not, on the whole, improve my style, yet easily removed all striking defects, so that something was produced that was fit to be shown. A fair copy was at once sent to my father, who disapproved of one thing, namely, that none of the subjects previously taken in hand had been worked out, but nevertheless, as a thorough Protestant, he was well pleased with the boldness of the plan. My singularities were tolerated, my exertions were praised, and he promised himself an important effect from the publication of the work.

I now handed over my papers to the faculty, who fortunately behaved in a manner as prudent as it was polite. The dean, a lively, clever man, began with many laudations of my work, then went on to what was doubtful, which he contrived gradually to change into something dangerous, and concluded by saying that it might not be advisable to publish this work as an academical dissertation. The *aspirant* had shown himself to the faculty as a thinking young man, of whom they might hope the best; they would willingly, not to delay the affair, allow me to dispute on *theses*. I could afterwards publish my treatise, either in its present condition or more elaborated, in Latin, or in another language. This would everywhere be easy to me as a private man and a Protestant, and I should have the pleasure of an applause more pure and more general. I scarcely concealed from the good man what a stone his discourse rolled from my heart; at every new argument which he advanced, that he might not trouble me nor make me angry by his refusal, my mind grew more and more easy, and so did his own at last, when, quite unexpectedly, I offered no resistance to his reasons, but, on the contrary, found them extremely obvious, and promised to conduct myself according to his counsel and guidance. I therefore sat down again with my *repetent*. *Theses* were chosen and printed, and the *disputation*, with the opposition of my fellow boarders, went off with great merriment, and even with facility, for my old habit of turning over the *Corpus Juris* was very serviceable to me, and I could pass for a well-instructed man. A good feast, according to custom, concluded the solemnity.

My father, however, was very dissatisfied that the little work had not been regularly printed as a *disputation*, because he had hoped that I should gain honour by it on my entrance into Frankfort. He therefore wished to publish it specially, but I represented to him that the subject, which was only sketched, could be more completely carried out at some future time. He put up the manuscript carefully for this purpose, and many years afterwards I saw it among his papers.

I took my degree on the 6th August, 1771.

There are few biographies which can represent a pure, quiet, steady progress of the individual. Our life, as well as all in which we are contained, is, in an incomprehensible manner, composed of freedom and necessity. Our will is a prediction of what we shall do, under all circumstances. But these circumstances lay hold on us in their own fashion. The

what lies in us, the *how* seldom depends on us, after the *wherefore* we dare not ask, and on this account we are rightly referred to the *quia*.

The French tongue I had liked from my youth upwards; I had learned to know the language through a bustling life, and a bustling life through the language. It had become my own, like a second mother tongue, without grammar and instruction—by mere intercourse and practice. I now wished to use it with still greater fluency, and again gave Strasburg the preference, as an university residence, to other high schools; but, alas! it was just there that I had to experience the very reverse of my hopes, and to be turned rather from than to this language and these manners.

But what, more than all, forcibly alienated us from the French was the unpolite opinion, repeatedly maintained, that the Germans in general, as well as the king, who was striving after French cultivation, were deficient in taste. With respect to this kind of talk, which followed every judgment like a burden, we endeavoured to solace ourselves with contempt; but we could so much the less come to a clear understanding about it, as we were assured that Ménage had already said, that the French writers possessed everything but taste; and had also learned from the then living Paris that all the authors were wanting in taste, and that Voltaire himself could not escape this severest of reproaches.

The French way of life we found too defined and genteel, their poetry cold, their criticism annihilating, their philosophy abstruse, and yet insufficient, so that we were on the point of resigning ourselves to rude nature, at least by way of experiment, if another influence had not for a long time prepared us for higher and freer views of the world, and intellectual enjoyments as true as they were poetical, and swayed us, first moderately and secretly, but afterwards with more and more openness and force.

I need scarcely say that Shakspeare is intended; and having once said this, no more need be added. Shakspeare has been acknowledged by the Germans, more by them than by other nations, perhaps even more than by his own.

Wieland's translation now made its appearance. It was devoured, communicated, and recommended to friends and acquaintances. We Germans had the advantage that many important works of foreign nations were first brought over to us in an easy and cheerful fashion. Shakspeare, translated in prose, first by Wieland, afterwards by Eschenburg, was able, as a kind of reading universally intelligible, and suitable to any reader, to diffuse itself speedily, and to produce a great effect.

And thus in our Strasburg society did Shakspeare, translated and in the original, by fragments and as a whole, by passages and by extracts, influence us in such a manner, that as there are Bible-firm (*Bibelfest*) men, so did we gradually make ourselves firm in Shakspeare, imitated in our conversations those virtues and defects of his time with which he had made us so well acquainted, took the greatest delight in his "quibbles," and by translating them, nay, with original recklessness, sought to emulate him.

In a society so attuned and excited I managed to take many a pleasant excursion into Upper Alsace.

To such distractions and cheerful recreations I abandoned myself the more readily, and even with a degree of intoxication, because my passionate connexion with Frederica now began to trouble me. Such a youthful affection, cherished at random, may be compared to a bombshell thrown at night, which rises with a soft brilliant track, mingles with the stars, nay, for a moment, seems to pause among them, then, in descending, describes the same path in the reverse direction, and at last brings destruction to the place where it has terminated its course. Frederica always remained equal to herself; she seemed not to think, nor to wish to think, that the connexion would so soon terminate. Olivia, on the contrary, who indeed also missed me with regret, but nevertheless did not lose so much as the other, had more foresight, or was more open. She often spoke to me about my probable departure, and sought to console herself both on her own and her sister's account.

I could not fail to see Frederica once more. Those were painful days, the memory of which has not remained with me. When I reached her my hand from my horse, the tears stood in her eyes, and I felt very uneasy. I now rode along the footpath towards Drusenheim, and here one of the most singular forebodings took possession of me. I saw, not with the eyes of the body, but with those of the mind, my own figure coming towards me, on horseback, and on the same road, attired in a dress which I had never worn,—it was pike-grey (*hecht-grau*) with somewhat of gold. As soon as I shook myself out of this dream, the figure had entirely disappeared. It is strange, however, that eight years afterwards I found myself on the very road, to pay one more visit to Frederica, in the dress of which I had dreamed, and which I wore, not from choice, but by accident. However it may be with matters of this kind generally, this strange illusion in some measure calmed me at the moment of parting. The pain of quitting forever the noble Alsace, with all that I had gained in it, was softened, and having at last escaped the excitement of a farewell, I found myself on a peaceful and quiet journey, pretty well recovered.

Arrived at Mannheim, I hastened with great eagerness to see the hall of antiquities, of which a great boast was made.

After a zealous contemplation of so many sublime plastic works, I was not to want a foretaste of antique architecture. I found the cast of a capital of the Rotunda, and do not deny that at the sight of those acanthus leaves, as huge as they were elegant, my faith in the northern architecture began somewhat to waver.

This early sight, although so great and so effective throughout my whole life, was nevertheless attended with but small results in the time immediately following. How willingly would I have begun a book, instead of ending one, with describing it; for no sooner was the door of the noble salon closed behind me than I wished to recover myself again, nay, I rather sought to remove those forms as cumbersome from my memory; and it was only by a long circuitous route that I was brought back into

this sphere. However, the quiet fruitfulness is quite inestimable of those impressions, which are received with enjoyment, and without dissecting judgment. Youth is capable of this highest happiness, if it will not be critical, but allows the excellent and the good to act upon it without investigation and division.

TWELFTH BOOK

THE WANDERER had now at last reached home,—more healthy and cheerful than on the first occasion,—but still in his whole being there appeared something overstrained, which did not fully indicate mental health. My father, leading a contented life amid his old tastes and occupations, was comfortable, like one who, in spite of all hindrances and delays, carries out his plans. I had now gained my degree, and the first step to the further graduating course of citizen life was taken. My *Disputation* had obtained his applause; a further examination of it, and many a preparation for a future edition, gave him occupation. During my residence in Alsace, I had written many little poems, essays, notes on travel, and several loose sheets. He found amusement in bringing these under heads, in arranging them, and in devising their completion; and was delighted with the expectation that my hitherto insuperable dislike to see any of these things printed would soon cease.

I very soon became acquainted with Merck, to whom I had not been unfavourably announced by Herder, from Strasburg. This strange man, who had the greatest influence on my life, was a native of Darmstadt. Of his early education I can say but little. After finishing his studies, he conducted a young man to Switzerland, where he remained for some time, and came back married. When I made his acquaintance, he was military paymaster at Darmstadt.

In Darmstadt there was besides a society of very cultivated men. Privy Councillor von Hess, Minister of the Landgrave, Professor Petersen, Rector Wenk, and others, were the naturalized persons whose worth attracted by turns many neighbours from other parts and many travellers through the city. The wife of the privy councillor and her sister, Demoiselle Flachsland, were ladies of uncommon merit and talents; the latter, who was betrothed to Herder, being doubly interesting from her own qualities and her attachment to so excellent a man.

How much I was animated and advanced by this circle is not to be expressed. They readily heard me read aloud my completed or begun works; they encouraged me, when I openly and circumstantially told what I was then planning, and blamed me when on every new occasion I laid aside what I had already commenced. *Faust* had already advanced; *Gotz von Berlichingen* was gradually building itself up in my mind; the study of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries occupied me; and the minster had left in me a very serious impression, which could well stand as a background to such poetical inventions.

In what can young people take the highest interest; how are they to excite interest among those of their own age, if they are not animated by love, and if affairs of the heart, of whatever kind they may be, are not living within them? I had in secret to complain of a love I had lost; this made me mild and tolerant, and more agreeable to society than in those brilliant times when nothing reminded me of a want or a fault, and I went storming along completely without restraint.

Frederica's answer to a written adieu rent my heart. It was the same hand, the same tone of thought, the same feeling, which had formed itself for me and by me. I now, for the first time, felt the loss which she suffered, and saw no means to supply it, or even to alleviate it. She was completely present to me; I always felt that she was wanting to me, and, what was worst of all, I could not forgive myself for my own misfortune. Gretchen had been taken away from me; Annette had left me; now, for the first time, I was guilty. I had wounded the most beautiful heart to its very depths; and the period of a gloomy repentance, with the absence of a refreshing love, to which I had grown accustomed, was most agonising, nay, insupportable. But man will live; and hence I took an honest interest in others; I sought to disentangle their embarrassments, and to unite what was about to part, that they might not have the same lot as myself. They were hence accustomed to call me the "confidant," and on account of wandering about the district, the "wanderer." In producing that calm for my mind, which I felt under the open sky, in the valleys, on the heights, in the fields, and in the woods, the situation of Frankfort was serviceable, as it lay in the middle between Darmstadt and Homburg, two pleasant places, which are on good terms with each other, through the relationship of their courts. I accustomed myself to live on the road, and, like a messenger, to wander about between the mountains and the flat country. Often I went alone, or in company, through my native city, as if it did not at all concern me, dined at one of the great inns in the High-street, and after dinner went further on my way. More than ever was I directed to the open world and to free nature. On my way I sang to myself strange hymns and dithyrambics, of which one entitled "The Wanderer's Storm-song" (*"Wanderer's Sturmlied"*) still remains. This half nonsense I sang aloud, in an impassioned manner, when I found myself in a terrific storm, which I was obliged to meet.

My heart was untouched and unoccupied; I conscientiously avoided all closer connexion with ladies, and thus it remained concealed from me that, inattentive and unconscious as I was, an amiable spirit was secretly hovering round me. It was not until many years afterwards, nay, until after her death, that I learned of her secret heavenly love, in a manner that necessarily overwhelmed me. But I was innocent, and could purely and honestly pity an innocent being; nay, I could do this the more, as the discovery occurred at an epoch when, completely without passion, I had the happiness of living for myself and my own intellectual inclinations.

At the time when I was pained by my grief at Frederica's situation, I again, after my old fashion, sought aid from poetry. I again continued

the poetical confession which I had commenced, that by this self-tormenting penance I might be worthy of an internal absolution. The two Marias in *Gotz von Berlichingen* and *Clavigo*, and the two bad characters who play the part of their lovers, may have been the results of such penitent reflections.

But as in youth one soon overcomes mental wounds and diseases, because a healthy system of organic life can rise up for a sick one, and allow it time to grow healthy again, corporeal exercises, on many a favourable opportunity, came forward with very advantageous effect; and I was excited in many ways to man myself afresh, and to seek new pleasures of life and enjoyments. Riding gradually took the place of those sauntering, melancholy, toilsome, and at the same time tedious and aimless rambles on foot; one reached one's end more quickly, merrily, and commodiously. The young people again introduced fencing, but in particular, on the setting-in of winter, a new world was revealed to us, since I at once determined to skate,—an exercise which I had never attempted,—and, in a short time, by practice, reflection, and perseverance, brought it as far as was necessary to enjoy with others a gay, animated course on the ice, without wishing to distinguish myself.

For this new joyous activity we were also indebted to Klopstock,—to his enthusiasm for this happy species of motion, which private accounts confirmed, while his odes gave an undeniable evidence of it.

Merck, active now in æsthetics, now in literature, now in commerce, had stimulated the well-thinking, well-informed Schlosser, whose knowledge extended to so many branches, to edit the Frankfort *Gelehrte Anzeiger* (*Learned Advertiser*) for that year. They had associated with themselves Höpfer, and other university men in Gießen, a meritorious schoolman, Rector Wenck in Darmstadt, and many other good men. Every one of them possessed enough historical and theoretical knowledge in his department, and the feeling of the times allowed these men to work in one spirit. The human and cosmopolitan is encouraged; really good men justly celebrated are protected against obtrusion of every kind; their defence is undertaken against enemies, and especially against scholars, who use what has been taught them to the detriment of their instructors. Nearly the most interesting articles are the critiques on other periodical publications, the *Berlin Library* (*Bibliothek*), the *German Mercury*, where the cleverness in so many departments, the judgment as well the fairness of the papers, is rightly admired.

As for myself, they saw well enough that I was deficient in everything that belongs to a critic, properly so called. My historical knowledge was unconnected, the histories of the world, science, and literature had only attracted me by epochs, the objects themselves only partially and in masses. My capacity of giving life to things, and rendering them present to me out of their real connexion, put me in the position that I could be perfectly at home in a certain century or in a department of science, without being in any degree instructed as to what preceded or what followed. Thus a certain theoretico-practical sense had been awakened in

me, by which I could give account of things, rather as they should be than as they were, without any proper philosophical connexion, but by way of leaps. To this was added a very easy power of apprehension, and a friendly reception of the opinions of others, if they did not stand in direct opposition to my own convictions.

Schlosser disclosed to me that he had formed, first a friendly, then a closer connexion with my sister, and that he was looking about for an early appointment that he might be united to her. This explanation surprised me to some degree, although I ought to have found it out long ago in my sister's letters; but we easily pass over that which may hurt the good opinion which we entertain of ourselves, and I now remarked for the first time that I was really jealous of my sister; a feeling which I concealed from myself the less, as, since my return from Strasburg, our connexion had been much more intimate.

My friend and probable brother-in-law was now very anxious that I should return home, because, by my mediation, a freer intercourse was possible, of which the feelings of this man, so unexpectedly attacked by a tender passion, seemed to stand extremely in need. Therefore, on his speedy departure, he elicited from me the promise that I would immediately follow him.

THIRTEENTH BOOK

WHILE I now sought to cultivate, foster, and maintain all the talent, taste, or other inclination that might live in me, I applied a good part of the day, according to my father's wish, in the duties of an advocate, for the practice of which I chanced to find the best opportunity.

As the occupations to which one devotes one's day are never so serious and pressing that one cannot find time enough in the evening to go to the play, thus was it also with me, who, in the want of a really good stage, did not cease thinking of the German theatre, in order to discover how one might co-operate upon it with any degree of activity. Its condition in the second half of the last century is sufficiently known, and everyone who wishes to be instructed about it finds assistance at hand everywhere.

By my lasting interest in Shakspeare's works, I had so expanded my mind that the narrow compass of the stage and the short time allotted to a representation seemed to me by no means sufficient to bring forward something important. The life of the gallant Gotz von Berlichingen, written by himself, impelled me into the historic mode of treatment; and my imagination so much extended itself that my dramatic form also went beyond all theatrical bounds, and sought more and more to approach the living events. I had, as I proceeded, talked circumstantially on this subject with my sister, who was interested, heart and soul, in such things, and renewed this conversation so often, without going to any work, that she at last, growing impatient, and at the same time wishing me well, urgently

entreated me not to be always casting my words into the air, but, once for all, to set down upon paper that which must have been so present to my mind. Determined by this impulse, I began one morning to write, without having made any previous sketch or plan. I wrote the first scenes, and in the evening they were read aloud to Cornelia. She gave them much applause, but only conditionally, since she doubted that I should go on so; nay, she even expressed a decided unbelief in my perseverance. This only incited me the more; I wrote on the next day, and also the third. Hope increased with the daily communications, and from step to step everything gained more life, while the matter, moreover, had become thoroughly my own. Thus I kept, without interruption, to my work, which I pursued straight on, looking neither backwards nor forwards,—neither to the right nor to the left; and in about six weeks I had the pleasure to see the manuscript stitched. I communicated it to Merck, who spoke sensibly and kindly about it. I sent it to Herder, who, on the contrary, expressed himself unkindly and severely, and did not fail, in some lampoons written for the occasion, to give me nicknames on account of it. I did not allow myself to be perplexed by this, but took a clear view of my object. The die was now cast, and the only question was how to play the game best. I plainly saw that even here no one would advise me, and, as after some time I could regard my work as if it had proceeded from another hand, I indeed perceived that in my attempt to renounce unity of time and place, I had also infringed upon that higher unity which is so much the more required.

Therefore, without altering anything in the first manuscript, which I still actually possess in its original shape, I determined to rewrite the whole, and did this with such activity that in a few weeks an entirely new-made piece lay before me. I was not displeased gradually to see my wild dramatic sketch in clean proof sheets; it looked really neater than I myself expected. We completed the work, and it was sent off in many parcels. Before long a great commotion arose everywhere; the attention which it created became universal.

That play, however, had not solely occupied the author, but while it was devised, written, rewritten, printed, and circulated, other images and plans were moving in his mind. Those which could be treated dramatically had the advantage of being oftenest thought over and brought near to execution; but at the same time was developed a transition to another form, which is not usually classed with those of the drama, but yet has a great affinity with them. This transition was chiefly brought about by a peculiarity of the author, which fashioned soliloquy into dialogue.

Accustomed to pass his time most pleasantly in society, he changed even solitary thought into social converse, and this in the following manner:—He had the habit, when he was alone, of calling before his mind any person of his acquaintance. This person he entreated to sit down, walked up and down by him, remained standing before him, and discoursed with him on the subject he had in his mind. To this the person answered as occasion required, or by the ordinary gestures signified his assent or

dissent;—in which every man has something peculiar to himself. The speaker then continued to carry out further that which seemed to please the guest, or to condition and define more closely that of which he disapproved; and, finally, was polite enough to give up his notion. The letters of Werther, which are written in this spirit, have so various a charm, precisely because their different contents were first talked over with several individuals in such ideal dialogues, while it was afterwards in the composition itself that they appeared to be directed to one friend and sympathizer. To say more on the treatment of a little book which has formed the subject of so much discussion would be hardly advisable, but, with respect to the contents, something may yet be added.

This loathing of life has both physical and moral causes; the former we will leave to the investigation of the physician, the latter to that of the moralist, and in this well-worn matter only consider the main point, where the phenomenon is most clearly revealed. All comfort in life is based upon a regular recurrence of external phenomena. The change of day and night, of the seasons, of flowers and fruits, and all other recurring phases that come to us, that we may and should enjoy them—these are the main springs of our earthly life. The more open we are to these enjoyments, the happier we are; but if these changing phenomena unfold themselves before us and we take no interest in them, if we are insensible to such fair solicitations, then comes on the sorest evil, the heaviest disease—we regard life as a loathsome burden. It is said of an Englishman, that he hanged himself that he might no longer have to dress and undress himself every day. I once knew a worthy gardener, whose work was the superintendence of a large park, who once cried out with vexation, "Shall I always see these rain-clouds moving from west to east?" It is even told of one of our greatest men, that it irked him to see the returning green of spring, and that he wished for the sake of variety it might once be red. These are really the symptoms of weariness of life, which not infrequently results in suicide, and which, in self-absorbed, reflective men, is more frequent than one would imagine.

Nothing occasions this weariness more than the return of love. The first love, it is rightly said, is the only one, for in the second, and by the second, the highest sense of love is already lost. The conception of the eternal and infinite, which elevates and supports it, is destroyed, and it appears transient like everything else that recurs. The separation of the sensual from the moral, which, in the complicated, cultivated world, sunders the feelings of love and desire, produces here also an exaggeration which can lead to no good.

Moreover, a young man soon perceives in others, if not in himself, that moral epochs change as well as the seasons of the year.

However, such gloomy contemplations, which lead him who has resigned himself to them into the infinite, could not have developed themselves so decidedly in the minds of the German youths had not an outward occasion excited and furthered them in this dismal business. This was caused by English literature, especially the poetical part, the

great beauties of which are accompanied by an earnest melancholy, which it communicates to everyone who occupies himself with it. The intellectual Briton, from his youth upwards, sees himself surrounded by a significant world, which stimulates all his powers; he perceives, sooner or later, that he must collect all his understanding to come to terms with it. How many of their poets have in their youth led a loose and riotous life, and soon found themselves justified in complaining of the vanity of earthly things? How many of them have tried their fortune in worldly occupations, have taken parts, principal or subordinate, in parliament, at court, in the ministry, in situations with the embassy, shown their active co-operation in the internal troubles and changes of state and government, and if not in themselves, at any rate in their friends and patrons, more frequently made sad than pleasant experiences! How many have been banished, imprisoned, or injured with respect to property!

Even the circumstance of being the spectator of such great events calls man to seriousness; and whither can seriousness lead farther than to a contemplation of the transient nature and worthlessness of all earthly things? The German also is serious, and thus English poetry was extremely suitable to him, and, because it proceeded from a higher state of things, even imposing.

Even their tender poems are occupied with mournful subjects. Here a deserted girl is dying, there a faithful lover is drowned, or is devoured by a shark before, by his hurried swimming, he reaches his beloved; and if a poet like Gray lies down in a churchyard, and again begins those well-known melodies, he too may gather round him a number of friends to melancholy. Milton's *Allegro* must scare away gloom in vehement verses, before he can attain a very moderate pleasure; and even the cheerful Goldsmith loses himself in elegiac feelings, when his *Deserted Village*, as charmingly as sadly, exhibits to us a lost Paradise which his *Traveller* seeks over the whole earth.

I do not doubt that lively works, cheerful poems, can be brought forward and opposed to what I have said, but the greatest number, and the best of them, certainly belong to the older epoch; and the newer works, which may be set down in the class, are likewise of a satirical tendency, are bitter, and treat women especially with contempt.

Enough: those serious poems, undermining human nature, which, in general terms, have been mentioned above, were the favourites which we sought out before all others, one seeking, according to his disposition, the lighter elegiac melancholy, another the heavy oppressive despair, which gives up everything. Strangely enough, our father and instructor, Shakspeare, who so well knew how to diffuse a pure cheerfulness, strengthened our feeling of dissatisfaction. Hamlet and his soliloquies were spectres which haunted all the young minds. The chief passages everyone knew by heart and loved to recite, and everybody fancied he had a right to be just as melancholy as the Prince of Denmark, though he had seen no ghost and had no royal father to avenge.

But that to all this melancholy a perfectly suitable locality might not

be wanting, Ossian had charmed us even to the *Ultima Thule*, where on a gray, boundless heath, wandering among prominent moss-covered grave-stones, we saw the grass around us moved by an awful wind, and a heavily clouded sky above us. It was not till moonlight that the Caledonian night became day; departed heroes, faded maidens, floated around us, until at last we really thought we saw the spirit of Loda in his fearful form.

All at once I heard the news of Jerusalem's death, and immediately after the general report, the most accurate and circumstantial description of the occurrence, and at this moment the plan of *Werther* was formed and the whole shot together from all sides, and became a solid mass, just as water in a vessel, which stands upon the point of freezing, is converted into hard ice by the most gentle shake. Under such circumstances, after such long and so many preparations in secret, I wrote *Werther* in four weeks without any scheme of the whole, or treatment of any part, being previously put on paper.

The effect of this little book was great, nay immense, and chiefly because it exactly hit the temper of the times. For as it requires but a little match to blow up an immense mine, so the explosion which followed my publication was mighty, from the circumstance that the youthful world had already undermined itself; and the shock was great, because all extravagant demands, unsatisfied passions, and imaginary wrongs were suddenly brought to an eruption. It cannot be expected of the public that it should receive an intellectual work intellectually. In fact, it was only the subject, the material part, that was considered, as I had already found to be the case among my own friends; while at the same time arose that old prejudice, associated with the dignity of a printed book,—that it ought to have a moral aim. But a true picture of life has none. It neither approves nor censures, but develops sentiments and actions in their consequences, and thereby enlightens and instructs.

Of the reviews I took little notice. I had completely washed my hands of the matter, and the good folks might now try what they could make of it. Yet my friends did not fail to collect these things and, as they were already initiated into my views, to make merry with them.

Being prepared for all that might be alleged against *Werther*, I found those attacks, numerous as they were, by no means annoying; but I had no anticipation of the intolerable torment provided for me by sympathizers and well-wishers. These, instead of saying anything civil to me about my book just as it was, wished to know, one and all, what was really true in it; at which I grew very angry, and often expressed myself with great discourtesy. To answer this question, I should have been obliged to pull to pieces and destroy the form of a work on which I had so long pondered, with the view of giving a poetical unity to its many elements; and in this operation, if the essential parts were not destroyed, they would, at least, have been scattered and dispersed. However, upon a closer consideration of the matter, I could not take the public inquisitiveness in ill part. Jerusalem's fate had excited great attention. An educated, amiable, blameless young man, the son of one of the first theologians and authors,

healthy and opulent, had at once, without any known cause, destroyed himself. Everyone asked how this was possible, and when they heard of an unfortunate love affair, the whole youth were excited, and as soon as it transpired that some little annoyances had occurred to him in the higher circles, the middle classes also became excited; indeed everyone was anxious to learn further particulars. Now *Werther* appeared an exact delineation, as it was thought, of the life and character of that young man. The locality and person tallied, and the narrative was so very natural that they considered themselves fully informed and satisfied. But, on the other hand, on closer examination, there was so much that did not fit that there arose, for those who sought the truth, an unmanageable business, because a critical investigation must necessarily produce a hundred doubts. The real groundwork of the affair was, however, not to be fathomed, for all that I had interwoven of my own life and suffering could not be deciphered, because, as an unobserved young man, I had secretly, though not silently, pursued my course.

While engaged in my work, I was fully aware how highly that artist was favoured who had an opportunity of composing a Venus from the study of a variety of beauties. Accordingly I took leave to model my Charlotte according to the shape and qualities of several pretty girls, although the chief characteristics were taken from the one I loved best. The inquisitive public could therefore discover similarities in various ladies; and even to the ladies themselves it was not quite indifferent to be taken for the right one. But these several Charlottes caused me infinite trouble, because everyone who only looked at me seemed determined to know where the proper one really resided. I endeavoured to save myself, like Nathan with the three rings, by an expedient, which, though it might suit higher beings, would not satisfy either the believing or the reading public. I hoped after a time to be freed from such tormenting inquiries, but they pursued me through my whole life. I sought, on my travels, to escape them, by assuming an *incognito*, but even this remedy was, to my disappointment, unavailing, and thus the author of the little work, had he even done anything wrong and mischievous, was sufficiently, I may say disproportionately, punished by such unavoidable importunities.

Subjected to this kind of infliction, I was taught but too unequivocally that authors and their public are separated by an immense gulf, of which, happily, neither of them have any conception. The uselessness, therefore, of all prefaces I had long ago seen; for the more pains a writer takes to render his views clear, the more occasion he gives for embarrassment. Besides, an author may preface as elaborately as he will, the public will always go on making precisely those demands which he has endeavoured to avoid. With a kindred peculiarity of readers, which (particularly with those who print their judgments) seems remarkably comical, I was likewise soon acquainted. They live, for instance, in the delusion that an author, in producing anything, becomes their debtor; and he always falls short of what they wished and expected of him, although before they had seen our work, they had not the least notion that anything of

the kind existed or was even possible. Independent of all this, it was now the greatest fortune, or misfortune, that everyone wished to make the acquaintance of this strange young author, who had stepped forward so unexpectedly and so boldly. They desired to see him, to speak to him, and, even at a distance, to hear something from him; thus he had to undergo a very considerable crowd, sometimes pleasant, sometimes disagreeable, but always distracting. For enough works already begun lay before him, nay, and would have given him abundance of work for some years, if he could have kept to them with his old fervour; but he was drawn forth from the quiet, the twilight, the obscurity, which alone can favour pure creation, into the noise of daylight, where one is lost in others, where one is led astray, alike by sympathy and by coldness, by praise and by blame, because outward contact never accords with the epoch of our inner culture, and therefore, as it cannot further us, must necessarily injure us.

FOURTEENTH BOOK

IT WAS NOT LONG before I formed a connexion with Lavater. Passages of my "Letter of a Pastor to his Colleagues" had greatly struck him, for much of it agreed perfectly with his own views. With his never-tiring activity, our correspondence soon became lively. At the time it commenced, he was making preparations for his larger work on Physiognomy, the introduction to which had already been laid before the public. He called on all the world to send him drawings and outlines, and especially representations of Christ; and, although I could do as good as nothing in this way, he nevertheless insisted on my sending him a sketch of the Saviour such as I imagined him to look. Such demands for the impossible gave occasion for jests of many kinds, for I had no other way of defending myself against his peculiarities but by bringing forward my own.

Our correspondence had not long been carried on, when he announced to me and to others that in a voyage up the Rhine, which he was about to undertake, he would soon visit Frankfort. Immediately there arose a great excitement in our world; all were curious to see so remarkable a person; many hoped to profit by him in the way of moral and religious culture; the sceptics prepared to distinguish themselves by grave objections; the conceited felt sure of entangling and confounding him by arguments in which they had strengthened themselves,—in short, there was everything, there was all the favour and disfavour, which await a distinguished man who intends to meddle with this motley world.

For myself, Lavater's society was highly influential and instructive; for his pressing incitements to action set my calm, artistic, contemplative nature into motion, not indeed to any advantage at the moment, because the circumstances did but increase the distraction which had already laid hold of me. Still, so many things were talked about between us, as to give rise to the most earnest desire on my part to prolong the discussion.

Accordingly I determined to accompany him if he went to Ems; so that, shut up in the carriage and separated from the world, we might freely go over those subjects which lay nearest to both our hearts.

At Ems I saw him again at once surrounded by society of every sort; and I went back to Frankfort, because my little affairs were in such a state that I could scarcely absent myself from them at all.

But I was not destined to be restored so speedily to repose. Basedow now came in to attract me, and touch me on another side. A more decided contrast could not be found than that between these two men.

I prevailed on my father and friends to manage my most pressing affairs, and now set off again from Frankfort in the company of Basedow. But what a difference did I feel when I recalled the gentle spirit which breathed from Lavater! Pure himself, he created around him a pure circle. At his side one became like a maiden, for fear of presenting before him anything repulsive. Basedow, on the contrary, being altogether absorbed in himself, could not pay any attention to his external appearance. His ceaseless smoking of wretched tobacco was of itself extremely disagreeable, especially as his pipe was no sooner out than he brought forth a dirtily prepared kind of tinder, which took fire quickly, but had a most horrid stench, and every time poisoned the air insufferably with the first whiff. I called this preparation "The Basedovian Smellfungus" (*Stinkschwamm*) and declared that it ought to be introduced into Natural History under this name. This greatly amused him, and to my disgust he minutely explained the hated preparation, taking a malicious pleasure in my aversion from it. It was one of the deeply rooted, disagreeable peculiarities of this admirably gifted man that he was fond of teasing, and would sting the most dispassionate persons. He could never see anyone quiet, but he provoked him with mocking irony, in a hoarse voice, or put him to confusion by an unexpected question, and laughed bitterly when he had gained his end; yet he was pleased when the object of his jests was quick enough to collect himself and gave him a retort.

How much greater was now my longing for Lavater. He, too, seemed to be rejoiced when he saw me again, and confided to me much that he had learned, especially in reference to the various characters of his fellow guests, among whom he had already succeeded in making many friends and disciples.

We made together many excursions into the neighbourhood, visiting the *châteaux*, especially those of noble ladies, who were everywhere more inclined than the men to receive anything laying claim to intellect or mind. At Nassau, at the house of Frau von Stein, a most estimable lady, who enjoyed universal respect, we found a large company.

When, in the middle of July, Lavater was preparing to depart, Basedow thought it advantageous to join him; while I had become so accustomed to this rare society that I could not bring myself to give it up. We had a delightful journey down the Lahn: it was refreshing alike to heart and senses.

FIFTEENTH BOOK

AT THIS EPOCH I was sitting one evening with a struggling light in my chamber, to which at least the air of an artist's studio was thus imparted, while the walls, stuck over and covered with half-finished works, gave the impression of great industry, when there entered a well-formed, slender man, whom, at first, in the twilight, I took for Fritz Jacobi, but soon, discovering my mistake, greeted as a stranger. In his free and agreeable bearing a certain military air was perceptible. He announced himself by the name of Von Knebel, and from a brief introduction I gathered that he was in the Prussian service, and that during a long residence at Berlin and Potsdam he had actively cultivated an acquaintance with the literary men of those places, and with German literature in general. He had attached himself particularly to Ramler, and had adopted his mode of reciting poems. He was also familiar with all that Götz had written, who, at that time, had not as yet made a name among the Germans. Through his exertions the *Madcheninsel* (*Isle of Maidens*) of this poet had been printed at Potsdam and had fallen into the hands of the king, who was said to have expressed a favourable opinion of it.

We had scarcely talked over these subjects of general interest in German literature before I learned, much to my satisfaction, that he was at present stationed in Weimar and was appointed the companion of Prince Constantin. Of matters there I had already heard much that was favourable; for several strangers, who had come from Weimar, assured us that the Duchess Amalia had gathered round her the best men to assist in the education of the princes her sons; that the Academy of Jena, through its admirable teachers, had also contributed its part to this excellent purpose; and that the arts were not only protected by this princess, but were practised by her with great diligence and zeal. We also heard that Wieland was in especial favour. The *Deutsche Merkur*, too, which united the labours of so many scholars in other places, contributed not a little to the fame of the city in which it was published. There also was one of the best theatres in Germany, which was made famous by its actors, as well as by the authors who wrote for it. These noble institutions and plans seemed, however, to have received a sudden check, and to be threatened with a long interruption, in consequence of the terrible conflagration of the castle, which took place in the May of that year. But the confidence in the hereditary prince was so great that everyone was convinced not only that the damage would be repaired, but that in spite of it every other hope would be fully accomplished. As I inquired after these persons and things, as if I were an old acquaintance, and expressed a wish to become more intimately acquainted with them, my visitor replied, in the most friendly manner possible, that nothing was easier, since the hereditary prince, with his brother, the Prince Constantin, had just arrived in Frankfort, and desired to see and know me. I at once expressed the great-

est willingness to wait upon them, and my new friend told me that I must not delay, as their stay would not be long. In order to equip myself for the visit, I took Von Knebel to my father and mother, who were surprised at his arrival, and the message he bore, and conversed with him with great satisfaction. I then proceeded with him to the young princes, who received me in a very easy and friendly manner; Count Gortz, also, the tutor of the hereditary prince, appeared not displeased to see me. Though there was no lack of literary subjects for our conversation, accident furnished the best possible introduction to it and rendered it at once important and profitable.

Moser's *Patriotische Fantasiën* (*Patriotic Fantasies*), that is to say, the first part, were lying on the table, fresh from the binder, with the leaves uncut. As I was familiar with them, whereas the rest were not, I had the advantage of being able to give a complete account of the work, and had here a favourable opportunity for speaking with a young prince, who was sincerely desirous, and also firmly determined, to make use of his station to do all the good in his power.

This conversation, which was kept up when we were set down at table, made a better impression in my favour than I perhaps deserved. For instead of making such works as belonged to my own sphere of literature the subjects of discussion; instead of demanding an undivided attention for the drama and for romance, I appeared, while discussing Moser's book, to prefer those writers whose talents, proceeding from active life, returned to it with immediate benefit, whereas works properly poetical, as soaring above mere social and material interests, could only be indirectly and accidentally profitable. These discussions went on like the stories of the Arabian Nights; one important matter came up after another; many themes were only touched upon without our being able to follow them out, and accordingly, as the stay of the young princes in Frankfort was necessarily short, they made me promise to follow them to Mayence and spend a few days with them there. I gave this promise gladly enough, and hastened home to impart the agreeable intelligence to my parents.

It was in a very cold season of the year that I arrived at the appointed hour in Mayence. My reception by the young princes and by their attendants was no less friendly than the invitation. The conversation in Frankfort was recalled and resumed at the point where it had been broken off.

The few days of my stay at Mayence passed off very pleasantly; for when my new patrons were abroad on visits and banquets, I remained with their attendants, drew the portraits of several, or went skating, for which the frozen ditches of the fortification afforded excellent opportunity. I returned home full of the kindness I had met with, and, as I entered the house, was on the point of emptying my heart by a minute account of it; but I saw only troubled faces, and the conviction was soon forced upon me that our friend Fräulein von Klettenberg was no more. At this I was greatly concerned, because, in my present situation, I needed her more than ever.

As the remembrance of them is here suggested by many circum-

stances, I will speak of some distinguished men who, at different times, on their passage through Frankfort, either lodged at our house or partook of our friendly hospitality. Once more Klopstock stands justly at the head.

Zimmermann was our guest for a time. Von Salis, who was setting up the large boarding school at Marschlins, visited us also.

These visits, which were as agreeable as they were profitable, were, however, diversified by others which we would rather have been spared. Needy and shameless adventurers fixed themselves on the confiding youth, supporting their urgent demands by real as well as fictitious relationships and misfortunes. They borrowed my money, and made it necessary for me to borrow in turn, so that I in consequence fell into the most unpleasant position with opulent and kindhearted friends. If I wished that all these unfortunate folks were food for the crows, my father found himself in the situation of the *Tyro in Witchcraft*, who was willing enough to see his house washed clean, but is frightened when the flood rushes in without ceasing, over threshold and stairs. By an excessive kindness, the quiet and moderate plan of life which my father had designed for me was step by step interrupted and put off, and from day to day changed contrary to all expectation. All idea of a long visit to Ratisbon and Vienna was as good as given up; but still I was to pass through those cities on my way to Italy, so as at least to gain a general notion of them. On the other hand, some of my friends, who did not approve of taking so long a circuit, in order to get into active life, recommended that I should take advantage of a moment which seemed in every way favourable, and think on a permanent establishment in my native city.

The society of young men and women already mentioned, which was kept together by, if it did not owe its origin to, my sister, still survived after her marriage and departure, because the members had grown accustomed to each other and could not spend one evening in the week better than in this friendly circle. The eccentric orator also whose acquaintance we made in the sixth book had, after many adventures, returned to us, more clever and more perverse than ever, and once again played the legislator of the little state. As a sequel to our former diversions he had devised something of the same kind; he enacted that every week lots should be drawn, not as before to decide what pairs should be lovers, but married couples. How lovers should conduct themselves towards each other, he said, we knew well enough; but of the proper deportment of husbands and wives in society we were totally ignorant, and this, with our increasing years, we ought to learn before all things. He laid down general rules, which, of course, set forth that we must act as if we did not belong to each other; that we must not sit or speak often together, much less indulge in anything like caresses. And at the same time we were not only to avoid everything which would occasion mutual suspicion and discord, but, on the contrary, he was to win the greatest praises who, with his free and open manners, should yet most endear to himself his wife.

The lots were at once drawn; some odd matches that they decided

were laughed at and joked about, and the universal marriage comedy was begun in good humour and renewed every week.

Now, it fell out strangely enough that, from the first, the same lady fell twice to me. She was a very good creature, just such a woman as one would like to think of as a wife. When the lot brought us together for the third time, our jocose lawgiver declared in the most solemn manner that Heaven had spoken, and we could not again be separated. We submitted to his sentence; and both of us adapted ourselves so well to our public conjugal duties that we might really have served as a model. *Habit* is a strange thing: by degrees both of us found that nothing was more natural than this relation. I liked her more and more, while her manner of treating me gave evidence of a beautiful calm confidence; so that on many an occasion, if a priest had been present, we might have been united on the spot without much hesitation.

By these, and other diversions, our whimsical game of marriage became a family story, if not the talk of the town, which did not sound disagreeably in the ears of the mothers of our fair ones. My mother, also, was not at all opposed to such an event; she had before looked with favour on the lady with whom I had fallen into so strange a relation, and did not doubt that she would make as good a daughter-in-law as a wife.

Accordingly, she looked on the long-planned Italian journey, which my father once more brought forward, as the best means of cutting short all these connexions at once. But, in order that no new danger might spring up in the wide world, she intended first of all to bind fast the union which had already been suggested, so as to make a return into my native country more desirable, and my final determination more decided. Whether I only attribute this scheme to her, or whether she had actually formed it with her departed friend, I am not quite sure; enough that her actions seemed to be based on a well-digested plan. I had very often to hear from her a regret that, since Cornelia's marriage, our family circle was altogether too small; it was felt that I had lost a sister, my mother an assistant, and my father a pupil: nor was this all that was said. It happened, as if by accident, that my parents met the lady on a walk, invited her into the garden, and conversed with her for a long time. Thereupon there was some pleasantry at supper; and the remark was made, with a certain satisfaction, that she had pleased my father, as she possessed all the chief qualities which he, being a judge, required of a woman.

One thing after another was now arranged in our first story as if guests were expected: the linen was reviewed, and some hitherto neglected furniture was thought of. One day I surprised my mother in a garret examining the old cradles, among which an immense one of walnut, inlaid with ivory and ebony, in which I had formerly been rocked, was especially prominent. She did not seem altogether pleased when I said to her that such swing boxes were quite out of fashion, and that now people put babies, with free limbs, into a neat little basket, and carried them about for show, by a strap over the shoulder, like other small wares.

In short, such prognostics of a renewal of domestic activity became

frequent; and, as I was in every way submissive, the thought of a state which would last through life spread a peace over our house and its inhabitants such as had not been enjoyed for a long time.

SIXTEENTH BOOK

LEAVING these recollections, we will now resume the sober thread of our narrative.

A friend one evening entreated me to go with him to a little concert to be given in the house of an eminent merchant of the reformed persuasion. It was already late; but, as I loved to do everything on the spur of the moment, I went with him, decently dressed, as usual. We entered a chamber on the ground floor,—the ordinary but spacious sitting room of the family. The company was numerous: a piano stood in the middle, at which the only daughter of the house sat down immediately and played with considerable facility and grace. I stood at the lower end of the piano, that I might be near enough to observe her form and bearing: there was something childlike in her manner; the movements she was obliged to make in playing were unconstrained and easy.

After the sonata was finished, she stepped towards the end of the piano to meet me: we merely saluted, however, without further conversation; for a quartet had already commenced. At the close of it I moved somewhat nearer, and uttered some civil compliment, telling her what pleasure it gave me that my first acquaintance with her should have also made me acquainted with her talent. She managed to make a very clever reply, and kept her position as I did mine. I saw that she observed me closely, and that I was really standing for a show; but I took it all in good part, since I had something graceful to look at in my turn. Meanwhile, we gazed at one another; and I will not deny that I was sensible of feeling an attractive power of the gentlest kind. The moving about of the company, and her performances, prevented any farther approach that evening. But I must confess that I was anything but displeased when, on taking leave, the mother gave me to understand that they hoped soon to see me again; while the daughter seemed to join in the request with some friendliness of manner. I did not fail, at suitable intervals, to repeat my visit; since, on such occasions, I was sure of a cheerful and intellectual conversation, which seemed to prophesy no tie of passion.

In the meantime, the hospitality of our house once laid open caused many an inconvenience to my good parents and myself. At any rate, it had not proved in any way beneficial to my steadfast desire to notice the Higher, to study it, to further it, and, if possible, to imitate it. Men, I saw, so far as they were good, were pious, and, so far as they were active, were unwise and oftentimes unapt. The former could not help me, and the latter only confused me.

SEVENTEENTH BOOK

IN RESUMING the history of my relation to Lilli [the "daughter of the house" described in the Sixteenth Book], I have to mention the many very pleasant hours I spent in her society, partly in the presence of her mother, partly alone with her. On the strength of my writings, people gave me credit for knowledge of the human heart, as it was then called; and in this view our conversations were morally interesting in every way.

But how could we talk of such inward matters without coming to mutual disclosures? It was not long before, in a quiet hour, Lilli told me the history of her youth. She had grown up in the enjoyment of all the advantages of society and worldly comforts. She described to me her brothers, her relations, and all her nearest connexions; only her mother was kept in a respectful obscurity.

We were now necessary to each other, we had grown into the habit of seeing each other; but how many a day, how many an evening till far into the night, should I have had to deny myself her company if I had not reconciled myself to seeing her in her own circles! This was a source of manifold pain to me.

With returning spring, the pleasant freedom of the country was to knit still closer these relations. Offenbach-on-the-Main showed even then the considerable beginnings of a promising city. Beautiful, and for the times splendid, buildings were already conspicuous. Of these Uncle Bernard (to call him by his familiar title) inhabited the largest; extensive factories were adjoining; D'Orville, a lively young man of amiable qualities, lived opposite. Contiguous gardens and terraces, reaching down to the Main, and affording a free egress in every direction into the lovely surrounding scenery, put both visitors and residents in excellent humour. The lover could not find a more desirable spot for indulging his feelings.

I lived at the house of John André. If we walked out early in the morning, we found ourselves in the freshest air, but not precisely in the country. Imposing buildings, which at that time would have done honour to a city; gardens, spreading before us and easily overlooked, with their smooth flower and ornamental beds; a clear prospect commanding the opposite banks of the river, over whose surface, even at an early hour, might be seen floating a busy line of rafts or nimble market skiffs and boats,—these together formed a gently gliding, living world, in harmony with love's tender feelings. Even the lonely rippling of the waves and rustling of the reeds in a softly flowing stream was highly refreshing, and never failed to throw a decidedly tranquillizing spell over those who approached the spot. A clear sky of the finest season of the year overarched the whole; and most pleasant was it to renew morning after morning her dear society, in the midst of such scenes.

Should such a mode of life seem too irregular, too trivial, to the

earnest reader, let him consider that, between what is here brought closely together for the sake of a convenient order there intervened whole days and weeks of renunciation, other engagements and occupations, and indeed an insupportable tedium.

Men and women were busily engaged in their spheres of duty. I too, out of regard for the present and the future, delayed not to attend to all my obligations; and I found time enough to finish that to which my talent and my passion irresistibly impelled me.

The earliest hours of the morning I devoted to poetry: the middle of the day was assigned to worldly business.

It will, of course, be expected that Lilli's birthday, which, on the 23d June, 1775, returned for the seventeenth time, was celebrated with especial honours.

As my prospects were now gradually improving, I took them to be more promising than they really were, and I thought the more about coming to a speedy explanation, since so public an intimacy could not go on much longer without misconstruction. And, as is usual in such cases, we did not expressly say it to one another; but the feeling of being mutually pleased in every way, the full conviction that a separation was impossible, the confidence reposed in one another,—all this produced such a seriousness that I, who had firmly resolved never again to get involved in any troublesome connexion of the kind, and who found myself, nevertheless, entangled in this, without the certainty of a favourable result, was actually beset with a heaviness of mind, to get rid of which I plunged more and more in indifferent worldly affairs, from which apart from my beloved I had no care to derive either profit or pleasure.

In this strange situation, the like of which many, no doubt, have with pain experienced, there came to our aid a female friend of the family, who saw through characters and situations very clearly. She was called *Mademoiselle Delf*; she presided with her elder sister over a little business in Heidelberg, and on several occasions had received many favours from the greater Frankfort commission house. She had known and loved Lilli from her youth; she was quite a peculiar person, of an earnest, masculine look, and with an even, firm hasty step. She had had peculiar reason to adapt herself to the world, and hence she understood it, in a certain sense at least. She could not be called intriguing; she was accustomed to consider distant contingencies, and to carry out her plans in silence: but then she had the gift of seeing an opportunity, and if she found people wavering betwixt doubt and resolution, at the moment when everything depended upon decision, she skilfully contrived to infuse into their minds such a force of character that she seldom failed to accomplish her purpose. Properly speaking, she had no selfish ends; to have done anything, to have completed anything, especially to have brought about a marriage, was reward enough for her. She had long since seen through our position, and, in repeated visits, had carefully observed the state of affairs, so that she had finally convinced herself that the attachment must be favoured; that our plans, honestly but not very skilfully taken in hand and prose-

cuted, must be promoted, and that this little romance be brought to a close as speedily as possible.

For many years she had enjoyed the confidence of Lilli's mother. Introduced by me to my parents, she had managed to make herself agreeable to them; for her rough sort of manner is seldom offensive in an imperial city and, backed by cleverness and tact, is even welcome. She knew very well our wishes and our hopes; her love of meddling made her see in all this a call upon her good offices; in short she had a conversation with our parents. How she commenced it, how she put aside the difficulties which must have stood in her way, I know not; but she came to us one evening and brought the consent. "Take each other by the hand!" cried she, in her pathetic yet commanding manner. I stood opposite to Lilli and offered her my hand; she, not indeed hesitatingly, but still slowly, placed hers in it. After a long and deep breath we fell with lively emotion into each other's arms.

EIGHTEENTH BOOK

IN A CITY like Frankfort, one is placed in a strange position: strangers, continually crossing each other, point to every region of the globe, and awaken a passion for travelling. On many an occasion before now I had shown an inclination to be moving; and now, at the very moment when the great point was to make an experiment whether I could renounce Lilli—when a certain painful disquiet unfitted me for all regular business—the proposition of the Stolbergs, that I should accompany them to Switzerland, was welcome. Stimulated, moreover, by the exhortations of my father, who looked with pleasure on the idea of my travelling in that direction, and who advised me not to omit to pass over into Italy if a suitable occasion should offer itself, I at once decided to go, and soon had everything packed for the journey. With some intimation, but without leave-taking, I separated myself from Lilli: she had so grown into my heart that I did not believe it possible to part myself from her.

In a few hours I found myself with my merry fellow travellers in Darmstadt.

Our former rudeness, though sometimes, as we called it, our genius-like demeanour, was kept in something like a chaste restraint in Carlsruhe, which is decent and almost holy ground. I parted from my companions, as I had resolved to take a wide round and go to Emmendingen, where my brother-in-law was high bailiff. I looked upon this visit to my sister as a real trial. I knew that her married life was unhappy; while there was no cause to find fault with her, with her husband, or with circumstances. She was of a peculiar nature, of which it is difficult to speak.

At my departure, after a short visit, a heavier load lay on my heart; for my sister had earnestly recommended, not to say enjoined, me to break off my connexion with Lilli. She herself had suffered much from a long-protracted engagement: Schlosser, with his spirit of rectitude, did not

betroth himself to her until he was sure of his appointment under the Grand Duke of Baden.

These circumstances, these experiences, made her feel justified in recommending to me, most earnestly, a separation from Lilli. She thought it hard to take such a young lady (of whom she had formed the highest opinion) out of the midst of a lively, if not splendid circle, and to shut her up in our old house, which, although very passable in its way, was not suited for the reception of distinguished society, sticking her, as it were, between a well-disposed but unsociable, precise, and formal father and a mother extremely active in her domestic matters, who, after the household business of the day was over, would not like to be disturbed over some notable bit of work by a friendly conversation with forward and refined young girls. On the other hand, she in a lively manner set Lilli's position before me; for, partly in my letters, partly in a confidential but impassioned conversation, I had told her everything to a hair.

Unfortunately her conception was only a circumstantial and well-meant completion of what a gossiping friend, in whom, by degrees, all confidence ceased to be placed, had contrived by mentioning a few characteristic traits to insinuate into her mind.

I could promise her nothing, although I was obliged to confess that she had convinced me. I went on with that enigmatic feeling in my heart, with which passion always nourishes itself; for the Child Cupid clings obstinately to the garment of Hope, even when she is preparing with long steps to flee away.

NINETEENTH BOOK

ON MY RETURN I did not, I could not, avoid seeing Lilli: the position we maintained towards each other was tender and considerate. I was informed that they had fully convinced her, in my absence, that she must break off her intimacy with me, and that this was the more necessary, and indeed more practicable, since, by my journey and voluntary absence, I had given a sufficiently clear intimation of my own intentions. Nevertheless, the same localities in town and country, the same friends, confidentially acquainted with all the past, could scarcely be seen without emotion by either of us—still and forever lovers, although drawn apart in a mysterious way. It was an accursed state, which in a certain sense resembled Hades, or the meeting of the happy with the unhappy dead.

There were moments when departed days seemed to revive, but instantly vanished again, like ghosts.

Some kind people had told me in confidence that Lilli, when all the obstacles to our union were laid before her, had declared that for my love she was ready to renounce all present ties and advantages and to go with me to America. America was then perhaps, still more than now, the Eldorado of all who found themselves crossed in the wishes of the moment.

But the very thing which should have animated my hopes depressed them only the more. My handsome paternal house, only a few hundred steps from hers, offered certainly a more tolerable and more attractive habitation than an uncertain and remote locality beyond the ocean; still I do not deny that in her presence all hopes, all wishes, sprang to life again, and irresolution was stirring within me.

True, my sister's injunctions were very peremptory and precise: not only had she, with all the shrewd penetration of which she was mistress, explained the situation of things to me, but she had also, with painfully cogent letters, harped upon the same text still more powerfully. "It were very well," said she, "if you could not help it: then you would have to put up with it; such things one must *suffer* but not *choose*." Some months passed away in this most miserable of all conditions; every circumstance had conspired against the union; in her alone I felt, I knew, lay the power which could have overcome every difficulty.

Both lovers, conscious of their position, avoided all solitary interviews; but, in company, they could not help meeting in the usual formal way.

My own tendencies corresponded with the sentiments and wishes of my father. He had so great an idea of my poetic talents, and felt so personal a pleasure in the applause which my earliest efforts had obtained, that he often talked to me on the subject of new and further attempts. On the other hand, I did not venture to communicate to him any of these social effusions and poems of passion.

As, in *Gotz von Berlichingen*, I had, in my own way, mirrored forth the image of an important epoch of the world, I now again carefully looked round for another crisis in political history of similar interest. Accordingly, the Revolt of the Netherlands attracted my attention. In *Gotz* I had depicted a man of parts and energy, sinking under the delusion that in times of anarchy, ability and honesty of purpose must have their weight and influence. The design of *Egmont* was to show that the most firmly established institutions cannot maintain themselves against a powerful and shrewdly calculating Despotism. I had talked so earnestly with my father about what the play ought to be, and what I wanted to do, that it inspired him with an invincible desire to see the plan which I had already worked out in my head fairly set down on paper, in order to its being printed and admired.

In earlier times, while I still hoped to gain Lilli's hand, I had applied myself with the utmost diligence to the study and practice of legal business; but now I sought to fill the fearful gulf which separated me from her, with occupations of more intellect and soul. I therefore set to work in earnest with the composition of *Egmont*. Unlike the first, *Gotz von Berlichingen*, however, it was not written in succession and in order; but, immediately after the first introduction, I went at once to the main scenes, without troubling myself about the various connecting links. I made rapid progress, because my father, knowing my fitful way of working, spurred

me on (literally and without exaggeration) day and night, and seemed to believe that the plan, so easily conceived, might as easily be executed.

TWENTIETH BOOK

I RETURN to the littleness of my own life, for which strange events, clothed at least with a demoniacal appearance, were in store. From the summit of Mont Gotthard I had turned my back upon Italy, and returned home; because I could not make up my mind to go to a distance from Lilli. An affection founded on the hope of possessing for life one dearly beloved in an intimate and cordial union does not die away all at once: on the contrary, it is nourished by a consideration of the reasonable desires and honest hopes we are conscious of cherishing.

I had renounced Lilli from conviction, but love made me suspect my own reason. Lilli had taken leave of me with the same feelings; and I had set out on a beautiful tour in order to distract my mind, but it had produced the opposite effect.

As long as I was absent, I believed in the separation, but did not believe in the renunciation. Recollections, hopes, and wishes, all had free play. Now I came back, and as the reunion of those whose happy love is unopposed is a heaven, so the meeting again of two lovers who are kept apart by cold calculations of reason is an intolerable purgatory, a forecourt of hell. When I again entered the circle in which Lilli still moved, all the dissonances which tended to oppose our union seemed to have gained double force; when I stood once more before her, the conviction that she was lost to me fell heavy upon my heart.

Accordingly I resolved at once on flight, and under this impression there was nothing which I desired more than that the young ducal pair of Weimar should come from Carlsruhe to Frankfort, in order that, complying with old and new invitations, I might follow them to Weimar. Their Highnesses had always maintained towards me a gracious and confidential manner, for which I on my part returned the warmest thanks. My attachment to the Duke from the first moment I saw him; my respect for the princess, whom by reputation I had so long known; a desire to render personally some friendly service to Wieland, whose conduct had been so liberal, and to atone upon the spot for my half-wilful, half-unintentional improprieties, were motives enough to induce and even to force the assent of a youth, who now had no attachment to detain him. Moreover, from Lilli I must fly, whether to the South, where my father's enthusiasm was daily depicting to me a most glorious heaven of Art and Nature, or to the North, whither so distinguished a circle of eminent men invited me.

The young princely pair now reached Frankfort on their way home. After I had on good grounds determined to accept their friendly offers, the following arrangement was made. A gentleman of the Duke's suite, who had stayed behind in Carlsruhe to wait for a landau which was build-

ing in Strasburg, was to be by a certain day in Frankfort; and I was to hold myself in readiness to set off directly with him for Weimar. The cheering and gracious farewell with which the young sovereigns took their leave of me, the kind behaviour of the courtiers, made me look forward most anxiously to this journey, for which the road seemed so pleasantly to smooth itself.

But here, too, accidents came in to complicate so simple an arrangement, which through passionate impatience became still more confused, and was almost quite frustrated. Having announced the day of my departure, I had taken leave of everybody; and after packing up in haste my chattels, not forgetting my unprinted manuscripts, I waited anxiously for the hour which was to bring the aforesaid friend in the new landau, and to carry me into a new country and into new circumstances. The hour passed, and the day also; and since, to avoid a second leave-taking and the being overrun with visits, I had given out that I was to depart early in the morning, I was obliged to keep close to the house and to my own room, and had thus placed myself in a peculiar situation.

But since solitude and a narrow space were always favourable to me, and I was now compelled to find some employment for these hours, I set to work on my *Egmont*, and brought it almost to a close.

Thus passed eight days, and I know not how many more, when such perfect imprisonment began to prove irksome.

Already for several evenings I had found it impossible to remain at home. Disguised in a large mantle, I crept round the city, passing the houses of my friends and acquaintances, and not forbearing to walk up to Lilli's window.

Several more days passed; and my father's suggestion seemed daily to become more probable, since not even a letter arrived from Carlsruhe to explain the reasons of the delay. I was unable to go on with my poetic labours; and now, in the uneasiness with which I was internally distracted, my father had the game to himself. He represented to me that it was now too late to change matters, that my trunk was packed, and he would give me money and credit to go to Italy; but I must decide quickly. In such a weighty affair, I naturally doubted and hesitated. Finally, however, I agreed that if, by a certain hour, neither carriage nor message came, I would set off, directing my steps first of all to Heidelberg, and from there over the Alps, not, however, going through Switzerland again, but rather taking the route through the Grisons, or the Tyrol.

I had several reasons for going to Heidelberg; one was very sensible and prudent, for I had heard that my missing Weimar friend must pass through Heidelberg from Carlsruhe; and so, when we reached the post-house, I left a note which was to be handed to a cavalier who should pass through in the carriage described; the second reason was one of passion, and had reference to my late attachment to Lilli. In short, Mademoiselle Delf, who had been the confidante of our love, and indeed the mediator with our respective parents for their approval of our marriage, lived there; and I prized it as the greatest happiness to be able, before I left

Germany, to talk over those happy times with a worthy, patient, and indulgent friend.

I was well received, and introduced into many families; among others, the family of the high warden of the forests.

One night Mademoiselle Delf had gone on until late unfolding to me her plans, and all that certain parties were disposed to do for me; and I could not but feel grateful for such sentiments, although the scheme of strengthening a certain circle, through me and my possible influence at court, was manifest enough. It was about one o'clock when we separated. I soon fell into a sound sleep; but before very long I was awakened by the horn of a postillion, who was stopping and blowing it before the house. Very soon Mademoiselle Delf appeared with a light, and a letter in her hands, and, coming up to my bedside, she exclaimed, "Here's the letter! read and tell me what it says. Surely it comes from the Weimar people. If it is an invitation, do not follow it, but call to mind our conversation." I asked her to give me a light, and leave me for a quarter of an hour to myself. She went away very reluctantly. I remained thinking for some time without opening the letter. The express, then, has come from Frankfort,—I know both the seal and hand; the friend, then, has arrived there; he is still true to his invitation, and our own want of faith and incredulity had made us act prematurely. Why could one not wait, in a quiet, civilized place, for a man who had been announced distinctly, but whose arrival might be delayed by so many accidents? The scales fell from my eyes. All the kindness, the graciousness, the confidence, of the past came up livingly before me; and I was almost ashamed of the strange, wilful step I had taken. I opened the letter, and found all that had happened explained naturally enough. My missing guide had waited for the new landau, which was to come from Strasburg, day after day, hour after hour, as we had waited for him; then, for the sake of some business, he had gone round by way of Mannheim to Frankfort, and to his dismay had not found me there. He sent the hasty letter by express, proposing that, now the mistake was explained, I should instantly return, and save him the shame of going to Weimar without me.

Much as my understanding and my feeling inclined me to this side, there was still no lack of weighty arguments in favour of my new route. My father had laid out for me a fine plan of travel, and given me a little library, which might prepare me for the scenes I was to visit, and also guide me on the spot. In my leisure hours I had had no other entertainment than to reflect on it; and, indeed, during my last short journey I had thought of nothing else in the coach. Those glorious objects with which, from my youth up, I had become acquainted, histories, and all sorts of tales, gathered before my soul; and nothing seemed to me so desirable as to visit them, while I was parting from Lilli forever.

As these thoughts passed through my mind, I had dressed, and was walking up and down my chamber. My anxious hostess entered. "What am I to hope?" she cried. "Dearest madam," I answered, "say no more on the subject: I have made up my mind to return; the grounds of that

conclusion I have well weighed, and to repeat them to you would be wasting time. A resolution must be taken sooner or later, and who should take it but the person whom it most concerns?"

I was moved, and so was she; and we had an excited scene, which I cut short by ordering my servant to engage a post coach. In vain I begged my hostess to calm herself, and to turn the mock departure which I took of the company the evening before into a real one; to consider that it was only a temporary visit, a postponement for a short time; that my Italian journey was not given up, and my return that way was not precluded. She would listen to nothing, and disquieted her friend, already deeply excited, still more. The coach was at the door; everything was packed, and the postillion gave the usual signs of impatience; I tore myself away; she would not let me go, and, with so much art, brought up all the arguments of the present that finally, impassioned and inspired, I shouted out the words of Egmont,—

"Child! child! no more! The coursers of time, lashed, as it were, by invisible spirits, hurry on the light car of our destiny; and all that we can do is in cool self-possession to hold the reins with a firm hand, and to guide the wheels, now to the left, now to the right, avoiding a stone here or a precipice there. Whither it is hurrying, who can tell? and who, indeed, can remember whence he came?"

THE TRUE STORY
OF MY LIFE

by

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

1805-1875

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, the great Danish fabulist, always thought of himself as a poet, dramatist, and novelist. Few persons today know even the titles of those writings for which he hoped to be remembered; his place in literature was determined almost against his wishes in 1835 with the appearance of the first of his *Eventyr* or *Fairy Tales*. It is obvious that Andersen never realized his own limitations as a writer. Perhaps it is fortunate that he did not. At the age of forty he was able to say of his life that it was "the most wonderful fairy tale of all."

Andersen was born at Odense in Fünen on April 2, 1805. His father was an eccentric and sickly young cobbler who read aloud to his son on the first day of his existence and from then on devoted his short life (he died in 1816) to gratifying his son's every wish. Father, mother, and child lived and slept in one small room—a room that was almost filled already by the cobbler's bench.

When Hans Andersen was confirmed at Easter 1819, there was some talk of his being apprenticed to a tailor. His fondness for making clothes for the puppets with which he presented his plays would seem to have suggested the idea to his mother, but young Hans considered himself already a poet and insisted on being permitted to seek his fortune in Copenhagen. In the best fairy-tale tradition he set out to conquer the world, armed with thirteen "rix dollars banco" and a letter of introduction to one of the dancers at the theater. His money was soon spent, the dancer thought him insane, and, had it not been for his uncanny ability to make friends, he would soon have starved. The composer Weyse was among the first of his benefactors; Collin, the director of the Royal Theater, became interested in the boy's first attempt to write a tragedy and arranged to have him sent to the Latin School at Skagelse for three years.

Literary success of a sort came unexpectedly in 1829 when Andersen's curious volume called *A Journey on Foot* caught the fancy of the public. But the sensitive young poet's next productions were somewhat roughly handled by the critics, and when he set out on a tour made possible by a grant of money from Frederick VI, it was with the melancholy reflection that he "had been obliged to produce recommendations to prove that he was a poet." From Paris he went to Rome, where he wrote his novel *The Improvisatore*. He returned to Denmark in 1835 with his position as one of the leading Danish authors unquestioned.

His first *Fairy Tales* appeared in the same year, and this first installment included such immortal stories as "The Tinder Box," "Little Claus and Big Claus," and "The Princess and the Pea." Although he continued to write novels and sketches (*O.T., Only a Fiddler*), he could not ignore the demands for more installments of the *Tales*. The 1836 series included "Thumbelina," and the following year brought a third group including "The Little Mermaid" and "The Emperor's New Clothes." Andersen tells us solemnly that several of his friends counseled him entirely to abstain from writing tales, as these were a something for which he had no talent. Others were of opinion that he had better, first of all, study the French fairy tale. "I would willingly have discontinued writing them [he says] but they forced themselves from me." The fairy tales continued to appear at intervals until 1872.

Andersen's later years were happy ones. He traveled much and recorded his travels in such pleasant works as *In Spain*, which appeared in 1863. He enjoyed meeting famous people and, as his autobiography records, he met a great many during the first forty years of his life. Toward the end of *The True Story of My Life* he tells of meeting his friend Ole Bull, the Norwegian violinist, and learning from him that English translations of his works had made him known and admired in America. In 1857 he spent five weeks as the guest of Charles Dickens in England.

Of his autobiography, Andersen says: "Openly and full of confidence, as if I sat among dear friends, I have related the story of my life, have spoken both of my sorrows and joys, and have expressed my pleasure at each mark of applause and recognition, as I believe I might even express it before God himself. But then, whether this may be vanity? I know not: my heart was affected and humble at the same time, my thought was gratitude to God. That I have related it is not alone because such a biographical sketch as this was desired from me for the collected edition of my works, but because the history of my life will be the best commentary to all my works."

THE TRUE STORY OF MY LIFE

I

MY LIFE is a lovely story, happy and full of incident. If, when I was a boy, and went forth into the world poor and friendless, a good fairy had met me and said, "Choose now thy own course through life, and the object for which thou wilt strive, and then, according to the development of thy mind, and as reason requires, I will guide and defend thee to its attainment," my fate could not, even then, have been directed more happily, more prudently, or better. The history of my life will say to the world what it says to me—There is a loving God, who directs all things for the best.

My native land, Denmark, is a poetical land, full of popular traditions, old songs, and an eventful history, which has become bound up with that of Sweden and Norway. The Danish islands are possessed of beautiful beech woods, and corn and clover fields: they resemble gardens on a great scale. Upon one of these green islands, Funen, stands Odense, the place of my birth. Odense is called after the pagan god Odin, who, as tradition states, lived here: this place is the capital of the province, and lies twenty-two Danish miles from Copenhagen.

In the year 1805 there lived here, in a small mean room, a young married couple, who were extremely attached to each other: he was a shoemaker, scarcely twenty-two years old, a man of a richly gifted and truly poetical mind. His wife, a few years older than himself, was ignorant of life and of the world, but possessed a heart full of love. The young man had himself made his shoemaking bench and the bedstead with which he began housekeeping; this bedstead he had made out of the wooden frame which had borne only a short time before the coffin of the deceased Count Trampe, as he lay in state, and the remnants of the black cloth on the woodwork kept the fact still in remembrance.

Instead of a noble corpse, surrounded by crape and wax lights, here lay, on the second of April 1805, a living and weeping child,—that was myself, Hans Christian Andersen. During the first day of my existence my father is said to have sat by the bed and read aloud in Holberg, but I cried all the time. "Wilt thou go to sleep, or listen quietly?" it is reported that my father asked in joke; but I still cried on; and even in the church, when I was taken to be baptized, I cried so loudly that the preacher, who was a passionate man, said, "The young one screams like a cat!" which words my mother never forgot.

Our little room, which was almost filled with the shoemaker's bench, the bed, and my crib, was the abode of my childhood; the walls, however, were covered with pictures, and over the workbench was a cupboard containing books and songs, the little kitchen was full of shining plates and metal pans, and by means of a ladder it was possible to go out on the roof, where, in the gutters between our and the neighbour's house, there stood a great chest filled with soil, my mother's sole garden, and where she grew her vegetables. In my story of the Snow Queen that garden still blooms.

My father gratified me in all my wishes. I possessed his whole heart; he lived for me. On Sundays he made me perspective glasses, theatres, and pictures which could be changed; he read to me from Holberg's plays and the Arabian Tales; it was only in such moments as these that I can remember to have seen him really cheerful, for he never felt himself happy in his life and as a handicraftsman.

He very seldom associated with his equals. He went out into the woods on Sundays, when he took me with him; he did not talk much when he was out, but would sit silently, sunk in deep thought, whilst I ran about and strung strawberries on a bent or bound garlands.

The mother of my father came daily to our house, were it only for a moment, in order to see her little grandson. I was her joy and her delight. She was employed to take care of the gardens belonging to a lunatic asylum, and every Sunday evening she brought us some flowers, which they gave her permission to take home with her. These flowers adorned my mother's cupboard; but still they were mine, and to me it was allowed to put them in the glass of water.

Every circumstance around me tended to excite my imagination. Odense itself, in those days in which there was not a single steamboat in existence, and when intercourse with other places was much more rare than now, was a totally different city to what it is in our day; a person might have fancied himself living hundreds of years ago, because so many customs prevailed then which belonged to an earlier age. The guilds walked in procession through the town with their harlequin before them with mace and bells; on Shrove Tuesday the butchers led the fattest ox through the streets adorned with garlands, whilst a boy in a white shirt and with great wings on his shoulders rode upon it; the sailors paraded through the city with music and all their flags flying, and then two of the boldest among them stood and wrestled upon a plank placed between two boats, and the one who was not thrown into the water was the victor.

I very seldom played with other boys; even at school I took little interest in their games, but remained sitting within doors. At home I had playthings enough, which my father made for me.

I grew up pious and superstitious. I had no idea of want or need; to be sure my parents had only sufficient to live from day to day, but I at least had plenty of everything; an old woman altered my father's clothes for me. Now and then I went with my parents to the theatre, where the first representations which I saw were in German. *Das Donauweibchen*

was the favourite piece of the whole city; there, however, I saw, for the first time, Holberg's *Village Politicians* treated as an opera.

The theatre soon became my favourite place, but, as I could only very seldom go there, I acquired the friendship of the man who carried out the playbills, and he gave me one every day. With this I seated myself in a corner and imagined an entire play, according to the name of the piece and the characters in it. That was my first, unconscious poetising.

My father's favourite reading was plays and stories, although he also read works of history and the scriptures. He pondered in silent thought afterwards upon that which he had read, but my mother did not understand him when he talked with her about it, and therefore he grew more and more silent.

My father's rambles in the wood became more frequent; he had no rest. The events of the war in Germany, which he read in the newspapers with eager curiosity, occupied him completely. Napoleon was his hero: his rise from obscurity was the most beautiful example to him. At that time Denmark was in league with France; nothing was talked of but war; my father entered the service as a soldier, in the hope of returning home a lieutenant. My mother wept, the neighbours shrugged their shoulders and said that it was folly to go out to be shot when there was no occasion for it.

The regiment advanced no farther than Holstein, peace was concluded, and the voluntary soldier returned to his work stool. Everything fell into its old course.

One morning he woke in a state of the wildest excitement, and talked only of campaigns and Napoleon. He fancied that he had received orders from him to take the command. My mother immediately sent me, not to the physician, but to a so-called wise woman some miles from Odense. I went to her. She questioned me, measured my arm with a woollen thread, made extraordinary signs, and at last laid a green twig upon my breast. It was, she said, a piece of the same kind of tree upon which the Saviour was crucified.

"Go now," said she, "by the riverside towards home. If your father will die this time, then you will meet his ghost."

My anxiety and distress may be imagined,—I, who was so full of superstition, and whose imagination was so easily excited.

"And thou hast not met anything, hast thou?" inquired my mother when I got home. I assured her, with beating heart, that I had not.

My father died the third day after that. His corpse lay on the bed; I therefore slept with my mother. A cricket chirped the whole night through.

"He is dead," said my mother, addressing it; "thou needest not call him. The ice maiden has fetched him."

I understood what she meant. I recollected that, in the winter before, when our windowpanes were frozen, my father pointed to them and showed us a figure as that of a maiden with outstretched arms. "She is

come to fetch me," he said in jest. And now, when he lay dead on the bed, my mother remembered this, and it occupied my thoughts also.

He was buried in St. Knud's Churchyard, by the door on the left-hand side coming from the altar. My grandmother planted roses upon his grave. There are now in the selfsame place two strangers' graves, and the grass grows green upon them also.

After my father's death, I was entirely left to myself. My mother went out washing. I sat alone at home with my little theatre, made doll's clothes, and read plays. It has been told me that I was always clean and nicely dressed. I had grown tall, my hair was long, bright, and almost yellow, and I always went bareheaded.

My mother married a second time, a young handicraftsman; but his family, who also belonged to the handicraft class, thought that he had married below himself, and neither my mother nor myself were permitted to visit them. My stepfather was a young, grave man, who would have nothing to do with my education. I spent my time, therefore, over my peep show and my puppet theatre, and my greatest happiness consisted in collecting bright coloured pieces of cloth and silk, which I cut out myself, and sewed. My mother regarded it as good exercise preparatory to my becoming a tailor, and took up the idea that I certainly was born for it. I, on the contrary, said that I would go to the theatre and be an actor, a wish which my mother most sedulously opposed, because she knew of no other theatre than those of the strolling players and the ropedancers. No, a tailor I must and should be.

I grew rapidly, and was a tall lad, of whom my mother said that she could not let him any longer go about without any object in life. I was sent, therefore, to the charity school, but learned only religion, writing, and arithmetic, and the last badly enough; I could also scarcely spell a word correctly. On the master's birthday I always wove him a garland and wrote him a poem; he received them half with smiles and half as a joke; the last time, however, he scolded me. The street lads had also heard from their parents of my peculiar turn of mind, and that I was in the habit of going to the houses of the gentry. I was therefore one day pursued by a wild crowd of them, who shouted after me derisively, "There runs the play-writer!" I hid myself at home in a corner, wept, and prayed to God.

An old female tailor altered my deceased father's great coat into a confirmation suit for me; never before had I worn so good a coat. I had also for the first time in my life a pair of boots. My delight was extremely great; my only fear was that everybody would not see them, and therefore I drew them up over my trousers and thus marched through the church. The boots creaked, and that inwardly pleased me, for thus the congregation would hear that they were new.

During the last year I had saved together a little sum of money. When I counted it over I found it to be thirteen rix dollars banco (about thirty shillings). I was quite overjoyed at the possession of so much wealth, and as my mother now most resolutely required that I should be apprenticed

to a tailor, I prayed and besought her that I might make a journey to Copenhagen, that I might see the greatest city in the world.

"What wilt thou do there?" asked my mother.

"I will become famous," returned I, and I then told her all that I had read about extraordinary men. "People have," said I, "at first an immense deal of adversity to go through, and then they will be famous."

It was a wholly unintelligible impulse that guided me. I wept, I prayed, and at last my mother consented, after having first sent for a so-called wise woman out of the hospital, that she might read my future fortune by the coffee grounds and cards.

"Your son will become a great man," said the old woman, "and in honour of him, Odense will one day be illuminated."

My mother wept when she heard that, and I obtained permission to travel. All the neighbours told my mother that it was a dreadful thing to let me, at only fourteen years of age, go to Copenhagen, which was such a long way off, and such a great and intricate city, and where I knew nobody.

I heard a deal said about the large theatre in Copenhagen, and that there was to be seen what was called the ballet, something which surpassed both the opera and the play: more especially did I hear the solo dancer, Madame Schall, spoken of as the first of all. Filled with these thoughts, I went to the old printer Iversen, one of the most respectable citizens of Odense, and who, as I heard, had had considerable intercourse with the actors when they were in the town. He, I thought, must of necessity be acquainted with the famous dancer; him I would request to give me a letter of introduction to her, and then I would commit the rest to God.

My mother packed up my clothes in a small bundle, and made a bargain with the driver of a post carriage to take me back with him to Copenhagen for three rix dollars banco. The afternoon on which we were to set out came, and my mother accompanied me to the city gate. Here stood my old grandmother; in the last few years her beautiful hair had become grey; she fell upon my neck and wept, without being able to speak a word. I was myself deeply affected. And thus we parted. I saw her no more; she died in the following year. I do not even know her grave: she sleeps in the poorhouse burial ground.

II

ON MONDAY MORNING, September 5th, 1819, I saw, from the heights of Fredricksberg, Copenhagen for the first time.

On the following day I dressed myself in my confirmation suit, nor were the boots forgotten, although, this time, they were worn, naturally, under my trousers; and thus, in my best attire, with a hat on, which fell half over my eyes, I hastened to present my letter of introduction to the dancer, Madame Schall.

At length I was admitted to the dancer; she looked at me in great amazement, and then heard what I had to say. She had not the slightest knowledge of him from whom the letter came, and my whole appearance and behaviour seemed very strange to her.

My strange gestures and my great activity caused the lady to think me out of my mind, and she lost no time in getting rid of me.

From her I went to the manager of the theatre, to ask for an engagement. He looked at me and said that I was "too thin for the theatre."

"Oh," replied I, "if you will only engage me with one hundred rix dollars banco salary, then I shall soon get fat!" The manager bade me gravely go my way, adding that they only engaged people of education.

I now went and bought myself a gallery ticket for the Opera of Paul and Virginia. The separation of the lovers affected me to such a degree that I burst into violent weeping. A few women, who sat near me, consoled me by saying that it was only a play and nothing to trouble oneself about; and then they gave me a sausage sandwich. I had the greatest confidence in everybody, and therefore I told them, with the utmost openness, that I did not really weep about Paul and Virginia, but because I regarded the theatre as my Virginia, and that if I must be separated from it, I should be just as wretched as Paul. They looked at me and seemed not to understand my meaning. I then told them why I had come to Copenhagen and how forlorn I was there. One of the women, therefore, gave me more bread and butter, with fruit and cakes.

On the following morning I paid my bill, and to my infinite trouble I saw that my whole wealth consisted in one rix dollar banco. It was necessary, therefore, either that I should find some vessel to take me home or put myself to work with some handicraftsman. I bought a newspaper, therefore, and found among the advertisements that a cabinetmaker was in want of an apprentice. The man received me kindly, but said that before I was bound to him he must have an attestation, and my baptismal register from Odense; and that till these came I could remove to his house and try how the business pleased me. At six o'clock the next morning I went to the workshop: several journeymen were there, and two or three apprentices; but the master was not come. They fell into merry and idle discourse. I was as bashful as a girl, and as they soon perceived this, I was unmercifully rallied upon it. Later in the day the rude jests of the young fellows went so far that, in remembrance of the scene at the manufactory, I took the resolute determination not to remain a single day longer in the workshop. I went down to the master, therefore, and told him that I could not stand it; he tried to console me, but in vain: I was too much affected and hastened away.

I now went through the streets; nobody knew me; I was quite forlorn. I then bethought myself of having read in a newspaper in Odense the name of an Italian, Siboni, who was the director of the Academy of Music in Copenhagen. Everybody had praised my voice; perhaps he would assist me for its sake; if not, then that very evening I must seek out the master of some vessel who would take me home again. At the thoughts of

the journey home I became still more violently excited, and in this state of suffering I hastened to Siboni's house.

It happened that very day that he had a large party to dinner; our celebrated composer Weyse was there, the poet Baggesen, and other guests. The housekeeper opened the door to me, and to her I not only related my wish to be engaged as a singer, but also the whole history of my life. She listened to me with the greatest sympathy, and then she left me. I waited a long time, and she must have been repeating to the company the greater part of what I had said, for, in a while, the door opened, and all the guests came out and looked at me. They would have me to sing, and Siboni heard me attentively. I gave some scenes out of Holberg and repeated a few poems; and then, all at once, the sense of my unhappy condition so overcame me that I burst into tears; the whole company applauded.

Siboni promised to cultivate my voice, and that I therefore should succeed as a singer at the Theatre Royal. It made me very happy; I laughed and wept; and as the housekeeper led me out and saw the excitement under which I laboured she stroked my cheeks, and said that on the following day I should go to Professor Weyse, who meant to do something for me, and upon whom I could depend.

I went to Weyse, who himself had risen from poverty; he had deeply felt and fully comprehended my unhappy situation, and had raised by a subscription seventy rix dollars banco for me.

Siboni received me into his house and gave me food and instruction; but half a year afterwards my voice broke, or was injured, in consequence of my being compelled to wear bad shoes through the winter, and having besides no warm underclothing. There was no longer any prospect that I should become a fine singer. Siboni told me that candidly, and counselled me to go to Odense and there learn a trade.

As I found myself again abandoned, and was pondering by myself upon what was best for me next to do, the Poet Guldberg, a brother of the Colonel of that name in Odense, who had shown me much kindness, made me a present of the profits of a little work which he had just then published; it became known, and I believe they exceeded one hundred rix dollars banco; the excellent Weyse and others also supported me.

I had now been two years in Copenhagen. The sum of money which had been collected for me was expended, but I was ashamed of making known my wants and my necessities. I had removed to the house of a woman whose husband, when living, was master of a trading vessel, and there I had only lodging and breakfast. Those were heavy, dark days for me. The lady believed that I went out to dine with various families, whilst I only ate a little bread on one of the benches in the royal garden. Very rarely did I venture into some of the lowest eating houses, and choose there the least expensive dish. I was, in truth, very forlorn; but I did not feel the whole weight of my condition. Every person who spoke to me kindly I took for a faithful friend.

My voice had, in the meantime, in part regained its richness. The

singing master of the choir school heard it, offered me a place in the school, thinking that, by singing with the choir, I should acquire greater freedom in the exercise of my powers on the stage. I thought that I could see by this means a new way opened for me. I went from the dancing school into the singing school, and entered the choir, now as a shepherd and now as a warrior. The theatre was my world. I had permission to go in the pit, and thus it fared ill with my Latin.

It was just at the close of the theatrical season, in May, 1823, that I received a letter from the directors, by which I was dismissed from the singing and dancing school, the letter adding also that my participation in the schoolteaching could lead to no advantage for me, but that they wished some of my many friends would enable me to receive an education, without which, talent availed nothing. I felt myself again, as it were, cast out into the wide world without help and without support. It was absolutely necessary that I should write a piece for the theatre, and that *must* be accepted; there was no other salvation for me. I wrote, therefore, a tragedy founded on a passage in history, and I called it *Alfsoel*. I was delighted with the first act, and with this I immediately went to the Danish translator of Shakspeare, Admiral Wulff, now deceased, who good-naturedly heard me read it.

A favourite preacher, the rural dean Gutfeldt, was living at that time, and he it was who exerted himself most earnestly for my tragedy, which was now finished, and having written a letter of recommendation, he sent it to the managers of the theatre. I was suspended between hope and fear.

The present conference councillor, Collin, one of the most distinguished men of Denmark, I saw now for the first time. He was at that time director of the Theatre Royal, and people universally told me that it would be the best thing for me if he would interest himself on my behalf.

I discovered only the man of business in Collin; his conversation was grave and in few words. I went away, without expecting any sympathy from this man; and yet it was precisely Collin who in all sincerity thought for my advantage, and who worked for it silently, as he had done for others, through the whole course of his active life.

In a few days I was sent for by the directors of the theatre, when Rahbek [of the theatre staff] gave me back my play; adding, however, that there were so many grains of corn scattered in it that it was hoped that perhaps, by earnest study, after going to school and the previous knowledge of all that is requisite, I might, sometime, be able to write a work which should be worthy of being acted on the Danish stage.

In order therefore to obtain the means for my support and the necessary instruction, Collin recommended me to King Frederick the Sixth, who granted to me a certain sum annually for some years; and, by means of Collin also, the directors of the high schools allowed me to receive free instruction in the grammar school at Slagelse, where, just then, a new, and, as was said, an active rector was appointed. I was almost dumb with astonishment: never had I thought that my life would take this direc-

tion, although I had no correct idea of the path which I had now to tread. I was to go with the earliest mail to Slagelse, which lay twelve Danish miles from Copenhagen, to the place where also the poets Baggesen and Ingemann had gone to school. I was to receive money quarterly from Collin; I was to apply to him in all cases, and he it was who was to ascertain my industry and my progress.

On a beautiful autumn day I set off with the mail from Copenhagen to begin my school life in Slagelse.

III

WHEN, late in the evening, I arrived at the inn in Slagelse, I asked the hostess if there were anything remarkable in the city.

"Yes," said she, "a new English fire engine and Pastor Bastholm's library."

I boarded with a respectable widow of the educated class, and had a little chamber looking out into the garden and field. My place in the school was in the lowest class, among little boys:—I knew indeed nothing at all.

I was actually like a wild bird which was confined in a cage; I had the greatest desire to learn, but for the moment I floundered about, as if I had been thrown into the sea; the one wave followed another, grammar, geography, mathematics—I felt myself overpowered by them, and feared that I should never be able to acquire all these. The rector, who took a peculiar delight in turning everything to ridicule, did not, of course, make an exception in my case. To me he stood there as a divinity; I believed unconditionally every word which he spoke. One day, when I had replied incorrectly to his question and he said that I was stupid, I mentioned it to Collin, and told him my anxiety, lest I did not deserve all that people had done for me; but he consoled me. Occasionally, however, on some subjects of instruction, I began to receive a good certificate, and the teachers were heartily kind to me; yet, notwithstanding that I advanced, I still lost confidence in myself more and more. On one of the first examinations, however, I obtained the praise of the rector. He wrote the same in my character book; and, happy in this, I went a few days afterwards to Copenhagen. Guldberg, who saw the progress I had made, received me kindly and commended my zeal; and his brother in Odense furnished me the next summer with the means of visiting the place of my birth, where I had not been since I left it to seek adventures.

As soon, however, as I returned to Slagelse, this halo of glory vanished, as well as every thought of it. I may freely confess that I was industrious, and I rose, as soon as it was possible, into a higher class; but in proportion as I rose did I feel the pressure upon me more strongly, and that my endeavours were not sufficiently productive. Many an evening, when sleep overcame me, did I wash my head with cold water or run about the lonely little garden, till I was again wakeful and could compre-

hend the book anew. The rector filled up a portion of his hours of teaching with jests, nicknames, and not the happiest of witticisms. I was as if paralysed with anxiety when he entered the room, and from that cause my replies often expressed the opposite of that which I wished to say, and thereby my anxiety was all the more increased. What was to become of me?

In my character book I always received, as regarded my conduct, "remarkably good." On one occasion, however, I only obtained the testimony of "very good"; and so anxious and childlike was I that I wrote a letter to Collin on that account, and assured him in grave earnestness that I was perfectly innocent, although I had only obtained a character of "very good."

The rector grew weary of his residence in Slagelse; he applied for the vacant post of rector in the grammar school of Helsingør, and obtained it. He told me of it, and added kindly that I might write to Collin and ask leave to accompany him thither; that I might live in his house, and could even now remove to his family; I should then in half a year become a student, which could not be the case if I remained behind, and that then he would himself give me some private lessons in Latin and Greek.

I accompanied him to Helsingør. The scenery here made a lively impression upon me, but I dared only to cast stolen glances at it. When the school hours were over, the house door was commonly locked; I was obliged to remain in the heated schoolroom and learn my Latin, or else play with the children or sit in my little room; I never went out to visit anybody. My life in this family furnishes the most evil dreams to my remembrance.

My letters to Collin, written at this time, showed such a gloomy, despairing state of mind that they touched him deeply; but people imagined that was not to be helped; they fancied that it was my disposition, and not, as was the case, that it was the consequence of outward influences. My temper of mind was thoroughly buoyant, and susceptible of every ray of sunshine; but only on one single holiday in the year, when I could go to Copenhagen, was I able to enjoy it.

One of the masters went to Copenhagen and related to Collin exactly what I had to bear, and immediately he removed me from the school and from the rector's house. When, in taking leave of him, I thanked him for the kindness which I had received from him, the passionate man cursed me and ended by saying that I should never become a student, that my verses would grow mouldy on the floor of the bookseller's shop, and that I myself should end my days in a madhouse. I trembled to my innermost being and left him.

A young man, who afterwards became celebrated in Denmark for his zeal in the Northern languages and in history, became my teacher. I hired a little garret; it is described in the *Fiddler*; and in the *Picture Book without Pictures* people may see that I often received there visits from the moon. I had a certain sum allowed for my support; but as instruction was to be paid for, I had to make savings in other ways. A few families

through the weekdays gave me a place at their tables. I was a sort of boarder, as many another poor student in Copenhagen is still: there was a variety in it; it gave an insight into the several kinds of family life, which was not without influence on me. I studied industriously.

In September, 1828, I was a student; and when the examination was over, the thousand ideas and thoughts, by which I was pursued on the way to my teacher, flew like a swarm of bees out into the world, and indeed into my first work, *A Journey, on Foot to Amack*; a peculiar, humorous book, but one which fully exhibited my own individual character at that time, my disposition to sport with everything, and to jest in tears over my own feelings—a fantastic, gaily coloured tapestry work. No publisher had the courage to bring out that little book; I therefore ventured to do it myself, and, in a few days after its appearance, the impression was sold. Publisher Reitzel bought from me the second edition; after a while he had a third; and besides this, the work was reprinted in Sweden.

Everybody read my book; I heard nothing but praise; I was “a student,”—I had attained the highest goal of my wishes. I was in a whirl of joy; and in this state I wrote my first dramatic work, *Love on the Nicholas Tower, or, What says the Pit?* It was unsuccessful, because it satirised that which no longer existed amongst us, namely, the shows of the middle ages; besides which, it rather ridiculed the enthusiasm for the vaudeville.

My fellow students received the piece with acclamation; they were proud of me. I was the second of their body who in this year had brought out a piece on the Danish stage; the other was Arnesen, student at the same time with me, and author of a vaudeville called *The Intrigue in the People's Theatre*, a piece which had a great run. We were the two young authors of the October examination, two of the sixteen poets which this year produced, and whom people in jest divided into the four great and the twelve small poets.

I was now a happy human being; I possessed the soul of a poet and the heart of youth; all houses began to open to me; I flew from circle to circle. Still, however, I devoted myself industriously to study, so that in September, 1829, I passed my *Examen philologicum et philosophicum* and brought out the first collected edition of my poems which met with great praise. Life lay bright with sunshine before me.

IV

UNTIL NOW I had only seen a small part of my native land. I wished, therefore, in the summer of 1830, to devote my first literary proceeds to seeing Jutland, and making myself more thoroughly acquainted with my own Fünen.

I betrayed more and more in my writings an unhealthy turn of mind. I felt an inclination to seek for the melancholy in life and to linger on the dark side of things; I became sensitive, and thought rather of the blame than the praise which was lavished on me. My late school education,

which was forced, and my impulse to become an author whilst I was yet a student, make it evident that my first work, the *Journey on Foot*, was not without grammatical errors. Had I only paid someone to correct the press, which was a work I was unaccustomed to, then no charge of this kind could have been brought against me. Now, on the contrary, people laughed at these errors and dwelt upon them, passing over carelessly that in the book which had merit. I know people who only read my poems to find out errors; they noted down, for instance, how often I used the word *beautiful*, or some similar word. A gentleman, now a clergyman, at that time a writer of vaudevilles and a critic, was not ashamed, in a company where I was, to go through several of my poems in this style; so that a little girl of six years old, who heard with amazement that he discovered everything to be wrong, took the book, and pointing out the conjunction *and*, said, "There is yet a little word about which you have not scolded." He felt what a reproof lay in the remark of the child; he looked ashamed and kissed the little one. All this wounded me; but I had, since my school-days, become somewhat timid, and that caused me to take it all quietly: I was morbidly sensitive, and I was good-natured to a fault. Everybody knew it, and some were on that account almost cruel to me. Everybody wished to teach me; almost everybody said that I was spoiled by praise, and therefore *they* would speak the truth to me. Thus I heard continually of my faults, the real and the ideal weaknesses.

For this reason Collin thought that I should make a little journey,—for instance, to North Germany,—in order to divert my mind and furnish me with new ideas.

In the spring of 1831, I left Denmark for the first time. I saw Lubeck and Hamburg. Everything astonished me and occupied my mind. I saw mountains for the first time,—the Harzgebirge. The world expanded so astonishingly before me. My good humour returned to me, as to the bird of passage.

In Dresden I made acquaintance with Tieck. In Berlin, a letter of Oersted's procured me the acquaintance of Chamisso. That grave man, with his long locks and honest eyes, opened the door to me himself, read the letter, and I know not how it was, but we understood each other immediately. I felt perfect confidence in him, and told him so, though it was in bad German.

The little journey in Germany had great influence upon me, as my Copenhagen friends acknowledged. The impressions of the journey were immediately written down, and I gave them forth under the title of *Shadow Pictures*. Whether I were actually improved or not, there still prevailed at home the same petty pleasure in dragging out my faults, the same perpetual schooling of me; and I was weak enough to endure it from those who were officious meddlers. I seldom made a joke of it; but if I did so, it was called arrogance and vanity, and it was asserted that I never would listen to rational people. Such an instructor once asked me whether I wrote *Dog* with a little "d,"—he had found such an error of the

press in my last work. I replied jestingly, "Yes, because I here spoke of a little dog."

From the end of the year 1828 to the beginning of 1839, I maintained myself alone by my writings. Denmark is a small country; but few books at that time went to Sweden and Norway; and on that account the profit could not be great. It was difficult for me to pull through,—doubly difficult, because my dress must in some measure accord with the circles into which I went. To produce and always to be producing was destructive, nay, impossible. I translated a few pieces for the theatre.

I worked up also Walter Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor* for a young composer, Bredal.

It happened that a new star in Danish literature ascended at this time. Henrik Hertz published his *Letters from the Dead* anonymously. It was a mode of driving all the unclean things out of the temple. The deceased Baggesen sent polemical letters from Paradise, which resembled in the highest degree the style of that author. They contained a sort of apotheosis of Heiberg, and in part attacks upon Oehlenschläger and Hauch. The old story about my orthographical errors was again revived; my name and my school days in Slagelse were brought into connection with St. Anders. I was ridiculed, or, if people will, I was chastised.

My affairs were now in their worst condition; and precisely in that same year in which a stipend for travelling had been conferred upon Hertz, I also had presented a petition for the same purpose.

I obtained recommendations for myself; and I am, so far as I know, the only Danish poet who was obliged to produce recommendations to prove that he was a poet.

I received a stipend for travelling; Hertz a larger and I a smaller one: and that also was quite in the order of things.

"Now be happy," said my friends, "make yourself aware of your unbounded good fortune! Enjoy the present moment, as it will probably be the only time in which you will get abroad. You shall hear what people say about you while you are travelling, and how we shall defend you; sometimes, however, we shall not be able to do that."

I arrived at Paris by way of Cassel and the Rhine.

During my journey to Paris, and the whole month that I spent there, I heard not a single word from home. Could my friends perhaps have nothing agreeable to tell me? At length, however, a letter arrived; a large letter, which cost a large sum in postage. My heart beat with joy and yearning impatience; it was, indeed, my first letter. I opened it, but I discovered not a single written word, nothing but a Copenhagen newspaper, containing a lampoon upon me, and that was sent to me all that distance with postage unpaid, probably by the anonymous writer himself. This abominable malice wounded me deeply. I have never discovered who the author was; perhaps he was one of those who afterwards called me friend and pressed my hand. Some men have base thoughts: I also have mine.

It is a weakness of my country people that commonly, when abroad,

during their residence in large cities, they almost live exclusively in company together: they must dine together, meet at the theatre, and see all the lions of the place in company. Letters are read by each other; news of home is received and talked over, and at last they hardly know whether they are in a foreign land or their own. I had given way to the same weakness in Paris, and in leaving it, therefore, determined for one month to board myself in some quiet place in Switzerland, and live only among the French, so as to be compelled to speak their language, which was necessary to me in the highest degree.

In the little city of Locle, in a valley of the Jura mountains, where the snow fell in August, and the clouds floated below us, was I received by the amiable family of a wealthy watchmaker. They would not hear a word about payment. I lived among them and their friends as a relation, and when we parted the children wept.

I finished my poem of *Agnete and the Merman*, which I had begun in Paris.

I sent home this poem from Locle; and never, with my earlier or my later works, were my hopes so high as they were now. But it was received coldly. People said I had done it in imitation of Oehlenschläger, who at one time sent home masterpieces.

This poem closes one portion of my life.

V

ON THE 5th September, 1833, I crossed the Simplon on my way to Italy.

I received the news in Rome, of how little the poem of *Agnete*, which I had sent home, was thought of there, the next letter in Rome brought me the news that my mother was dead. I was now quite alone in the world.

In Rome I became first acquainted with Thorwaldsen. I read *Agnete* to him; and that which delighted me in his judgment upon it was the assertion, "It is just," said he, "as if I were walking at home in the woods, and heard the Danish lakes": and then he kissed me.

After the Carnival, I left Rome for Naples; saw at Capri the blue Grotto, which was at that time first discovered; visited the temple at Pæstum, and returned in the Easter week to Rome, from whence I went through Florence and Venice to Vienna and Munich; but I had at that time neither time nor heart for Germany.

I had written already in Rome the first chapter of the *Improvisatore*.

In August of 1834 I returned to Denmark. It was with difficulty that I found a publisher for the book. I received a miserable sum of money for it, and the *Improvisatore* made its appearance; was read, sold out, and again published. The critics were silent; the newspapers said nothing; but I heard all around me of the interest which was felt for the work, and the delight that it occasioned.

There exists in the public a power which is stronger than all the

critics and cliques. I felt that I stood at home on firmer ground, and my spirit again had moments in which it raised its wings for flight. In this alteration of feeling between gaiety and ill humour, I wrote my next novel, *O.T.*, which is regarded by many persons in Denmark as my best work. In the following year, 1837, I published *Only a Fiddler*, a book which on my part had been deeply pondered over, and the details of which sprang fresh to the paper. My design was to show that talent is not genius, and that if the sunshine of good fortune be withheld, this must go to the ground, though without losing its nobler, better nature. This book likewise had its partisans; but still the critics would not vouchsafe to me any encouragement; they forgot that with years the boy becomes a man, and that people may acquire knowledge in other than the ordinary ways. They could not separate themselves from their old preconceived opinions. Whilst *O.T.* was going through the press it was submitted sheet by sheet to a professor of the university, who had himself offered to undertake this work, and by two other able men also; notwithstanding all this, the Reviews said, "We find the usual grammatical negligence, which we always find in Andersen, in this work also."

During the year in which the *Fiddler* came out, I visited for the first time the neighbouring country of Sweden.

On this journey commenced a very interesting acquaintance, and one which has not been without its influence on me,—an acquaintance with the Swedish authoress, Fredrika Bremer. I had just been speaking with the Captain of the steamboat and some of the passengers about the Swedish authors living in Stockholm, and I mentioned my desire to see and converse with Miss Bremer.

"You will not meet with her," said the Captain, "as she is at this moment on a visit in Norway."

"She will be coming back while I am there," said I in joke; "I always am lucky in my journeys, and that which I most wish for is always accomplished."

"Hardly this time, however," said the Captain.

A few hours after this he came up to me laughing, with the list of the newly arrived passengers in his hand. "Lucky fellow," said he aloud, "you take good fortune with you; Miss Bremer is here, and sails with us to Stockholm."

Miss Bremer related many legends and many histories, which were connected with this or that island, or those farm premises up aloft on the mainland.

In Stockholm the acquaintance with her increased, and year after year the letters which have passed between us have strengthened it. She is a noble woman; the great truths of religion, and the poetry which lies in the quiet circumstances of life, have penetrated her being.

My writings, in my own country, were now classed among those which were always bought and read: therefore for each fresh work I received a higher payment. Yet, truly, when you consider what a circumscribed world the Danish reading world is, you will see that this payment

could not be the most liberal Yet I had to live. Collin, who is one of the men who do more than they promise, was my help, my consolation, my support.

At this time the late Count Conrad von Rantzau-Breitenburg, a native of Holstein, was Prime Minister in Denmark. He promised to be an efficient friend Collin and Oersted secretly associated themselves with him and became my intercessors

Already for many years there had existed, under Frederick VI, an institution which does the highest honour to the Danish government, namely, that beside the considerable sum expended yearly, for the traveling expenses of young literary men and artists, a small pension shall be awarded to such of them as enjoy no office emoluments. All our most important poets have had a share of this assistance,—Oehlenschläger, Ingemann, Heiberg, C. Winther, and others Hertz had just then received such a pension, and his future life was made thus the more secure. It was my hope and my wish that the same good fortune might be mine—and it was. Frederick VI granted me two hundred rix dollars banco yearly. I was filled with gratitude and joy I was no longer *forced* to write in order to live; I had a sure support in the possible event of sickness; I was less dependent upon the people about me A new chapter of my life began.

VI

FOR THE SECOND TIME I went to Italy and Rome, to Greece and Constantinople—a journey which I have described after my own manner in *A Poet's Bazaar*.

In Holstein I continued some days with Count Rantzau-Breitenburg, who had before invited me, and whose ancestral castle I now for the first time visited.

In the winter season I crossed the Brenner, remained some days in Florence, which I had before visited for a longer time, and about Christmas reached Rome.

It seemed to me that Rome was no joy-bringing city; when I was there before, I had also passed dark and bitter days. I was ill, for the first time in my life, truly and bodily ill, and I made haste to get away.

I now proceeded by a French war steamer to Greece.

Like another Switzerland, with a loftier and clearer heaven than the Italian, Greece lay before me; nature made a deep and solemn impression upon me; I felt the sentiment of standing on the great battlefield of the world, where nation had striven with nation, and had persisted. No single poem can embrace such greatness; every scorched-up bed of a stream, every height, every stone, has mighty memoirs to relate. How little appear the inequalities of daily life in such a place! A kingdom of ideas streamed through me, and with such a fulness that none of them fixed themselves on paper. I had a desire to express the idea that the godlike was here on earth to maintain its contest, that it is thrust backward and yet advances

again victoriously through all ages; and I found in the legend of the Wandering Jew an occasion for it. For twelve months this Fiction had been emerging from the sea of my thoughts; often did it wholly fill me; sometimes I fancied with the alchemists that I had dug up the treasure; then again it sunk suddenly, and I despaired of ever being able to bring it to the light. I felt what a mass of knowledge of various kinds I must first acquire. Often at home, when I was compelled to hear reproofs on what they call a want of study, I had sat deep into the night and had studied history in Hegel's *Philosophy of History*.

For my poem of *Ahasuerus* I had read much and noted much, but yet not enough; in Greece, I thought, the whole will collect itself into clearness. The poem is not yet ready, but I hope that it will become so to my honour; for it happens with the children of the spirit, as with the earthly ones,—they grow as they sleep.

In Athens I was heartily welcomed by Professor Ross, a native of Holstein, and by my countrymen. I found hospitality and a friendly feeling in the noble Prokesch-Osten; even the King and Queen received me most graciously. I celebrated my birthday in the Acropolis.

From Athens I sailed to Smyrna, and with me it was no childish pleasure to be able to tread another quarter of the globe. I felt a devotion in it, like that which I felt as a child when I entered the old church at Odense. I thought on Christ, who bled on this earth, I thought on Homer, whose song eternally resounds hence over the earth. The shores of Asia preached to me their sermons, and were perhaps more impressive than any sermon in any church can be.

In Constantinople I passed eleven interesting days; and according to my good fortune in travel, the birthday of Mahomet itself fell exactly during my stay there. I saw the grand illumination which completely transported me into the Thousand and One Nights.

In August, 1841, I was again in Copenhagen. There I wrote my recollections of travel, under the title of *A Poet's Bazaar*, in several chapters, according to the countries. In various places abroad I had met with individuals, as at home, to whom I felt myself attached. A poet is like the bird; he gives what he has, and he gives a song. I was desirous to give every one of those dear ones such a song. It was a fugitive idea, born, may I venture to say, in a grateful mood. Count Rantzau-Breitenburg, who had resided in Italy, who loved the land, and was become a friend and benefactor to me through my *Improvisatoie*, must love that part of the book which treated of his country. To Liszt and Thalberg, who had both shown me the greatest friendship, I dedicated the portion which contained the voyage up the Danube, because one was a Hungarian and the other an Austrian. With these indications, the reader will easily be able to trace out the thought which influenced me in the choice of each dedication. But these appropriations were, in my native country, regarded as a fresh proof of my vanity:—"I wished to figure with great names, to name distinguished people as my friends."

In the meantime the *Bazaar* was much read, and made what is called

a hit. I received, connected with this book, much encouragement and many recognitions from individuals of the highest distinction in the realms of intellect in my native land.

Thorwaldsen, whom, as I have already said, I had become acquainted with in Rome in the years 1833 and 1834, was expected in Denmark in the autumn of 1838, and great festive preparations were made in consequence. A flag was to wave upon one of the towers of Copenhagen as soon as the vessel which brought him should come in sight. It was a national festival. Boats decorated with flowers and flags filled the Rhede; painters, sculptors, all had their flags with emblems; the students' bore a Minerva, the poets' a Pegasus. It was misty weather, and the ship was first seen when it was already close by the city, and all poured out to meet him.

The people drew Thorwaldsen's carriage through the streets to his house, where everybody who had the slightest acquaintance with him, or with the friends of his, thronged around him. In the evening the artists gave him a serenade, and the blaze of the torches illumined the garden under the large trees; there was an exultation and joy which really and truly was felt.

In honour of Thorwaldsen, a musical-poetic academy was established, and the poets, who were invited to do so by Heiberg, wrote and read each one a poem in praise of him who had returned home. I wrote of Jason who fetched the golden fleece—that is to say, Jason-Thorwaldsen, who went forth to win golden art. A great dinner and a ball closed the festival, in which, for the first time in Denmark, popular life and a subject of great interest in the realms of art were made public.

From this evening I saw Thorwaldsen almost daily in company or in his studio: I often passed several weeks together with him at Nyso, where he seemed to have firmly taken root, and where the greatest number of his works, executed in Denmark, had their origin. He was of a healthful and simple disposition of mind, not without humour, and, therefore, he was extremely attached to Holberg, the poet: he did not at all enter into the troubles and disruptions of the world.

One morning at Nyso—at the time when he was working at his own statue—I entered his work-room and bade him good-morning; he appeared as if he did not wish to notice me, and I stole softly away again. At breakfast he was very parsimonious in the use of words, and when somebody asked him to say something at all events, he replied in his dry way:

"I have said more during this morning than in many whole days, but nobody heard me. There I stood, and fancied that Andersen was behind me, for he came, and said good-morning—so I told him a long story about myself and Byron. I thought that he might give one word in reply, and turned myself round; and there had I been standing a whole hour and chattering aloud to the bare walls."

We all of us besought him to let us hear the whole story yet once more; but we had it now very short.

"Oh, that was in Rome," said he, "when I was about to make Byron's statue; he placed himself just opposite to me and began immediately to

assume quite another countenance to what was customary to him. Will not you sit still? said I; but you must not make these faces. It is my expression, said Byron. Indeed? said I, and then I made him as I wished, and everybody said, when it was finished, that I had hit the likeness."

When Byron, however, saw it, he said, "It does not resemble me at all: I look more unhappy."

"He was, above all things, so desirous of looking extremely unhappy," added Thorwaldsen, with a comic expression.

VII

BY MY LAST WORKS, and through a rational economy, I had now saved a small sum of money, which I had destined to the purposes of a new journey to Paris, where I arrived in the winter of 1843, by way of Dusseldorf, through Belgium.

My name had thus reached, like a sound, the ears of some persons in the literary world, and I here met with a surprisingly friendly reception.

At Victor Hugo's invitation, I saw his abused *Burggraves*.

I generally found the jovial Alexander Dumas in bed, even long after midday: here he lay, with paper, pen, and ink, and wrote his newest drama. I found him thus one day; he nodded kindly to me and said, "Sit down a minute; I have just now a visit from my muse; she will be going directly." He wrote on; spoke aloud; shouted a *viva!* sprang out of bed, and said, "The third act is finished!"

I also have him to thank for my acquaintance with Rachel. I had not seen her act, when Alexander Dumas asked me whether I had the desire to make her acquaintance. One evening, when she was to come out as Phedra, he led me to the stage of the Théâtre Français.

When I told her that her fame had resounded to the North, she declared that it was her intention to go to Petersburg and Copenhagen: "And when I come to your city," she said, "you must be my defender, as you are the only one there whom I know."

She asked me many questions respecting Germany and Denmark, art, and the theatre; and she encouraged me with a kind smile around her grave mouth when I stumbled in French and stopped for a moment to collect myself, that I might not stick quite fast.

"Only speak," said she. "It is true that you do not speak French well. I have heard many foreigners speak my native language better; but their conversation has not been nearly as interesting as yours. I understand the sense of your words perfectly, and that is the principal thing which interests me in you."

I also met with Heine. He had married since I was last here. I found him in indifferent health, but full of energy, and so friendly and so natural in his behaviour towards me that I felt no timidity in exhibiting myself to him as I was. One day he had been relating to his wife my story of the "Constant Tin Soldier," and, whilst he said that I was the author of

this story, he introduced me to her. She was a lively, pretty young lady. A troop of children, who, as Heine says, belonged to a neighbour, played about in their room. We two played with them whilst Heine copied out one of his last poems for me.

I will now turn to those little stories which in Denmark have been placed by everyone, without any hesitation, higher than anything else I had hitherto written.

In the year 1835, some months after I published the *Improvisatore*, I brought out my first volume of *Stories for Children*, which at that time was not so very much thought of. One monthly critical journal even complained that a young author who had just published a work like the *Improvisatore* should immediately come out with anything so childish as the tales. I reaped a harvest of blame, precisely where people ought to have acknowledged the advantage of my mind producing something in a new direction. Several of my friends, whose judgment was of value to me, counselled me entirely to abstain from writing tales, as these were a something for which I had no talent. Others were of opinion that I had better, first of all, study the French fairy tale. I would willingly have discontinued writing them, but they forced themselves from me.

In the volume which I first published, I had, like Musaus, but in my own manner, related old stories, which I had heard as a child. The volume concluded with one which was original, and which seemed to have given the greatest pleasure although it bore a tolerably near affinity to a story of Hoffman's. In my increasing disposition for children's stories, I therefore followed my own impulse, and invented them myself. In the following year a new volume came out, and soon after that a third, in which the longest story, "The Little Mermaid," was my own invention. This story, in an especial manner, created an interest which was only increased by the following volumes. One of these came out every Christmas, and before long no Christmas tree could exist without my stories.

A refreshing sunshine streamed into my heart; I felt courage and joy, and was filled with a living desire of still more and more developing my powers in this direction,—of studying more thoroughly this class of writing, and of observing still more attentively the rich wells of nature out of which I must create it. If attention be paid to the order in which my stories are written, it certainly will be seen that there is in them a gradual progression, clearer working out of the idea, a greater discretion in the use of agency, and, if I may so speak, a more healthy tone and a more natural freshness may be perceived.

I now turn to the year 1840. One day, in the hotel in which I lived in Copenhagen, I saw the name of Jenny Lind among those of the strangers from Sweden. I was aware at that time that she was the first singer in Stockholm. I had been that same year in this neighbour country, and had there met with honour and kindness: I thought, therefore, that it would not be unbecoming to me to pay a visit to the young artist. She was, at this time, entirely unknown out of Sweden, so that I was convinced that, even in Copenhagen, her name was known only by few. She

received me very courteously, but yet distantly, almost coldly. She was, as she said, on a journey with her father to South Sweden, and was come over to Copenhagen for a few days in order that she might see this city. We again parted distantly, and I had the impression of a very ordinary character which soon passed away from my mind.

In the autumn of 1843, Jenny Lind came again to Copenhagen. One of my friends, our clever ballet master, Bournonville, who had married a Swedish lady, a friend of Jenny Lind, informed me of her arrival here and told me that she remembered me very kindly, and that now she had read my writings. He entreated me to go with him to her, and to employ all my persuasive art to induce her to take a few parts at the Theatre Royal, [I should, he said, be then quite enchanted with what I should hear.

I was not now received as a stranger; she cordially extended to me her hand, and spoke of my writings and of Miss Fredrika Bremer, who also was her affectionate friend. The conversation was soon turned to her appearance in Copenhagen, and of this Jenny Lind declared that she stood in fear.

"I have never made my appearance," said she, "out of Sweden; everybody in my native land is so affectionate and kind to me, and if I made my appearance in Copenhagen and should be hissed!—I dare not venture on it!"

I said that I, it was true, could not pass judgment on her singing, because I had never heard it, neither did I know how she acted, but nevertheless I was convinced that such was the disposition at this moment in Copenhagen that only a moderate voice and some knowledge of acting would be successful; I believed that she might safely venture.

Bournonville's persuasion obtained for the Copenhageners the greatest enjoyment which they ever had.

In the summer of 1844 I once more visited North Germany.

When I, on the first occasion, went to Germany, I visited the Hartz and the Saxon Switzerland. Goethe was still living. It was my most heartfelt wish to see him. It was not far from the Hartz to Weimar, but I had no letters of introduction to him, and, at that time, not one line of my writings was translated. Many persons had described Goethe to me as a very proud man, and the question arose whether he indeed would receive me. I doubted it, and determined not to go to Weimar until I should have written some work which would convey my name to Germany. I succeeded in this, but alas, Goethe was already dead.

An extraordinary desire impelled me to see this city where Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, and Herder had lived, and from which so much light had streamed forth over the world. I approached that land which had been rendered sacred by Luther, by the strife of the Minnesingers on the Wartburg, and by the memory of many noble and great events.

On the 24th of June, the birthday of the Grand Duke, I arrived a stranger in the friendly town.

From Weimar I went to Leipzig where a truly poetical evening awaited me with Robert Schumann.

I returned to Copenhagen by Stettin in stormy weather, full of the joy of life, and again saw my dear friends, and in a few days set off to Count Moltke's in Funen, there to spend a few lovely summer days. I here received a letter from the minister Count Rantzau-Breitenburg, who was with the King and Queen of Denmark at the watering place of Föhr. He wrote, saying that he had the pleasure of announcing to me the most gracious invitation of their Majesties to Föhr. This island, as is well known, lies in the North Sea, not far from the coast of Sleswick.

It was now just five and twenty years since I, a poor lad had travelled alone and helpless to Copenhagen. Exactly the five-and-twentieth anniversary would be celebrated by my being with my King and Queen, to whom I was faithfully attached, and whom I at that very time learned to love with my whole soul.

As I sat on the above-mentioned five-and-twentieth anniversary, on the 5th of September, at the royal dinner table, the whole of my former life passed in review before my mind. I was obliged to summon all my strength to prevent myself bursting into tears. There are moments of thankfulness in which, as it were, we feel a desire to press God to our hearts. How deeply, I felt, at this time, my own nothingness; how all had come from him. Rantzau knew what an interesting day this was to me. After dinner the king and the queen wished me happiness, and that so—*graciously*, is a poor word,—so cordially, so sympathisingly! The king wished me happiness in that which I had endured and won. He asked me about my first entrance into the world, and I related to him some characteristic traits.

In the course of conversation he inquired if I had not some certain yearly income: I named the sum to him.

"That is not much," said the king.

"But I do not require much," replied I, "and my writings procure me something."

The king, in the kindest manner, inquired farther into my circumstances, and closed by saying:

"If I can in any way be serviceable to your literary labours, then come to me."

In the evening, during a concert, the conversation was renewed, and some of those who stood near me reproached me for not having made use of my opportunity

"The king," said they, "put the very words into your mouth."

But I could not, I would not have done it. "If the king," I said, "found that I required something more, he could give it to me of his own will."

And I was not mistaken. In the following year King Christian VIII increased my annual stipend, so that with this and that which my writings bring in, I can live honourably and free from care. My King gave it to me out of the pure good will of his own heart. King Christian is enlightened, clear-sighted, with a mind enlarged by science; the gracious sympathy, therefore, which he has felt in my fate is to me doubly cheering and ennobling.

The 5th of September was to me a festival day: even the German visitors at the baths honoured me by drinking my health in the pump room.

So many flattering circumstances, some people argue, may easily spoil a man, and make him vain. But, no; they do not spoil him, they make him on the contrary—better; they purify his mind, and he must thereby feel an impulse, a wish, to deserve all that he enjoys. At my parting audience with the queen, she gave me a valuable ring as a remembrance of our residence at Fohr; and the king again expressed himself full of kindness and noble sympathy. God bless and preserve this exalted pair!

VIII

I RETURNED HOME. In this year my novel of the *Improvisatore* was translated into English, by the well-known authoress, Mary Howitt, and was received by her countrymen with great applause. *O.T.* and the *Fiddler* soon followed, and met with, as it seemed, the same reception. After that appeared, a Dutch, and lastly a Russian translation of the *Improvisatore*. That which I should never have ventured to have dreamed of was accomplished; my writings seem to come forth under a lucky star; they fly over all lands.

I wished to visit Italy for the third time, there to spend a summer, that I might become acquainted with the south in its warm season, and probably return thence by Spain and France. At the end of October, 1845, I left Copenhagen.

I passed only one day in Odense—I feel myself there more of a stranger than in the great cities of Germany.

Now, no longer the traveller goes at a snail's pace through the deep sand over the heath; the railroad conveys him in a few hours to Altona and Hamburg. The circle of my friends there is increased within the last years. The greater part of my time I spent with my oldest friends Count Holk, and the resident Minister Bille, and with Zeise, the excellent translator of my stories. Otto Speckter, who is full of genius, surprised me by his bold, glorious drawings for my stories; he had made a whole collection of them, six only of which were known to me. The same natural freshness which shows itself in every one of his works and makes them all little works of art exhibits itself in his whole character. He appears to possess a patriarchal family, an affectionate old father, and gifted sisters, who love him with their whole souls. I wished one evening to go to the theatre: it was scarcely a quarter of an hour before the commencement of the opera: Speckter accompanied me, and on our way we came up to an elegant house.

"We must first go in here, dear friend," said he. "A wealthy family lives here, friends of mine, and friends of your stories; the children will be happy."

"But the opera," said I.

"Only for two minutes," returned he; and drew me into the house, mentioned my name and the circle of children collected around me.

"And now tell us a tale," said he; "only one."

I told one and then hastened away to the theatre.

"That was an extraordinary visit," said I.

"An excellent one; one entirely out of the common way; one entirely out of the common way!" said he exultingly. "Only think; the children are full of Andersen and his stories; he suddenly makes his appearance amongst them, tells one of them himself, and then is gone! vanished! That is of itself like a fairy tale to the children that will remain vividly in their remembrance."

I myself was amused by it.

I had already, on the former occasion, visited the brothers Grimm, but I had not at that time made much progress with the acquaintance. I had not brought any letters of introduction to them with me, because people had told me, and I myself believed it, that if I were known by anybody in Berlin, it must be the brothers Grimm. I therefore sought out their residence. The servant maid asked me with which of the brothers I wished to speak.

"With the one who has written the most," said I, because I did not know, at that time, which of them had most interested himself in the Märchen.

"Jacob is the most learned," said the maidservant.

"Well, then, take me to him."

I entered the room, and Jacob Grimm, with his knowing and strongly marked countenance, stood before me.

"I come to you," said I, "without letters of introduction, because I hope that my name is not wholly unknown to you."

"Who are you?" asked he.

I told him, and Jacob Grimm said, in a half-embarrassed voice, "I do not remember to have heard this name; what have you written?"

It was now my turn to be embarrassed in a high degree: but I now mentioned my little stories.

"I do not know them," said he; "but mention to me some other of your writings, because I certainly must have heard them spoken of."

I named the titles of several; but he shook his head. I felt myself quite unlucky.

"But what must you think of me," said I, "that I come to you as a total stranger, and enumerate myself what I have written: you must know me! There has been published in Denmark a collection of the Märchen of all nations, which is dedicated to you, and in it there is at least one story of mine."

"No," said he good-humouredly, but as much embarrassed as myself; "I have not read even that, but it delights me to make your acquaintance; allow me to conduct you to my brother Wilhelm?"

"No, I thank you," said I, only wishing now to get away; I had fared

badly enough with one brother. I pressed his hand and hurried from the house.

That same month Jacob Grimm went to Copenhagen; immediately on his arrival, and while yet in his travelling dress, did the amiable kind man hasten up to me. He now knew me, and he came to me with cordiality. I was just then standing and packing my clothes in a trunk for a journey to the country; I had only a few minutes time: by this means my reception of him was just as laconic as had been his of me in Berlin.

Now, however, we met in Berlin as old acquaintances. Jacob Grimm is one of those characters whom one must love and attach oneself to.

One evening, as I was reading one of my little stories at the Countess Bismark-Bohlen's, there was in the little circle one person in particular who listened with evident fellowship of feeling, and who expressed himself in a peculiar and sensible manner on the subject,—this was Jacob's brother, Wilhelm Grimm.

"I should have known you very well, if you had come to me," said he, "the last time you were here."

I saw these two highly gifted and amiable brothers almost daily; the circles into which I was invited seemed also to be theirs, and it was my desire and pleasure that they should listen to my little stories, that they should participate in them, they whose name will be always spoken as long as the German *Volksmarchen* are read.

The fact of my not being known to Jacob Grimm on my first visit to Berlin had so disconcerted me that when anyone asked me whether I had been well received in this city, I shook my head doubtfully and said, "But Grimm did not know me."

The old friends had all to be visited; but the number of new ones grew with each day. One invitation followed another. It required considerable physical power to support so much good will. I remained in Berlin about three weeks, and the time seemed to pass more rapidly with each succeeding day. I was, as it were, overcome by kindness. I, at length, had no other prospect for repose than to seat myself in a railway carriage and fly away out of the country.

And yet amid these social festivities, with all the amiable zeal and interest that then was felt for me, I had one disengaged evening; one evening on which I suddenly felt solitude in its most oppressive form; Christmas eve, that very evening of all others on which I would most willingly witness something festal, willingly stand beside a Christmas tree, gladdening myself with the joy of children, and seeing the parents joyfully become children again. Every one of the many families in which I in truth felt that I was received as a relation had fancied, as I afterwards discovered, that I must be invited out; but I sat quite alone in my room at the inn, and thought of home. I seated myself at the open window and gazed up to the starry heavens, which was the Christmas tree that was lighted for me.

"Father in Heaven," I prayed, as the children do, "what dost thou give to me!"

When the friends heard of my solitary Christmas night, there were on the following evening many Christmas trees lighted, and on the last evening in the year, there was planted for me alone, a little tree with its lights, and its beautiful presents—and that was by Jenny Lind. The whole company consisted of herself, her attendant, and me; we three children from the north were together on Sylvester eve, and I was the child for which the Christmas tree was lighted. She rejoiced with the feeling of a sister in my good fortune in Berlin; and I felt almost pride in the sympathy of such a pure, noble, and womanly being. Everywhere her praise resounded, not merely as a singer, but also as a woman; the two combined awoke a real enthusiasm for her.

The King received me most graciously, and said that during his stay in Copenhagen he had inquired after me, and had heard that I was travelling. He expressed a great interest in my novel of *Only a Fiddler*; her Majesty the Queen also showed herself graciously and kindly disposed towards me.

I received still one more proof of the favour and kindness of the King of Prussia towards me, on the evening before my departure from the city. The order of the Red Eagle, of the third class, was conferred upon me. Such a mark of honour delights certainly everyone who receives it. I confess candidly that I felt myself honoured in a high degree. I discerned in it an evident token of the kindness of the noble, enlightened King towards me: my heart is filled with gratitude.

After a journey of a day and a night I was once more in Weimar, with my noble Hereditary Grand Duke. What a cordial reception!

In Prague I had only one acquaintance, Professor Wiesenfeldt. But a letter from Dr. Carus in Dresden opened to me the hospitable house of Count Thun.

We travelled the whole night through wide Bohemia: at every town stood groups of people; it was as though all the inhabitants had assembled themselves. Their brown faces, their ragged clothes, the light of their torches, their, to me, unintelligible language, gave to the whole a stamp of singularity. We flew through tunnel and over viaduct; the windows rattled, the signal whistle sounded, the steam horses snorted—I laid back my head at last in the carriage and fell asleep under the protection of the god Morpheus.

With railway and diligence my route now led towards Trieste.

At length Trieste and the Adriatic Sea lay before us; the Italian language sounded in our ears, but yet for me it was not Italy, the land of my desire.

It was the 31st of March, 1846, when I again saw Rome, and for the third time in my life reached this city of the world.

Constantly in motion, always striving to employ every moment and to see everything, I felt myself at last very much affected by the unceasing sirocco. The Roman air did not agree with me, and I hastened, therefore, as soon as I had seen the illumination of the dome and the *girandola*, immediately after the Easter festival, through Terracina to Naples.

I visited the islands of Capri and Ischia once more; and, as the heat of the sun and the strong sirocco made a longer residence in Naples oppressive to me, I went to Sarrento, Tasso's city, where the foliage of the vine cast a shade, and where the air appears to me lighter. Here I wrote these pages. In Rome, by the bay of Naples and amid the Pyrenees, I put on paper the story of my life.

The sirocco blew its boiling hot breath and I was perfectly overcome. There was not another room to be had at St. Lucia, and the sea bathing seemed rather to weaken than to invigorate me. I went therefore again into the country; but the sun burned there with the same beams; yet still the air there was more elastic, yet for all that it was to me like the poisoned mantle of Hercules, which, as it were, drew out of me strength and spirit. I, who had fancied that I must be precisely a child of the sun, so firmly did my heart always cling to the south, was forced to acknowledge that the snow of the north was in my body, that the snow melted, and that I was more and more miserable.

I took a berth in the steamboat *Castor* for Marseilles.

When at length we reached Genoa most of the passengers went on land: I should have been willing enough to have followed their example, that I might go by Milan to Switzerland, but my letter of credit was drawn upon Marseilles and some Spanish seaports. I was obliged to go again on board. The sea was calm; the air fresh; it was the most glorious voyage along the charming Sardinian coast. Full of strength and new life I arrived at Marseilles, and, as I here breathed more easily, my longing to see Spain was again renewed. I had laid the plan of seeing this country last, as the bouquet of my journey. In the suffering state in which I had been I was obliged to give it up, but I was now better. I regarded it therefore as a pointing of the finger of heaven that I should be compelled to go to Marseilles, and determined to venture upon the journey. The steam vessel to Barcelona had, in the meantime, just sailed, and several days must pass before another set out. I determined therefore to travel by short days' journeys through the south of France across the Pyrenees.

Before leaving Marseilles, chance favoured me with a short meeting with one of my friends from the north, and this was Ole Bull! He came from America, and was received in France with jubilees and serenades, of which I was myself a witness. At the *table d'hôte* in the *Hôtel des Empereurs*, where we both lodged, we flew towards each other. He told me what I should have expected least of all, that my works had also many friends in America, that people had inquired from him about me with the greatest interest, and that the English translations of my romances had been reprinted, and spread through the whole country in cheap editions. My name flown over the great ocean!

I reached Perpignan.

I was advised to hasten as quickly as possible to the Pyrenees, and there breathe the strengthening mountain air: the baths of Vernet were recommended as cool and excellent, and I had a letter of introduction to the head of the establishment there. After an exhausting journey of a

night and some hours in the morning, I have reached this place, from whence I send these last sheets. The air is so cool, so strengthening, such as I have not breathed for months. A few days here have entirely restored me, my pen flies again over the paper, and my thought towards that wonderful Spain. I stand like Moses and see the land before me, yet may not tread upon it.

And here in this fresh mountain nature, on the frontiers of a land whose beauty and defects I am not yet to become acquainted with, I will close these pages, which will make in my life a frontier to coming years, with their beauty and defects. Before I leave the Pyrenees these written pages will fly to Germany, a great section of my life; I myself shall follow, and a new and unknown section will begin.

The story of my life up to the present hour lies unrolled before me, so rich and beautiful that I could not have invented it. I feel that I am a child of good fortune; almost everyone meets me full of love and candour, and seldom has my confidence in human nature been deceived.

In a few days I shall say farewell to the Pyrenees, and return through Switzerland to dear, kind Germany, where so much joy has flowed into my life, where I possess so many sympathising friends, where my writings have been so kindly and encouragingly received, and where also these sheets will be gently criticised.

When the Christmas tree is lighted,—when, as people say, the white bees swarm,—I shall be, God willing, again in Denmark with my dear ones, my heart filled with the flowers of travel, and strengthened both in body and mind: then will new works grow upon paper; may God lay his blessing upon them! He will do so. A star of good fortune shines upon me; there are thousands who deserve it far more than I, I often myself cannot conceive why I, in preference to numberless others, should receive so much joy: may it continue to shine! But should it set, perhaps whilst I conclude these lines, still it has shone, I have received my rich portion; let it set! From this also the best will spring. To God and men my thanks, my love!

APOLOGIA
PRO VITA SUA

by

*JOHN HENRY
CARDINAL NEWMAN*

JOHN HENRY
CARDINAL NEWMAN

1801-1890

WHEN John Henry Newman in 1879 was created a cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church by Pope Leo XIII, there was general rejoicing throughout England. From all over the world Catholics and non-Catholics sent congratulations to him at the quiet Oratory of St. Philip Neri which he had founded years before. The new cardinal received this high honor with characteristic humility and told his close friends: "The cloud is lifted from me forever."

Newman's remaining eleven years of peaceful life were indeed in marked contrast to his earlier career. He was born in London on February 21, 1801, eldest son of a banker, John Newman, and his wife, Jemima Fourdriner, who was of Huguenot extraction. From his mother he received his earliest religious instruction, Calvinistic in tone. The boy's chief reading consisted of the Bible, the novels of Scott, and the *Arabian Nights*. His quiet habits he carried with him to Trinity College, Oxford, in 1817. "I was very much alone," he tells us, "and I used often to take my daily walk by myself." But before long he found himself, as he put it, "coming out of his shell." At the age of twenty-one he was elected a fellow of Oriel College, and two years later he took orders in the Anglican Church, becoming vicar of St. Mary's, the university church, in 1828.

In Newman's associations during these years with other young men at Oxford we discern the beginnings of that movement afterward called Tractarian. The Oxford Movement, as it is also called, derived its primary impetus from John Keble, whose book of sacred verse, *The Christian Year*, was published in 1827 and who preached a famous sermon on National

Apostasy in 1833. It was the avowed purpose of Newman, Keble, Pusey, Froude, and others to save the English Church from the dangers which they believed were threatening. Convinced as they were that the Church is "more than a merely human institution," they hoped to bring about a religious revival in Oxford and throughout England and to reclaim the Church from stagnation by restoring the ritual and symbolism of ancient days. *Tracts for the Times* began to appear in 1833. Although Newman said, "For myself, I was not the person to take the lead of a party," it is clear that with his tracts and his sermons at St. Mary's, Newman was the real leader. It was Newman who evolved the theory of the *via media* whereby the Anglican Church was conceived to be apostolical in origin and doctrine, rejecting the beliefs of Calvin and Luther on the one hand and what were called "Roman excrescences" on the other. Such a conception of the Church inevitably led to a study of the Articles of Religion, and in 1841 the famous Tract XC set forth the thesis that the Thirty-nine Articles were not of necessity in contradiction to old Catholic doctrine. This tract precipitated a storm of indignation. It was condemned by the university, and Newman soon gave up St. Mary's and went into retirement at Littlemore.

The Oxford Movement may be said to have closed when Newman became a Roman Catholic in 1845. At the time, he was a national figure whose every step was closely watched. Many followed him into the Roman Church; others, including Newman's brother, were driven to skepticism; still others united to form the new liberal group known as Broad Churchmen. Probably of even more significance was the development of the High Church party in the Anglican Church, with its emphasis upon ancient ceremony and ritualism and its love of beauty in religious worship.

Newman was ordained a priest in October 1846, and the next year, with the approval of Pius IX, he established the Oratory of St. Philip Neri in London. Other oratories he later founded at Birmingham and Edgbaston. His life for the next forty years was unspectacular. He was associated in 1852 with the attempt to establish a Catholic university in Dublin, and he wrote in this connection his famous *Idea of a University*. Despite his own feeling of "perfect peace and contentment since his conversion," Newman could not be unaware of the suspicion and even active dislike with which most educated Englishmen regarded the man who, they said, had attempted to destroy the Church of England. Father Newman, however, maintained silence until 1864, at which time he was the object of a direct attack by the novelist Charles Kingsley. In a review of Froude's *History of England*, Kingsley asserted:

Truth for its own sake has never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not be, and on the whole ought not to be, that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the Saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the world which marries and is given in marriage. Whether his notion is doctrinally correct or not, it is, at least, historically so.

The ensuing correspondence culminated in the publication of Newman's autobiography, *Apologia pro Vita Sua* (1865), a literary masterpiece in which Newman delineates with candor and sincerity his spiritual history and in which he appeals, not in vain, to the sense of fair play of the British public. From that moment on he was regarded almost as a saint by many of his countrymen.

His hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," written in 1833, made the name of John Henry Newman a household word among churchgoers of all denominations the world over.

APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA

MY RELIGIOUS OPINIONS

1. HISTORY OF MY RELIGIOUS OPINIONS TO THE YEAR 1833

IT MAY EASILY be conceived how great a trial it is to me to write the following history of myself, but I must not shrink from the task. The words, "Secretum meum mihi," keep ringing in my ears; but as men draw towards their end, they care less for disclosures.

I was brought up from a child to take great delight in reading the Bible; but I had no formed religious convictions till I was fifteen. Of course I had a perfect knowledge of my Catechism.

After I was grown up, I put on paper my recollections of the thoughts and feelings on religious subjects, which I had at the time that I was a child and a boy,—such as had remained on my mind with sufficient prominence to make me then consider them worth recording. Out of these, written in the Long Vacation of 1820, and transcribed with additions in 1823, I select two, which are at once the most definite among them, and also have a bearing on my later convictions.

1. "I used to wish the Arabian Tales were true: my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers, and talismans. . . . I thought life might be a dream, or I an Angel, and all this world a deception, my fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world."

Again: "Reading in the Spring of 1816 a sentence from [Dr. Watts's] *Remnants of Time*, entitled 'the Saints unknown to the world,' to the effect, that 'there is nothing in their figure or countenance to distinguish them,' &c., &c., I supposed he spoke of Angels who lived in the world, as it were disguised."

2. The other remark is this: "I was very superstitious, and for some time previous to my conversion" [when I was fifteen]: "used constantly to cross myself on going into the dark."

Of course I must have got this practice from some external source or other; but I can make no sort of conjecture whence; and certainly no one had ever spoken to me on the subject of the Catholic religion, which I only knew by name. The French master was an *émigré* Priest, but he was simply made a butt, as French masters too commonly were in that day, and spoke English very imperfectly. There was a Catholic family in

the village, old maiden ladies we used to think; but I knew nothing about them. I have of late years heard that there were one or two Catholic boys in the school; but either we were carefully kept from knowing this, or the knowledge of it made simply no impression on our minds. My brother will bear witness how free the school was from Catholic ideas.

I had once been into Warwick Street Chapel, with my father, who, I believe, wanted to hear some piece of music; all that I bore away from it was the recollection of a pulpit and a preacher, and a boy swinging a censer.

When I was fifteen (in the Autumn of 1816), a great change of thought took place in me. I fell under the influences of a definite Creed, and received into my intellect impressions of dogma, which, through God's mercy, have never been effaced or obscured.

Now I come to two other works, which produced a deep impression on me in the same Autumn of 1816, when I was fifteen years old, each contrary to each, and planting in me the seeds of an intellectual inconsistency which disabled me for a long course of years. I read Joseph Milner's *Church History*, and was nothing short of enamoured of the long extracts from St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, and the other Fathers which I found there. I read them as being the religion of the primitive Christians: but simultaneously with Milner I read Newton *On the Prophecies*, and in consequence became most firmly convinced that the Pope was the Antichrist predicted by Daniel, St. Paul, and St. John. My imagination was stained by the effects of this doctrine up to the year 1843; it had been obliterated from my reason and judgment at an earlier date; but the thought remained upon me as a sort of false conscience.

I am obliged to mention, though I do it with great reluctance, another deep imagination, which at this time, the Autumn of 1816, took possession of me,—there can be no mistake about the fact; viz. that it would be the will of God that I should lead a single life. This anticipation, which has held its ground almost continuously ever since,—with the break of a month now and a month then, up to 1829, and, after that date, without any break at all,—was more or less connected in my mind with the notion that my calling in life would require such a sacrifice as celibacy involved; as, for instance, missionary work among the heathen, to which I had a great drawing for some years. It also strengthened my feeling of separation from the visible world, of which I have spoken above.

In the beginning of 1829 came the formal break between Dr. Whately and me; the affair of Mr. Peel's re-election was the occasion of it. I think in 1828 or 1827 I had voted in the minority, when the Petition to Parliament against the Catholic Claims was brought into Convocation.

During the first years of my residence at Oriel, though proud of my College, I was not quite at home there. I was very much alone, and I used often to take my daily walk by myself. But things changed in 1826. At that time I became one of the Tutors of my College, and this gave me position; besides, I had written one or two Essays which had been well received. I began to be known. I preached my first University Sermon.

Next year I was one of the Public Examiners for the B.A. degree. In 1828 I became Vicar of St Mary's. It was to me like the feeling of spring weather after winter, and, if I may so speak, I came out of my shell; I remained out of it till 1841.

It was at this time that I began to have influence, which steadily increased for a course of years. I gained upon my pupils, and was in particular intimate and affectionate with two of our probationer Fellows, Robert Isaac Wilberforce (afterwards Archdeacon) and Richard Hurrell Froude. Whately then, an acute man, perhaps saw around me the signs of an incipient party, of which I was not conscious myself. And thus we discern the first elements of that movement afterwards called Tractarian.

The true and primary author of it, however, as is usual with great motive powers, was out of sight. Having carried off as a mere boy the highest honours of the University, he had turned from the admiration which haunted his steps, and sought for a better and holier satisfaction in pastoral work in the country. Need I say that I am speaking of John Keble? The first time that I was in a room with him was on occasion of my election to a fellowship at Oriel, when I was sent for into the Tower, to shake hands with the Provost and Fellows. How is that hour fixed in my memory after the changes of forty-two years, forty-two this very day on which I write!

Hurrell Froude was a pupil of Keble's, formed by him and in turn reacting upon him. I knew him first in 1826, and was in the closest and most affectionate friendship with him from about 1829 till his death in 1836. He was a man of the highest gifts,—so truly many-sided that it would be presumptuous in me to attempt to describe him, except under those aspects in which he came before me.

It is difficult to enumerate the precise additions to my theological creed which I derived from a friend to whom I owe so much. He taught me to look with admiration towards the Church of Rome, and in the same degree to dislike the Reformation. He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and he led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence.

There is one remaining source of my opinions to be mentioned, and that far from the least important. In proportion as I moved out of the shadow of that Liberalism which had hung over my course, my early devotion towards the Fathers returned; and in the Long Vacation of 1828 I set about to read them chronologically, beginning with St. Ignatius and St. Justin.

While I was engaged in writing my work upon the Arians, great events were happening at home and abroad, which brought out into form and passionate expression the various beliefs which had so gradually been winning their way into my mind. Shortly before, there had been a Revolution in France; the Bourbons had been dismissed: and I held that it was unchristian for nations to cast off their governors, and, much more, sovereigns who had the divine right of inheritance. Again, the great Reform Agitation was going on around me as I wrote. The Whigs had come

into power; Lord Grey had told the Bishops to set their house in order, and some of the Prelates had been insulted and threatened in the streets of London. The vital question was, how were we to keep the Church from being liberalized? there was such apathy on the subject in some quarters, such imbecile alarm in others; the true principles of Churchmanship seemed so radically decayed, and there was such distraction in the councils of the Clergy.

I felt affection for my own Church, but not tenderness; I felt dismay at her prospects, anger and scorn at her do-nothing perplexity. I thought that if Liberalism once got a footing within her, it was sure of the victory in the event. I saw that Reformation principles were powerless to rescue her. As to leaving her, the thought never crossed my imagination; still I ever kept before me that there was something greater than the Established Church, and that that was the Church Catholic and Apostolic, set up from the beginning, of which she was but the local presence and the organ. She was nothing, unless she was this. She must be dealt with strongly, or she would be lost. There was need of a second reformation.

At this time I was disengaged from College duties, and my health had suffered from the labour involved in the composition of my Volume. It was ready for the Press in July, 1832, though not published till the end of 1833. I was easily persuaded to join Hurrell Froude and his Father, who were going to the south of Europe for the health of the former.

We set out in December, 1832.

I went to various coasts of the Mediterranean; parted with my friends at Rome; went down for the second time to Sicily without companion, at the end of April; and got back to England by Palermo in the early part of July. The strangeness of foreign life threw me back into myself; I found pleasure in historical sites and beautiful scenes, not in men and manners. We kept clear of Catholics throughout our tour. I had a conversation with the Dean of Malta, a most pleasant man, lately dead; but it was about the Fathers, and the Library of the great church. I knew the Abbate Santini, at Rome, who did no more than copy for me the Gregorian tones. Froude and I made two calls upon Monsignore (now Cardinal) Wiseman at the Collegio Inglese, shortly before we left Rome. Once we heard him preach at a church in the Corso. I do not recollect being in a room with any other ecclesiastics, except a Priest at Castro-Giovanni in Sicily, who called on me when I was ill, and with whom I wished to hold a controversy. As to Church Services, we attended the Tenebræ, at the Sistine, for the sake of the Miserere; and that was all. My general feeling was, "All, save the spirit of man, is divine." I saw nothing but what was external; of the hidden life of Catholics I knew nothing. I was still more driven back into myself, and felt my isolation. England was in my thoughts solely, and the news from England came rarely and imperfectly. The Bill for the Suppression of the Irish Sees was in progress, and filled my mind. I had fierce thoughts against the Liberals.

It was the success of the Liberal cause which fretted me inwardly. I became fierce against its instruments and its manifestations. A French

vessel was at Algiers; I would not even look at the tricolour. On my return, though forced to stop twenty-four hours at Paris, I kept indoors the whole time, and all that I saw of that beautiful city was what I saw from the *Diligence*. The Bishop of London had already sounded me as to my filling one of the Whitehall preacherships, which he had just then put on a new footing; but I was indignant at the line which he was taking, and from my Steamer I had sent home a letter declining the appointment by anticipation, should it be offered to me.

It was at Rome, too, that we began the *Lyra Apostolica* which appeared monthly in the *British Magazine*. When we took leave of Monsignore Wiseman, he had courteously expressed a wish that we might make a second visit to Rome; I said with great gravity, "We have a work to do in England." I went down at once to Sicily, and the presentiment grew stronger. I struck into the middle of the island, and fell ill of a fever at Leonforte. My servant thought that I was dying, and begged for my last directions. I gave them, as he wished; but I said, "I shall not die." I repeated, "I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light, I have not sinned against light." I never have been able quite to make out what I meant.

I got to Castro-Giovanni, and was laid up there for nearly three weeks. Towards the end of May I left for Palermo, taking three days for the journey. Before starting from my inn in the morning of May 26th or 27th, I sat down on my bed and began to sob violently. My servant, who had acted as my nurse, asked what ailed me. I could only answer him, "I have a work to do in England."

I was aching to get home; yet for want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. I began to visit the Churches, and they calmed my impatience, though I did not attend any services. I knew nothing of the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament there. At last I got off in an orange boat, bound for Marseilles. Then it was that I wrote the lines, "Lead, kindly light," which have since become well known. We were becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio. I was writing verses the whole time of my passage. At length I got to Marseilles, and set off for England. The fatigue of travelling was too much for me, and I was laid up for several days at Lyons. At last I got off again, and did not stop night or day (except a compulsory delay at Paris) till I reached England, and my mother's house. My brother had arrived from Persia only a few hours before. This was on the Tuesday. The following Sunday, July 14th, Mr. Keble preached the Assize Sermon in the University Pulpit. It was published under the title of "National Apostasy." I have ever considered and kept the day, as the start of the religious movement of 1833.

II. HISTORY OF MY RELIGIOUS OPINIONS FROM 1833 TO 1839

IN SPITE of the foregoing pages, I have no romantic story to tell; but I have written them, because it is my duty to tell things as they took place.

I have not exaggerated the feelings with which I returned to England, and I have no desire to dress up the events which followed, so as to make them in keeping with the narrative which has gone before. I soon relapsed into the everyday life which I had hitherto led; in all things the same, except that a new object was given me. I had employed myself in my own rooms in reading and writing, and in the care of a Church, before I left England, and I returned to the same occupations when I was back again. And yet perhaps those first vehement feelings which carried me on were necessary for the beginning of the Movement; and afterwards, when it was once begun, the special need of me was over.

When I got home from abroad, I found that already a movement had commenced, in opposition to the specific danger which at that time was threatening the religion of the nation and its Church. Several zealous and able men had united their counsels, and were in correspondence with each other. The principal of these were Mr. Keble, Hurrell Froude, who had reached home long before me, Mr. William Palmer of Dublin and Worcester College (not Mr. William Palmer of Magdalen, who is now a Catholic), Mr. Arthur Perceval, and Mr. Hugh Rose.

I had out of my own head begun the Tracts; and these, as representing the antagonist principle of personality, were looked upon by Mr. Palmer's friends with considerable alarm. Keble and Froude advocated their continuance strongly, and were angry with me for consenting to stop them.

I wished men to agree with me, and I walked with them step by step, as far as they would go; this I did sincerely; but if they would stop, I did not much care about it, but walked on, with some satisfaction that I had brought them so far. I liked to make them preach the truth without knowing it, and encouraged them to do so. It was a satisfaction to me that the *Record* had allowed me to say so much in its columns, without remonstrance. I was amused to hear of one of the Bishops, who, on reading an early Tract on the Apostolical Succession, could not make up his mind whether he held the doctrine or not. I was not distressed at the wonder or anger of dull and self-conceited men, at propositions which they did not understand. When a correspondent, in good faith, wrote to a newspaper, to say that the "Sacrifice of the Holy Eucharist," spoken of in the Tract, was a false print for "Sacrament," I thought the mistake too pleasant to be corrected before I was asked about it. I was not unwilling to draw an opponent on step by step, by virtue of his own opinions, to the brink of some intellectual absurdity, and to leave him to get back as he could. I was not unwilling to play with a man, who asked me impertinent questions. I think I had in my mouth the words of the Wise man, "Answer a fool according to his folly," especially if he was prying or spiteful. I was reckless of the gossip which was circulated about me; and, when I might easily have set it right, did not deign to do so. Also I used irony in conversation, when matter-of-fact men would not see what I meant.

This absolute confidence in my cause, which led me to the negli-

gence or wantonness which I have been instancing, also laid me open, not unfairly, to the opposite charge of fierceness in certain steps which I took, or words which I published. In the *Lyra Apostolica*, I have said that before learning to love, we must "learn to hate"; though I had explained my words by adding "hatred of sin."

No wonder that Blanco White, who had known me under such different circumstances, now hearing the general course that I was taking, was amazed at the change which he recognized in me. He speaks bitterly and unfairly of me in his letters contemporaneously with the first years of the Movement; but in 1839, on looking back, he uses terms of me, which it would be hardly modest in me to quote.

I have spoken of my firm confidence in my position; and now let me state more definitely what the position was which I took up, and the propositions about which I was so confident. These were three:—

1. First was the principle of dogma: my battle was with liberalism; by liberalism I mean the anti-dogmatic principle and its developments.

2. Secondly, I was confident in the truth of a certain definite religious teaching, based upon this foundation of dogma; viz. that there was a visible Church, with sacraments and rites which are the channels of invisible grace. I thought that this was the doctrine of Scripture, of the early Church, and of the Anglican Church. Here again, I have not changed in opinion; I am as certain now on this point as I was in 1833, and have never ceased to be certain.

3. But now, as to the third point on which I stood in 1833, and which I have utterly renounced and trampled upon since,—my then view of the Church of Rome;—I will speak about it as exactly as I can. When I was young, as I have said already, and after I was grown up, I thought the Pope to be Antichrist. At Christmas 1824–5 I preached a sermon to that effect. But in 1827 I accepted eagerly the stanza in the *Christian Year*, which many people thought too charitable, "Speak *gently* of thy sister's fall." From the time that I knew Froude I got less and less bitter on the subject.

Moreover, from Froude I learned to admire the great medieval Pontiffs; and, of course, when I had come to consider the Council of Trent to be the turning point of the history of Christian Rome, I found myself as free, as I was rejoiced, to speak in their praise. Then, when I was abroad, the sight of so many great places, venerable shrines, and noble churches, much impressed my imagination. And my heart was touched also. Making an expedition on foot across some wild country in Sicily, at six in the morning, I came upon a small church; I heard voices, and I looked in. It was crowded, and the congregation was singing. Of course it was the mass, though I did not know it at the time. And, in my weary days at Palermo, I was not ungrateful for the comfort which I had received in frequenting the churches; nor did I ever forget it. Then, again, her zealous maintenance of the doctrine and the rule of celibacy, which I recognized as Apostolic, and her faithful agreement with Antiquity in so many other points which were dear to me, was an argument

as well as a plea in favour of the great Church of Rome. Thus I learned to have tender feelings towards her; but still my reason was not affected at all. My judgment was against her, when viewed as an institution, as truly as it ever had been.

And now I come to the very point, for which I have introduced the subject of my feelings about Rome. I felt such confidence in the substantial justice of the charges which I advanced against her, that I considered them to be a safeguard and an assurance that no harm could ever arise from the freest exposition of what I used to call Anglican principles. All the world was astounded at what Froude and I were saying. men said that it was sheer Popery. I answered, "True, we seem to be making straight for it; but go on awhile, and you will come to a deep chasm across the path, which makes real approximation impossible."

It was with this absolute persuasion on my mind that I fancied that there could be no rashness in giving to the world in fullest measure the teaching and the writings of the Fathers. I thought that the Church of England was substantially founded upon them.

For myself, I was not the person to take the lead of a party; I never was, from first to last, more than a leading author of a school; nor did I ever wish to be anything else. This is my own account of the matter; and I say it, neither as intending to disown the responsibility of what was done, or as if ungrateful to those who at that time made more of me than I deserved, and did more for my sake and at my bidding than I realized myself. I am giving my history from my own point of sight, and it is as follows:—I had lived for ten years among my personal friends; the greater part of the time, I had been influenced, not influencing; and at no time have I acted on others, without their acting upon me. As is the custom of a University, I had lived with my private, nay, with some of my public, pupils, and with the junior fellows of my College, without form or distance, on a footing of equality. Thus it was through friends, younger, for the most part, than myself, that my principles were spreading. They heard what I said in conversation, and told it to others. Undergraduates in due time took their degree, and became private tutors themselves. In their new *status*, they in turn preached the opinions, with which they had already become acquainted. Others went down to the country, and became curates of parishes. Then they had down from London parcels of the Tracts, and other publications. They placed them in the shops of local booksellers, got them into newspapers, introduced them to clerical meetings, and converted more or less their Rectors and their brother curates. Thus the Movement, viewed with relation to myself, was but a floating opinion; it was not a power. It never would have been a power, if it had remained in my hands.

To the last I never recognized the hold I had over young men. Of late years I have read and heard that they even imitated me in various ways. I was quite unconscious of it, and I think my immediate friends knew too well how disgusted I should be at such proceedings to have the heart to tell me. I felt great impatience at our being called a party, and would

not allow that we were such. I had a lounging, free-and-easy way of carrying things on. I exercised no sufficient censorship upon the Tracts. I did not confine them to the writings of such persons as agreed in all things with myself; and, as to my own Tracts, I printed on them a notice to the effect that anyone who pleased might make what use he would of them, and reprint them with alterations if he chose, under the conviction that their main scope could not be damaged by such a process.

All this may seem inconsistent with what I have said of my fierceness. I am not bound to account for it; but there have been men before me, fierce in act, yet tolerant and moderate in their reasonings; at least, so I read history. However, such was the case, and such its effect upon the Tracts. These at first starting were short, hasty, and some of them ineffective; and at the end of the year, when collected into a volume, they had a slovenly appearance.

It was under these circumstances that Dr. Pusey joined us. I had known him well since 1827-8, and had felt for him an enthusiastic admiration.

Dr. Pusey's influence was felt at once. He saw that there ought to be more sobriety, more gravity, more careful pains, more sense of responsibility in the Tracts and in the whole Movement. It was through him that the character of the Tracts was changed. I set about a work at once; one in which was brought out with precision the relation in which we stood to the Church of Rome.

This work employed me for three years, from the beginning of 1834 to the end of 1836, and was published in 1837. It was composed, after a careful consideration and comparison of the principal Anglican divines of the 17th century. It was first written in the shape of controversial correspondence with a learned French priest; then it was recast, and delivered in Lectures at St. Mary's; lastly, with considerable retrenchments and additions, it was rewritten for publication.

It attempts to trace out the rudimental lines on which Christian faith and teaching proceed, and to use them as means of determining the relation of the Roman and Anglican systems to each other. In this way it shows that to confuse the two together is impossible, and that the Anglican can be as little said to tend to the Roman as the Roman to the Anglican.

But this Volume had a larger scope than that of opposing the Roman system. It was an attempt at commencing a system of theology on the Anglican idea, and based upon Anglican authorities.

The first threatenings of what was coming were heard in 1838. At that time, my Bishop in a Charge made some light animadversions, but they *were* animadversions, on the *Tracts for the Times*. At once I offered to stop them.

From the time that I had entered upon the duties of Public Tutor at my College, when my doctrinal views were very different from what they were in 1841, I had meditated a comment upon the [Thirty-nine] Articles. Then, when the Movement was in its swing, friends had said to

me, "What will you make of the Articles?" but I did not share the apprehension which their question implied.

The main thesis of my Essay was this.—the Articles do not oppose Catholic teaching; they but partially oppose Roman dogma; they for the most part oppose the dominant errors of Rome. And the problem was, as I have said, to draw the line as to what they allowed and what they condemned.

In the sudden storm of indignation with which the Tract was received throughout the country on its appearance, I recognized much of real religious feeling, much of honest and true principle, much of straightforward ignorant common sense. In Oxford there was genuine feeling too; but there had been a smouldering, stern, energetic animosity, not at all unnatural, partly rational, against its author. A false step had been made; now was the time for action. I am told that, even before the publication of the Tract, rumours of its contents had got into the hostile camp in an exaggerated form; and not a moment was lost in proceeding to action, when I was actually fallen into the hands of the Philistines I was quite unprepared for the outbreak, and was startled at its violence. I do not think I had any fear. Nay, I will add, I am not sure that it was not in one point of view a relief to me.

I saw indeed clearly that my place in the Movement was lost; public confidence was at an end; my occupation was gone. It was simply an impossibility that I could say anything henceforth to good effect, when I had been posted up by the marshal on the buttery hatch of every College of my University, after the manner of discomfited pastry cooks, and when in every part of the country and every class of society, through every organ and opportunity of opinion, in newspapers, in periodicals, at meetings, in pulpits, at dinner tables, in coffee-rooms, in railway carriages, I was denounced as a traitor who had laid his train and was detected in the very act of firing it against the time-honoured Establishment. There were indeed men, besides my own immediate friends, men of name and position, who gallantly took my part, as Dr. Hook, Mr. Palmer, and Mr. Perceval; it must have been a grievous trial for themselves; yet what after all could they do for me? Confidence in me was lost;—but I had already lost full confidence in myself. Thoughts had passed over me a year and a half before in respect to the Anglican claims, which for the time had profoundly troubled me. They had gone: I had not less confidence in the power and the prospects of the Apostolical movement than before; not less confidence than before in the grievousness of what I called the "dominant errors" of Rome: but how was I any more to have absolute confidence in myself? how was I to have confidence in my present confidence? how was I to be sure that I should always think as I thought now? I felt that by this event a kind Providence had saved me from an impossible position in the future.

First, if I remember right, they wished me to withdraw the Tract. This I refused to do: I would not do so for the sake of those who were unsettled or in danger of unsettlement. I would not do so for my own

sake; for how could I acquiesce in a mere Protestant interpretation of the Articles? how could I range myself among the professors of a theology, of which it put my teeth on edge even to hear the sound?

Next they said, "Keep silence; do not defend the Tract"; I answered, "Yes, if you will not condemn it,—if you will allow it to continue on sale." They pressed on me whenever I gave way; they fell back when they saw me obstinate. Their line of action was to get out of me as much as they could; but upon the point of their tolerating the Tract I *was* obstinate. So they let me continue it on sale; and they said they would not condemn it. But they said that this was on condition that I did not defend it, that I stopped the series, and that I myself published my own condemnation in a letter to the Bishop of Oxford. I impute nothing whatever to him, he was ever most kind to me. Also, they said they could not answer for what some individual Bishops might perhaps say about the Tract in their own charges. I agreed to their conditions. My one point was to save the Tract.

Not a line in writing was given me, as a pledge of the observance of the main article on their side of the engagement. Parts of letters from them were read to me, without being put into my hands. It was an "understanding." A clever man had warned me against "understandings" some thirteen years before: I have hated them ever since.

In the last words of my letter to the Bishop of Oxford I thus resigned my place in the Movement:—

"I have nothing to be sorry for," I say to him, "except having made your Lordship anxious, and others whom I am bound to revere. I have nothing to be sorry for, but everything to rejoice in and be thankful for. I have never taken pleasure in seeming to be able to move a party, and whatever influence I have had has been found, not sought after. I have acted because others did not act, and have sacrificed a quiet which I prized. May God be with me in time to come, as He has been hitherto! and He will be if I can but keep my hand clean and my heart pure. I think I can bear, or at least will try to bear, any personal humiliation, so that I am preserved from betraying sacred interests, which the Lord of grace and power has given into my charge."

III. HISTORY OF MY RELIGIOUS OPINIONS FROM 1839 TO 1841

AND NOW that I am about to trace, as far as I can, the course of that great revolution of mind, which led me to leave my own home, to which I was bound by so many strong and tender ties, I feel overcome with the difficulty of satisfying myself in my account of it, and have recoiled from the attempt, till the near approach of the day, on which these lines must be given to the world, forces me to set about the task. For who can know himself, and the multitude of subtle influences which act upon him?

What will best describe my state of mind at the early part of 1839 is an Article in the *British Critic* for that April. I have looked over it now,

for the first time since it was published; and have been struck by it for this reason:—it contains the last words which I ever spoke as an Anglican to Anglicans. It may now be read as my parting address and valediction, made to my friends. I little knew it at the time. It reviews the actual state of things, and it ends by looking towards the future. It was published two years before the affair of Tract 90, and was entitled *The State of Religious Parties*.

But, while I was thus speaking of the future of the Movement, I was in truth winding up my accounts with it, little dreaming that it was so to be;—while I was still, in some way or other, feeling about for an available *Via Media*, I was soon to receive a shock which was to cast out of my imagination all middle courses and compromises forever. As I have said, this Article appeared in the April number of the *British Critic*; in the July number, I cannot tell why, there is no Article of mine; before the number for October, the event had happened to which I have alluded.

The Long Vacation of 1839 began early. There had been a great many visitors to Oxford from Easter to Commemoration; and Dr. Pusey's party had attracted attention, more, I think, than in any former year. I had put away from me the controversy with Rome for more than two years. In my Parochial Sermons the subject had at no time been introduced: there had been nothing for two years, either in my Tracts or in the *British Critic*, of a polemical character. I was returning, for the Vacation, to the course of reading which I had many years before chosen as especially my own. I have no reason to suppose that the thoughts of Rome came across my mind at all. About the middle of June, I began to study and master the history of the Monophysites.

Hardly had I brought my course of reading to a close, when the *Dublin Review* of that same August was put into my hands, by friends who were more favourable to the cause of Rome than I was myself. There was an article in it on the "Anglican Claim" by Dr. Wiseman. This was about the middle of September. It was on the Donatists, with an application to Anglicanism. I read it, and did not see much in it. The Donatist controversy was known to me for some years, as has appeared already. The case was not parallel to that of the Anglican Church. St. Augustine in Africa wrote against the Donatists in Africa. They were a furious party who made a schism within the African Church, and not beyond its limits. It was a case of Altar against Altar, of two occupants of the same See, as that between the Non-jurors in England and the Established Church; not the case of one Church against another, as of Rome against the Oriental Monophysites. But a friend, an anxiously religious man, now, as then, very dear to me, a Protestant still, pointed out the palmary words of St. Augustine, which were contained in one of the extracts made in the *Review*, and which had escaped my observation. "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*." He repeated these words again and again, and, when he was gone, they kept ringing in my ears. "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*"; they were words which went beyond the occasion of the Donatists: they applied to that of the Monophysites. They gave a cogency to the Article, which

had escaped me at first. They decided ecclesiastical questions on a simpler rule than that of Antiquity; nay, St. Augustine was one of the prime oracles of Antiquity; here then Antiquity was deciding against itself. What a light was hereby thrown upon every controversy in the Church! not that, for the moment, the multitude may not falter in their judgment,—not that, in the Arian hurricane, Sees more than can be numbered did not bend before its fury, and fall off from St. Athanasius,—not that the crowd of Oriental Bishops did not need to be sustained during the contest by the voice and the eye of St. Leo; but that the deliberate judgment, in which the whole Church at length rests and acquiesces, is an infallible prescription and a final sentence against such portions of it as protest and secede. Who can account for the impressions which are made on him? For a mere sentence, the words of St. Augustine struck me with a power which I never had felt from any words before. To take a familiar instance, they were like the “Turn again, Whittington” of the chime; or, to take a more serious one, they were like the “*Tolle, lege,—Tolle, lege,*” of the child, which converted St. Augustine himself. “*Securus judicat orbis terrarum!*” By those great words of the ancient Father, interpreting and summing up the long and varied course of ecclesiastical history, the theory of the *Via Media* was absolutely pulverized.

I became excited at the view thus opened upon me. I was just starting on a round of visits; and I mentioned my state of mind to two most intimate friends: I think to no others. After a while, I got calm, and at length the vivid impression upon my imagination faded away. What I thought about it on reflection, I will attempt to describe presently. I had to determine its logical value, and its bearing upon my duty. Meanwhile, so far as this was certain,—I had seen the shadow of a hand upon the wall. It was clear that I had a good deal to learn on the question of the Churches, and that perhaps some new light was coming upon me. He who has seen a ghost cannot be as if he had never seen it. The heavens had opened and closed again. The thought for the moment had been, “The Church of Rome will be found right after all”; and then it had vanished. My old convictions remained as before.

The one question was, what was I to do? I had to make up my mind for myself, and others could not help me. I determined to be guided, not by my imagination, but by my reason. And this I said over and over again in the years which followed, both in conversation and in private letters. Had it not been for this severe resolve, I should have been a Catholic sooner than I was.

I had a great and growing dislike, after the summer of 1839, to speak against the Roman Church herself or her formal doctrines. I was very averse to speaking against doctrines, which might possibly turn out to be true, though at the time I had no reason for thinking they were; or against the Church, which had preserved them. I began to have misgivings that, strong as my own feelings had been against her, yet in some things which I had said, I had taken the statements of Anglican divines for granted without weighing them for myself.

Instead then of speaking of errors in doctrine, I was driven, by my state of mind, to insist upon the political conduct, the controversial bearing, and the social methods and manifestations of Rome. And here I found a matter ready to my hand, which affected me the more sensibly for the reason that it lay at our very doors. I can hardly describe too strongly my feeling upon it. I had an unspeakable aversion to the policy and acts of Mr. [Daniel] O'Connell, because, as I thought, he associated himself with men of all religions and no religion against the Anglican Church and advanced Catholicism by violence and intrigue. When then I found him taken up by the English Catholics, and, as I supposed, at Rome, I considered I had a fulfilment before my eyes how the Court of Rome played fast and loose, and justified the serious charges which I had seen put down in books against it. Here we saw what Rome was in action, whatever she might be when quiescent. Her conduct was simply secular and political.

When I got back to Oxford in October, 1839, after the visits which I had been paying, it so happened there had been, in my absence, occurrences of an awkward character, compromising me both with my Bishop and also with the authorities at the University; and this drew my attention at once to the state of the Movement party there, and made me very anxious for the future.

But the great stumbling block lay in the 39 Articles. It was urged that here was a positive Note *against* Anglicanism:—Anglicanism claimed to hold that the Church of England was nothing else than a continuation in this country (as the Church of Rome might be in France or Spain) of that one Church of which in old times Athanasius and Augustine were members. But, if so, the doctrine must be the same; the doctrine of the Old Church must live and speak in Anglican formularies, in the 39 Articles. Did it? Yes, it did; that is what I maintained; it did in substance, in a true sense. Man had done his worst to disfigure, to mutilate, the old Catholic Truth; but there it was, in spite of them, in the Articles still. It was there,—but this must be shown.

This then was the second work to which I set myself; though when I got to Littlemore, other things interfered to prevent my accomplishing it at the moment. I had in mind to remove all such obstacles as lay in the way of holding the Apostolic and Catholic character of the Anglican teaching; to assert the right of all who chose to say in the face of day, "Our Church teaches the Primitive Ancient faith."

A third measure which I distinctly contemplated was the resignation of St. Mary's, whatever became of the question of the 39 Articles; and as a first step I meditated a retirement to Littlemore. Littlemore was an integral part of St. Mary's Parish, and between two and three miles distant from Oxford. I had built a Church there several years before; and I went there to pass the Lent of 1840, and gave myself up to teaching in the Parish School, and practising the choir. At the same time, I had in view a monastic house there. I bought ten acres of ground and began planting; but this great design was never carried out. I mention it, because

it shows how little I had really the idea at that time of ever leaving the Anglican Church.

In the summer of 1841, I found myself at Littlemore without any harass or anxiety on my mind. I had determined to put aside all controversy, and I set myself down to my translation of St. Athanasius; but, between July and November, I received three blows which broke me.

1. I had got but a little way in my work, when my trouble returned on me. The ghost had come a second time. In the *Asian History* I found the very same phenomenon, in a far bolder shape, which I had found in the Monophysite. I had not observed it in 1832.

2. I was in the misery of this new unsettlement, when a second blow came upon me. The Bishops one after another began to charge against me. It was a formal, determinate movement. This was the real "understanding"; that, on which I had acted on the first appearance of Tract 90, had come to nought.

3. As if all this were not enough, there came the affair of the Jerusalem Bishopric; and, with a brief mention of it, I shall conclude.

I think I am right in saying that it had been long a desire with the Prussian Court to introduce Episcopacy into the new Evangelical Religion, which was intended in that country to embrace both the Lutheran and Calvinistic bodies. About the time of the publication of Tract 90, M. Bunsen and the then Archbishop of Canterbury were taking steps for its execution, by appointing and consecrating a Bishop for Jerusalem. Jerusalem, it would seem, was considered a safe place for the experiment; it was too far from Prussia to awaken the susceptibilities of any party at home; if the project failed, it failed without harm to anyone; and, if it succeeded, it gave Protestantism a *status* in the East, which, in association with the Monophysite or Jacobite and the Nestorian bodies, formed a political instrument for England, parallel to that which Russia had in the Greek Church and France in the Latin.

I do not pretend, so long after the time, to give a full or exact account of this measure in detail. I will but say that in the Act of Parliament, under date of October 5, 1841 (if the copy, from which I quote, contains the measure as it passed the Houses), provision is made for the consecration of "British subjects, or the subjects or citizens of any foreign state, to be Bishops in any foreign country, whether such foreign subjects or citizens be or be not subjects or citizens of the country in which they are to act, and . . . without requiring such of them as may be subjects or citizens of any foreign kingdom or state to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and the oath of due obedience to the Archbishop for the time being" . . . also "that such Bishop or Bishops, so consecrated, may exercise, within such limits, as may from time to time be assigned for that purpose in such foreign countries by her Majesty, spiritual jurisdiction over the ministers of British congregations of the United Church of England and Ireland, and over *such other Protestant* Congregations, as may be desirous of placing themselves under his or their authority."

Now here, at the very time that the Anglican Bishops were directing

their censure upon me for avowing an approach to the Catholic Church not closer than I believed the Anglican formularies would allow, they were, on the other hand, fraternizing, by their act or by their sufferance, with Protestant bodies, and allowing them to put themselves under an Anglican Bishop, without any renunciation of their errors or regard to their due reception of baptism and confirmation; while there was great reason to suppose that the said Bishop was intended to make converts from the orthodox Greeks, and the schismatical Oriental bodies, by means of the influence of England. This was the third blow, which finally shattered my faith in the Anglican Church. That Church was not only forbidding any sympathy or concurrence with the Church of Rome, but it actually was courting an intercommunion with Protestant Prussia and the heresy of the Orientals. The Anglican Church might have the Apostolical succession, as had the Monophysites; but such acts as were in progress led me to the gravest suspicion, not that it would soon cease to be a Church, but that, since the 16th century, it had never been a Church all along

IV. HISTORY OF MY RELIGIOUS OPINIONS FROM 1841 TO 1845

FROM THE END OF 1841, I was on my deathbed, as regards my membership with the Anglican Church, though at the time I became aware of it only by degrees. I introduce what I have to say with this remark, by way of accounting for the character of this remaining portion of my narrative. A deathbed has scarcely a history; it is a tedious decline, with seasons of rallying and seasons of falling back; and since the end is foreseen, or what is called a matter of time, it has little interest for the reader, especially if he has a kind heart. Moreover, it is a season when doors are closed and curtains drawn, and when the sick man neither cares nor is able to record the stages of his malady. I was in these circumstances, except so far as I was not allowed to die in peace,—except so far as friends, who had still a full right to come in upon me, and the public world which had not, have given a sort of history to those last four years.

I deliberately quitted the old Anglican ground as untenable; though I did not do so all at once, but as I became more and more convinced of the state of the case. The Jerusalem Bishopric was the ultimate condemnation of the old theory of the *Via Media*—if its establishment did nothing else, at least it demolished the sacredness of diocesan rights. If England could be in Palestine, Rome might be in England.

To bring out this view was the purpose of *Four Sermons preached at St. Mary's* in December of that year. Hitherto I had not introduced the exciting topics of the day into the Pulpit; on this occasion I did.

The point of these Sermons is that, in spite of the rigid character of the Jewish law, the formal and literal force of its precepts, and the manifest schism, and worse than schism, of the Ten Tribes, yet in fact they were still recognized as a people by the Divine Mercy; that the great

prophets Elias and Eliseus were sent to them; and not only so, but were sent to preach to them and reclaim them, without any intimation that they must be reconciled to the line of David and the Aaronic priesthood, or go up to Jerusalem to worship. They were not in the Church, yet they had the means of grace and the hope of acceptance with their Maker. The application of all this to the Anglican Church was immediate.

When I became a Catholic, the Editor of the *Christian Observer*, Mr. Wilkes, who had in former days accused me, to my indignation, of tending towards Rome, wrote to me to ask which of the two was now right, he or I? I answered him in a letter, part of which I here insert, as it will serve as a sort of leave-taking of the great theory, which is so specious to look upon, so difficult to prove, and so hopeless to work.

"Nov. 8, 1845 I do not think, at all more than I did, that the Anglican principles which I advocated at the date you mention, lead men to the Church of Rome. If I must specify what I mean by 'Anglican principles,' I should say, e.g., taking *Antiquity*, not the *existing Church*, as the oracle of truth; and holding that the *Apostolical Succession* is a sufficient guarantee of Sacramental Grace, *without union with the Christian Church throughout the world*. I think these still the firmest, strongest ground against Rome—that is, *if they can be held*" [as truths or facts]. "They *have* been held by many, and are far more difficult to refute in the Roman controversy than those of any other religious body.

"For myself, I found *I could not* hold them. I left them. From the time I began to suspect their unsoundness, I ceased to put them forward. When I was fairly sure of their unsoundness, I gave up my Living. When I was fully confident that the Church of Rome was the only true Church, I joined her.

"I have felt all along that Bp. Bull's theology was the only theology on which the English Church could stand. I have felt that opposition to the Church of Rome was *part* of that theology; and that he who could not protest against the Church of Rome was no true divine in the English Church. I have never said, nor attempted to say, that any one in office in the English Church, whether Bishop or incumbent, could be otherwise than in hostility to the Church of Rome."

The *Via Media* then disappeared forever, and a Theory, made expressly for the occasion, took its place.

While I had confidence in the *Via Media*, and thought that nothing could upset it, I did not mind laying down large principles, which I saw would go further than was commonly perceived. I considered that to make the *Via Media* concrete and substantive, it must be much more than it was in outline; that the Anglican Church must have a ceremonial, a ritual, and a fulness of doctrine and devotion, which it had not at present, if it were to compete with the Roman Church with any prospect of success. Such additions would not remove it from its proper basis, but would merely strengthen and beautify it: such, for instance, would be confraternities, particular devotions, reverence for the Blessed Virgin, prayers for the dead, beautiful churches, munificent offerings to them and in them,

monastic houses, and many other observances and institutions, which I used to say belonged to us as much as to Rome, though Rome had appropriated them and boasted of them, by reason of our having let them slip from us.

Sometimes in what I wrote I went just as far as I saw, and could as little say more, as I could see what is below the horizon; and therefore, when asked as to the consequences of what I had said, I had no answer to give. Again, sometimes when I was asked whether certain conclusions did not follow from a certain principle, I might not be able to tell at the moment, especially if the matter were complicated; and for this reason, if for no other, because there is great difference between a conclusion in the abstract and a conclusion in the concrete, and because a conclusion may be modified in fact by a conclusion from some opposite principle. Or it might so happen that my head got simply confused, by the very strength of the logic which was administered to me.

I had a great dislike of paper logic. For myself, it was not logic that carried me on; as well might one say that the quicksilver in the barometer changes the weather. It is the concrete being that reasons; pass a number of years, and I find my mind in a new place; how? the whole man moves; paper logic is but the record of it. All the logic in the world would not have made me move faster towards Rome than I did; as well might you say that I have arrived at the end of my journey, because I see the village church before me, as venture to assert that the miles, over which my soul had to pass before it got to Rome, could be annihilated, even though I had been in possession of some far clearer view than I then had, that Rome was my ultimate destination. Great acts take time. At least this is what I felt in my own case; and therefore to come to me with methods of logic had in it the nature of a provocation, and, though I do not think I ever showed it, made me somewhat indifferent how I met them, and perhaps led me, as a means of relieving my impatience, to be mysterious or irrelevant, or to give in because I could not meet them to my satisfaction. And a greater trouble still than these logical mazes was the introduction of logic into every subject whatever, so far, that is, as this was done. Before I was at Oriel, I recollect an acquaintance saying to me that "the Oriel Common Room stank of Logic." One is not at all pleased when poetry, or eloquence, or devotion, is considered as if chiefly intended to feed syllogisms. Now, in saying all this, I am saying nothing against the deep piety and earnestness which were characteristics of this second phase of the Movement, in which I had taken so prominent a part. What I have been observing is that this phase had a tendency to bewilder and to upset me; and that, instead of saying so, as I ought to have done, perhaps from a sort of laziness I gave answers at random, which have led to my appearing close or inconsistent.

There was another source of the perplexity with which at this time I was encompassed, and of the reserve and mysteriousness, of which that perplexity gained for me the credit. After Tract 90 the Protestant world would not let me alone; they pursued me in the public journals to Little-

more. Reports of all kinds were circulated about me. "Imprimis, why did I go up to Littlemore at all? For no good purpose certainly; I dared not tell why." Why, to be sure, it was hard that I should be obliged to say to the Editors of newspapers that I went up there to say my prayers; it was hard to have to tell the world in confidence that I had a certain doubt about the Anglican system, and could not at that moment resolve it or say what would come of it; it was hard to have to confess that I had thought of giving up my Living a year or two before, and that this was a first step to it. It was hard to have to plead that, for what I knew, my doubts would vanish, if the newspapers would be so good as to give me time and let me alone. Who would ever dream of making the world his confidant? yet I was considered insidious, sly, dishonest, if I would not open my heart to the tender mercies of the world. But they persisted: "What was I doing at Littlemore?" Doing there! have I not retreated from you? have I not given up my position and my place? am I alone, of Englishmen, not to have the privilege to go where I will, no questions asked? am I alone to be followed about by jealous prying eyes, which take note whether I go in at a back door or at the front, and who the men are who happen to call on me in the afternoon? Cowards! if I advanced one step, you would run away; it is not you that I fear: "*Di me terrent, et Jupiter hostis.*" It is because the Bishops still go on charging against me, though I have quite given up: it is that secret misgiving of heart which tells me that they do well, for I have neither lot nor part with them: this it is which weighs me down. I cannot walk into or out of my house, but curious eyes are upon me. Why will you not let me die in peace? Wounded brutes creep into some hole to die in, and no one grudges it them. Let me alone, I shall not trouble you long. This was the keen feeling which pierced me, and, I think, these are the very words in which I expressed it to myself. I asked, in the words of a great motto, "*Ubi lapsus? quid feci?*" One day when I entered my house, I found a flight of Undergraduates inside. Heads of Houses, as mounted patrols, walked their horses round those poor cottages. Doctors of Divinity dived into the hidden recesses of that private tenement uninvited, and drew domestic conclusions from what they saw there. I had thought that an Englishman's house was his castle; but the newspapers thought otherwise, and at last the matter came before my good Bishop.

One calumny there was which the Bishop did not believe, and of which of course he had no idea of speaking. It was that I was actually in the service of the enemy. I had forsooth been already received into the Catholic Church, and was rearing at Littlemore a nest of Papists, who, like me, were to take the Anglican oaths which they disbelieved, by virtue of a dispensation from Rome, and thus in due time were to bring over to that unprincipled Church great numbers of the Anglican Clergy and Laity. Bishops gave their countenance to this imputation against me. The case was simply this:—as I made Littlemore a place of retirement for myself, so did I offer it to others. There were young men in Oxford, whose testimonials for Orders had been refused by their Colleges; there were young clergymen, who had found themselves unable from conscience to go on

with their duties, and had thrown up their parochial engagements. Such men were already going straight to Rome, and I interposed; I interposed for the reasons I have given in the beginning of this portion of my narrative. I interposed from fidelity to my clerical engagements, and from duty to my Bishop; and from the interest which I was bound to take in them, and from belief that they were premature or excited. Their friends besought me to quiet them, if I could. Some of them came to live with me at Littlemore. They were laymen, or in the place of laymen I kept some of them back for several years from being received into the Catholic Church. Even when I had given up my living, I was still bound by my duty to their parents or friends, and I did not forget still to do what I could for them. The immediate occasion of my resigning St Mary's was the unexpected conversion of one of them. After that, I felt it was impossible to keep my post there, for I had been unable to keep my word with my Bishop.

Dr. Russell, the present President of Maynooth, had, perhaps, more to do with my conversion than anyone else. He called upon me, in passing through Oxford in the summer of 1841, and I think I took him over some of the buildings of the University. He called again another summer, on his way from Dublin to London. I do not recollect that he said a word on the subject of religion on either occasion. He sent me at different times several letters; he was always gentle, mild, unobtrusive, uncontroversial. He let me alone. He also gave me one or two books. Veron's Rule of Faith and some Treatises of the Wallenburghs was one; a volume of St Alfonso Liguori's Sermons was another; and it is to those Sermons that my letter to Dr. Russell relates.

Now it must be observed that the writings of St. Alfonso, as I knew them by the extracts commonly made from them, prejudiced me as much against the Roman Church as anything else, on account of what was called their "Mariolatry"; but there was nothing of the kind in this book. I wrote to ask Dr. Russell whether anything had been left out in the translation; he answered that there certainly were omissions in one Sermon about the Blessed Virgin. This omission, in the case of a book intended for Catholics, at least showed that such passages as are found in the works of Italian Authors were not acceptable to every part of the Catholic world. Such devotional manifestations in honour of our Lady had been my great *crux* as regards Catholicism; I say frankly, I do not fully enter into them now; I trust I do not love her the less, because I cannot enter into them. They may be fully explained and defended; but sentiment and taste do not run with logic: they are suitable for Italy, but they are not suitable for England. But, over and above England, my own case was special; from a boy I had been led to consider that my Maker and I, His creature, were the two beings, luminously such, *in rerum naturâ*. I will not here speculate, however, about my own feelings. Only this I know full well now, and did not know then, that the Catholic Church allows no image of any sort, material or immaterial, no dogmatic symbol, no rite, no sacrament, no Saint, not even the Blessed Virgin herself, to come between the soul and

its Creator. It is face to face, "*solus cum solo*," in all matters between man and his God. He alone creates; He alone has redeemed; before His awful eyes we go in death; in the vision of Him is our eternal beatitude.

At a later date Dr. Russell sent me a large bundle of penny or half-penny books of devotion, of all sorts, as they are found in the booksellers' shops at Rome; and, on looking them over, I was quite astonished to find how different they were from what I had fancied, how little there was in them to which I could really object. I have given an account of them in my *Essay on the Development of Doctrine*. Dr. Russell sent me St. Alfonso's book at the end of 1842; however, it was still a long time before I got over my difficulty, on the score of the devotions paid to the Saints; perhaps it was some way into 1844 before I could be said fully to have got over it.

I came gradually to see that the Anglican Church was formally in the wrong, on the other that the Church of Rome was formally in the right; then that no valid reasons could be assigned for continuing in the Anglican, and again that no valid objections could be taken to joining the Roman. Then I had nothing more to learn; what still remained for my conversion was, not further change of opinion, but to change opinion itself into the clearness and firmness of intellectual conviction.

Now I proceed to detail the acts, to which I committed myself during this last stage of my inquiry.

In 1843, I took two very significant steps:—1. In February, I made a formal Retraction of all the hard things which I had said against the Church of Rome. 2. In September, I resigned the Living of St. Mary's, Littlemore included.

The immediate cause of the resignation of my Living is stated in the following letter, which I wrote to my Bishop:—

"August 29, 1843. It is with much concern that I inform your Lordship that Mr. A. B., who has been for the last year an inmate of my house here, has just conformed to the Church of Rome. As I have ever been desirous, not only of faithfully discharging the trust, which is involved in holding a living in your Lordship's diocese, but of approving myself to your Lordship, I will for your information state one or two circumstances connected with this unfortunate event. . . . I received him on condition of his promising me, which he distinctly did, that he would remain quietly in our Church for three years. A year has passed since that time, and, though I saw nothing in him which promised that he would eventually be contented with his present position, yet for the time his mind became as settled as one could wish, and he frequently expressed his satisfaction at being under the promise which I had exacted of him."

I felt it impossible to remain any longer in the service of the Anglican Church, when such a breach of trust, however little I had to do with it, would be laid at my door.

And now I may be almost said to have brought to an end, as far as is necessary for a sketch such as this is, the history both of my changes of religious opinion and of the public acts which they involved.

I had one final advance of mind to accomplish, and one final step to take. That further advance of mind was to be able honestly to say that I was *certain* of the conclusions at which I had already arrived. That further step, imperative when such certitude was attained, was my *submission* to the Catholic Church.

This submission did not take place till two full years after the resignation of my living in September 1843; nor could I have made it at an earlier day, without doubt and apprehension, that is, with any true conviction of mind or certitude.

In the interval, of which it remains to speak, *viz* between the autumns of 1843 and 1845, I was in lay communion with the Church of England, attending its services as usual, and abstaining altogether from intercourse with Catholics, from their places of worship, and from those religious rites and usages, such as the Invocation of Saints, which are characteristics of their creed. I did all this on principle; for I never could understand how a man could be of two religions at once.

What I have to say about myself between these two autumns I shall almost confine to this one point,—the difficulty I was in, as to the best mode of revealing the state of my mind to my friends and others, and how I managed to reveal it.

I had from the first a great difficulty in making Dr. Pusey understand such differences of opinion as existed between himself and me. When there was a proposal about the end of 1838 for a subscription for a Cranmer Memorial, he wished us both to subscribe together to it. I could not, of course, and wished him to subscribe by himself. That he would not do; he could not bear the thought of our appearing to the world in separate positions, in a matter of importance. And, as time went on, he would not take any hints, which I gave him, on the subject of my growing inclination to Rome. When I found him so determined, I often had not the heart to go on. And then I knew that, from affection to me, he so often took up and threw himself into what I said that I felt the great responsibility I should incur if I put things before him just as I might view them myself. And, not knowing him so well as I did afterwards, I feared lest I should unsettle him. And moreover, I recollected well how prostrated he had been with illness in 1832, and I used always to think that the start of the Movement had given him a fresh life. I fancied that his physical energies even depended on the presence of a vigorous hope and bright prospects for his imagination to feed upon; so much so, that when he was so unworthily treated by the authorities of the place in 1843, I recollect writing to the late Mr. Dodsworth to state my anxiety, lest, if his mind became dejected in consequence, his health should suffer seriously also. These were difficulties in my way; and then again, another difficulty was that, as we were not together under the same roof, we only saw each other at set times; others indeed, who were coming in or out of my rooms freely, and according to the need of the moment, knew all my thoughts easily; but for him to know them well, formal efforts were necessary. A common friend of ours broke it all to him in 1841, as far as matters had gone at that time,

and showed him clearly the logical conclusions which must lie in propositions to which I had committed myself; but somehow or other, in a little while, his mind fell back into its former happy state, and he could not bring himself to believe that he and I should not go on pleasantly together to the end. But that affectionate dream needs must have been broken at last; and two years afterwards, that friend set himself, as I have said, to break it. Upon that, I too begged Dr. Pusey to tell in private to anyone he would that I thought in the event I should leave the Church of England. However, he would not do so; and at the end of 1844 had almost relapsed into his former thoughts about me, if I may judge from a letter of his which I have found. Nay, at the Commemoration of 1845, a few months before I left the Anglican Church, I think he said about me to a friend, "I trust after all we shall keep him."

I could not continue in this state, either in the light of duty or of reason. My difficulty was this: I had been deceived greatly once; how could I be sure that I was not deceived a second time? I thought myself right then; how was I to be certain that I was right now?

So, at the end of 1844, I came to the resolution of writing an Essay on Doctrinal Development; and then, if, at the end of it, my convictions in favour of the Roman Church were not weaker, of taking the necessary steps for admission into her fold.

By this time the state of my mind was generally known, and I made no great secret of it.

In July, a Bishop thought it worth while to give out to the world that "the adherents of Mr. Newman are few in number. A short time will now probably suffice to prove this fact. It is well known that he is preparing for secession; and, when that event takes place, it will be seen how few will go with him."

I had begun my *Essay on the Development of Doctrine* in the beginning of 1845, and I was hard at it all through the year till October. As I advanced, my difficulties so cleared away that I ceased to speak of "the Roman Catholics," and boldly called them Catholics. Before I got to the end, I resolved to be received, and the book remains in the state in which it was then, unfinished.

One of my friends at Littlemore had been received into the Church on Michaelmas Day, at the Passionist House at Aston, near Stone, by Father Dominic, the Superior. At the beginning of October the latter was passing through London to Belgium; and, as I was in some perplexity what steps to take for being received myself, I assented to the proposition made to me that the good priest should take Littlemore in his way, with a view to his doing for me the same charitable service as he had done to my friend.

On October the 8th I wrote to a number of friends the following letter:—

"Littlemore, October 8th, 1845. I am this night expecting Father Dominic, the Passionist, who, from his youth, has been led to have distinct and direct thoughts, first of the countries of the North, then of

England. After thirty years' (almost) waiting, he was without his own act sent here. But he has had little to do with conversions. I saw him here for a few minutes on St John Baptist's day last year.

"He is a simple, holy man; and withal gifted with remarkable powers. He does not know of my intention; but I mean to ask of him admission into the One Fold of Christ. . . .

"I have so many letters to write, that this must do for all who choose to ask about me. With my best love to dear Charles Marriott, who is over your head, &c., &c.

"P.S. This will not go till all is over. Of course it requires no answer."

For a while after my reception, I proposed to betake myself to some secular calling. I wrote thus in answer to a very gracious letter of congratulation sent me by Cardinal Acton —

"Nov. 25, 1845. I hope you will have anticipated, before I express it, the great gratification which I received from your Eminence's letter. That gratification, however, was tempered by the apprehension, that kind and anxious well-wishers at a distance attach more importance to my step than really belongs to it. To me indeed personally it is of course an inestimable gain; but persons and things look great at a distance, which are not so when seen close; and, did your Eminence know me, you would see that I was one, about whom there has been far more talk for good and bad than he deserves, and about whose movements far more expectation has been raised than the event will justify.

"As I never, I do trust, aimed at anything else than obedience to my own sense of right, and have been magnified into the leader of a party without my wishing it or acting as such, so now, much as I may wish to the contrary, and earnestly as I may labour (as is my duty) to minister in a humble way to the Catholic Church, yet my powers will, I fear, disappoint the expectations of both my own friends, and of those who pray for the peace of Jerusalem.

"If I might ask of your Eminence a favour, it is that you would kindly moderate those anticipations. Would it were in my power to do, what I do not aspire to do! At present certainly I cannot look forward to the future, and, though it would be a good work if I could persuade others to do as I have done, yet it seems as if I had quite enough to do in thinking of myself."

Soon, Dr. Wiseman, in whose Vicariate Oxford lay, called me to Oscott; and I went there with others; afterwards he sent me to Rome, and finally placed me in Birmingham.

I wrote to a friend:—

"January 20, 1846. You may think how lonely I am. '*Obliviscere populum tuum et domum patris tui*' has been in my ears for the last twelve hours. I realize more that we are leaving Littlemore, and it is like going on the open sea."

I left Oxford for good on Monday, February 23, 1846. On the Saturday and Sunday before, I was in my house at Littlemore simply by myself, as I

had been for the first day or two when I had originally taken possession of it. I slept on Sunday night at my dear friend's, Mr. Johnson's, at the Observatory. Various friends came to see the last of me; Mr. Copeland, Mr. Church, Mr. Buckle, Mr. Pattison, and Mr. Lewis. Dr. Pusey too came up to take leave of me; and I called on Dr. Ogle, one of my very oldest friends, for he was my private Tutor, when I was an Undergraduate. In him I took leave of my first College, Trinity, which was so dear to me, and which held on its foundation so many who had been kind to me both when I was a boy and all through my Oxford life. Trinity had never been unkind to me. There used to be much snapdragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence even unto death in my University.

On the morning of the 23rd I left the Observatory. I have never seen Oxford since, excepting its spires, as they are seen from the railway.

V. POSITION OF MY MIND SINCE 1845

FROM THE TIME that I became a Catholic, of course I have no further history of my religious opinions to narrate. In saying this, I do not mean to say that my mind has been idle, or that I have given up thinking on theological subjects; but that I have had no variations to record, and have had no anxiety of heart whatever. I have been in perfect peace and contentment; I never have had one doubt. I was not conscious to myself, on my conversion, of any change, intellectual or moral, wrought in my mind. I was not conscious of firmer faith in the fundamental truths of Revelation, or of more self-command; I had not more fervour; but it was like coming into port after a rough sea; and my happiness on that score remains to this day without interruption.

Nor had I any trouble about receiving those additional articles, which are not found in the Anglican Creed. Some of them I believed already, but not any one of them was a trial to me. I made a profession of them upon my reception with the greatest ease, and I have the same ease in believing them now. I am far of course from denying that every article of the Christian Creed, whether as held by Catholics or by Protestants, is beset with intellectual difficulties; and it is simple fact that, for myself, I cannot answer those difficulties. Many persons are very sensitive of the difficulties of Religion; I am as sensitive of them as anyone; but I have never been able to see a connexion between apprehending those difficulties, however keenly, and multiplying them to any extent, and on the other hand doubting the doctrines to which they are attached. Ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt, as I understand the subject; difficulty and doubt are incommensurate. There of course may be difficulties in the evidence; but I am speaking of difficulties intrinsic to the doctrines themselves, or to their relations with each other. A man may be annoyed that he cannot work out a mathematical problem, of which the answer is or is not given to him, without doubting that it admits of an answer, or that a certain particular

answer is the true one. Of all points of faith, the being of a God is, to my own apprehension, encompassed with most difficulty, and yet borne in upon our minds with most power.

People say that the doctrine of Transubstantiation is difficult to believe; I did not believe the doctrine till I was a Catholic. I had no difficulty in believing it, as soon as I believed that the Catholic Roman Church was the oracle of God, and that she had declared this doctrine to be part of the original revelation. It is difficult, impossible, to imagine, I grant;—but how is it difficult to believe?

For myself, I cannot indeed prove it, I cannot tell *how* it is; but I say, “Why should it not be? What’s to hinder it? What do I know of substance or matter? just as much as the greatest philosophers, and that is nothing at all.”

Starting then with the being of a God, I look out of myself into the world of men, and there I see a sight which fills me with unspeakable distress.

To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of man, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship; their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race, so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle’s words, “having no hope and without God in the world,”—all this is a vision to dizzy and appal; and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution.

What shall be said to this heart-piercing, reason-bewildering fact? I can only answer that either there is no Creator, or this living society of men is in a true sense discarded from His presence. Did I see a boy of good make and mind, with the tokens on him of a refined nature, cast upon the world without provision, unable to say whence he came, his birthplace or his family connexions, I should conclude that there was some mystery connected with his history, and that he was one, of whom, from one cause or other, his parents were ashamed. Thus only should I be able to account for the contrast between the promise and the condition of his being. And so I argue about the world;—*if* there be a God, *since* there is a God, the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity. It is out of joint with the purposes of its Creator. This is a fact, a fact as true as the fact of its existence; and thus the doctrine of what is theologically called original sin becomes to me almost as certain as that the world exists, and as the existence of God.

And in these latter days, outside the Catholic Church things are tending,—with far greater rapidity than in that old time from the circumstance of the age,—to atheism in one shape or other. What a scene, what a prospect, does the whole of Europe present at this day! and not only Europe, but every government and every civilization through the world, which is under the influence of the European mind!

Supposing then it to be the Will of the Creator to interfere in human affairs, and to make provisions for retaining in the world a knowledge of Himself, so definite and distinct as to be proof against the energy of human scepticism, in such a case,—I am far from saying that there was no other way,—but there is nothing to surprise the mind, if He should think fit to introduce a power into the world, invested with the prerogative of infallibility in religious matters. Such a provision would be a direct, immediate, active, and prompt means of withstanding the difficulty; it would be an instrument suited to the need, and, when I find that this is the very claim of the Catholic Church, not only do I feel no difficulty in admitting the idea, but there is a fitness in it, which recommends it to my mind.

I say that a power, possessed of infallibility in religious teaching, is happily adapted to be a working instrument, in the course of human affairs, for smiting hard and throwing back the immense energy of the aggressive, capricious, untrustworthy intellect:—and in saying this, as in the other things that I have to say, it must still be recollected that I am all along bearing in mind my main purpose, which is a defence of myself.

Passing now to that power itself, Infallibility, I premise two brief remarks —1. on the one hand, I am not here determining any thing about the essential seat of that power, because that is a question doctrinal, not historical and practical; 2. nor, on the other hand, am I extending the direct subject matter, over which that power of Infallibility has jurisdiction, beyond religious opinion:—and now as to the power itself.

This power, viewed in its fulness, is as tremendous as the giant evil which has called for it. It claims, when brought into exercise but in the legitimate manner, for otherwise of course it is but quiescent, to know for certain the very meaning of every portion of that Divine Message in detail, which was committed by our Lord to His Apostles. It claims to know its own limits, and to decide what it can determine absolutely and what it cannot. It claims, moreover, to have a hold upon statements not directly religious, so far as this,—to determine whether they indirectly relate to religion, and, according to its own definitive judgment, to pronounce whether or not, in a particular case, they are simply consistent with revealed truth. It claims to decide magisterially, whether as within its own province or not, that such and such statements are or are not prejudicial to the *Depositum* of faith, in their spirit or in their consequences, and to allow them, or condemn and forbid them, accordingly. It claims to impose silence at will on any matters, or controversies, of doctrine, which on its own *ipse dixit* it pronounces to be dangerous, or inexpedient, or inopportune. It claims that, whatever may be the judgment of Catholics upon such acts, these acts should be received by them with those outward marks of rev-

erence, submission, and loyalty, which Englishmen, for instance, pay to the presence of their sovereign, without expressing any criticism on them on the ground that in their matter they are inexpedient, or in their manner violent or harsh. And lastly, it claims to have the right of inflicting spiritual punishment, of cutting off from the ordinary channels of the divine life, and of simply excommunicating, those who refuse to submit themselves to its formal declarations. Such is the infallibility lodged in the Catholic Church, viewed in the concrete, as clothed and surrounded by the appendages of its high sovereignty: it is, to repeat what I said above, a supereminent prodigious power sent upon earth to encounter and master a giant evil.

And now, having thus described it, I profess my own absolute submission to its claim. I believe the whole revealed dogma as taught by the Apostles, as committed by the Apostles to the Church, and as declared by the Church to me. I receive it, as it is intallibly interpreted by the authority to whom it is thus committed, and (implicitly) as it shall be, in like manner, further interpreted by that same authority till the end of time. I submit, moreover, to the universally received traditions of the Church, in which lies the matter of those new dogmatic definitions which are from time to time made, and which in all times are the clothing and the illustration of the Catholic dogma as already defined. And I submit myself to those other decisions of the Holy See, theological or not, through the organs which it has itself appointed, which, waiving the question of their infallibility, on the lowest ground come to me with a claim to be accepted and obeyed. Also, I consider that, gradually and in the course of ages, Catholic inquiry has taken certain definite shapes, and has thrown itself into the form of a science, with a method and a phraseology of its own, under the intellectual handling of great minds, such as St. Athanasius, St. Augustine, and St. Thomas; and I feel no temptation at all to break in pieces the great legacy of thought thus committed to us for these latter days.

All this being considered as the profession which I make *ex animo*, as for myself, so also on the part of the Catholic body, as far as I know it, it will at first sight be said that the restless intellect of our common humanity is utterly weighed down, to the repression of all independent effort and action whatever, so that, if this is to be the mode of bringing it into order, it is brought into order only to be destroyed.

Can the infallible authority, with any show of reason, be said in fact to have destroyed the energy of the Catholic intellect? Let it be observed, I have not here to speak of any conflict which ecclesiastical authority has had with science, for this simple reason, that conflict there has been none; and that, because the secular sciences, as they now exist, are a novelty in the world, and there has been no time yet for a history of relations between theology and these new methods of knowledge, and indeed the Church may be said to have kept clear of them, as is proved by the constantly cited case of Galileo. Here "*exceptio probat regulam*." for it is the one stock argument. Again, I have not to speak of any relations of the

Church to the new sciences, because my simple question all along has been whether the assumption of infallibility by the proper authority is adapted to make me a hypocrite, and till that authority passes decrees on pure physical subjects and calls on me to subscribe them (which it will never do, because it has not the power), it has no tendency to interfere by any of its acts with my private judgment on those points. The simple question is, whether authority has so acted upon the reason of individuals that they can have no opinion of their own, and have but an alternative of slavish superstition or secret rebellion of heart; and I think the whole history of theology puts an absolute negative upon such a supposition.

There are of course intellectual habits which theology does not tend to form, as for instance the experimental, and again the philosophical, but that is because it *is* theology, not because of the gift of infallibility. But, as far as this goes, I think it could be shown that physical science on the other hand, or again mathematical, affords but an imperfect training for the intellect. I do not see then how any objection about the narrowness of theology comes into our question, which simply is, whether the belief in an infallible authority destroys the independence of the mind; and I consider that the whole history of the Church, and especially the history of the theological schools, gives a negative to the accusation. There never was a time when the intellect of the educated class was more active, or rather more restless, than in the middle ages. And then again, all through Church history from the first, how slow is authority in interfering! Perhaps a local teacher, or a doctor in some local school, hazards a proposition, and a controversy ensues. It smoulders or burns in one place, no one interposing; Rome simply lets it alone. Then it comes before a Bishop; or some priest, or some professor in some other seat of learning takes it up; and then there is a second stage of it. Then it comes before a University, and it may be condemned by the theological faculty. So the controversy proceeds year after year, and Rome is still silent. An appeal perhaps is next made to a seat of authority inferior to Rome; and then at last after a long while it comes before the supreme power. Meanwhile, the question has been ventilated and turned over and over again, and viewed on every side of it, and authority is called upon to pronounce a decision, which has already been arrived at by reason.

I cannot think what it can be, in a day like this, which keeps up the prejudice of this Protestant country against us, unless it be the vague charges which are drawn from our books of Moral Theology; and with a short notice of the work in particular which by our accusers is especially thrown into our teeth, I shall bring these observations to a close.

St. Alfonso Liguori, then, it cannot be denied, lays down that an equivocation (that is, a play upon words, in which one sense is taken by the speaker and another sense intended by him for the hearer) is allowable, if there is a just cause, that is, in an extraordinary case, and may even be confirmed by an oath. I shall give my opinion on this point as plainly as any Protestant can wish; and therefore I avow at once that in this department of morality, much as I admire the high points of the

Italian character, I like the English rule of conduct better; but, in saying so, I am not, as will shortly be seen, saying anything disrespectful to St. Alfonso, who was a lover of truth, and whose intercession I trust I shall not lose, though, on the matter under consideration, I follow other guidance in preference to his.

And now, if Protestants wish to know what our real teaching is, as on other subjects, so on that of lying, let them look, not at our books of casuistry, but at our catechisms. Works on pathology do not give the best insight into the form and the harmony of the human frame; and as it is with the body, so is it with the mind. The Catechism of the Council of Trent was drawn up for the express purpose of providing preachers with subjects for their Sermons; and, as my whole work has been a defence of myself, I may here say that I rarely preach a Sermon, but I go to this beautiful and complete Catechism to get both my matter and my doctrine. There we find the following notices about the duty of Veracity:—

“Thou shalt not bear false witness,” &c : let attention be drawn to two laws contained in this commandment:—the one, forbidding false witness; the other bidding that, removing all pretence and deceits, we should measure our words and deeds by simple truth, as the Apostle admonished the Ephesians of that duty in these words: ‘Doing truth in charity, let us grow in Him through all things.’

“They who throw the blame of their own lie on those who have already by a lie deceived them are to be taught that men must not revenge themselves, nor make up for one evil by another.” . . .

There is much more in the Catechism to the same effect, and it is of universal obligation; whereas the decision of a particular author in morals need not be accepted by anyone.

To one other authority I appeal on this subject, which commands from me attention of a special kind, for it is the teaching of a Father. It will serve to bring my work to a conclusion.

“St. Philip,” says the Roman Oratorian who wrote his Life, “had a particular dislike of affectation both in himself and others, in speaking, in dressing, or in any thing else.

“He avoided all ceremony which savoured of worldly compliment, and always showed himself a great stickler for Christian simplicity in every thing; so that, when he had to deal with men of worldly prudence, he did not very readily accommodate himself to them.

“And he avoided, as much as possible, having any thing to do with *two-faced persons*, who did not go simply and straightforwardly to work in their transactions.

“As for liars, he could not endure them, and he was continually reminding his spiritual children, to avoid them as they would a pestilence.”

These are the principles on which I have acted before I was a Catholic; these are the principles which, I trust, will be my stay and guidance to the end.

I have closed this history of myself with St. Philip’s name upon St. Philip’s feast day; and, having done so, to whom can I more suitably offer

it, as a memorial of affection and gratitude, than to St. Philip's sons, my dearest brothers of this House, the Priests of the Birmingham Oratory, AMBROSE ST. JOHN, HENRY AUSTIN MILLS, HENRY BITTLESTON, EDWARD CASWALL, WILLIAM PAINE NEVILLE, and HENRY IGNATIUS DUDLEY RYDER?

And in you I gather up and bear in memory those familiar affectionate companions and counsellors, who in Oxford were given to me, one after another, to be my daily solace and relief; and all those others, of great name and high example, who were my thorough friends, and showed me true attachment in times long past; and also those many younger men, whether I knew them or not, who have never been disloyal to me by word or deed; and of all these, thus various in their relations to me, those more especially who have since joined the Catholic Church.

And I earnestly pray for this whole company, with a hope against hope, that all of us, who once were so united, and so happy in our union, may even now be brought at length, by the Power of the Divine Will, into One Fold and under One Shepherd.

May 26, 1864.

In Festo Corp. Christ.

CHILDHOOD,
BOYHOOD, AND YOUTH

by

LEO TOLSTOY

LEO TOLSTOY

1828-1910

Russia's great novelist and thinker, Leo Tolstoy, is represented in our volume by his earliest literary effort, known to English readers as *Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth*. That Tolstoy wrote no formal autobiography is perhaps to be regretted; that his later diaries and confessions cannot compare with his first attempt in the field of self-portraiture is admitted by most readers. Tolstoy the reformer is all too visible in the diaries; Tolstoy the man we recognize in certain characters in *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*. But for the Tolstoy of the early years—the formative years—we must turn to the fresh and charming pages of *Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth*.

Like the *Truth and Poetry* of Goethe, Tolstoy's maiden effort is not intended to be a strict historical record. The three volumes show us a boy growing up, and the boy is young Leo Tolstoy, even if he is called by another name. We watch the development of the boy's thoughts as he grows older. The persons who surround him—his immediate family, his tutors, the serfs at Yasnaya Polyana—we see through his eyes. When the scene shifts to Moscow, a new group of persons make their appearance and other experiences contribute to the formation of the boy's character. But throughout it is the boy himself who holds our attention—a nervous, sensitive boy who already finds living a complicated and often distressing process and who is more and more puzzled about the object of existence.

Tolstoy was born at Yasnaya Polyana, the country estate of his ancestors, on September 9, 1828. His father, Count Nicholas, had retired from the army after a short period of service and married the Princess Maria Volkonsky, whose great wealth made possible the restoration of the Tolstoy family fortunes. Young Leo was soon left an orphan (his mother died when he was three and his father some six years later), and he and the other children were placed under the guardian-

ship of relatives in Kazan. A French tutor, no doubt the original of St Jérôme in *Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth*, was engaged for Leo and his brothers, and finally, in 1843, young Tolstoy entered the university of Kazan.

In "Youth" we see Leo Tolstoy at college, and a sorry spectacle it is. After the first flush of enthusiasm he becomes more and more dissatisfied with himself and with the university. There is much frivolity and almost no discipline—at least for young men of wealth like Leo Tolstoy. Part Three of the autobiography, "Youth," concludes with the young man failing to pass his examinations and contemplating suicide:

For three days I did not leave my room, I saw no one; I found solace in tears, as in my childhood, and wept a great deal. I looked at my pistols, in order that I might shoot myself if I should care to do so very much . . . All the moments of my life which had been torturing to my self-love, and hard to bear, passed through my mind one after the other, and I tried to blame someone else for my misfortunes. I thought that someone had done this on purpose; I invented a whole intrigue against myself. . . . Finally, conscious of my complete ruin in the eyes of all who knew me, I begged papa to let me enter the hussars.

Tolstoy did leave the university in 1847, pleading ill-health, and some four years later, after an unsatisfactory six months during which he attempted to aid the serfs during a famine, he did enter the army. His duties were not sufficiently exacting, however, to absorb all his time, and, partly through boredom, he began to write an account of his childhood. Perhaps, as Stefan Zweig suggests, he acted instinctively, "prompted by an urge towards self-enlightenment by self-description." *Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth* is a successful book not only because of the author's splendid frankness but also because Tolstoy at twenty-three had not yet become Tolstoy the social reformer.

The publication of this early work encouraged him to write his *Tales from Sebastopol*, which were immediately so successful that steps were taken to remove the author from the dangers of battlefields. He was sent back to St. Petersburg with an account of the siege which he had written, and he found that he had become famous overnight.

For a time Tolstoy was content to be an object of admiration as a literary celebrity. His new friends included the great Turgenev and the other contributors to the *Contemporary*, and he was feted by society and officialdom alike. But he was not satisfied for long. When the Russian Popular Movement began at the accession of Alexander II, Tolstoy suddenly found the purpose in life for which he had been groping during his earlier years. He would devote himself henceforth to "The

People," for, in his opinion, "the people were everything, the higher classes nothing." During the period of his socialistic activity he did little writing. He traveled to Germany, Italy, France, and England to study educational methods, he set free the serfs on his estate, and he conducted a school at Yasnaya Polyana which, it appears, was far too "progressive" not to incur the ultimate condemnation of the authorities.

Tolstoy married Sophia Behrs in 1862, and during the next eighteen years lived a quiet and retired life on his estates. Although he tried no educational experiments upon his children, he nevertheless devoted a large part of his time to them. During this period, also, he began his great novels *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*. All in all, it was probably the happiest period of his life. For a time, at least, he ceased to worry about the meaning of life, for, as he himself said, "My whole mind became concentrated on the family—on the mother, the children, and the anxiety to provide due means of subsistence. The effort after perfection resolved itself into the effort to ensure the happiness of my offspring."

The remaining years of Tolstoy's life may be summarized briefly. He became more and more convinced that the service of God was all-important, and he set himself the task of ridding Christianity of what he called the false doctrines and superstitions that had, as he put it, been foisted upon the simple message which Christ had communicated in the first instance to simple, uneducated people. "Simplicity" became his watchword. He disciplined himself and, so far as was possible, he led the life of a peasant. In 1888 he gave all his property to his wife and children and, freed from all the cares of wealth, devoted himself to social reform and to religion.

As a result of his attacks upon the Church, principally in his novel *Resurrection*, Tolstoy was excommunicated in 1901. He died of pneumonia on November 20, 1910.

CHILDHOOD, BOYHOOD, AND YOUTH

Childhood

I

ON THE 12th of August, 18—, the third day after my birthday, when I had attained the age of ten, and had received such wonderful presents, Karl Ivanitch woke me at seven o'clock in the morning by striking at a fly directly above my head, with a flapper made of sugar paper and fastened to a stick. He did it so awkwardly that he entangled the image of my angel, which hung upon the oaken headboard of the bed; and the dead fly fell straight upon my head. I thrust my nose out from under the coverlet, stopped the image, which was still rocking, with my hand, flung the dead fly on the floor, and regarded Karl Ivanitch with angry although sleepy eyes. But attired in his motley wadded dressing gown, girded with a belt of the same material, a red knitted skullcap with a tassel, and soft goat-skin shoes, he pursued his course along the walls, taking aim and flapping away.

"Suppose I am little," I thought, "why should he worry me? Why doesn't he kill the flies around Volodya's bed? There are quantities of them there. No; Volodya is older than I; I am the youngest of all, and that is why he torments me. He thinks of nothing else in life," I whispered, "except how he may do unpleasant things to me. He knows well enough that he has waked me up and frightened me; but he pretends not to see it,—the hateful man! And his dressing gown, and his cap, and his tassel—how disgusting!"

As I was thus mentally expressing my vexation with Karl Ivanitch, he approached his own bed, glanced at the watch which hung above it in a slipper embroidered with glass beads, hung his flapper on a nail, and turned towards us, evidently in the most agreeable frame of mind.

"Get up, children, get up. It's time! Your mother is already in the drawing room!" he cried in his kindly German voice; then he came over to me, sat down at my feet, and pulled his snuffbox from his pocket. I pretended to be asleep. First Karl Ivanitch took a pinch of snuff, wiped his nose, cracked his fingers, and then turned his attention to me. He began to tickle my heels, laughing the while. "Come, come, lazybones," he said.

Much as I dreaded tickling, I neither sprang out of bed nor made any reply, but buried my head deeper under the pillow, kicked with all my might, and used every effort to keep from laughing.

"How good he is, and how he loves us, and yet I could think so badly of him!"

I was vexed at myself and at Karl Ivanitch; I wanted to laugh and to cry: my nerves were upset.

"Oh, let me alone, Karl Ivanitch!" I cried with tears in my eyes, thrusting my head out from beneath the pillow. Karl Ivanitch was surprised; he left my soles in peace, and began quietly to inquire what was the matter with me: had I had a bad dream? His kind German face, the sympathy with which he strove to divine the cause of my tears, caused them to flow more abundantly. I was ashamed; and I could not understand how, a moment before, I had been unable to love Karl Ivanitch, and had thought his dressing gown, cap, and tassel disgusting: now, on the contrary, they all seemed to me extremely pleasing, and even the tassel appeared a plain proof of his goodness. I told him that I was crying because I had had a bad dream,—I thought mamma was dead, and they were carrying her away to bury her. I invented all this, for I really did not know what I had been dreaming that night; but when Karl Ivanitch, touched by my tale, began to comfort and soothe me, it seemed to me that I actually had seen that dreadful vision, and my tears flowed from another cause.

When Karl Ivanitch left me, and, sitting up in bed, I began to draw my stockings upon my little legs, my tears ceased in some measure; but gloomy thoughts of the fictitious dream did not leave me. Dyadka [children's valet] Nikolai came in,—a small, neat little man, who was always serious, precise, and respectful, and a great friend of Karl Ivanitch. He brought our clothes and shoes; Volodya had boots, but I still had those intolerable slippers with ribbons. I was ashamed to cry before him; besides, the morning sun was shining cheerfully in at the window, and Volodya was imitating Marya Ivanovna (my sister's governess), and laughing so loudly and merrily as he stood over the washbasin that even grave Nikolai, with towel on shoulder, the soap in one hand and the hand basin in the other, smiled and said:—

"Enough, Vladimir Petrovitch, please wash yourself." I became quite cheerful.

"Are you nearly ready?" called Karl Ivanitch's voice from the school-room.

His voice was stern, and had no longer that kindly accent which had moved me to tears. In the schoolroom Karl Ivanitch was another man: he was the tutor. I dressed quickly, washed, and, with brush in hand, still smoothing my wet hair, I appeared at his call.

Karl Ivanitch, with spectacles on nose, and a book in his hand, was sitting in his usual place, between the door and the window.

I seem now to see before me his long figure, in its wadded dressing gown, and the red cap beneath which his thin gray hair is visible. He sits beside a little table, upon which stands the circle with the wigmaker, cast-

ing its shadow upon his face; in one hand he holds a book, the other rests on the arm of the chair, beside him lies his watch, with the huntsman painted on the face, his checked handkerchief, his round black snuffbox, his green spectacle case, and the snuffers on the dish. All this lies with so much dignity and precision, each in its proper place, that one might conclude from this orderliness alone that Karl Ivanitch has a pure conscience and a restful spirit.

If you stole upstairs on tiptoe to the schoolroom, after running about downstairs in the hall as much as you pleased, behold—Karl Ivanitch was sitting alone in his armchair, reading some one of his beloved books, with a proud, calm expression of countenance. Sometimes I found him at such times when he was not reading: his spectacles had dropped down on his big aquiline nose; his blue, half-shut eyes had a certain peculiar expression; and his lips smiled sadly. All was quiet in the room; his even breathing and the ticking of the hunter-adorned watch alone were audible.

He did not perceive me; and I used to stand in the door and think "Poor, poor old man! There are many of us; we play, we are merry; but he—he is all alone, and no one treats him kindly. He tells the truth when he says he is an orphan. And the history of his life is terrible! I remember that he related it to Nikolai; it is dreadful to be in his situation!" And it made one so sorry that one wanted to go to him, take his hand, and say, "Dear Karl Ivanitch!" He liked to have me say that; he always petted me, and it was plain that he was touched.

On the other wall hung maps, nearly all of them torn, but skilfully repaired by the hand of Karl Ivanitch. On the third wall, in the middle of which was the door leading downstairs, hung two rulers: one was all hacked up—that was ours; the other—the new one—was his own private ruler, and employed more for encouraging us than for ruling proper. On the other side of the door was a blackboard, upon which our grand misdeeds were designated by circles and our small ones by crosses. To the left of the board was the corner where we were put on our knees.

How well I remember that corner! I remember the grated stove door, and the slide in it, and the noise this made when it was turned. You would kneel and kneel in that corner until your knees and back ached, and you would think, "Karl Ivanitch has forgotten me; he must be sitting quietly in his soft armchair, and reading his hydrostatics: and how is it with me?" And then you would begin to hint of your existence, to softly open and shut the heat damper or pick the plaster from the wall; but if too big a piece suddenly fell noisily to the floor, the fright alone was worse than the whole punishment. You would peep round at Karl Ivanitch; and there he sat, book in hand, as though he had not noticed anything.

In the middle of the room stood a table, covered with a ragged black oilcloth, beneath which the edge, hacked in places with penknives, was visible in many places. Around the table stood several unpainted stools, polished with long use. The last wall was occupied by three little windows. This was the view which was had from them: Directly in front of the windows ran the road, every hollow, pebble, and rut of which had

long been familiar and dear to me; beyond the road was a close-trimmed linden alley, behind which the wattled fence was visible here and there. A field could be seen through the alley; on one side of this was a threshing floor, on the other a wood; the guard's little cottage was visible in the distance. To the right, a part of the terrace could be seen, upon which the grown-up people generally sat before dinner. If you looked in that direction while Karl Ivanitch was correcting your page of dictation, you could see mamma's black head, and someone's back, and hear faint sounds of conversation and laughter; and you would grow vexed that you could not be there, and think, "When I grow up, shall I stop learning lessons, and sit, not over conversations forever, but always with those I love?" Vexation increases to sorrow; and God knows why and what you dream, until you hear Karl Ivanitch raging over your mistakes.

Karl Ivanitch took off his dressing gown, put on his blue swallow-tailed coat with humps and folds upon the shoulders, arranged his necktie before the glass, and led us downstairs to say good morning to mamma.

II

MAMMA was sitting in the parlor, and pouring out the tea; in one hand she held the teapot, with the other the faucet of the samovar, from which the water flowed over the top of the teapot upon the tray beneath. But though she was gazing steadily at it, she did not perceive it, nor that we had entered.

To the left of the divan stood the old English grand piano; and before the piano sat my dark-complexioned sister Liubotchka, playing Clementi's studies with evident effort, and with rosy fingers which had just been washed in cold water. She was eleven. She wore a short frock of coarse linen with white lace-trimmed pantalets, and could only manage an octave as an arpeggio. Beside her, half turned away, sat Marya Ivanovna, in a cap with rose-colored ribbons, a blue jacket, and a red and angry face, which assumed a still more forbidding expression when Karl Ivanitch entered. She looked threateningly at him; and, without responding to his salute, she continued to count, and beat time with her foot, *one, two, three*, more loudly and commandingly than before.

Karl Ivanitch, paying no attention whatever to this, according to his custom, went straight to kiss my mother's hand with a German greeting. She recovered herself, shook her little head as though desirous of driving away painful thoughts with the gesture, gave her hand to Karl Ivanitch, and kissed him on his wrinkled temple, while he kissed her hand.

"Thank you, my dear Karl Ivanitch." And continuing to speak in German, she inquired:

"Did the children sleep well?"

When greeting me, mamma took my head in both her hands, and bent it back, looked intently at me, and said:

"You have been crying this morning?"

I made no reply. She kissed me on the eyes, and asked in German: "What were you crying about?"

When she spoke pleasantly to us, she always addressed us in that tongue, which she knew to perfection.

"I cried in my sleep, mamma," I said, recalling my fictitious dream with all the details, and I involuntarily shuddered at the thought.

Karl Ivanitch confirmed my statement, but held his peace about the dream. After discussing the weather, in which conversation Mimí [Marya Ivanovna] also took part, mamma laid six pieces of sugar on the tray for some of the favored servants, and went to her embroidery frame which stood in the window.

"Now go to your father, children, and tell him that he must come to me without fail before he goes to the threshing floor."

The music, counting, and black looks began again, and we went to papa. Passing through the room which had borne the title of the butler's pantry since grandfather's time, we entered the study.

III

HE WAS STANDING by his writing table, and pointing to some envelopes, papers, and bundles of bank notes. He was angry, and was discussing something sharply with the overseer, Yakoff Mikhailof, who, standing in his usual place, between the door and the barometer, with his hands behind him, was moving his fingers with great vivacity in various directions.

Yakoff was a serf, and a very zealous and devoted man. Like all good overseers, he was extremely parsimonious on his master's account, and entertained the strangest possible ideas as to what was for his master's interest. He was eternally fretting over the increase of his master's property at the expense of that of his mistress, and tried to demonstrate that it was indispensable to employ all the revenue from her estate upon Petrovskoe (the village in which we lived). He was triumphant at the present moment, because he had succeeded on this point.

Papa greeted us, and said that it was time to put a stop to our idleness; we were no longer small children, and it was time for us to study seriously.

"I think you already know that I am going to Moscow tonight, and I shall take you with me," he said. "You will live with your grandmother, and mamma will remain here with the girls. And you know that she will have but one consolation,—to hear that you are studying well, and that they are pleased with you."

Although we had been expecting something unusual, from the preparations which had been making for several days, this news surprised us terribly. Volodya turned red, and repeated mamma's message in a trembling voice.

"So that is what my dream foretold," I thought. "God grant there may be nothing worse!"

I was very, very sorry for mamma; and, at the same time, the thought that we were grown up afforded me pleasure.

"If we are going away tonight, we surely shall have no lessons. That's famous," I thought. "But I'm sorry for Karl Ivanitch. He is certainly going to be discharged. It would be better to go on studying forever, and not go away, and not part from mamma, and not hurt poor Karl Ivanitch's feelings. He is so very unhappy!"

These thoughts flashed through my mind. I did not stir from the spot, and gazed intently at the black ribbons in my slippers.

After speaking a few words to Karl Ivanitch about the fall of the barometer, and giving orders to Yakoff not to feed the dogs, in order that he might go out after dinner and make a farewell trial of the young hounds, papa, contrary to my expectations, sent us to our studies, comforting us, however, with a promise to take us on the hunt.

IV

KARL IVANITCH was very much out of sorts. This was evident from his frowning brows, and from the way he flung his coat into the commode, his angry manner of tying his girdle, and the deep mark which he made with his nail in the conversation book to indicate the point which we must attain. Volodya studied properly; but my mind was so upset that I positively could do nothing. I gazed long and stupidly at the conversation book, but I could not read for the tears which gathered in my eyes at the thought of the parting before us. When the time for recitation came, Karl Ivanitch listened with his eyes half shut (which was a bad sign); and just at the place where one says, "Where do you come from?" and the other answers, "I come from the coffeehouse," I could no longer restrain my tears; and sobs prevented my uttering, "Have you not read the paper?" When it came to writing, I made such blots with my tears falling on the paper that I might have been writing with water on wrapping paper.

Karl Ivanitch became angry; he put me on my knees, declared that it was obstinacy, a puppet comedy (this was a favorite expression of his), threatened me with the ruler, and demanded that I should beg his pardon, although I could not utter a word for my tears. He must have recognized his injustice at length, for he went into Nikolai's room and slammed the door.

The conversation in the dyadka's room was audible in the school-room.

"You have heard, Nikolai, that the children are going to Moscow?" said Karl Ivanitch, as he entered.

"Certainly, I have heard that."

Nikolai must have made a motion to rise, for Karl Ivanitch said, "Sit still, Nikolai!" and then he shut the door. I emerged from the corner, and went to listen at the door.

"However much good you do to people, however much you are attached to them, gratitude is not to be expected, apparently, Nikolai," said Karl Ivanitch, with feeling.

Nikolai, who was sitting at the window at his shoemaking, nodded his head affirmatively.

"I have lived in this house twelve years, and I can say before God, Nikolai," continued Karl Ivanitch, raising his eyes and his snuffbox to the ceiling, "that I have loved them, and taken more interest in them than if they had been my own children. You remember, Nikolai, when Volodenka had the fever, how I sat by his bedside, and never closed my eyes for nine days. Yes; then I was good, dear Karl Ivanitch; then I was necessary. But now," he added with an ironical smile, "*now the children are grown up; they must study in earnest.* Just as if they were not learning anything here, Nikolai!"

"So they are to study more, it seems?" said Nikolai, laying down hisawl, and drawing out his thread with both hands.

"Yes; I am no longer needed, I must be driven off. But where are their promises? Where is their gratitude? I revere and love Natalya Nikolaevna, Nikolai," said he, laying his hand on his breast. "But what is she? Her will is of no more consequence in this house than that"; hereupon he flung a scrap of leather on the floor with an expressive gesture. "I know whose doing this is, and why I am no longer needed, because I don't lie, and pretend not to see things, like *some people*. I have always been accustomed to speak the truth to everyone," said he, proudly "God be with them! They won't accumulate wealth by getting rid of me; and God is merciful,—I shall find a bit of bread for myself . . . shall I not, Nikolai?"

Nikolai raised his head and looked at Karl Ivanitch, as though desirous of assuring himself whether he really would be able to find a bit of bread; but he said nothing.

Karl Ivanitch talked much and long in this strain. He said they had been more capable of appreciating his services at a certain general's house, where he had formerly lived (I was much pained to hear it). He spoke of Saxony, of his parents, of his friend the tailor, Schonheit, and so forth, and so forth.

I sympathized with his sorrow, and it pained me that papa and Karl Ivanitch, whom I loved almost equally, did not understand each other. I betook myself to my corner again, crouched down on my heels, and pondered how I might bring about an understanding between them.

When Karl Ivanitch returned to the schoolroom, he ordered me to get up, and prepare my copybook for writing from dictation. When all was ready, he seated himself majestically in his armchair, and in a voice which appeared to issue from some great depth, he began to dictate as follows:

"Of all pas-sions the most re-volt-ing is,' have you written that?" Here he paused, slowly took a pinch of snuff, and continued with renewed energy,—"'the most revolting is In-gra-ti-tude' . . . a capital *I*."

I looked at him after writing the last word, in expectation of more.

"Period," said he, with a barely perceptible smile, and made me a sign to give him my copybook.

He read this apothegm, which gave utterance to his inward sentiment, through several times, with various intonations, and with an expression of the greatest satisfaction. Then he set us a lesson in history, and seated himself by the window. His face was not so morose as it had been; it expressed the delight of a man who had taken a proper revenge for an insult that had been put upon him.

It was quarter to one; but Karl Ivanitch had no idea of dismissing us, apparently; in fact, he gave out some new lessons.

Ennui and hunger increased in equal measure. With the greatest impatience, I noted all the signs which betokened the near approach of dinner. There came the woman with her mop to wash the plates; then I could hear the dishes rattle on the sideboard. I heard them move the table, and place the chairs; then Mimi came in from the garden with Liubotchka and Katenka (Katenka was Mimi's twelve-year-old daughter); but nothing was to be seen of Foka, the major-domo, who always came and announced that dinner was ready. Then only could we throw aside our books without paying any attention to Karl Ivanitch, and run downstairs.

At length the long-wished-for and punctual Foka arrived, and we went downstairs.

"Ask mamma to take us on the hunt," whispered Katenka, stopping me by seizing my round jacket, when the grown-up people had passed on before into the dining room.

"Very good: we will try."

The dinner was nearing its end. Liubotchka and Katenka winked at us incessantly, twisted on their chairs, and evinced the greatest uneasiness. The winks signified: "Why don't you ask them to take us hunting?" I nudged Volodya with my elbow; Volodya nudged me, and finally summoned up his courage: he explained, at first in a timid voice, but afterwards quite firmly and loudly, that, as we were to leave on that day, we should like to have the girls taken to the hunt with us, in the carriage. After a short consultation among the grown-up people, the question was decided in our favor; and, what was still more pleasant, mamma said that she would go with us herself.

V

DINNER came to an end; the big people went to the library to drink their coffee, while we ran into the garden, to scrape our feet along the paths covered with the yellow leaves which had fallen, and to talk. Not a word was said about our separation. Our conversation was interrupted by the

arrival of the carriage, upon each of whose springs sat a servant boy. Behind the carriage came the huntsmen with the dogs; behind the huntsmen, Ignat the coachman, on the horse destined for Volodya, and leading my old nag by the bridle. First we rushed to the fence, whence all these interesting things were visible, and then we flew upstairs shrieking and stamping, to dress ourselves as much like hunters as possible. One of the chief means to this end was tucking our trousers into our boots. We betook ourselves to this without delay, making haste to complete the operation, and run out upon the steps to enjoy the sight of the dogs and horses, and the conversation with the huntsmen.

Foka, in spite of his advanced years, ran down the steps very quickly and cleverly, cried, "Drive up!" and, planting his feet far apart, stood firm in the middle of the entrance, between the spot to which the carriage should be brought and the threshold, in the attitude of a man who does not need to be reminded of his duty. The ladies followed, and after a brief dispute as to who should sit on which side, and whom they should cling to (although it seemed to me quite unnecessary to hold on), they seated themselves, opened their parasols, and drove off.

When we reached Kalinovoe (viburnum) woods, we found the carriage already there, and, beyond all our expectations, a one-horse cart, in the midst of which sat the butler. Under the hay we caught glimpses of a samovar, a cask with a form of ice cream, and some other attractive parcels and baskets. It was impossible to make any mistake; there was to be tea, ice cream, and fruit in the open air. At the sight of the cart, we manifested an uproarious joy; for it was considered a great treat to drink tea in the woods on the grass, and especially in a place where nobody had ever drunk tea before.

VI

ONCE THE HUNT was at an end, a cloth was spread under the shadow of the young birches, and the whole company seated themselves around it. Gavriló, the butler, having trodden down the lush green grass about him, wiped the plates, and emptied the baskets of the plums and peaches wrapped in leaves. The sun shone through the green branches of the young birches, and cast round quivering gleams upon the patterns of the tablecloth, upon my feet, and even upon Gavriló's polished perspiring head. A light breeze fluttering through the leaves, upon my hair and my streaming face, was very refreshing.

When the ices and fruits had been distributed to us, there was nothing more to be done at the cloth; and in spite of the sun's scorching, oblique rays, we rose and began to play.

"Now, what shall it be?" said Liubotchka, blinking in the sun, and dancing up and down upon the grass. "Let us have Robinson!"

"No, it's tiresome," said Volodya, rolling lazily on the turf, and chewing a leaf; "it's eternally Robinson! If you insist upon it, though, let's build an arbor."

Volodya was evidently putting on airs; it must have been because he was proud of having ridden the hunter, and he feigned to be very much fatigued. Possibly, also, he had too much sound sense, and too little force of imagination, fully to enjoy a game of Robinson. This game consisted in acting a scene from the *Robinson Suisse* [*Swiss Family Robinson*], which we had read not long before.

"Now, please . . . why won't you do this to please us?" persisted the girls. "You shall be Charles or Ernest or the father, whichever you like," said Katenka, trying to pull him from the ground by the sleeves of his jacket.

"I really don't want to: it's tiresome," said Volodya, stretching himself and smiling in a self-satisfied way.

"It's better to stay at home if nobody wants to play," declared Liubotchka through her tears.

She was a horrible crybaby.

"Come along, then; only please don't cry. I can't stand it."

Volodya's condescension afforded us but very little satisfaction: on the contrary, his bored and lazy look destroyed all the illusion of the play. When we sat down on the ground, and, imagining that we were setting out on a fishing expedition, began to row with all our might, Volodya sat with folded hands, and in an attitude which had nothing in common with the attitude of a fisherman. I remarked on this to him; but he retorted that we should gain nothing and do no good by either a greater or less flourish of hands, and should not travel any farther. I involuntarily agreed with him. When I made believe go hunting with a stick on my shoulder, and took my way to the woods, Volodya lay down flat on his back, with his hands under his head, and said it was all the same as though he went too. Such speeches and behavior cooled us towards this game, and were extremely unpleasant; the more so, as it was impossible not to admit in one's own mind that Volodya was behaving sensibly.

I knew myself that not only could I not kill a bird with my stick, but that it was impossible to fire it off. That was what the game consisted in. If you judged things in that fashion, then it is impossible to ride on chairs; but, thought I, Volodya himself must remember how, on long winter evenings, we covered an armchair with cloths, and made a calash out of it, while one mounted as coachman, the other as footman, and the girls sat in the middle, with three chairs for a troika of horses, and we set out on a journey. And how many adventures happened on the way! and how merrily and swiftly the winter evenings passed! Judging by the present standard, there would be no games. And if there are no games, what is left?

VII

PRETENDING that she was plucking some American fruits from a tree, Liubotchka tore off a leaf with a huge caterpillar on it, flung it on the ground in terror, raised her hands, and sprang back as though she feared

that something would spout out of it. The game came to an end; we all flung ourselves down on the ground with our heads together, to gaze at this curiosity.

I looked over Katenka's shoulder; she was trying to pick the worm up on a leaf which she placed in its way.

I had observed that many girls have a trick of twisting their shoulders, endeavoring by this movement to bring back their low-necked dresses, which have slipped down, to their proper place. I remember that this motion always made Mimi angry: "It is the gesture of a chambermaid," she said. Katenka made this motion as she bent over the worm, and at the same moment the wind raised her kerchief from her white neck. Her little shoulder was within two fingers' length of my lips. I no longer looked at the worm; I stared and stared at Katenka's shoulder, and kissed it with all my might. She did not turn round, but I noticed that her cheeks crimsoned up to her very ears. Volodya did not raise his head, but said scornfully:—

"What tenderness!"

The tears came into my eyes.

I never took my eyes from Katenka. I had long been used to her fresh little blonde face, and I had always loved it. But now I began to observe it more attentively, and I liked it still better. When we went back to the grown-up people, papa announced, to our great joy, that, at mamma's request, our departure was postponed until the following day.

We rode back in company with the carriage. Volodya and I, desirous of outdoing each other in the art of horsemanship and in boldness, galloped around it. My shadow was longer than before, and, judging from it, I imagined that I must present the effect of a very fine rider; but the feeling of self-satisfaction which I experienced was speedily destroyed by the following circumstance. Desiring to completely fascinate all who rode in the carriage, I fell behind a little; then, with the assistance of my whip, I started my horse forward, and assumed an attitude of careless grace, with the intention of dashing past them like a whirlwind on the side where Katenka sat. The only point I was in doubt about was: would it be better to gallop by in silence, or to cry out? But the hateful horse came to a standstill so unexpectedly when he came up with the carriage horses that I flew over the saddle upon his neck, and almost tumbled off his back.

VIII

It was already dusk when we reached home. Mamma seated herself at the piano, and we children fetched our paper, pencils, and paints, and settled ourselves about the round table at our drawing. I had only blue paint; nevertheless, I undertook to depict the hunt. After representing, in very lively style, a blue boy mounted on a blue horse, and some blue dogs, I was not quite sure whether I could paint a blue hare, and ran to papa in his study to take advice on the matter. Papa was reading; and, in answer

to my question, "Are there any blue hares?" he said, without raising his head, "Yes, my dear, there are." I went back to the round table, and painted a blue hare; then I found it necessary to turn the blue hare into a bush. The bush did not please me either; I turned it into a tree, and the tree into a stack of hay, and the haystack into a cloud; and finally I blotted my whole paper so with blue paint that I tore it up in vexation, and went off to doze on the long sofa chair.

Mamma was playing the "Second Concerto" of Field—her teacher. I dreamed, and light, bright, transparent recollections penetrated my imagination. She played Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique," and my memories became painful, dark, burdensome. Mamma often played those two pieces; therefore I well remember the feeling which they aroused in me. It resembled memories; but memories of what? I seemed to remember something which had never happened.

Opposite me was the door into the study, and I saw Yakoff enter, and some other people with kaftans and beards. The door immediately closed behind them. "Now business has begun!" I thought. It seemed to me that nothing in the world could be more important than the business which was being transacted in that study; this idea of mine was confirmed by the fact that all who entered the study door did so on tiptoe and exchanging whispers. Papa's loud voice was audible; and the smell of cigars, which always attracted me very much, I know not why, was perceptible. All at once, I was much surprised in my half slumber by the familiar squeak of boots in the butler's pantry. Karl Ivanitch walked up to the door on tiptoe, but with a gloomy and decided countenance, and some papers in his hand, and knocked lightly. He was admitted, and the door was slammed again.

"Some misfortune must have happened," I thought. "Karl Ivanitch is angry: he is ready for anything."

And again I fell into a doze.

But no misfortune had occurred. In about an hour, the same squeaking boots woke me up. Karl Ivanitch emerged from the door, wiping away the tears which I espied on his cheeks, with his handkerchief, and went upstairs, muttering something to himself. Papa came out after him, and entered the drawing room.

"Do you know what I have just decided upon?" he said in a gay voice, laying his hand on mamma's shoulder.

"What is it, my dear?"

"I shall take Karl Ivanitch with the children. There is room for him in the britchka. They are used to him, and it seems that he is very much attached to them; and seven hundred rubles a year does not count for much: and then he is a very good sort of fellow at bottom."

I never could understand why papa scolded Karl Ivanitch.

"I am very glad," said mamma, "both for the children's sake and for his: he is a fine old fellow."

"If you could only have seen how much affected he was when I told him that he was to keep the five hundred rubles as a gift! But the most

amusing thing of all is this account which he brought me. It's worth looking at," he added with a smile, handing her a list in Karl Ivanitch's handwriting: "it was delightful."

This was what the list contained:—

"Two fishhooks for the children, seventy kopeks.

"Colored paper, gold binding, a syringe and jumping jack, for a little box for a present, six rubles fifty-five kopeks.

"Books and bows, presents to the children, eight rubles sixteen kopeks

"Trousers for Nikolai, four rubles.

"The gold watch promised by Piotr Alexandrovitch, to be got from Moscow in 18—, one hundred and forty rubles.

"Total due Karl Mauer, above his salary, one hundred and fifty-nine rubles seventy-nine kopeks."

After reading this list, in which Karl Ivanitch demanded payment of all the sums which he had expended for presents, and even the price of the gifts promised to himself, anyone would think that Karl Ivanitch was nothing more than an unfeeling, covetous egoist—and he would be very much mistaken.

When he entered the study with this account in his hand, and a speech ready prepared in his head, he intended to set forth eloquently before papa all the injustice that he had endured in our house; but when he began to speak in that touching voice, and with the feeling intonations which he usually employed when dictating to us, his eloquence acted most powerfully on himself; so that when he reached the place where he said, "Painful as it is to me to part from the children," he became utterly confused, his voice trembled, and he was forced to pull his checked handkerchief from his pocket.

"Yes, Piotr Alexandrovitch," he said, through his tears (this passage did not occur in the prepared speech), "I have become so used to the children that I do not know what I shall do without them. It will be better for me to serve you without salary," he added, wiping away his tears with one hand, and presenting the bill with the other.

That Karl Ivanitch was sincere when he spoke thus, I can affirm with authority, for I know his kind heart; but how he reconciled that account with his words remains a mystery to me.

"If it is painful for you, it would be still more painful for me to part with you," said papa, tapping him on the shoulder. "I have changed my mind."

IX

AT TWELVE O'CLOCK on the day following the events which I have described, the calash and britchka stood at the door. Nikolai was dressed for traveling; that is to say, his trousers were tucked into his boots, and his old coat was very closely belted. He stood by the britchka, packing the overcoats and cushions under the seat; when the pile seemed to him

too high, he seated himself on the cushions, jumped up and down, and flattened them.

"Do me an unutterable favor, Nikolai Dmitritch; can't we put the master's strongbox in?" said papa's panting valet, leaning out of the calash; "it is small."

"You should have said so before, Mikhei Ivanitch," answered Nikolai, quickly and angrily, flinging a parcel with all his might on the floor of the britchka. "O Lord, my head is going round, and here you come with your box!" he added, pulling off his cap, and wiping the big drops of perspiration from his burning brow.

Menservants in coats, kaftans, shirts, without hats, women in striped petticoats and striped dresses, with children in their arms, and barefooted children stood about the steps, stared at the equipages, and talked among themselves. One of the postboys—a bent old man in a winter cap and armyak—held in his hand the pole of the calash, moved it back and forth, and thoughtfully surveyed its action; the other, a good-looking young fellow, clad only in a white smock with shoulder gussets of red kumatch, and a black lamb's-wool cap, which he tilted first over one ear and then over the other as he scratched his blonde curls, placed his armyak on the box, flung the reins there also, and, cracking his braided knout, gazed now at his boots, now at the coachmen who were greasing the britchka. One of them, after having finished his labors, was straining himself and holding the steps; another was bending over the wheel, and carefully greasing axle and box, and even smearing it from below in a circle, in order that the oil upon his cloth might not be wasted. The broken-down post horses of various colors stood at the fence, and brushed away the flies with their tails. Some of them planted their shaggy, swollen legs far apart, closed their eyes, and dozed; some scratched each other from ennui, or nipped the fronds and stalks of the harsh, dark green ferns which grew beside the porch. Several greyhounds breathed heavily as they lay in the sun; others got into the shade beneath the calash and britchka, and licked the tallow around the axles. The whole atmosphere was filled with a kind of dusty mist; the horizon was of a grayish lilac hue, but there was not so much as a tiny cloud in the sky. The strong west wind raised pillars of dust from the roads and fields, bent the crests of the lofty lindens, and the birches in the garden, and bore far away the falling yellow leaves. I sat by the window, and awaited the completion of the preparations with impatience.

When all were assembled around the large table in the drawing room, in order to spend a few minutes together for the last time, it never entered my mind what a painful moment was awaiting us. The most trivial thoughts wandered through my brain. I asked myself, Which postboy would drive the calash, and which the britchka? who would travel with papa, and who with Karl Ivanitch? and why was it indispensable to wrap me up in a scarf and a long wadded overcoat?

"Am I so delicate? I shall not freeze. I wish they would get through this as quickly as possible! I want to get in and ride off."

"To whom shall I give the list of the children's linen?" asked Natalya Savischna, coming in with tear-swollen eyes and the list in her hand, as she addressed mamma.

"Give it to Nikolai, and come back to say good-by to the children."

The old woman tried to say something, but suddenly paused, covered her face with her handkerchief, and left the room with a wave of the hand.

My heart contracted with pain when I saw that motion; but impatience to start was stronger than that feeling, and I continued to listen indifferently to papa's conversation with mamma. They talked of things which evidently interested neither of them: What was it necessary to purchase for the house? what was to be said to Princess Sophie and Madame Julie? and would the traveling be good?

Foka entered, and, halting on the threshold, said, "The horses are ready," in exactly the same tone with which he announced, "Dinner is served." I noticed that mamma shuddered and turned pale at this announcement, as though she had not expected it.

Foka was ordered to close all the doors of the room. I was very much amused at this: "as though they were hiding themselves from somebody."

When all sat down, Foka also seated himself on the edge of a chair; but no sooner had he done so than a door squeaked, and all glanced round Natalya Savischna entered in haste, and, without raising her eyes, took refuge near the door on the same chair with Foka. I seem now to see Foka's bald head and wrinkled, immovable face, and the kind, bent form in the cap beneath which the gray hair was visible. They crowded together on the one chair, and both felt awkward.

I remained unconcerned and impatient. The ten seconds during which we sat there with closed doors seemed a whole hour to me. At length we all rose, crossed ourselves, and began to take leave. Papa embraced mamma, and kissed her several times.

"Enough, my dear," said papa. "We are not parting forever."

"It is painful, nevertheless," said mamma in a voice which quivered with tears.

When I heard that voice, and beheld her trembling lips and her eyes filled with tears, I forgot everything, and everything seemed to me so sad and miserable and terrible that I would rather have run away than have said good-by to her. At that moment I realized that when she embraced papa, she had already taken leave of us.

She kissed and crossed Volodya so many times that, supposing that she would now turn to me, I stepped forward. But she continued to bless him and to press him to her bosom. Finally I embraced her, and clinging to her, I wept without a thought beyond my grief.

When we went out to get into the carriage, the tiresome servants stepped forward in the anteroom to say farewell. Their "Your hand, please, sir," their noisy kisses on our shoulders, and the smell of the tal-low on their heads, aroused in me a sentiment nearly akin to that of bitterness in irritable people. Under the influence of this feeling I kissed

Natalya Savischna very coldly on her cap when, bathed in tears, she bade me farewell.

It is strange that I can even now see the faces of all those servants, and I could draw them with all the most minute details, but mamma's face and attitude have utterly escaped my mind; perhaps because during all that time I could not once summon up courage to look at her. It seemed to me that if I did so, her sorrow and mine must increase to the bounds of impossibility.

I flung myself first of all into the calash, and placed myself on the back seat. As the hood was up, I could see nothing, but some instinct told me that mamma was still there.

"Shall I look at her again, or not? Well, for the last time, then!" I said to myself, and leaned out of the calash toward the porch. At that moment mamma had come to the other side of the carriage with the same intent, and called me by name. When I heard her voice behind me, I turned round, but I did it so abruptly that we bumped our heads together. She smiled mournfully, and kissed me long and warmly for the last time.

When we had driven several rods, I made up my mind to look at her. The breeze raised the blue kerchief which was tied about her head; with bended head, and face covered with her hands, she was entering the porch slowly. Foka was sustaining her.

Papa sat beside me, and said nothing. I was choking with tears, and something oppressed my throat so that I was afraid I should stifle. As we entered the highway, we saw a white handkerchief which someone was waving from the balcony. I began to wave mine, and this movement calmed me somewhat. I continued to cry, and the thought that my tears proved my sensitiveness afforded me pleasure and consolation.

After we had traveled a verst, I sat more composedly, and began to observe the nearest objects which presented themselves to my eyes,—the hindquarters of the side horse which was on my side. I noticed how this piebald animal flourished his tail, how he set one foot down after the other, how the postboy's braided knout reached him, and his feet began to leap together. I noticed how the harness leaped about on him, and the rings on the harness; and I gazed until the harness was covered around the tail with foam. I began to look about me, upon the undulating fields of ripe rye, on the dark wasteland, on which here and there plows, peasants, and mares with their foals were visible; on the verst stones; I even glanced at the carriage box to find out which postboy was driving us; and the tears were not dry on my face, when my thoughts were already far from the mother whom I had left perhaps forever. But every recollection led me to the thought of her. I recalled the mushroom which I had found the day before in the birch alley, and remembered that Liubotchka and Katenka had disputed as to who should pluck it, and I remember how they had wept at parting from us.

I was sorry for them, and for Natalya Savischna, and the birch alley,

and Foka I was even sorry for malicious Mimi. I was sorry for everything, everything! But poor mamma? And the tears again filled my eyes, but not for long.

X

HAPPY, happy days of youth which can never be recalled! How is it possible not to love it, to cherish memories of it? These memories refresh and elevate my soul, and serve me as the fountain of my best enjoyment.

—You have run your fill. You sit at the tea table, in your high chair; you have drunk your cup of milk and sugar long ago; sleep is gluing your eyes together, but you do not stir from the spot, you sit and listen. And how can you help listening? Mamma is talking with someone, and the sound of her voice is so sweet, so courteous. That sound alone says so much to my heart! With eyes dimmed with slumber, I gaze upon her face, and all at once she has become small, so small—her face is no larger than a button, but I see it just as plainly still. I see her look at me and smile. I like to see her so small. I draw my eyelids still closer together, and she is no larger than the little boys one sees in the pupils of the eyes; but I moved, and the illusion was destroyed. I close my eyes, twist about, and try in every way to reproduce it, but in vain.

I rise, tuck my feet under me, and settle myself comfortably in an easy chair.

"You will go to sleep again, Nikolinka," says mamma; "you had better go upstairs."

"I don't want to go to bed, mamma," you reply, and sweet, dim fancies fill your brain; the healthy sleep of childhood closes your lids, and in a moment you lose consciousness, and sleep until they wake you. You feel in your dreams that somebody's soft hand is touching you, you recognize it by that touch alone; and still sleeping, you involuntarily seize it, and press it warmly, so warmly, to your lips.

Everyone has already departed: one candle only burns in the drawing room. Mamma has said that she would wake me; it is she who has sat down on the chair in which I am sleeping, and strokes my hair with her wonderfully soft hand, and in my ears resounds the dear, familiar voice.

"Get up, my darling, it is time to go to bed."

She is not embarrassed by anyone's indifferent glances; she does not fear to pour out upon me all her tenderness and love. I do not move, but kiss her hand yet more earnestly.

"Get up, my angel."

She takes me by the neck with her other hand, and her slender fingers rouse me and tickle me; she touches me, and I am conscious of her perfume and her voice. All this makes me spring up, encircle her neck with my arms, press my head to her bosom with a sigh, and say:—

"Oh, dear, dear mamma, how I love you!"

She smiles, with her sad, bewitching smile, takes my head in both her hands, kisses my brow, and sets me on her knees.

"So you love me very much?" She is silent for a moment, then speaks: "See that you always love me, and never forget me. If you lose your mamma, you will not forget her? you will not forget her, Nikolenka?"

She kisses me still more tenderly.

"Stop! don't say that, my darling, my precious one!" I cry, kissing her knees; and the tears stream in floods from my eyes,—tears of love and rapture.

After that, perhaps, when you go upstairs, and stand before the images in your wadded dressing gown, what a wonderful sensation you experience when you say, "O Lord! save papa and mamma!" In repeating the prayers which my mouth lisped for the first time after my beloved mother, the love of her and the love of God are united, in some strange fashion, in one feeling.

After your prayer you wrap yourself in the bedclothes, with a spirit light, bright, and inspiring; one dream succeeds another, but what are they all about? They are indescribable; but full of pure love, of hope and earthly happiness. You perhaps recall Karl Ivanitch and his bitter lot,—the only unhappy man I knew,—and you are so sorry for him, you love him so, that tears trickle from your eyes, and you think, "May God give him happiness; may He grant me power to help him, to lighten his sorrow; I am ready to sacrifice everything for him." Then you thrust your favorite porcelain plaything—a dog and a hare—into the corner of the down pillow, and it pleases you to think how warm and comfortable they will be there. You pray again that God will grant happiness to all, that everyone may be content, and that the weather tomorrow may be good for walking. You turn on the other side; your thoughts and dreams mingle confusedly, and intertwine, and you fall asleep quietly, calmly, with your face still wet with tears.

Will that freshness, that happy carelessness, that necessity for love and strength of faith, which you possessed in childhood, ever return? Can any time be better than that when the two greatest of virtues—innocent gayety, and unbounded thirst for love—were the only requirements in life?

Where are those burning prayers? Where is that best gift of all, those pure tears of emotion? The angel of comfort flew thither with a smile, and wiped away those tears, and instilled sweet visions into the uncorrupted imagination of infancy.

Has life left such heavy traces in my heart that those tears and raptures have deserted me forever? Do the memories alone abide?

XI

NEARLY a month after we removed to Moscow, I was sitting upstairs in grandmamma's house, at a big table, writing. Opposite me sat the drawing-master, making the final corrections in a pencil sketch of the head of some Turk or other in a turban. Volodya was standing behind the master, with outstretched neck, gazing over his shoulder. This little head was Volodya's

first production in pencil; and it was to be presented to grandmamma that day, which was her saint's day.

"And you would not put any more shading here?" said Volodya, rising on tiptoe, and pointing at the Turk's neck.

"No, it is not necessary," said the teacher, laying aside the pencil and drawing pen in a little box with a lock; "it is very good now, and you must not touch it again. Now for you, Nikolenka," he added, rising, and continuing to gaze at the Turk from the corner of his eye, "reveal your secret to us. What are you going to carry to your grandmother? To tell the truth, another head just like this would be the best thing. Good-by, gentlemen," said he, and, taking his hat and note, he went out.

I had been thinking myself, at the moment, that a head would be better than what I was working at. When it had been announced to us that grandmamma's name day was near at hand, and that we must prepare gifts for the occasion, I had immediately made up a couple of verses, hoping soon to find the rest.

On the name day a congratulation in twelve verses was ready, and as I sat in the schoolroom, I was copying it on vellum paper.

Two sheets of paper were already ruined; not because I had undertaken to make any alterations in them,—the verses seemed to me very fine,—but from the third line on, the ends began to incline upwards more and more, so that it was evident, even at a distance, that it was written crookedly, and was fit for nothing.

The third sheet was askew like the others; but I was determined not to do any more copying. In my poem I congratulated grandmamma, wished her many years of health, and concluded thus:—

*To comfort thee we shall endeavor,
And love thee like our own dear mother.*

It seemed to be very good, yet the last line offended my ear strangely.

So I transcribed the last stanza. Then I read my whole composition over aloud in the bedroom, with feeling and gesticulations. The verses were entirely lacking in rhythm, but I did not pause over them; the last, however, struck me still more powerfully and unpleasantly. I sat down on the bed and began to think.

"Why did I write *like our own dear mother*? She's not here, and it was not necessary to mention her. I love grandma, it's true; I reverence her, but still she is not the same. Why did I write that? Why have I lied? Suppose this is poetry; it was not necessary, all the same."

Karl Ivanitch had in his hands a little box of his own manufacture, Volodya had his drawing, I had my verses; each one had upon his tongue the greeting with which he intended to present his gift. At the very moment when Karl Ivanitch opened the drawing-room door, the priest was putting on his robes, and the first sounds of the *Te Deum* service resounded.

Grandmamma was already in the hall: she was standing by the wall,

supporting herself on the back of a chair, over which she bent, and was praying devoutly; beside her stood papa. He turned toward us, and smiled, as he saw us hide our gifts in haste behind our backs, and halt just inside the door, in our endeavor to escape being seen. The whole effect of unexpectedness upon which we had counted was ruined.

When the time came to go up and kiss the cross, I suddenly felt that I was under the oppressive influence of an ill-defined, benumbing timidity, and, realizing that I should never have courage to present my gift, I hid behind Karl Ivanitch, who, having congratulated grandmamma in the choicest language, shifted his box from his right hand to his left, handed it to the lady whose name day it was, and retreated a few paces in order to make way for Volodya. Grandmamma appeared to be in ecstasies over the box, which had gilt strips pasted on the edges, and expressed her gratitude with the most flattering of smiles. It was evident, however, that she did not know where to put the box, and it must have been for this reason that she proposed that papa should examine with what wonderful taste it was made.

After satisfying his curiosity, papa handed it to the protopope, who seemed exceedingly pleased with this trifle. He dandled his head, and gazed curiously now at the box, and again at the artist who could make such a beautiful object. Volodya produced his Turk, and he also received the most flattering encomiums from all quarters. Now it was my turn; grandmamma turned to me with an encouraging smile.

Those who have suffered from shyness know that that feeling increases in direct proportion to the time which elapses, and that resolution decreases in an inverse ratio; that is to say, the longer the sensation lasts, the more unconquerable it becomes, and the less decision there is left.

The last remnants of courage and determination forsook me when Karl Ivanitch and Volodya presented their gifts, and my shyness reached a crisis; I felt that the blood was incessantly rushing from my heart into my head, as though one color succeeded another on my face, and that great drops of perspiration broke out upon my nose and forehead. My ears burned; I felt a shiver and a cold perspiration all over my body; I shifted from foot to foot, and did not stir from the spot.

"Come, Nikolinka, show us what you have,—a box or a drawing," said papa. There was nothing to be done. With a trembling hand, I presented the crumpled, fateful parcel; but my voice utterly refused to serve me, and I stood before grandmamma in silence. I could not get over the thought that, in place of the drawing which was expected, my worthless verses would be read before everyone, including the words, *like our own dear mother*, which would clearly prove that I had never loved her and had forgotten her. How convey an idea of my sufferings during the time when grandmamma began to read my poem aloud, and when, unable to decipher it, she paused in the middle of a line in order to glance at papa with what then seemed to me a mocking smile; when she did not pronounce to suit me; and when, owing to her feebleness of vision, she gave the paper to papa before she had finished, and begged him to read it all

over again from the beginning? It seemed to me that she did it because she did not like to read such stupid and crookedly written verses, and in order that papa might read for himself that last line which proved so clearly my lack of feeling. I expected that he would give me a flip on the nose with those verses, and say, "You good-for-nothing boy, don't forget your mother—take that!" But nothing of the sort happened: on the contrary, when all was read, grandmamma said, "Charming!" and kissed my brow.

The little box, the drawing, and the verses were laid out in a row, beside two cambric handkerchiefs and a snuffbox with a portrait of mamma, on the movable table attached to the armchair in which grandmamma always sat.

XII

SO MANY VISITORS came that day with congratulations that the courtyard near the entrance was never free, all the morning, from several carriages.

"Good morning, cousin," said one of the guests, in French, as he entered the room, and kissed grandmamma's hand.

He was a man about seventy years of age, of lofty stature, dressed in a military uniform with big epaulets, from beneath the collar of which a large white cross was visible, and with a calm, frank expression of countenance. The freedom and simplicity of his movements surprised me. His face was still notably handsome, in spite of the fact that only a thin semicircle of hair was left on the nape of the neck, and that the position of his upper lip betrayed the lack of teeth.

Prince Ivan Ivanitch had enjoyed a brilliant career while he was still very young at the end of the last century, thanks to his noble character, his handsome person, his noteworthy bravery, his distinguished and powerful family, and thanks especially to good luck.

He was cultivated and well read; but his cultivation stopped at what he had acquired in his youth, that is to say, at the close of the last century. He had read everything of note which had been written in France on the subject of philosophy and eloquence during the eighteenth century; he was thoroughly acquainted with all the best products of French literature, so that he was able to quote passages from Racine, Corneille, Boileau, Molière, Montaigne, and Fénelon, and was fond of doing so; he possessed a brilliant knowledge of mythology, and had studied with profit the ancient monuments of epic poetry in the French translations; he had acquired a sufficient knowledge of history from Ségur; but he knew nothing at all of mathematics beyond arithmetic, nor of physics, nor of contemporary literature; he could maintain a courteous silence in conversation, or utter a few commonplaces about Goethe, Schiller, and Byron, but he had never read them. In spite of this French and classical cultivation, of which so few examples still exist, his conversation was simple; and yet this simplicity concealed his ignorance of various things, and exhibited tolerance and an agreeable tone. He was a great enemy of all

originality, declaring that originality is the bait of people of bad tone. Society was a necessity to him, wherever he might be living; whether in Moscow or abroad, he always lived generously, and on certain days received all the town. His standing in town was such that an invitation from him served as a passport to all drawing rooms, and many young and pretty women willingly presented to him their rosy cheeks, which he kissed with a kind of fatherly feeling; and other, to all appearances, very important and respectable people were in a state of indescribable joy when they were admitted to the prince's parties.

Very few people were now left, who, like grandmamma, had been members of the same circle, of the same age, possessed of the same education, the same view of matters; and for that reason he especially prized the ancient friendly connection with her, and always showed her the greatest respect.

I could not gaze enough at the prince. The respect which everyone showed him, his huge epaulets, the particular joy which grandmamma manifested at the sight of him, and the fact that he alone did not fear her, treated her with perfect ease, and even had the daring to address her as *ma cousine*, inspired me with a reverence for him which equaled if it did not excel that which I felt for grandmamma. When she showed him my verses, he called me to him, and said:—

"Who knows, cousin, but this may be another Derzhavin?"

Thereupon he pinched my cheek in such a painful manner that if I did not cry out it was because I guessed that it must be accepted as a caress.

XIII

"VOLODYA! Volodya! the Ivins!" I shouted, catching sight from the window of three boys in blue overcoats, with beaver collars, who were crossing from the opposite sidewalk to our house, headed by their young and dandified tutor.

The Ivins were related to us, and were of about our own age; we had made their acquaintance, and struck up a friendship soon after our arrival in Moscow.

The second Ivin, Serozha, was a dark-complexioned, curly-headed boy, with a determined, turned-up little nose, very fresh red lips, which seldom completely covered the upper row of his white teeth, handsome dark blue eyes, and a remarkably alert expression of countenance. He never smiled, but either looked quite serious or laughed heartily with a distinct, ringing, and very attractive laugh. His original beauty struck me at first sight. I felt for him an unconquerable liking. It was sufficient for my happiness to see him: at one time, all the powers of my soul were concentrated upon this wish; when three or four days chanced to pass without my having seen him, I began to feel bored and sad even to tears. All my dreams, both waking and sleeping, were of him: when I lay down to sleep, I willed to dream of him; when I shut my eyes, I saw him before

me, and cherished the vision as the greatest bliss. I could not have brought myself to confess this feeling to anyone in the world, much as I prized it. He evidently preferred to play with Volodya and to talk with him, rather than with me, possibly because it annoyed him to feel my restless eyes constantly fixed upon him, or simply because he felt no sympathy for me: but nevertheless I was content; I desired nothing, demanded nothing, and was ready to sacrifice everything for him.

It saddens me to think of that fresh, beautiful feeling of unselfish and unbounded love, which died away without having found vent, or met with a return.

It is strange how, when I was a child, I strove to be like a grown-up person, and how, since I have ceased to be a child, I have often longed to be like one.

I met the Ivins in the anteroom, exchanged greetings with them, and then flew headlong to grandmamma. I announced that the Ivins had arrived; and, from my expression, one would have supposed that this news must render her completely happy. Then, without taking my eyes from Serozha, I followed him into the drawing room, watching his every movement. While grandmamma was telling him that he had grown a great deal, and fixed her penetrating eyes upon him, I experienced that sensation of terror and hope which a painter must experience when he is awaiting the verdict upon his work from a judge whom he respects.

It was very lively in the garden. Our game of robbers could not have been more successful; but one circumstance came near ruining everything. Serozha was the robber: as he was hastening in pursuit of travelers, he stumbled, and in full flight struck his knee with so much force against a tree that I thought he had shattered it into splinters. In spite of the fact that I was the gendarme, and that my duty consisted in capturing him, I approached, and sympathetically inquired whether he had hurt himself. Serozha got angry with me; he clenched his fists, stamped his foot, and in a voice which plainly betrayed that he had injured himself badly, he shouted at me:—

“Well, what’s this? After this we’ll have no more games! Come, why don’t you catch me? why don’t you catch me?” he repeated several times, glancing sideways at Volodya and the elder Ivin, who, in their character of travelers, were leaping and running along the path; and all at once he gave a shriek, and rushed after them with a loud laugh.

I cannot describe how this heroic conduct impressed and captivated me. In spite of the terrible pain, he not only did not cry, but he did not even show that he was hurt, and never for a moment forgot the game.

XIV

JUDGING from the special activity perceptible in the butler’s pantry, the brilliant illumination which imparted a new and festive aspect to objects in the drawing room and hall, which had long been familiar to me, and

particularly judging from the fact that Prince Ivan Ivanitch would not have sent his music for nothing, a large number of guests were expected for the evening.

I ran to the window at the sound of every passing carriage, put the palms of my hands to my temples and against the glass, and gazed into the street with impatient curiosity. Through the darkness, which at first covered all objects from the window, there gradually appeared, across the way, a long familiar shop, with a lantern; in an oblique line, a large house with two lighted windows on the lower floor; in the middle of the street some *Tunka* [cabman] with two passengers, or an empty calash returning home at a footpace; but now a carriage drove up to the porch, and in the full conviction that it was the Ivins, who had promised to come early, I ran down to meet them in the anteroom. Instead of the Ivins, two ladies made their appearance behind the liveried arm which opened the door: one was large, and wore a blue cloak with a sable collar; the other, who was small, was all wrapped up in a green shawl, beneath which her little feet, shod in fur boots, alone were visible. Paying no attention to my presence in the anteroom, although I considered it my duty to make my bow when these persons appeared, the little one silently walked up to the big one, and halted in front of her. The big one unwound the kerchief which covered the little one's head, unbuttoned her cloak, and when the liveried footman took charge of these things, and pulled off her little fur boots, there appeared from this much-wrapped-up individual a wonderful twelve-year-old little girl, dressed in a low-necked white muslin frock, white pantalets, and tiny black slippers. There was a black velvet ribbon on her little white neck; her head was a mass of dark chestnut curls which suited her lovely face admirably, and fell upon her white shoulders behind so beautifully that I would not have believed Karl Ivanitch himself if he had told me that they curled so because they had been twisted up in bits of *The Moscow Gazette* ever since the morning, and pinched with hot irons. She seemed to have been born with that curly head.

A striking feature of her face was the unusual size of her prominent, half-closed eyes, which formed a strange but agreeable contrast to her small mouth. Her lips were tightly closed; and her eyes had such a serious look, and the general expression of her face was such, that you would not look for a smile on it; and therefore a smile was all the more enchanting.

I crept to the door of the hall, endeavoring to remain unperceived, and decided that it would be well to walk back and forth feigning meditation, and that I was not aware that guests had arrived. When they had traversed half the apartment, I apparently came to myself, made my bow, and informed them that grandmamma was in the drawing room. Madame Valakhin, whose face pleased me extremely, especially because I discerned in it a strong resemblance to her daughter Sonitchka, nodded graciously to me.

Grandmamma appeared to be very glad to see Sonitchka: she called her close to her, adjusted one of her curls which had fallen over her fore-

head, and, gazing attentively at her face, she said, "What a charming child!" Sonitchka smiled and blushed so prettily that I blushed also as I looked at her.

"I hope you will not be bored here, my little friend," said grand-mamma, taking hold of her chin, and raising her little face. "I beg that you will be merry and dance as much as possible. Here is one lady and two cavaliers," she added, turning to Madame Valakhin, and touching me with her hand.

This bringing us together pleased me so much that it made me blush again.

Conscious that my shyness was increasing, and hearing the noise of another carriage as it drove up, I deemed it best to make a retreat. In the anteroom I found Princess Kornakova with her son and an incredible number of daughters. The daughters were all exactly alike in countenance, —they resembled the princess, and were ugly: therefore no one of them arrested my attention. As they took off their cloaks, and shook out their trains, they all began suddenly to talk in thin little voices as they fussed and laughed at something—probably because there were so many of them. Etienne was a tall, fleshy lad of fifteen, with a bloodless face, sunken eyes with blue circles beneath them, and hands and feet which were enormous for his age: he was awkward, had a rough and disagreeable voice, but appeared very well satisfied with himself, and according to my views he was precisely the sort of boy who gets whipped with a switch.

We stood for quite a while opposite each other, without uttering a word, examining each other attentively. Then we approached a little nearer, apparently with the desire to kiss each other, but we changed our minds, for some reason or other, after we had looked into each other's eyes again. When the dresses of all his sisters rustled past us, I inquired, for the sake of beginning the conversation, whether they were not crowded in the carriage.

"I don't know," he answered carelessly, "for I never ride in the carriage, because just as soon as I take my seat I begin to feel ill, and mamma knows it. When we go anywhere in the evening I always sit on the box. It's much jollier; you can see everything, and Philip lets me drive, and sometimes I have the whip. Sometimes I do *so* to the passers-by," he added, with an expressive gesture; "it's splendid!"

"Your illustrious highness," said the footman, entering the anteroom, "Philip wants to know where you were pleased to put the whip?"

"What's that? Where did I put it? Why, I gave it to him."

"He says that you did not."

"Well, then I hung it on the lantern."

"Philip says that it is not on the lantern; and you had better say that you took it and lost it, or Philip will have to pay for your pranks out of his small wages," continued the angry footman, with increasing animation.

The footman, who seemed to be a respectable but sullen man, appeared to take Philip's side, and was resolved to clear up this matter at any cost. From an involuntary feeling of delicacy I stepped aside as though I had

observed nothing. But the lackeys who were present behaved quite differently; they came nearer, and gazed approvingly at the old servant.

"Well, I lost it, I lost it," said Etienne, avoiding further explanations. "I'll pay him what the whip is worth. This is amusing!" he added, approaching me and leading me toward the drawing room.

"No, master, how will you pay? I know you have been eight months paying Marya Vasilievna twenty kopeks, and it's the same in my case, and it's two years since Petrushka . . ."

"Hold your tongue!" shouted the young prince, turning pale with rage. "I'll tell all about it."

"You'll tell all, you'll tell all!" went on the footman. "This is bad, your excellency," he added with a peculiar expression as we entered the drawing room, and he went to the wardrobe with the cloaks.

"That's right, that's right!" said an approving voice behind us in the anteroom.

Grandmamma had a peculiar gift for expressing her opinion of people by adding to a certain tone on certain occasions the singular and plural pronouns of the second person. Although she employed *you* and *thou* in direct opposition to the generally received usage, these shades of meaning acquired an entirely different significance in her mouth. When the young prince approached her, she at first addressed a few words to him, calling him *you*, and regarding him with such an expression of scorn that had I been in his place I should have become utterly abashed. But evidently Etienne was not a boy of that stamp: he not only paid no heed to grandmamma's reception, but even to her person, and saluted the whole company, if not gracefully at least without constraint. Sonitchka occupied all my attention. I remember that when Volodya, Etienne, and I were talking together in a part of the room from which Sonitchka was visible, and she could see and hear us, I spoke with pleasure; when I had occasion to utter what seemed to me an amusing or manly remark, I spoke loudly, and glanced at the drawing-room door; but when we changed to another place from which it was impossible to be seen or heard from the drawing room, I remained silent, and found no further pleasure in the conversation.

The drawing room and salon gradually filled with guests. As always happens at children's parties, there were several large children among the number who were not willing to miss an opportunity of dancing and making merry, if only for the sake of pleasing the hostess.

When the Ivins arrived, instead of the pleasure which I generally experienced at meeting Serozha, I was conscious of a certain strange vexation because he would see Sonitchka and would show off to her.

XV

"Ен! you are evidently going to have dancing," said Serozha, coming from the drawing room, and pulling a pair of new kid gloves from his pocket; "I must put on my gloves."

"What's that for? we have no gloves," I thought; "I must go upstairs and hunt for some."

But although I rummaged all the drawers, all I found was, in one, our green traveling mittens; in another, one kid glove which was of no service whatever to me, in the first place, because it was very old and dirty, in the second, because it was too large for me, and especially because the middle finger was missing, having been cut off long ago, probably by Karl Ivanitch, for a sore hand. Nevertheless I put this remnant of a glove upon my hand, and regarded intently that place upon my middle finger which was always smeared with ink.

"If Natalya Savischna were only here, she would surely find me some gloves." It was impossible to go downstairs in such a plight, because, if they asked me why I did not dance, what could I say? To remain here was equally impossible, because I should infallibly be caught. "What am I to do?" I said, flourishing my hands.

"What are you doing here?" asked Volodya, running in; "go engage your lady, it will begin directly."

"Volodya," I said to him, displaying my hand, with two fingers sticking out of the dirty glove, and expressing in my voice that I was in a state which bordered on despair,—“Volodya, you never thought of this.”

"Of what?" said he impatiently. "Ah! gloves," he added quite indifferently, catching sight of my hand. "No, I didn't, in fact. You must ask grandmamma. What will she say?" and, without pausing to reflect, he ran downstairs.

The cold-bloodedness with which he expressed himself on a point which seemed to me so weighty reassured me, and I hastened to the drawing room, totally oblivious of the grotesque glove on my left hand.

Approaching grandmamma's armchair with caution, and touching her mantle lightly, I said in a whisper:

"Grandmamma! what are we to do? We have no gloves!"

"What, my dear?"

"We have no gloves," I repeated, drawing nearer and nearer, and laying both hands on the arm of her chair.

"And what is this?" she said all at once, seeing my left hand. "See here, my dear," she went on, turning to Madame Valakhin, "this young man has made himself elegant in order to dance with your daughter."

Grandmamma held me firmly by the hand, and gazed seriously but inquiringly at her guests until all had satisfied their curiosity, and the laugh had become general.

I should have been very much troubled if Serozha had seen me during the time when, frowning with shame, I vainly endeavored to tear my hand free; but I was not at all pained in the presence of Sonitchka, who laughed until her eyes were filled with tears, and all her curls fluttered about her rosy little face. I understood that her laugh was too loud and natural to be mocking: on the contrary, we laughed together, and seemed to come nearer to each other as we exchanged glances. This episode of the glove, although it might end badly, gained me this advantage, that it

placed me on easy terms with a circle which had always seemed to me most terrible,—the drawing-room circle; I felt not the slightest timidity in the hall.

The sufferings of shy people arise from their uncertainty as to the opinion which people have formed of them; as soon as this opinion is openly demonstrated,—in whatever form it may occur,—this suffering ceases.

How charming Sonitchka Valakhin was, as she danced opposite me in the French quadrille with the clumsy young prince! How sweetly she smiled when she gave me her little hand in the chain! How prettily her golden curls waved in measure, how naively she brought her tiny feet together! When, in the fifth figure, my partner left me and went to the other side, while I waited for the time and prepared to execute my solo, Sonitchka closed her lips seriously and looked aside. But her fear for me was unnecessary. I boldly made my *chassé* to the front, *chassé* to the rear, and my glide; and when I approached her, I playfully showed her my glove with my two fingers sticking out. She laughed excessively, and her little feet tripped about upon the waxed floor more bewitchingly than ever. I still remember how, when we formed a circle and all joined hands, she bent her little head, and, without removing her hand from mine, scratched her little nose with her glove. I can still see all this as though it were directly before my eyes, and I still hear the quadrille from *The Maid of the Danube*, to whose music all this took place.

When the quadrille came to an end, Sonitchka said, "Thank you," with as sweet an expression as though I had really deserved her gratitude. I was in ecstasies. I was beside myself with joy, and did not know myself whence I had obtained such daring, confidence, and even boldness. "Nothing can confuse me," I thought, promenading about the salon quite unembarrassed; "I am ready for anything."

Serozha proposed to me to be his vis-à-vis. "Very well," said I, "I have no partner, but I will find one." Casting a decisive glance about the room, I perceived that all the ladies were engaged with the exception of one big girl, who was standing at the parlor door. A tall young man approached her with the intention, as I concluded, of inviting her to dance; he was within a couple of paces of her, but I was at the other end of the hall. In the twinkling of an eye I flew across the space which separated her, sliding gracefully over the polished floor, and with a scrape of my foot and a firm voice, I invited her for the contradance. The big girl smiled patronizingly, gave me her hand, and the young man was left partnerless.

I was so conscious of my power that I paid no heed to the young man's vexation; but afterwards learned that he inquired who that frowsy boy was who had jumped in front of him and taken away his partner.

XVI

As I PASSED through grandmamma's study, I glanced at myself in the mirror: my face was bathed in perspiration, my hair was in disorder, the tuft on the crown of my head stood up worse than ever, but the general expression of my countenance was so merry, kind, and healthy, that I was even pleased with myself.

"If I were always like this," I thought, "I might be able to please."

But when I glanced again at the very beautiful little face of my partner, there was in it, besides the expression of gayety, health, and freedom from care which had pleased me in my own, so much gentle and elegant beauty that I was vexed with myself I comprehended how stupid it was of me to hope to call the attention of such a wonderful being to myself.

I could not hope for a reciprocal feeling, and, indeed, I did not think of it, my soul was filled with bliss independent of that. I did not understand that in return for the love which filled my soul with joy, still greater happiness might be demanded, and that something more was to be desired than that this feeling might never end. All was well with me. My heart fluttered like a dove, the blood poured into it incessantly, and I wanted to cry.

When we went through the corridor, past the dark storeroom under the stairs, I glanced at it and thought: "What bliss it would be if I could live forever with her in that dark storeroom! and if nobody knew that we lived there."

"It's very jolly now, isn't it?" I said, in a quiet, trembling voice, and hastened my steps, frightened not so much at what I had said, but at what I had minded to say.

"Yes, very," she replied, turning her little head toward me, with such a frank, kind expression that my fears ceased. *

"Especially after supper. But if you only knew how sorry"—I wanted to say *pained*, but did not dare—"I am that you are going away so soon, and that we shall not see each other any more!"

"Why shall we not see each other?" said she, regarding intently the toes of her slippers, and drawing her fingers along the grated screen which we were passing. "Mamma and I go to the Tversky boulevard every Tuesday and Friday. Don't you go to walk?"

"I shall ask to go without fail on Tuesday; and if they won't let me go, I will run away alone, and without my hat. I know the way."

Volodya, the young prince, and I were all in love with Sonitchka, and we followed her with our eyes as we stood on the stairs. I do not know to whom in particular she nodded her little head; but at that moment I was firmly convinced that it was done for me.

As I took leave of the Ivins, I conversed and shook hands quite unconstrainedly, and even rather coldly, with Serozha. If he understood that

on that day he had lost my love, and his power over me, he was surely sorry for it, though he endeavored to appear quite indifferent.

For the first time in my life I had changed in love, and for the first time I experienced the sweetness of that feeling. It delighted me to exchange a worn-out sentiment of familiar affection for the fresh feeling of a love full of mystery and uncertainty. Moreover, to fall out of love and into love at the same time means loving with twice the previous fervor.

XVII

ON THE sixteenth of April, nearly six months after the day which I have described, father came upstairs to us, during our lesson hour, and announced to us that we were to set out for the country with him that night. My heart contracted at this news, and my thoughts turned at once to my mother.

The following letter was the cause of our unexpected departure:—

PETROVSKOE, April 12

I have but just received your kind letter of April 3, at ten o'clock in the evening, and, in accordance with my usual custom, I answer it immediately. Fedor brought it from town last night, but, as it was late, he gave it to Mimi this morning. And Mimi, under the pretext that I was ill and unnerved, did not give it to me for a whole day. I really have had a little fever, and, to tell the truth, this is the fourth day that I have been too ill to leave my bed.

Pray do not be alarmed, my dear; I feel very well, and if Ivan Vasilitch will permit me, I intend to get up tomorrow.

On Friday of last week, I went to ride with the children, but the horses stuck in the mud close to the entrance to the highway, near that very bridge which has always frightened me. The day was very fine, and I thought I would go as far as the highway on foot, while they pulled the calash out. When I reached the chapel, I was very much fatigued, and sat down to rest; and about half an hour elapsed while they were summoning people to drag the carriage out. I felt cold, particularly in my feet, for I had on thin-soled shoes, and they were wet through. After dinner I felt a chill and a hot turn, but I continued to walk according to the usual programme, and after tea I sat down to play a duet with Liubotchka. (You would not recognize her, she has made such progress!) But imagine my surprise when I found that I could not count the time. I began to count several times, but my head was all in confusion, and I felt a strange noise in my ears. I counted one, two, three, then all at once eight and fifteen; and the chief point was that I saw that I was lying, and could not correct myself. Finally Mimi came to my assistance, and put me to bed, almost by force. Thus, my dear, is a circumstantial account of how I became ill, and how I myself am to blame. The next day, I had quite a high fever, and our good old Ivan Vasilitch came: he still lives with us, and promises to set me free speedily in God's world once more. A wonderful old man is that Ivan Vasilitch! When I had the fever, and was delirious, he sat beside my bed all night, without closing his eyes; and now he knows that I am writing, he is sitting in the boudoir with the girls, and from my bedroom I can hear him telling them German tales, and them dying with laughter as they listen.

La belle Flamande, as you call her, has been staying with me for two weeks past, because her mother has gone off visiting somewhere, and she evinces the most sincere affection by her care for me. She intrusts me with all her secrets of the heart. If she were in good hands, she might turn out a very fine girl, with her beautiful face, kind heart, and youth, but she will be utterly ruined in the society in which she lives, judging from her own account. It has occurred to me that, if I had not so many children, I should be doing a good deed in taking charge of her.

Liubotchka wanted to write to you herself; but she has already torn up the third sheet of paper, and says "I know what a scoffer papa is, if you make a single mistake, he shows it to everybody." Katenka is as sweet as ever, Mimi as good and stupid.

Now I will talk to you about serious matters. You write that your affairs are not going well this winter, and that it is indispensable that you should take the money from Khabarovka. It surprises me that you should even ask my consent to that. Does not what belongs to me belong equally to you?

You are so kind and good, my dear, that you conceal the real state of things, from the fear of troubling me, but I guess that you have probably lost a great deal at play, and I assure you that I am not angry at you; therefore, if the matter can only be arranged, pray do not think too much of it, and do not worry yourself needlessly. I have become accustomed not to count upon your winnings for the children, but even (excuse me) on your whole estate. Your winnings cause me as little pleasure as your losses cause pain; the only thing which does pain me is your unhappy passion for gambling, which deprives me of a portion of your tender attachment, and makes me tell you such bitter truths as I tell you now, and God knows how this hurts me! I shall not cease to pray God for one thing, that he will save you, not from poverty (what is poverty?), but from that frightful situation, when the interests of the children, which I am bound to protect, shall come into conflict with ours. Heretofore the Lord has fulfilled my prayer, you have not passed the line beyond which we must either sacrifice our property,—which no longer belongs to us, but to our children,—or—and it is terrible to think of, but this horrible misfortune continually threatens us. Yes, it is a heavy cross which the Lord has sent to both of us.

You write about the children, and return to our old dispute; you ask me to consent to send them to some educational institution. You know my prejudices against such education.

I do not know, my dear friend, whether you will agree with me; but I beseech you, in any case, to promise, out of love for me, that as long as I live, and after my death, if it shall please God to part us, never to do this.

You write that it is indispensable that you should go to Petersburg about our affairs. Christ be with you, my friend, go and return as speedily as possible. It is so wearisome for all of us without you! The spring is wonderfully beautiful. The balcony door has already been taken down, the paths to the greenhouse were perfectly dry four days ago, the peach trees are in full bloom, the snow lingers in a few spots only, the swallows have come, and now Liubotchka has brought me the first spring flowers. The doctor says I shall be quite well in three days, and may breathe the fresh air, and warm myself in the April sun. Farewell, dear friend; pray do not worry about my illness, nor about your losses; finish your business as speedily as possible, and come to us with the children for the whole summer. I am making famous plans for passing it, and you alone are lacking to their realization.

The remaining portion of the letter was written in French, in a cramped and uneven hand, on a second scrap of paper. I translate it word for word:—

Do not believe what I wrote to you about my illness; no one suspects how serious it is. I alone know that I shall never rise from my bed again. Do not lose a moment. come and bring the children. Perhaps I may be able to embrace them once again, and bless them—that is my last wish. I know what a terrible blow I am dealing you; but it matters not—sooner or later you would receive it from me, or from others. Let us try to bear this misfortune with firmness, and hope in God's mercy. Let us submit to His will.

Do not think that what I write is the ravings of a delirious imagination: on the contrary, my thoughts are remarkably clear at this moment, and I am perfectly composed. Do not comfort yourself with vain hopes that these are but the dim deceitful presentiments of a timid soul. No, I feel, I know—and I know because God was pleased to reveal this to me—that I have not long to live.

Will my love for you and the children end with this life? I know that this is impossible. I feel too strongly at this moment to think that this feeling, without which I cannot conceive of existence, could ever be annihilated. My soul cannot exist without its love for you, and I know that it will exist forever, from this one thing, that such a sentiment as my love could never arise, were it ever to come to an end.

I shall not be with you, but I am firmly convinced that my love will never leave you; and this thought is so comforting to my heart that I await my fast approaching death calmly, and without terror.

I am calm, and God knows that I have always regarded death, and still regard it, as a passage to a better life; but why do tears crush me? Why deprive the children of their beloved mother? Why deal you so heavy, so unlooked-for a blow? Why must I die, when your love has rendered life boundlessly happy for me?

May His holy will be done!

I can write no more for tears. Perhaps I shall not see you. I thank you, my precious friend, for all the happiness with which you have surrounded me in this life; I shall pray God there that he will reward you. Farewell, dear friend; remember, when I am no more, that my love will never abandon you, wherever you may be. Farewell Volodya, farewell my angel, farewell Benjamin, my Nikolenka.

Will they ever forget me?

This letter inclosed a note in French, from Mimi, which read as follows:—

The sad presentiments of which she speaks are but too well confirmed by the doctor's words. Last night she ordered this letter to be taken to the post at once. Thinking that she said this in delirium, I waited until this morning, and then made up my mind to open it. No sooner had I done so than Natalya Nikolaevna asked me what I had done with the letter, and ordered me to burn it if it had not been sent. She keeps speaking of it and declares that it will kill you. Do not delay your coming, if you wish to see this angel while she is still left with us. Excuse this scrawl. I have not slept for three nights. You know how I love her!

XVIII

ON THE 25th of April we descended from the traveling carriage at the porch of the Petrovskoe house. Papa had been very thoughtful when we left Moscow, and when Volodya asked him whether mamma was not ill, he looked sadly at him, and nodded in silence. During the journey he evidently grew more composed; but as we approached home his face assumed a more and more mournful expression, and when, on alighting from the calash, he asked Foka, who ran panting out, "Where is Natalya Nikolaevna?" his voice was not firm, and there were tears in his eyes. Good old Foka glanced at us, dropped his eyes, and, opening the door of the anteroom, he turned aside and answered:

"She has not left her room in six days."

Milka, who, as I afterwards learned, had not ceased to howl mournfully since the very day that mamma was taken ill, sprang joyously at papa, leaped upon him, whined, and licked his hands; but he pushed her aside, and went into the drawing room, thence into the boudoir, from which a door led directly into the bedroom. The nearer he came to the room, the more evident became his disquiet, as was shown by all his movements: as he entered the boudoir, he walked on tiptoe, hardly drew his breath, and crossed himself before he could make up his mind to grasp the handle of the closed door. At that moment Mimi, disheveled and tear-stained, ran in from the corridor. "Ah, Piotr Alexandrovitch," she said in a whisper, with an expression of genuine despair, and then, observing that papa was turning the handle, she added almost inaudibly, "It is impossible to pass here; the spring is gone."

Oh, how sadly this affected my childish imagination, which was attuned to sorrow, with a fearful foreboding!

We went to the maids' room. In the corridor we encountered Akim, the little fool, who always amused us with his grimaces; but at that moment he not only did not seem laughable to me, but nothing struck me so painfully as his mindless, indifferent face. In the maids' room two maids, who were sitting over their work, rose in order to salute us, with such a sorrowful expression that I was frightened. Traversing Mimi's room next, papa opened the door of the bedroom, and we entered. To the right of the door were two windows, hung with cloths; at one of them sat Natalya Savischna, with her spectacles on her nose, knitting a stocking. She did not kiss us as she generally did, but merely rose, looked at us through her spectacles, and the tears poured down her face in streams. I did not like it at all to have people begin to cry as soon as they looked at us, when they had been quite calm before.

At the left of the door stood a screen, and behind the screen the bed, a little table, a little cabinet spread with medicines, and the big armchair in which dozed the doctor; beside the bed stood a young, extremely fair, and remarkably pretty girl, in a white morning dress, who, with her sleeves

turned back, was applying ice to mamma's head, which I could not see at that moment. This girl was *la belle Flamande*, of whom mamma had written, and who, later on, played such an important role in the life of our whole family. As soon as we entered, she removed one hand from mamma's head, and arranged the folds on the bosom of her gown, then said in a whisper, "She is unconscious."

I was very wretched at that moment, but I involuntarily noted all these trifles. It was nearly dark in the room, it was hot, and there was a mingled odor of mint, cologne water, camomile, and Hoffmann's drops. This odor impressed me to such a degree that when I smell it, or when I even recall it, fancy immediately bears me back to that dark, stifling chamber, and reproduces every detail, even the most minute, of that terrible moment.

Mamma's eyes were open, but she saw nothing. Oh, I shall never forget that dreadful look! It expressed so much suffering.

They led us away.

When I afterward asked Natalya Savischna about mamma's last moments, this is what she told me:

"After you were taken away, my dear one was restless for a long time as though something oppressed her, then she dropped her head on her pillow, and dozed as quietly and peacefully as an angel from heaven. I only went out to see why they did not bring her drinks. When I returned my darling was throwing herself all about, and beckoning your papa to her; he bent over her, and it was evident that he lacked the power to say what he wished to; she could only open her lips, and begin to groan, 'My God! Lord! The children, the children!' I wanted to run and fetch you, but Ivan Vasilitch stopped me and said, 'It will excite her more, it is better not.' After that she only raised her hand and dropped it again. What she meant by that, God only knows. I think that she was blessing you in your absence, and it was plain that the Lord did not grant her to see her little children before the end. Then my little dove raised herself, made this motion with her hand, and all at once she spoke in a voice which I cannot bear to think of, 'Mother of God, do not desert them!' Then the pain attained her heart; it was evident from her eyes that the poor woman was suffering tortures; she fell back on the pillows, caught the bedclothes in her teeth, and her tears flowed, my dear."

"Well, and then?" I asked.

Natalya Savischna said no more; she turned away and wept bitterly. Mamma died in terrible agony.

Boyhood

I

KATENKA was sitting beside me in the britchka, and, with her pretty head bent, was thoughtfully watching the dusty road as it flew past beneath the wheels. I gazed at her in silence, and wondered at the sad, unchildish expression which I encountered for the first time on her rosy little face.

"We shall soon be in Moscow now," said I. "What do you think it is like?"

"I do not know," she answered unwillingly.

"But what do you think? Is it bigger than Serpukhoff, or not?"

"What?"

"Oh, nothing."

But through that instinct by means of which one person divines the thoughts of another, and which serves as a guiding thread in conversation, Katenka understood that her indifference pained me; she raised her head, and turned toward me.

"Your papa has told you that we are to live with grandmamma?"

"Yes, grandmamma insists on our living with her."

"And we are all to live there?"

"Of-course; we shall live upstairs in one half of the house; you will live in the other half, and papa will live in the wing; but we shall all dine together downstairs with grandmamma."

"Mamma says that your grandmother is so majestic—and cross"

"No; oh! She only seems so at first. She is majestic, but not at all cross; on the contrary, she is very kind and cheerful. If you had only seen what a ball we had on her name day!"

"Nevertheless, I am afraid of her; and besides, God knows if we shall——"

Katenka stopped suddenly, and again fell into thought.

"What is it?" I asked uneasily.

"Nothing."

"Yes, but you said, 'God knows——' "

"And you said, 'What a ball we had at grandmamma's.' "

"Yes, it's a pity that you were not there: there were ever so many guests,—forty people, music, generals, and I danced. Katenka!" I said all at once, pausing in the middle of my description, "you are not listening."

"Yes, I am: you said that you danced."

"Why are you so sad?"

"One can't be gay all the time."

"No, you have changed greatly since we returned from Moscow. Tell me truly," I added, with a look of determination, as I turned towards her, "why have you grown so strange?"

"Am I strange?" replied Katenka, with an animation which showed that my remark interested her. "I am not at all strange."

"You are not as you were formerly," I went on. "It used to be evident that we were one in everything, that you regarded us as relatives, and loved us, just as we did you; and now you have become so serious, you keep apart from us——"

"Not at all!"

"No, let me finish," I interrupted, already beginning to be conscious of a slight tickling in my nose, which preceded the tears that were always rising to my eyes when I gave utterance to a long-repressed, tender thought. "You withdraw from us; you talk only with Mimi, as if you did not want to know us."

"Well, it's impossible to remain the same always; one must change sometime," replied Katenka, who had a habit of explaining everything by a kind of fatalistic necessity, when she did not know what to say.

I remember that once, after quarreling with Liubotchka, who had called her a *stupid little girl*, she answered, "Everybody cannot be wise; some people must be stupid." But this reply, that a change was necessary sometime, did not satisfy me, and I pursued my inquiries:—

"Why is it necessary?"

"Why, we can't live together always," answered Katenka, reddening slightly, and staring steadily at Philip's back. "My mamma could live with your dead mamma, because she was her friend; but God knows whether she will get along with the countess, who is said to be so cross. Besides, we must part someday, in any case. You are rich, you have Petrovskoe; but we are poor, my mamma has nothing."

You are rich; we are poor! These words, and the ideas connected with them, seemed very strange to me. According to my notions at that period, only beggars and peasants could be poor, and this idea of poverty I could never reconcile in my imagination with pretty, graceful Katenka. It seemed to me that, since Mimi and Katenka had once lived with us, they would always do so, and share everything equally. It could not be otherwise. But now a thousand new, undefined thoughts, touching their equality of position, dawned on my brain; and I was so ashamed that we were rich that I blushed, and positively could not look Katenka in the face.

"What does it mean?" I thought, "that we are rich and they are poor? And how does that entail the necessity of a separation? Why cannot we share what we have equally?" But I understood that it was not fitting that I should speak to Katenka about this; and some practical instinct, which ran contrary to these logical deductions, already told me that she was right, and that it would be out of place to explain this idea to her.

"Are you actually going to leave us?" I said. "How shall we live apart?"

"What is to be done? It pains me too; but if this takes place, I know what I shall do."

"You will become an actress! What nonsense!" I broke in, knowing that it had always been one of her cherished dreams to be an actress

"No: I said that when I was very small."

"What will you do, then?"

"I will go into a monastery, and live there, and go about in a black gown and a velvet hood."

Katenka began to cry.

Has it ever happened to you, reader, to perceive, all at once, at a certain period of your life, that your view of things has entirely changed; as though all the objects which you had seen hitherto had suddenly turned another side to you? This species of moral change took place in me for the first time during our journey, from which epoch I date the beginning of my boyhood.

For the first time a distinct idea entered my head that not our family alone inhabited this world; that all interests did not revolve about us; and that there exists another life for people who have nothing in common with us, who care nothing for us, who have no idea of our existence even. No doubt, I had known all this before; but I had not known it as I knew it now. I did not acknowledge it or feel it.

A thought often passes into conviction by one familiar path, which is often entirely unexpected and apart from the paths which other souls traverse to arrive at the same conclusion. The conversation with Katenka, which affected me powerfully, and caused me to reflect upon her future position, constituted that path for me. When I looked at the villages and towns which we traversed, in every house of which lived at least one such family as ours; at the women and children who gazed after our carriages with momentary curiosity, and vanished forever from sight; at the shopkeepers and the peasants, who not only did not salute us as I was accustomed to see them do in Petrovskoe, but did not deign so much as a glance,—the question entered my mind for the first time: What could occupy them if they cared nothing for us? And from this question, others arose: How and by what means do they live? how do they bring up their children? do they instruct them, or let them play? how do they punish them? and so forth.

II

ON OUR ARRIVAL in Moscow, the change in my views of things, people, and my own relations to them became still more sensible. When, at my first meeting with grandmamma, I saw her thin, wrinkled face and dim eyes, the feeling of servile reverence and terror which I had entertained for her changed to one of pity; and when she bowed her face upon Liubotchka's head, and burst out sobbing, as though the corpse of her

beloved daughter were before her eyes, even the feeling of pity in my heart was changed into love. It made me uncomfortable to see her sorrow at meeting us. I recognized the fact that we, of ourselves, were nothing in her eyes; that we were dear to her only as reminders I felt that this thought was expressed in every one of the kisses with which she covered my cheeks: "She is dead; she is gone; I shall never see her more."

Papa, who had next to nothing to do with us in Moscow, and, with ever anxious face, came to us only at dinnertime, in a black coat or dress suit, lost a great deal in my eyes, along with his big flaring collars, his dressing gown, his stewards, his clerks, and his expeditions of the threshing floor and hunting. Karl Ivanitch, whom grandmamma called *dyadka*, and who had suddenly taken it into his head, God knows why, to exchange his respectable and familiar baldness for a red wig with a parting almost in the middle of his head, seemed to me so strange and ridiculous that I wondered how I could have failed to remark it before.

Some invisible barrier also made its appearance between the girls and us. Both they and we had our own secrets. They seemed to take on airs before us over their petticoats, which grew longer, and we were proud of our trousers with straps. And Mimi appeared at the first Sunday dinner in such an elegant gown, and with such ribbons on her head, that it was at once apparent that we were not in the country, and that everything was to be different now.

III

BUT NOT ONE of the changes which took place in my views of things was so surprising to me myself as that in consequence of which I ceased to regard one of our maids as a servant of the female sex, and began to regard her as a *woman*, on whom my peace and happiness might, in some degree, depend.

From the time when I can remember anything, I recall Mascha in our house; and never, until the occasion which altered my view of her completely, and which I will relate presently, did I pay the slightest attention to her. Mascha was twenty-five when I was fourteen; she was very pretty. But I am afraid to describe her. I fear lest my fancy should again present to me the enchanting and deceitful picture which existed in it during the period of my passion for her. In order to make no mistake, I will merely say that she was remarkably white, luxuriantly developed, and was a woman; and I was fourteen years old.

At one of those moments when, with lesson in hand, you busy yourself with a promenade up and down the room, endeavoring to step only on one crack in the floor, or with the singing of some incoherent air, or the smearing of the edge of the table with ink, or the repetition, without the application of any thought, of some phrase,—in a word, at one of those moments when the mind refuses to act, and the imagination, assuming the upper hand, seeks an impression,—I stepped out of the school-room, and went down to the landing, without any object whatever.

Someone in slippers was ascending the next turn of the stairs. Of course I wanted to know who it was; but the sound of the footsteps suddenly ceased, and I heard Mascha's voice:

"Now, what are you playing pranks for? Will it be well when Marya Ivanovna comes?"

"She won't come," said Volodya's voice in a whisper, and then there was some movement, as if Volodya had attempted to detain her.

"Now what are you doing with your hands? you shameless fellow!" and Mascha ran past me with her neckerchief pushed to one side, so that her plump white neck was visible beneath it.

I cannot express the degree of amazement which this discovery caused me; but the feeling of amazement soon gave way to sympathy with Volodya's caper. What surprised me was not his behavior, but how he had got at the idea that it was pleasant to behave so. And involuntarily I began to want to imitate him.

I sometimes spent whole hours on that landing, without a single thought, listening with strained attention to the slightest movement which proceeded from above; but I never could force myself to imitate Volodya, in spite of the fact that I wanted to do it more than anything else in the world. Sometimes, having concealed myself behind a door, I listened with envy and jealousy to the commotion which arose in the maids' room, and the thought occurred to me, What would be my position if I were to go upstairs, and, like Volodya, try to kiss Mascha? What should I, with my broad nose and flaunting tuft of hair, say when she asked me what I wanted? Sometimes I heard Mascha say to Volodya, "Take that to punish you! Why do you cling to me? Go away, you scamp! Why doesn't Nikolai Petrovitch ever come here and make a fool of himself?" She did not know that Nikolai Petrovitch was at that moment sitting under the stairs, and would have given everything in the world to be in the place of the scamp Volodya.

I was modest by nature, but my modesty was further increased by the conviction of my own ugliness. And I am sure that nothing has such a decisive influence upon a man's course as his personal appearance, and not so much his appearance as his belief in its attractiveness or unattractiveness.

I was too egotistical to become accustomed to my position, and consoled myself, like the fox, by assuring myself that the grapes were still green; that is to say, I endeavored to despise all the pleasures derived from the pleasing exterior which Volodya enjoyed in my eyes, and which I envied with all my soul, and I strained every nerve of my mind and imagination to find solace in proud solitude.

IV

"My god, powder!" screamed Mimi, panting with emotion. "What are you doing? Do you want to burn the house down, and ruin us all?"

And, with an indescribable expression of firmness, Mimi commanded all to retire, walked up to the scattered shot with long and determined strides, and, despising the danger which might result from a premature explosion, she began to stamp it out with her feet. When, in her opinion, the danger was averted, she called Mikhei, and ordered him to fling all that *powder* as far away as possible, or, what was better still, into the water; and, proudly smoothing her cap, she betook herself to the drawing room. "They are well looked after, there's no denying that," she grumbled.

When papa came from the wing, and we accompanied him to grandmamma, Mimi was already seated near the window in her room, gazing threateningly at the door with a certain mysteriously official expression. She held something enveloped in paper in her hand. I guessed that it was the shot, and that grandmamma already knew everything.

In grandmamma's room there were, besides Mimi, Gascha the maid, who, as was evident from her red and angry face, was very much put out; and Dr. Blumenthal, a small, pock-marked man, who was vainly endeavoring to calm Gascha by making mysterious and pacifying signs to her with his eyes and head.

Grandmamma herself was sitting rather sideways, and laying out her "patience," the *Traveller*, which always indicated an extremely unpropitious frame of mind.

"How do you feel today, mamma? have you slept well?" said papa, as he respectfully kissed her hand.

"Very well, my dear; I believe you know that I am always well," replied grandmamma in a tone which seemed to indicate that papa's question was as misplaced and insulting as it could be. "Well, are you going to give me a clean handkerchief?" she continued, turning to Gascha.

"I have given it to you," replied Gascha, pointing to a cambric handkerchief, as white as snow, which lay on the arm of the chair.

"Take away that dirty thing, and give me a clean one, my dear."

Gascha went to the chiffonier, pulled out a drawer, and slammed it in again with such force that all the glass in the room rattled. Grandmamma glanced round with a threatening look at all of us, and continued to watch the maid's movements attentively. When the latter gave her what appeared to me to be the same handkerchief, grandmamma said:

"When will you grind my snuff, my dear?"

"When there's time, I'll do it."

"What did you say?"

"I'll do it today."

"If you don't wish to serve me, my dear, you might have said so; I would have discharged you long ago."

"If you discharge me, I shan't cry," muttered the maid, in a low tone.

At that moment the doctor tried to wink at her; but she looked at him with so much anger and decision that he immediately dropped his eyes, and busied himself with his watch key.

"You see, my dear," said grandmamma, turning to papa, when Gascha, still muttering, had left the room, "how people speak to me in my own house."

"If you will permit me, mamma, I will grind your snuff," said papa, who was evidently very much embarrassed by this unexpected behavior.

"No, I thank you; she is impudent because she knows that no one but herself understands how to grind snuff as I like it. You know, my dear," went on grandmamma, after a momentary pause, "that your children came near setting the house on fire today?"

Papa gazed at grandmamma with respectful curiosity.

"This is what they play with.—Show him," she said, turning to Mimi.

Papa took the shot in his hand, and could not forbear a smile.

"Why, this is shot, mamma," said he; "it's not at all dangerous."

"I am very much obliged to you, my dear, for teaching me, only I'm too old."

"Nerves! nerves!" whispered the doctor.

And papa immediately turned to us.

"Where did you get that? and how dare you play pranks with such things?"

"Don't ask them anything; you must ask their *dyadka*," said grandmamma, pronouncing the word *dyadka* with particular contempt, "what he is looking after."

"Waldemar said that Karl Ivanitch himself gave him this *powder*," put in Mimi.

"Now you see what he is good for," continued grandmamma. "And where is he, that *dyadka*, what's his name? Send him here."

"I gave him leave to go out and make a visit," said papa.

"There's no sense in that; he ought to be here all the time. The children are not mine, but yours, and I have no right to advise you, because you are wiser than I," pursued grandmamma; "but it does seem as though it were time to engage a tutor for them, and not a valet, a German peasant,—yes, a stupid peasant, who can teach them nothing except bad manners and Tyrolese songs. Is it extremely necessary, now, I ask you, that children should know how to sing Tyrolese songs? However, nobody thinks of this *now*, and you can do as you please."

The word *now* meant that they had no mother, and called up sad memories in grandmamma's heart. She dropped her eyes on her snuffbox, with its portrait, and became thoughtful.

"I have long been meditating that," papa hastened to say, "and I wanted to advise with you, mamma. Shall we not invite St. Jérôme, who is now giving them lessons by the day?"

"You will be doing extremely well, my friend," said grandmamma, and no longer in the dissatisfied tone in which she had spoken before. "St. Jérôme is at least a tutor who knows how children of good family should be trained, and not a paltry valet, who is good for nothing but to take them to walk."

"I will speak with him tomorrow," said papa.

And, in fact, two days after this conversation, Karl Ivanitch yielded his place to the young French dandy.

V

BY THE CONCLUSION of the year of mourning, grandmamma had somewhat recovered from the grief which had prostrated her, and began to receive guests now and then, especially children, boys and girls of our own age.

On Liubotchka's birthday, the thirteenth of December, Princess Kornakoff and her daughters, Madame Valakhin and Sonitchka, Ilinka Grap, and the two younger Ivin brothers arrived before dinner.

The sounds of conversation, laughter, and running about ascended to us from below, where all this company was assembled; but we could not join them until our morning lessons were finished. On the calendar which was suspended in the schoolroom was inscribed in French: "Monday, from 2 to 3, teacher of history and geography"; and it was that master of history whom we were obliged to wait for, listen to, and get rid of, before we should be free. It was twenty minutes past two, but nothing had yet been heard of the teacher of history; he was not even to be seen in the street which he must traverse, and which I was inspecting with a strong desire of never beholding him.

"Lebedeff does not appear to be coming today," said Volodya, tearing himself for a moment from Smaragdoff's book, from which he was preparing his lesson.

"God grant it, God grant it! for I know nothing at all. But he seems to be coming yonder," I added, in a sorrowful voice.

Volodya rose, and came to the window.

"No, that is not he; it is some *gentleman*," said he. "Let's wait until half-past two," he added, stretching himself and scratching his head, as he was in the habit of doing in moments of respite from work; "if he has not come by half-past two, then we can tell St. Jérôme to take away the notebooks."

"I don't see what he wants to co-o-ome for," I said, stretching also, and shaking Kardanoff's book, which I held in both hands, above my head.

For lack of something to do, I opened the book at the place where our lesson was appointed, and began to read. The lesson was long and difficult. I knew nothing about it, and I perceived that I should not succeed in remembering anything about it, the more so as I was in that state of nervous excitement in which one's thoughts refuse to concentrate themselves on any subject whatever.

After the last history lesson, which always seemed to me the very stupidest, on the most wearisome of all subjects, Lebedeff had complained to St. Jérôme about me; and two marks were placed against me in the books, which was considered very bad. St. Jérôme told me then that, if I got less than three at the next lesson, I should be severely pun-

ished. Now this next lesson was imminent, and I confess that I felt very much of a coward.

I was so carried away with the perusal of the lesson which I did not know that the sound of galoshes being removed in the anteroom startled me all at once. I had hardly had time to cast a glance in that direction, when the pock-marked face which was so antipathetic to me and the awkward, far too well-known figure of the teacher, in its blue coat closely fastened with learned buttons, made their appearance in the doorway.

The teacher slowly deposited his hat on the window sill, his notebooks on the table, pulled aside the tails of his swallow-tailed coat (as though it were very important), and seated himself, panting, in his place.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, rubbing one perspiring hand over the other, "let us first review what was said at the last lesson, and then I will endeavor to acquaint you with succeeding events of the Middle Ages."

That meant. Say your lesson.

At the moment when Volodya was answering him with the freedom and confidence peculiar to a person who is thoroughly acquainted with his subject, I went out on the stairs, without any object whatever; and, since it was impossible for me to go down, it was very natural that I should find myself, quite unexpectedly to myself, on the landing. But just as I was about to install myself in my customary post of observation, behind a door, Mimi, who had always been the cause of my misfortunes, suddenly ran against me. "You here?" said she, looking threateningly at me, then at the door of the maids' room, and then at me again.

I felt thoroughly guilty, both because I was not in the schoolroom and because I was in a place where I had no business to be. So I held my tongue, and, hanging my head, exhibited in my person the most touching expression of penitence. "Well, who ever saw the like!" said Mimi. "What have you been doing here?" I remained silent. "No, things shall not be left in this state," she repeated, rapping her knuckles against the stair railings: "I shall tell the Countess all about it."

It was already five minutes to three when I returned to the schoolroom. The teacher was explaining the following lesson to Volodya, as though he had remarked neither my absence nor my presence. When he had finished his exposition, he began to put his notebooks together, and Volodya went into the other room to fetch the lesson ticket; and the cheering thought occurred to me that all was over, and that I had been forgotten.

But all at once the teacher turned to me with a malicious half-smile.

"I hope you have learned your lesson, sir," he said, rubbing his hands.

"I have learned it, sir," I answered.

"Try to tell me something about St. Louis's crusade," said he, shifting about in his chair, and gazing thoughtfully at his feet. "You may tell me first the causes which induced the French King to take the cross," said he, raising his brows, and pointing his finger at the ink bottle. "Then you may explain to me the general and characteristic traits of that expedition," he added, making a movement with his wrist, as though en-

deavoring to catch something. "And, finally, the influence of this crusade upon European sovereignties in general," said he, striking the left side of the table with his notebooks. "And upon the French monarchy in particular," he concluded, striking the right side of the table, and inclining his head to the right.

I gulped down my spittle a few times, coughed, bent my head on one side, and remained silent. Then, seizing a pen, which lay upon the table, I began to pluck it to pieces, still maintaining my silence.

"Permit me to take that pen," said the teacher, extending his hand; "it is good for something. Now, sir!"

"Lou . . . King . . . St. Louis . . . was . . . was . . . was . . . a good and wise emperor."

"Who, sir?"

"An emperor. He conceived the idea of going to Jerusalem, and *transferred the reins of government* to his mother."

"What was her name?"

"B . . . B . . . lanka."

"What, sir? Bulanka?"

I laughed rather awkwardly, and with constraint.

"Well, sir, do you know anything else?" he said sarcastically.

There was nothing for me to lose, so I coughed, and began to utter whatever nonsense came into my head. The teacher, who sat silently flicking the dust from the table, with the quill pen which he had taken away from me, gazed straight past my ear, and repeated, "Good, very good, sir." I was conscious that I knew nothing, that I was not expressing myself at all as I should; and it pained me frightfully to see that the teacher did not stop me, or correct me.

"Why did he conceive the idea of going to Jerusalem?" said he, repeating my words.

"Because—for the reason—for the purpose, because——" I stopped short, uttered not another word, and felt that if that villanous teacher were to hold his tongue for a whole year, and gaze inquiringly at me, I should not be in a condition to emit another sound. The teacher stared at me for three minutes; then an expression of deep sorrow appeared on his face, and he said to Volodya, who had just entered the room, in a feeling tone:

"Please hand me the record book."

Volodya gave him the book, and carefully laid the ticket beside it.

The teacher opened the book, and, cautiously dipping his pen, he put down five, in his beautiful hand, for Volodya, under the head of recitations and behavior. Then he stopped his pen over the column in which my delinquencies were inscribed, looked at me, flirted off the ink, and pondered.

All at once his hand made an almost imperceptible movement, and there appeared a handsomely shaped one and a period; another movement, and in the conduct column stood another one and a dot.

Carefully closing the record book, the teacher rose and went to the

door, as though he did not perceive my glance, in which despair, entreaty, and reproach were expressed.

"Mikhail Ilarionovitch," said I.

"No," said he, understanding at once what I wanted to say to him; "it's impossible to teach in that way. I won't receive money for nothing."

The teacher put on his galoshes and his camelot cloak, and knotted his scarf with great care. As if anyone could care for anything after what had happened to me! A movement of the pen for him, but the greatest misfortune for me.

"Is the lesson ended?" inquired St. Jérôme, entering the room.

"Yes."

"Was your teacher satisfied with you?"

"Yes," said Volodya.

"How many did you get?"

"Five."

"And Nicolas?"

I said nothing

"Four, apparently," said Volodya.

He knew that it was necessary to save me, if only for that day. If I were to be punished, let it not be today, when there were guests in the house.

"Let us see, gentlemen,"—St. Jérôme had a way of saying "let us see" (*voyons*) at every other word,—"make your toilets, and we will go downstairs."

VI

WE HAD HARDLY got downstairs and exchanged salutations with all the guests, when we were summoned to the table. Papa was very gay (he was winning money just then), presented Liubotchka with a handsome silver service, and, after dinner, remembered that he had also a bonbon box in his wing for the birthday girl.

"There's no use in sending a man; better go yourself, Koko," he said to me. "The keys are lying on the large table, in the shell, you know. Take them and with the very largest key open the second drawer on the right. There you will find the box and some bonbons in a paper; and you are to bring them all here."

"And shall I bring you some cigars?" I asked, knowing that he always sent for them after dinner.

"Bring them, but see that you don't touch anything in my rooms," he called after me.

I found the keys in the place designated, and was about to open the drawer, when I was stopped by a desire to know what a very small key, which hung on the same bunch, opened.

On the table, amid a thousand varied objects, and near the railing, lay an embroidered portfolio, with a padlock; and I took a fancy to try whether the little key would fit it. My experiment was crowned with

complete success; the portfolio opened, and in it I found a whole heap of papers. A feeling of curiosity counseled me with such conviction to find out what those papers were that I did not succeed in hearkening to the voice of conscience, and set to work to examine what was in the portfolio.

The childish sentiment of unquestioning respect towards all my elders, and especially towards papa, was so strong within me that my mind involuntarily refused to draw any conclusions whatever from what I saw. I felt that papa must live in a totally different sphere, which was very beautiful, unattainable, and incomprehensible to me, and that to attempt to penetrate the secrets of his life would be something in the nature of sacrilege on my part.

Therefore the discovery which I had almost unconsciously made in papa's portfolio left in me no clear conception, except a dim knowledge that I had behaved badly. I was ashamed and uncomfortable.

Under the influence of this feeling, I desired to close the portfolio as speedily as possible, but I was evidently fated to endure every possible kind of misfortune upon that memorable day. Placing the key in the key-hole of the padlock, I turned it the other way; supposing that the lock was closed, I pulled out the key, and—oh, horror! the head of the key only remained in my hand. In vain did I endeavor to unite it with the half in the lock, and release it by means of some magic. I was forced at length to accustom myself to the frightful thought that I had committed a fresh crime, which must be discovered this very day, when papa returned to his study.

Mimi's complaint, the one mark, and that little key! Nothing worse could have happened. Grandmamma on account of Mimi's complaint, St. Jérôme about the one mark, papa about that key; and all these would overwhelm me, and not later than that very evening.

"What will become of me? Oh, what have I done?" I said aloud, as I paced the soft carpet of the study. "Eh," I said to myself, as I got the bonbons and cigars, "*what will be, will be,*" and I ran into the house.

This fatalistic adage, which I had heard from Nikolai in my childhood, produced a beneficial and temporarily soothing effect upon me at all difficult crises in my life. When I entered the hall, I was in a somewhat excited and unnatural but extremely merry mood.

VII

AFTER DINNER, games began, and I took the most lively interest in them. While playing at "cat and mouse" I awkwardly ran against the Kornakoffs' governess, who was playing with us, stepped on her dress unintentionally, and tore it. Perceiving that it afforded all the girls, and Sonitchka in particular, great satisfaction to see the governess retire with a perturbed countenance to the maids' room, to mend her dress, I resolved to procure them that pleasure once more. In consequence of this amiable

intention, the governess had no sooner returned to the room than I began to gallop round her, and I kept up this evolution until I found a favorable opportunity to catch my heel once more in her skirt, and tear it. Sonitchka and the princesses could hardly restrain their laughter, which flattered my vanity very agreeably; but St Jérôme, who must have been observing my pranks, came up to me and said with a frown (which I could not endure) that I evidently was not merry in a good way, and that if I were not more discreet he would make me repent of it, even though it was a festive day.

But I was in the state of excitement of a man who has gambled away more than he has in his pocket, and who fears to reckon up his accounts, and continues to bet on desperate cards without any hope of redeeming himself, and only for the purpose of not giving himself time to think. I smiled impudently, and walked away from him.

After the game of "cat and mouse," someone started a game which we called "Long Nose." The play consisted in placing two rows of chairs opposite each other; then the ladies and gentlemen divided into two parties, each choosing another in turn.

The youngest princess chose the smallest Ivin every time; Katenka chose either Volodya or Ilinka; Sonitchka took Serozha every time, and was not at all abashed, to my extreme amazement, when Serozha went and seated himself directly opposite her. She laughed with her pretty, ringing laugh, and made him a sign with her head, to show that she understood. I comprehended, to the great injury of my vanity, that I was superfluous, *left out*; that they must say of me every time, "*Who remains yet? Yes, Nikolinka: well, we'll take him.*"

When, therefore, it came my turn to step forward, I went boldly up either to my sister or to one of the ugly princesses, and, unfortunately, never made a mistake. And Sonitchka seemed so absorbed in Serozha Ivin that I did not exist for her. I do not know on what grounds I mentally called her a *traitress*, since she had never given me a promise to choose me, and not Serozha; but I was firmly convinced that she had behaved in the most revolting manner.

After the game, I noticed that the *traitress*, whom I despised, but from whom, nevertheless, I could not take my eyes, had retired into a corner with Serozha and Katenka, where they were discussing something in a mysterious manner. Creeping up behind the piano, in order to discover their secret, I saw this: Katenka was holding a cambric handkerchief by two of its corners, thus forming a screen between Sonitchka's head and Serozha's. "No, you have lost; now you shall pay!" said Serozha. Sonitchka stood before him, with her arms hanging beside her, as if guilty, and said, blushing, "No, I have not lost; have I, Mlle. Catherine?"—"I love the truth," replied Katenka; "you have lost your bet, my dear."

Katenka had hardly uttered these words when Serozha bent over and kissed Sonitchka. He kissed her full upon her rosy lips. And Sonitchka laughed, as though that were nothing, as though it were very amusing. *Horrible!!! Oh, the sly traitress!*

VIII

I SUDDENLY FELT a contempt for the entire female sex in general, and for Sonitchka in particular, I began to assure myself that there was nothing jolly about these games, that they were only fit for *little girls*; and I felt very much inclined to create an uproar, to do some manly deed, which would astonish them all. An occasion was not long in presenting itself.

St. Jérôme, after talking of something with Mimi, left the room; at first, his footsteps were audible on the stairs, and then above us, in the direction of the schoolroom. The thought occurred to me that Mimi had told him where she had seen me during lesson hours, and that he had gone to inspect the journal. At that time, I did not attribute to St. Jérôme any other object in life than a desire to punish me. I have read somewhere that children from twelve to fourteen years of age, that is to say, those who are in the transition stage of boyhood, are particularly inclined to arson and even to murder. In recalling my boyhood, and especially the frame of mind in which I was on that unlucky day, I very clearly appreciate the importance of the most frightful crime, committed without object or intent to injure, but from curiosity, to meet an unconscious need for activity. There are moments when the future presents itself to a man in such somber colors that he dreads to fix his mental gaze upon it, entirely represses the action of his mind, and endeavors to convince himself that the future will not be, and that the past has not been. At such moments, when thought does not sit in judgment before every decision of the will, and the fleshly instincts remain the sole spring of life, I can understand how a child is especially inclined, by reason of his inexperience, to set and light a fire under the very house in which his brothers, his father and his mother, whom he tenderly loves, are sleeping, without the slightest hesitation or fear, and with a smile of curiosity. Under the influence of this temporary absence of reflection, approaching aberration of mind, a peasant lad of seventeen, contemplating the freshly sharpened edge of an axe, beside the bench on which sleeps his aged father, face downward, suddenly flourishes the axe, and gazes with stupid curiosity at the blood, as it drips from the severed neck on the bench; under the influence of the same absence of reflection, and instinctive curiosity, a man experiences a certain enjoyment in pausing upon the brink of a precipice, and thinking, "What if I should throw myself down there?" Or, placing a loaded pistol to his forehead, he thinks, "What if I pull the trigger?" Or he gazes upon some person for whom society universally cherishes a peculiar respect, and thinks, "What if I were to go up to him, take him by the nose, and say, 'Come, my dear fellow, shall we go?'"

Under the influence of this internal excitement, and absence of reflection, when St. Jérôme came downstairs, and told me that I had no right to be there that evening, because I had behaved badly and studied

badly, and that I was to go upstairs at once, I stuck out my tongue at him, and said that I would not leave that spot.

For a moment, St. Jérôme could not utter a word for surprise and anger.

"Very well," he said, following me: "I have promised to punish you several times already, and your grandmamma has wanted to beg you off; but now I see that nothing but the rod will make you mind, and you have fully deserved it today."

He said this so loudly that everyone heard his words. The blood retreated to my heart with unusual force. I felt that it was beating violently, that the color fled from my face, and that my lips trembled quite involuntarily. I must have looked terrible at that moment, for St. Jérôme, avoiding my glance, walked quickly up to me and seized me by the hand; but I no sooner felt the touch of his hand than I became giddy, and, beside myself with rage, I tore my hand away, and struck him with all my childish strength.

"What is the matter with you?" said Volodya, who had seen my act with horror and amazement, as he approached me.

"Let me alone!" I shrieked at him through my tears; "not one of you loves me, nor understands how unhappy I am. You are all hateful, disgusting," I added, turning to the whole company in a sort of fury.

But this time St. Jérôme came up to me with a pale, determined face, and before I had time to prepare for defense, he grasped both my hands as in a vise, with a powerful movement, and dragged me away. My head was whirling with excitement. I only remember that I fought desperately with head and knees as long as I had any strength left. I remember that my nose came in contact several times with someone's hips, and that someone's coat fell into my mouth, that I was conscious of the presence of someone's feet all around me, and of the smell of dust, and of the violet with which St. Jérôme perfumed himself.

Five minutes later, the garret door closed behind me.

"Basil!" said *he*, in a revolting, triumphant voice, "bring the rods."

IX

I SPENT the night in the garret, and no one came near me; it was only on the following day, that is to say, on Sunday, that I was taken to a little room adjoining the schoolroom, and again locked up. I began to hope that my punishment would be confined to imprisonment; and my thoughts, under the influence of sweet, refreshing slumber, of the bright sunlight playing upon the frost patterns on the windows, and the customary noises of the day in the streets, began to grow composed. Nevertheless, my solitude was very oppressive: I wanted to move about, to tell somebody all that was seething in my soul, and there was not a living being near me. This position of affairs was all the more disagreeable, because, however repulsive it was to me, I could not avoid hearing St.

Jérôme whistling various gay airs with perfect tranquillity, as he walked about his room. I was fully persuaded that he did not want to whistle at all, but that he did it solely for the sake of tormenting me.

At two o'clock, St. Jérôme and Volodya went downstairs; but Nikolai brought my dinner, and when I spoke to him about what I had done, and what awaited me, he said:

"Eh, sir! don't grieve; grind long enough, and the meal will come."

This adage, which, later on, more than once sustained my firmness of spirit, comforted me somewhat; but the very fact that they had not sent me bread and water alone, but a complete dinner, including rose patties, caused me to meditate profoundly. If they had not sent me the rose patties, then it would have signified that I was to be punished by imprisonment; but now it turned out that I had not been punished yet, that I was only isolated from others as a pernicious person, and that chastisement was still before me. While I was busy with the solution of this question, the key turned in the lock of my prison, and St. Jérôme entered the room, with a stern, official countenance.

"Come to your grandmother," he said, without looking at me.

I wanted to clean the cuffs of my jacket, which were smeared with chalk, before leaving the room; but St. Jérôme told me that this was quite unnecessary, as though I was already in such a pitiful moral condition that it was not worth while to trouble myself about my external appearance.

Katenka, Liubotchka, and Volodya stared at me, as St. Jérôme led me through the hall by the hand, with exactly the same expression with which we generally gaze upon the prisoners who are led past our windows every week. But when I approached grandmamma's chair with the intention of kissing her hand, she turned away from me, and hid her hand beneath her mantilla.

"Well, my dear," she said, after a tolerably long silence, during which she surveyed me from head to foot with such a look that I did not know what to do with my eyes and hands, "I must say that you prize my love, and afford me true pleasure. M. St. Jérôme, who at my request," she added, pausing on each word, "undertook your education, does not wish now to remain in my house any longer. Why? Because of you, my dear. I did hope that you would be grateful," she continued, after a short silence, and in a tone which showed that her speech had been prepared beforehand, "for his care and labor, that you would understand how to value his services; but you, a beardless youngster, a bad little boy, have brought yourself to raise your hand against him. Very good! Extremely fine! I, also, begin to think that you are incapable of appreciating gentle treatment, that other and more degraded means are required for you. Ask his pardon this instant," she added, in a tone of stern command, pointing to St. Jérôme; "do you hear?"

I glanced in the direction indicated by grandmamma's hand, and, catching sight of St. Jérôme's coat, turned away, and did not stir from the spot; and again I began to feel that sinking at my heart.

"What? Don't you hear what I say to you?"

I trembled all over, but did not move.

"Koko!" said grandmamma, who must have perceived the inward agony which I was suffering. "Koko!" she said in a tender, rather than a commanding, voice, "is this you?"

"Grandmamma, I will not beg his pardon, because . . ." said I, pausing suddenly, for I felt that I should not be able to restrain the tears which were suffocating me if I uttered a single word more.

"I command you, I beseech you. What is the matter with you?"

"I . . . I . . . won't, I . . . can't," I said; and the stifled sobs which had collected in my breast suddenly cast down the barriers which restrained them, and dissolved in a flood of despair.

"Is this the way you obey your second mother? is this the way you repay her kindness?" said St. Jérôme in a tragic voice. "On your knees!"

"My God, if she could have seen this!" said grandmamma, turning away from me, and wiping her tears, which began to make their appearance. "If she could have seen— All is for the best. Yes, she could not have borne this sorrow, she could not have borne it."

And grandmamma wept more and more violently. I wept also, but I never thought of begging pardon.

"Calm yourself, in the name of heaven, Madame la Comtesse," said St. Jérôme.

But grandmamma no longer heard him: she covered her face with her hands, and her sobs speedily turned into hiccoughs and hysterics. Mimi and Gascha rushed into the room with frightened faces, and made her smell of some spirits, and a running and whispering speedily arose all over the room.

"Admire your work," said St. Jérôme, leading me upstairs.

"My God, what have I done? What a frightful criminal I am!"

As soon as St. Jérôme had gone downstairs again, after ordering me to go to my room, I ran to the great staircase leading to the street, without giving myself any reason for what I was about.

I do not remember whether I meant to run away, or to drown myself: I only know that, covering my face with my hands, in order that I might not see anyone, I ran farther and farther down those stairs.

"Where are you going?" a familiar voice inquired all at once. "I want you too, my dear."

I tried to run past; but papa caught me by the hand, and said sternly:—

"Come with me, my good fellow! How dared you touch the portfolio in my study?" said he, leading me after him into the little boudoir. "Eh! Why are you silent? Hey?" he added, taking me by the ear.

"Forgive me," I said; "I don't know what possessed me."

"Ah, you don't know what possessed you! you don't know! you don't know! you don't know! you don't know!" he repeated, and gave my ear a tweak at each word. "Will you poke your nose where you have no business in future? will you? will you?"

Although my ear pained me very much, I did not cry; but I experienced a pleasant moral feeling. No sooner had papa released my ear than I seized his hand, and began to cover it with tears and kisses.

"Whip me," said I, through my tears. "Whip me hard, painfully; I am good for nothing; I am a wretch; I am a miserable being."

"What's the matter with you?" he said, slightly repulsing me.

"No, I won't go away on any account," I said, clinging to his coat. "Everybody hates me, I know that; but, for God's sake, listen to me, protect me, or turn me out of the house. I cannot live with him; *he* tries in every way to humiliate me. He makes me go on my knees before him. He wants to thrash me. I won't have it; I am not a little boy. I can't endure it; I shall die; I will kill myself. *He* told grandmamma that I was a good-for-nothing, and now she is ill, and she will die because of me. I . . . for God's sake flog me! why . . . torture . . . me . . . for . . . it?"

Tears suffocated me. I seated myself on the divan, utterly powerless to say more, and dropped my head on his knees, sobbing so that it seemed to me that I should die that very minute.

"What are you crying about, baby?" said papa, sympathetically, as he bent over me.

"*He* is my tyrant . . . tormentor . . . I shall die . . . nobody loves me!" I could hardly speak, and I began to fall into convulsions.

Papa took me in his arms, and carried me into the bedroom. I fell asleep. When I awoke, it was very late. A single candle was burning near my bed, and our family doctor, Mimi, and Liubotchka were sitting in the room. It was evident from their faces that they feared for my health; but I felt so well and light after my twelve hours' sleep that I could have leaped from the bed had it not been disagreeable for me to disturb their belief in my severe illness.

X

I CAN SCARCELY BELIEVE what were the favorite and most constant subjects of my meditations during my boyhood—they were so incompatible with my age and position. But, in my opinion, incompatibility between a man's position and his moral activity is the truest proof of sincerity.

During the course of the year, when I led an isolated moral life, concentrated within myself, all the abstract questions concerning the destination of man, the future life, the immortality of the soul, already presented themselves to me; and, with all the fervor of inexperience, my weak childish mind endeavored to solve these questions, the presentation of which represents the highest stage to which the mind of man can attain, but the solution of which is not granted to him.

It seems to me that the human mind, in every separate individual, traverses the same path during development by which it is developed in whole races; that the thoughts which serve as a foundation for the various philosophical theories form the inalienable attributes of the mind; but

that every man has recognized them, with more or less clearness, even before he knew of the philosophical theories.

These thoughts presented themselves to my mind with such clearness, and in such a striking light, that I even tried to apply them to life, fancying that I was the *first* to discover such great and useful truths.

Once the thought occurred to me that happiness does not depend upon external conditions, but on our relations to them; that man, after he is accustomed to endure suffering, cannot be unhappy; and, in order to accustom myself to labor, I held Tatischev's lexicon for five minutes in my outstretched hands, in spite of dreadful pain, or I went into the garret and castigated myself on the bare back with a rope so severely that tears sprang involuntarily to my eyes.

On another occasion, remembering, all of a sudden, that death awaited me at any hour, at any moment, I made up my mind, not understanding how people had hitherto failed to understand it, that man can be happy only by making use of the present, and not thinking of the future; and for three days, under the influence of this thought, I neglected my lessons, and did nothing but lie on the bed, and enjoy myself by reading a romance and eating gingerbread with Kronoff honey, for which I spent the last money I had.

On another occasion, while standing before the blackboard engaged in drawing various figures upon it with chalk, I was suddenly struck by the thought: Why is symmetry pleasing to the eye? What is symmetry?

It is an inborn feeling, I answered myself. But on what is it founded? Is there symmetry in everything in life? On the contrary, here is life. And I drew an oval figure on the blackboard. After life the soul passes into eternity. And from one side of the oval I drew a line which extended to the very edge of the board. Why not another similar line from the other side? Yes, and, as a matter of fact, what kind of eternity is that which is on one side only? for we certainly have existed before this life, although we have lost the memory of it.

This reasoning, which appeared to me extremely novel and lucid, and whose thread I can now only catch with difficulty, pleased me excessively, and I took a sheet of paper with the idea of setting it forth in writing; but, in the process, such a mass of thoughts suddenly entered my mind that I was obliged to rise and walk about the room. When I approached the window, my attention turned on the water-carrier horse which the coachman was harnessing at the moment; and all my thoughts were concentrated upon the solution of the question, Into what animal or man will the soul of that horse migrate when it is set free? At that moment, Volodya was passing through the room, and smiled, perceiving that I was meditating something; and that smile was sufficient to make me comprehend that all I had been thinking about was the most frightful nonsense.

I have related this, to me, memorable occasion merely for the purpose of giving the reader to understand the nature of my reflections.

But in none of all the philosophical directions was I drawn so far as

by skepticism, which at one time brought me into a state bordering on madness. I fancied that, besides myself, nothing and nobody existed in the whole world; that objects were not objects, but images which only appeared when I directed my attention to them; and that, as soon as I ceased to think of them, the objects disappeared.

In a word, I agreed with Schelling in the conviction that objects do not exist, but only my relation to them exists. There were moments when, under the influence of this *fixed idea*, I reached such a stage of derangement that I sometimes glanced quickly in the opposite direction, hoping suddenly to find nothingness (*néant*) where I was not.

A pitiful, worthless spring of moral action is the mind of man!

My weak mind could not penetrate the impenetrable; but in this labor, which was beyond its strength, I lost, one after the other, the convictions which, for the happiness of my own life, I never should have dared to touch upon.

From all this heavy moral toil I brought away nothing except a quickness of mind which weakened the force of my will, and a habit of constant moral analysis, which destroyed freshness of feeling and clearness of judgment.

Abstract thoughts take shape, in consequence of man's capacity to seize with his perceptions the state of his soul at any given moment, and transfer it to his memory. My tendency to abstract meditation developed the perceptive faculties in me to such an unnatural degree that frequently, when I began to think of the simplest sort of thing, I fell into an inextricable circle of analysis of my thoughts, and no longer considered the question which had occupied me, but thought of what I was thinking about. When I asked myself, Of what am I thinking? I replied, I think of what I am thinking. And now what am I thinking of? I think that I am thinking of what I am thinking, and so on. Intellect gave way before ratiocination.

Nevertheless, the philosophical discoveries which I made were extremely flattering to my self-conceit. I often fancied myself a great man, who was discovering new truths for the benefit of mankind, and I gazed upon other mortals with a proud consciousness of my worth; but, strange to say, when I came in contact with these mortals, I was shy in the presence of every one of them, and the higher I rated myself in my own opinion, the less capable I was of displaying my consciousness of my own merit to others, and I could not even accustom myself not to feel ashamed of my every word and movement, however simple.

XI

YES, the farther I proceed in the description of this period of my life, the more painful and difficult does it become for me. Rarely, rarely amid the memories of this time, do I find moments of the genuine warmth of feeling which so brilliantly and constantly illumined the beginning of my life. I

feel an involuntary desire to pass as quickly as possible over the desert of boyhood, and attain that happy epoch when a truly tender, noble sentiment of friendship lighted up the conclusion of this period of growth, and laid the foundation for a new epoch, full of charm and poetry,—the epoch of adolescence.

I shall not trace my recollections hour by hour; but I will cast a quick glance at the principal ones, from that time to which I have brought down my narrative until my connection with a remarkable man, who exercised a decided and beneficial influence upon my character and course.

Volodya will enter the university in a few days. Separate masters come for him, and I listen with envy and involuntary respect as he taps the blackboard boldly with the chalk, and talks of functions, and sinuses, and co-ordinates, and so on, which seem to me the expression of unattainable wisdom. But one Sunday, after dinner, all the teachers and two professors assemble in grandmamma's room; and in the presence of papa and several guests they rehearse the university examination, in the course of which Volodya, to grandmamma's great joy, exhibits remarkable learning. Questions on various subjects are also put to me; but I make a very poor show, and the professors evidently endeavor to conceal my ignorance before grandmamma, which confuses me still more. However, very little attention is paid to me; I am only fifteen, consequently there is still a year to my examination. Volodya only comes downstairs at dinnertime, but spends the whole day and even the evenings upstairs in his occupations, not of necessity, but at his own desire. He is extremely vain, and does not want to pass merely a mediocre examination, but a distinguished one.

But now the day of the first examination has arrived. Volodya puts on his blue coat with brass buttons, his gold watch, and lacquered boots; papa's phaeton is brought up to the door. Nikolai throws aside the apron, and Volodya and St. Jérôme drive off to the university. The girls, especially Katenka, look out of the window at Volodya's fine figure as he seats himself in the carriage, with joyous and rapturous faces; and papa says, "God grant it! God grant it!" and grandmamma, who has also dragged herself to the window, makes the sign of the cross over Volodya, with tears in her eyes, until the phaeton disappears round the corner of the lane, and says something in a whisper.

Volodya returns. All inquire impatiently, "Well, was it good? how much?" But it is already evident from his beaming face that it is good. Volodya has received five. On the following day he is accompanied by the same anxiety and wishes for his success, and received with the same impatience and joy. Thus nine days pass. On the tenth day, the last and most difficult examination of all awaits him—the Law of God; and all of us stand at the window and wait for him with the greatest impatience. Two hours have already elapsed, and still Volodya has not returned.

"Heavens! my dears! here they are! here they are!" screams Liubotchka, with her face glued to the pane.

And, in fact, Volodya is sitting beside St. Jérôme in the phaeton, but

dressed no longer in his blue coat and gray cap, but in student uniform, with blue embroidered collar, three-cornered hat, and a gilt dagger by his side.

"Oh, if *you* were only alive!" shrieks grandmamma, when she beholds Volodya in his uniform, and falls into a swoon.

Volodya runs into the vestibule with a beaming face, kisses me, Liubotchka, Mimi, and Katenka, who blushes to her very ears. Volodya is beside himself with joy. And how handsome he is in his uniform! How becoming his blue collar is to his black whiskers, which are just sprouting! What a long, slender waist he has, and what a fine gait! On that memorable day, all dine in grandmamma's room. Joy beams from every countenance; and after dinner, at dessert, the butler, with politely majestic but merry countenance, brings in a bottle of champagne, enveloped in a napkin. Grandmamma drinks champagne for the first time since mamma's death; she drinks a whole glass, as she congratulates Volodya, and she weeps again with joy as she looks at him. Volodya drives out of the courtyard in his own equipage now, receives *his acquaintances in his own apartments*, smokes tobacco, goes to balls; and I even saw him and his companions, on one occasion, drink up two bottles of champagne in his room, and at every glass propose the healths of some mysterious personages, and dispute as to which one the bottom of the bottle belonged to. But he dines regularly at home, and sits in the boudoir after dinner, as before, and is forever engaged in some mysterious discussion with Katenka, but so far as I can hear—for I do not take part in their conversation—they are merely talking of the heroes and heroines of the novels which they have read, of love and jealousy; and I cannot at all understand what interest they can find in such discussions, and why they smile so artfully and dispute so warmly.

I observe in general that some strange relations exist between Katenka and Volodya, besides the readily intelligible friendship between companions of childhood, which set them apart from us and unite them to each other in a mysterious way.

XII

PAPA has been particularly gay since Volodya's entrance to the university, and comes to dine with grandmamma much oftener than usual. Moreover, the cause of his cheerfulness, as I have learned from Nikolai, consists in the fact that he has won a remarkably large amount of money of late. It even happens that he sometimes comes to us in the evening before going to his club, sits down at the piano, gathers us all about him, and sings gipsy songs, accompanying them by stamping his feet in their soft boots (he cannot bear heels, and never wears them). And then the rapture of his favorite Liubotchka, on her side, who adores him, is worth seeing. Sometimes he comes to the schoolroom, and listens with a stern countenance while I recite my lessons; but I perceive, from the occasional

words with which he endeavors to set me right, that he is but badly acquainted with what I am learning. Sometimes he gives us a sly wink, and makes signs to us, when grandmamma begins to grumble and get into a rage with everybody without cause. "Now it's *our* turn to catch it, children," he says afterwards. On the whole, he has descended somewhat in my eyes from the unapproachable height upon which my childish imagination placed him. I kiss his large white hand, with the same feeling of genuine love and respect; but I already permit myself to think of him, to pass judgment on his acts, and thoughts occur to me in regard to him which frighten me.

XIII

GRANDMAMMA grows weaker from day to day; her bell, Gascha's grumbling voice, and the slamming of doors are heard more frequently in her room, and she no longer receives us in the study in her long sofa chair, but in her bedroom in her high bed with its lace-trimmed pillows. I perceive, on saluting her, that there is a pale, yellowish, shining swelling on her hand and that oppressive odor in the chamber which I had observed five years before in mamma's room. The doctor comes to the house three times a day, and several consultations have been held. But her character, her haughty and ceremonious intercourse with all members of the household, particularly with papa, is not altered in the least; she enunciates her words, elevates her brows, and says, "my dear," in exactly the same manner as usual.

But, for several days now, we have not been admitted to her; and once in the morning St. Jérôme proposes to me that I shall go to ride with Liubotchka and Katenka during lesson hours. Although I notice, as I take my seat in the sleigh, that the street in front of grandmamma's windows is strewn with straw, and that several people in blue overcoats are standing about our gate, I cannot in the least understand why I have been sent to ride at this unusual hour. During our entire ride on that day, Liubotchka and I are, for some reason, in that particularly cheerful frame of mind when every occurrence, every word, every motion, excites one's laughter.

A peddler crosses the road at a trot, holding on to his tray, and we laugh. A ragged Vanka overtakes our sleigh at a gallop, flourishing the ends of his reins, and we shout with laughter. Philip's knout has caught in the runners of the sleigh; he turns around, and says, "Alas!" and we die with laughter. Mimi remarks, with a face of displeasure, that only *stupid people* laugh without cause; and Liubotchka, all rosy with the strain of repressed laughter, casts a sidelong glance at me. Our eyes meet, and we break out into such Homeric laughter that the tears come to our eyes, and we are unable to suppress the bursts of merriment which are suffocating us. We have no sooner quieted down to some extent than I glance at Liubotchka, and utter a private little word which has been in fashion for some time among us, and which always calls forth a laugh; and again we break out.

On our return home, I have but just opened my mouth in order to make a very fine grimace at Liubotchka, when my eyes are startled by the black cover of a coffin leaning against one half of our entrance door, and my mouth retains its distorted shape.

"Your grandmother is dead," says St. Jérôme, coming to meet us with a pale face.

During the whole time that grandmamma's body remains in the house, I experience an oppressive feeling, a fear of death, as if the dead body were alive, and unpleasantly reminding me that I must die sometime,—a feeling which it is usual, for some reason, to confound with grief. I do not mourn for grandmamma, and, in fact, there can hardly be anyone who sincerely mourns her. Although the house is full of mourning visitors, no one sorrows for her death, except one individual, whose wild grief impresses me in an indescribable manner. And this person is Gascha, the maid. She goes off to the garret, locks herself up there, weeps incessantly, curses herself, tears her hair, will not listen to any advice, and declares that death is the only consolation left for her after the death of her beloved mistress.

I repeat once more that inconsistency in matters of feeling is the most trustworthy sign of genuineness.

Grandmother is no more, but memories and various remarks about her still live in her house. These remarks refer especially to the will which she made before her end, and the contents of which no one knows, with the exception of her executor, Prince Ivan Ivanitch. I observe some excitement among grandmamma's people, and I frequently overhear remarks as to who will become whose property; and I must confess that I think, with involuntary joy, of the fact that we shall receive a legacy.

At the end of six weeks, Nikolai, who is the daily newspaper of our establishment, informs me that grandmamma has left all her property to Liubotchka, intrusting the guardianship until her marriage, not to papa, but to Prince Ivan Ivanitch.

XIV

ONLY a few months remain before my entrance to the university. I am studying well. I not only await my teachers without terror, but even feel a certain pleasure in my lessons.

I am glad that I can recite the lesson I have learned clearly and accurately. I am preparing for the mathematical department; and this choice, to tell the truth, has been made by me simply because the words "sinuses," "tangents," "differentials," "integrals," and so forth, please me extremely.

I am much shorter of stature than Volodya, broad-shouldered and fleshy, homely as ever, and worried about it as usual. I try to appear original. One thing consoles me; that is, that papa once said of me that I had a *sensible phiz*, and I am fully convinced of it.

St. Jérôme is satisfied with me; and I not only do not hate him, but,

when he occasionally remarks that *with my gifts* and *my mind* it is a shame that I do not do thus and so, it even seems to me that I love him.

My observations on the maids' room ceased long ago; I am ashamed to hide myself behind a door, and, moreover, my conviction that Mascha loves Vasily has cooled me somewhat, I must confess. Vasily's marriage, the permission for which, at his request, I obtain from papa, effects a final cure of this unhappy passion in me.

When the *young pair* come, with bonbons on a tray, to thank papa, and Mascha in a blue-ribboned cap, kissing each of us on the shoulder, also returns thanks to all of us for something or other, I am conscious only of the rose pomade on her hair, but not of the least emotion.

On the whole, I am beginning gradually to recover from my boyish follies; with the exception, however, of the chief one, which is still fated to cause me much injury in life,—my tendency to metaphysics.

XV

ALTHOUGH in the company of Volodya's acquaintances I played a role which wounded my self-love, I liked to sit in his room when he had visitors, and silently observe all that took place there.

The most frequent of all Volodya's guests were Adjutant Dubkoff and a student, Prince Nekhliudoff. Dubkoff was a small, muscular, dark-complexioned man, no longer in his first youth, and rather short-legged, but not bad-looking, and always gay. He was one of those narrow-minded persons to whom their own narrow-mindedness is particularly agreeable, who are not capable of viewing subjects from different sides, and who are continually allowing themselves to be carried away with something. The judgment of such people is one-sided and erroneous, but always openhearted and captivating. Even their narrow egotism seems pardonable and attractive, for some reason. Besides this, Dubkoff possessed a double charm for Volodya and me,—a military exterior, and, most of all, the age, with which young people have a habit of confounding their ideas of what is *comme il faut*, which is very highly prized during these years. Moreover, Dubkoff really was what is called a man *comme il faut*. One thing displeased me; and that was that Volodya seemed at times to be ashamed, in his presence, of my most innocent acts, and, most of all, my youth.

Nekhliudoff was not handsome: little gray eyes, a low, rough forehead, disproportionately long arms and legs, could not be called beautiful features. The only handsome thing about him was his unusually lofty stature, the delicate coloring of his face, and his very fine teeth. But his countenance acquired such a character of originality and energy from his narrow, brilliant eyes, and the expression of his smile which changed from sternness to childish indefiniteness, that it was impossible not to take note of him.

He was, it appeared, excessively modest, for every trifle made him

flush up to his very ears; but his shyness did not resemble mine. The more he reddened, the more determination did his face express. He seemed angry with himself for his weakness. Although he seemed very friendly with Dubkoff and Volodya, it was worthy of note that chance alone had connected him with them. Their views were entirely different. Volodya and Dubkoff seemed afraid of everything which even resembled serious discussion and feeling; Nekhliudoff, on the contrary, was an enthusiast in the highest degree, and often entered into discussion of philosophical questions and of feelings, in spite of ridicule. Volodya and Dubkoff were fond of talking about the objects of their love (and they fell in love all of a sudden, with several, and both with the same persons); Nekhliudoff, on the contrary, always became seriously angry when they hinted at his love for a *little red-haired girl*.

Volodya and Dubkoff often permitted themselves to make amiable sport of their relatives; Nekhliudoff, on the contrary, could be driven quite beside himself by uncomplimentary allusions to his aunt, for whom he cherished a sort of rapturous reverence. Volodya and Dubkoff used to go off somewhere after supper without Nekhliudoff, and they called him a *pretty little girl*.

Prince Nekhliudoff impressed me from the first by his conversation as well as by his appearance.

XVI

FROM THAT TIME, rather strange but very agreeable relations existed between me and Dmitry Nekhliudoff. In the presence of strangers, he paid hardly any attention to me; but as soon as we chanced to be alone, we seated ourselves in some quiet nook, and began to discuss, forgetful of everything, and perceiving not how the time flew.

We talked of the future life, and of the arts, and of the government service, and marriage, and bringing up children; and it never entered our heads that all we said was the most frightful nonsense. It never occurred to us, because the nonsense we talked was wise and nice nonsense; and in youth one still prizes wisdom, and believes in it. In youth, all the powers of the soul are directed toward the future; and that future assumes such varied, vivid, and enchanting forms under the influence of hope, founded, not upon experience of the past, but upon the fancied possibilities of happiness, that the mere conceptions and dreams of future bliss, when shared, form a genuine happiness at that age. In the metaphysical discussions which formed one of the chief subjects of our conversation, I loved the moment when thoughts succeed each other more and more swiftly, and, growing ever more abstract, finally attain such a degree of mistiness that one sees no possibility of expressing them, and, supposing that one is saying what he thinks, he says something entirely different. I loved the moment, when, soaring higher and higher into the realms of thought, one suddenly comprehends all its infiniteness, and confesses the impossibility of proceeding farther.

Once, during the Carnival, Nekhliudoff was so absorbed in various pleasures that, although he came to the house several times a day, he never once spoke to me; and this so offended me that he again seemed to me a haughty and disagreeable man. I only waited for an opportunity to show him that I did not value his society in the least, and entertained no special affection for him.

On the first occasion after the Carnival that he wanted to talk to me, I said that I was obliged to prepare my lessons, and went upstairs; but a quarter of an hour later, someone opened the schoolroom door, and Nekhliudoff entered.

"Do I disturb you?" said he.

"No," I replied, although I wanted to say that I really was busy.

"Then why did you leave Volodya's room? We haven't had a talk for a long while. And I have become so used to it that it seems as if something were missing."

My vexation vanished in a moment, and Dmitry again appeared the same kind and charming man as before in my eyes.

"You probably know why I went away," said I.

"Perhaps," he replied, seating himself beside me. "But if I guess it, I cannot say why, but you can," said he.

"I will say it: I went away because I was angry with you—not angry, but vexed. To speak plainly, I am always afraid that you will despise me because I am still so very young."

"Do you know why I have become so intimate with you?" he said, replying to my confession with a good-humored and sensible smile,— "why I love you more than people with whom I am better acquainted, and with whom I have more in common? I settled it at once. You have a wonderfully rare quality,—frankness."

"Yes, I always say just the very things that I am ashamed to acknowledge," I said, confirming him, "but only to those people whom I can trust."

"Yes; but in order to trust a person, one must be entirely friendly with him, and we are not friends yet, Nicolas. You remember that we discussed friendship: in order to be true friends, it is necessary to trust one another."

"To trust that what I tell you, you will not repeat to anyone," said I. "But the most important, the most interesting thoughts are just those which we would not tell each other for anything!"

"And what loathsome thoughts! such thoughts that, if we knew that we should be forced to acknowledge them, we should never have dared to think them."

"Do you know what idea has come to me, Nicolas?" he added, rising from his chair, and rubbing his hands, with a smile. "*Do it*, and you will see how beneficial it will be for both of us. Let us give our word to confess everything to each other: we shall know each other, and we shall not be ashamed; but, in order that we may not fear strangers, let us take a vow *never* to say *anything* to *anybody* about each other. Let us do this."

And we actually *did it*. What came of it, I shall relate hereafter.

Karr has said that, in every attachment, there are two sides: one loves, while the other permits himself to be loved, one kisses, the other offers the cheek. This is perfectly correct; and in our friendship I kissed, but Dmitry offered his cheek: but he was also ready to kiss me. We loved equally, because we knew and valued each other; but this did not prevent his exercising an influence over me, and my submitting to him.

Of course, under the influence of Nekhludoff, I unconsciously adopted his view, the gist of which consisted in an enthusiastic adoration of the ideal of virtue, and in a belief that man is intended constantly to perfect himself. Then the reformation of all mankind, the annihilation of all popular vices and miseries, appeared a practicable thing. It seemed very simple and easy to reform one's self, to acquire all virtues, and be happy.

But God only knows whether these lofty aspirations of youth were ridiculous, and who was to blame that they were not fulfilled.

Youth

I

I HAVE SAID that my friendship with Dmitry revealed a new view of life to me, its aims and bearings. This view consisted essentially in the belief that man's destiny is to strive for moral perfection, and this perfection is easy, possible, and eternal. But hitherto I had reveled only in the discovery of the new thoughts which sprang from this belief, and in the construction of brilliant plans for a moral and active future; but my life went on in the same petty, confused, and idle fashion.

The philanthropic thoughts which I examined in my conversations with my adored friend Dmitry, *wonderful Mitya*, as I called him in a whisper to myself sometimes, still pleased my mind only, but not my feelings. But the time arrived when these thoughts came into my head with such freshness and force of moral discovery that I was alarmed when I reflected how much time I had wasted in vain; and I wanted to apply these thoughts immediately, that very second, to life, with the firm intention of never changing them.

And from that time I date the beginning of *youth*. At that time I was nearly sixteen. Masters continued to come to me. St. Jérôme supervised my studies, and I was forced unwillingly to prepare for the university. Besides my studies, my occupations consisted in solitary incoherent reveries and meditation; in gymnastic exercises with a view to making myself the strongest man in the world; in roaming, without any definite aim or idea, through all the rooms, and particularly in the corridor of the maids' room; and in gazing at myself in the mirror, from which last.

occupation, by the way, I always desisted with a heavy feeling of sorrow and even of aversion I was convinced that my appearance was not only plain, but I could not even comfort myself with the consolations usual in such cases I could not say that my face was expressive, intellectual, and noble. There was nothing expressive about it: the features were of the coarsest, most ordinary, and homeliest. My small gray eyes were stupid rather than intelligent, particularly when I looked in the mirror. There was still less of manliness about it. Although I was not so very diminutive in stature, and very strong for my age, all my features were soft, flabby, and unformed. There was not even anything noble about it: on the contrary, my face was exactly like that of a common peasant (*muzhik*), and I had just such big hands and feet; and this seemed to me at that time very disgraceful.

II

ON THE YEAR when I entered the university, Easter fell so late in April that the examinations were set for Quasimodo Week, and I was obliged to prepare for the sacrament, and make my final preparations, during Passion Week.

III

PAPA was seldom at home that spring. But when it did happen, he was extremely gay; he rattled off his favorite pieces on the piano, made eyes and invented jests about Mimi and all of us, such as that the Tsarevitch of Georgia had seen Mimi out riding, and had fallen so much in love that he had sent a petition to the Synod for a divorce, and that I had been appointed assistant to the ambassador to Vienna,—and he communicated this news with a sober face,—and frightened Katenka with spiders, which she was afraid of. He was very gracious to our friends Dubkoff and Nekhludoff, constantly telling us and visitors his plans for the coming year. Although these plans were changed nearly every day, and contradicted each other, they were so attractive that we listened to them eagerly, and Liubotchka stared straight at papa's mouth, never winking lest she should lose a single word. But the plan consisted in leaving us in Moscow at the university, and going to Italy with Liubotchka for two years, and purchasing an estate in the Crimea, on the southern shore, and going there every summer, and in removing to Petersburg with the whole family, and so forth. But another change had taken place in papa, besides his remarkable gayety, which greatly surprised me. He had got himself some fashionable clothes,—an olive-colored coat, fashionable trousers with straps, and a long overcoat which became him extremely,—and he was often deliciously scented with perfumes when he went anywhere, and particularly to one lady of whom Mimi never spoke except with a sigh, and with a face on which one might have read

the words, "Poor orphans! An unfortunate passion. It is well that *she* is no more," and so on. I learned from Nikolai (for papa never told us about his gambling affairs) that he had been very lucky in play that winter; he had won a dreadfully large sum at l'hombre, and did not want to play any that spring. Probably this was the reason that he was so anxious to go to the country as soon as possible, lest he should not be able to restrain himself. He even decided not to await my entrance to the university, but went off immediately after Easter to Petrovskoe with the girls, whither Volodya and I were to follow him later on.

IV

ON THE 16th of April I went to the great hall of the university for the first time, under the protection of St. Jérôme. We drove there in our rather dandified phaeton. I was in a dress coat for the first time in my life; and all my clothing, even my linen and stockings, was perfectly new, and of the very best. When the Swiss took off my overcoat, and I stood before him in all the beauty of my costume, I was rather ashamed of being so dazzling; but I no sooner stepped into the bright hall, with its polished floor, which was filled with people, and beheld hundreds of young men in gymnasium uniforms and dress coats, several of whom glanced at me with indifference, and the dignified professors at the farther end, walking freely about among the tables, and sitting in large armchairs, than I was instantly disenchanted in my hope of turning the general attention upon myself; and the expression of my countenance, which at home and even in the anteroom had indicated that I possessed that noble and distinguished appearance against my will, changed into an expression of the most excessive timidity, and to some extent of depression. I even fell into the other extreme, and rejoiced greatly when I beheld at the nearest desk an excessively ugly, dirtily dressed gentleman, not yet old but almost entirely gray, who sat on the last bench, at a distance from all the rest. I immediately seated myself beside him, and began to observe the candidates for examination, and to draw my conclusions about them. Many and varied were the figures and faces there; but all, according to my opinion at the time, were easily divisible into three classes.

There were those who, like myself, presented themselves for examination, accompanied by their tutors or parents; and among their number was the youngest Ivin with Frost, already so well known to me, and Ilinka Grap with his aged father. All such had downy chins, prominent linen, and sat quietly without opening the books and blankbooks which they had brought with them, and regarded the professors and examination tables with evident timidity. The second class of candidates were the young men in the gymnasium uniforms, many of whom had already shaved. Most of these knew each other, talked loudly, mentioned the professors by their names and patronymics, were already preparing ques-

tions, passing their notebooks to each other, walking over the stools in the anteroom, and bringing in patties and slices of bread-and-butter, which they immediately devoured, merely bending their heads to a level with the desks. And lastly, there was a third class of candidates, very few in number, however, who were quite old, were attired in dress coats, though the majority wore surtouts, and were without any visible linen. The one who consoled me by being certainly dressed worse than I was belonged to this last class. He leaned his head on both hands, and between his fingers escaped disheveled locks of half-gray hair; he was reading a book, and merely glanced at me for a moment with his brilliant eyes in anything but a good-natured way, scowled darkly, and thrust out a shiny elbow in my direction, so that I might not move any nearer to him. The gymnasium men, on the other hand, were too familiar, and I was a little afraid of them. One said, as he thrust a book into my hand, "Give this to that man yonder"; another said, as he passed me, "Let me pass, my good fellow"; a third, as he climbed over the desk, leaned on my shoulder as though it had been the bench. All this was coarse and disagreeable to me. I considered myself much better than these fellows from the gymnasium, and thought they had no business to permit themselves such liberties with me. At last they began to call the family names; the gymnasium fellows stepped out boldly, answered well for the most part, and returned cheerfully. Our set were much more timid, and answered worse, it appeared. Some of the elder men answered excellently, others very badly indeed. When Semenoff was called, my neighbor with the hair and glittering eyes stepped over my feet with a rude push, and went up to the table. On returning to his place, he took up his notebooks, and quietly went away without finding out how he had been rated. I had already shuddered several times at the sound of the voice which called the family names, but my turn had not yet come, according to the alphabetical list, although some whose names began with I had already been called up. "Ikonin and Teneff," shouted someone in the professors' corner all of a sudden. A shiver ran through my back and my hair.

"Who is called? Who is Barteneff?" they began to say around me.

"Go, Ikonin, you are called: but who is Barteneff, Mordeneff? I do not know, confess," said a tall, ruddy gymnasiast as he stood before me.

"It is you," said St. Jérôme.

"My name is Irteneff," said I to the red-faced gymnasiast. "Did they call for Irteneff?"

"Yes; why don't you go? What a fop!" he added, not loudly, but so that I heard his words as I left the bench. In front of me walked Ikonin, a tall young man of five-and-twenty, who belonged to the third class of old candidates. He wore a tight olive coat, a blue satin neckerchief, upon which behind hung his long, light hair, dressed *à la muzhik*. I had already remarked his personal appearance on the seats. He was rather good-looking and excitable.

What especially struck me in him was the queer reddish hair which he had allowed to grow on his throat; and, still more, a strange custom

which he had of incessantly unbuttoning his waistcoat and scratching his breast under his shirt.

Three professors were seated at the table which Ikonin and I were approaching: not one of them returned our salute. The young professor was shuffling tickets like a pack of cards; the second professor, with a star on his coat, was staring at the gymnasiast, who was saying something very rapidly about Charlemagne, adding "at length" to every word; and the third, an old man, looked at us through his spectacles and pointed to the tickets. I felt that his gaze was directed upon Ikonin and me jointly, and that something in our appearance displeased him (possibly Ikonin's red beard), because as he looked at us again in the same way he made an impatient sign with his head to us that we should take our tickets as quickly as possible. I felt vexed and insulted, in the first place, because no one had returned our bow, and, in the second, because they were evidently including me and Ikonin in one classification, that of candidates for examination, and were already prejudiced against me because of Ikonin's red hair. I took my ticket without timidity, and prepared to answer, but the professor directed his gaze at Ikonin. I read my ticket through; I knew it, and, while calmly awaiting my turn, I observed what was going on before me. Ikonin was not in the least embarrassed, and was even too bold, for he moved sideways to take his ticket, shook back his hair, and read what was printed on it in a dashing way. He was on the point of opening his mouth to reply, I thought, when the professor with the star, having dismissed the gymnasiast with praise, glanced at him. Ikonin seemed to recollect something, and paused. The general silence lasted for a couple of minutes.

"Well," said the professor in spectacles.

Ikonin opened his mouth, and again remained silent.

"Come, you are not the only one; will you answer or not?" said the young professor, but Ikonin did not even look at him. He stared intently at the ticket, and did not utter a single word. The professor in spectacles looked at him through his glasses, and over his glasses, and without his glasses, because by this time he had managed to remove them, wipe them carefully, and put them on again. Ikonin never uttered a word. Suddenly a smile dawned upon his face, he shook back his hair, again turned full broadside to the table, looked at all the professors in turn, then at me, turned, and, flourishing his hands, walked jauntily back to his bench. The professors exchanged glances.

"A fine bird!" said the young professor; "he studies at his own expense."

I stepped nearer to the table, but the professors continued to talk almost in a whisper among themselves, as though none of them even suspected my existence. Then I was firmly convinced that all three professors were very much occupied with the question as to whether I would stand the examination, and whether I would come out of it well, but that they were only pretending, for the sake of their dignity, that it was a matter of utter indifference to them, and that they did not perceive me.

When the professor in spectacles turned indifferently to me, inviting me to answer the questions, I looked him full in the eye, and was rather ashamed for him that he should so dissemble before me, and I hesitated somewhat in beginning my answer; but afterwards it became easier and easier, and as the question was from Russian history, which I knew very well, I finished in brilliant style, and even gained confidence to such an extent that, desiring to make the professors feel that I was not Ikonin, and that it was impossible to confound me with him, I proposed to take his ticket also; but the professor shook his head, and said, "Very good, sir," and noted down something in his journal. When I returned to the benches, I immediately learned from the gymnasiasts, who know everything, God knows how, that I had received five.

V

IN THE succeeding examinations I had many new acquaintances besides Grap,—whom I deemed unworthy of my acquaintance—and Ivin, who was afraid of me for some reason. Several already exchanged greetings with me. Ikonin was even rejoiced when he saw me, and confided to me that he should be re-examined in history, that the history professor had had a spite against him since the last examination, at which, also, he had thrown him into confusion. Semenoff, who was going to enter the same course as I, mathematics, was shy of everyone until the very end of the examinations, sat silent and alone, leaning on his elbows, with his hands thrust into his gray hair, and passed his examinations in excellent style. He was second; a student from the first gymnasium was first. The latter was a tall, thin, extremely pale, dark-complexioned man, with a cheek bound up in a black neckcloth, and a forehead covered with pimples. His hands were thin and red, with remarkably long fingers, and nails so bitten that the ends of his fingers seemed to be wound with thread. All this seemed very beautiful to me, and just as it should be in the case of *the leading gymnasiast*. He spoke to everybody exactly like anybody else, and I even made his acquaintance; but it seemed to me that there was something unusually *magnetic* in his walk, the movements of his lips, and his black eyes.

In the mathematical examination I was called up earlier than usual. I knew the subject pretty well; but there were two questions in algebra which I had contrived in some way to hide from my teacher, and which I knew absolutely nothing about. They were, as I now recall them, the theory of combinations and Newton's binomial theorem. I seated myself at the desk in the rear, and looked over the two unfamiliar questions; but the fact that I was not accustomed to work in a noisy room, and the lack of time, which I foresaw, prevented my understanding what I read.

"Here he is; come here, Nekhliudoff," said Volodya's familiar voice behind me.

I turned, and saw my brother and Dmitry, who were making their way toward me between the benches, with coats unbuttoned and hands flourishing. It was immediately apparent that they were students in their second year, who were as much at home in the university as in their own houses. The sight of their unbuttoned coats alone expressed disdain for us who were entering, and inspired us with envy and respect. It flattered me very much to think that all about me could see that I was acquainted with two students in their second year, and I rose hastily to meet them.

Volodya could not even refrain from expressing his superiority.

"O you poor wretch!" said he; "how goes it? Have you been examined yet?"

"No."

"What are you reading? Aren't you prepared?"

"Yes; but not quite on two questions. I don't understand them."

"What! this one here?" said Volodya, and began to explain to me Newton's binomial theorem, but so rapidly and in such a confused manner that, reading disbelief in his knowledge in my eyes, he glanced at Dmitry, and probably reading the same in his, he turned red, but went on, nevertheless, to say something which I did not understand.

"No, Volodya, stop; let me go through it with him: perhaps we shall succeed," said Dmitry, glancing at the professors' corner; and he seated himself beside me.

I immediately perceived that my friend was in that gentle, complacent mood which always came upon him when he was satisfied with himself, and which I specially liked in him. As he understood mathematics well, and spoke clearly, he went over the subject so splendidly with me that I remember it to this day. But scarcely had he finished when St. Jérôme said in a loud whisper, "It's your turn, Nicolas," and I followed Ikonin from behind the desk, without having succeeded in looking over the other unfamiliar question. I approached the table where the two professors sat, and a gymnasiast was standing before the blackboard. The gymnasiast had boldly announced some formula, breaking his chalk with a tap on the board, and still went on writing, although the professor had already said, "Enough!" and ordered us to take our tickets. "Now, what if I get that theory of the combination of numbers?" thought I, picking out my ticket with trembling fingers from the soft pile of cut paper. Ikonin took the topmost ticket, without making any choice, with the same bold gesture and sideways lunge of his whole body as in the preceding examination.

"I always have such devilish luck!" he muttered.

I looked at mine.

Oh, horror! It was the theory of combinations.

"What have you got?" asked Ikonin.

I showed him.

"I know that," said he.

"Will you change?"

"No, it's no matter; I feel that I'm not in condition," Ikonin barely contrived to whisper, when the professor summoned us to the board.

"Well, all's lost!" I thought. "Instead of the brilliant examination which I dreamed of passing, I shall cover myself with eternal disgrace, even worse than Ikonin." But all at once Ikonin turned to me, right before the professor's eyes, snatched the card from my hand, and gave me his. I glanced at his card. It was Newton's binomial theorem.

The professor was not an old man; and he had a pleasant, sensible expression, to which the extremely prominent lower part of his forehead particularly contributed.

"What is this, gentlemen? you have exchanged cards?"

"No, he only gave me his to look at, professor," said Ikonin, inventing,—and again the word *professor* was the last one he uttered in that place; and again, as he retired past me, he glanced at the professors, at me, smiled, and shrugged his shoulders, with an expression as much as to say, "No matter, brother" (I afterward learned that this was the third year that Ikonin had presented himself for the entrance examination.)

I answered the question which I had just gone over, excellently,—even better, as the professor told me, than would have been required,—and received five.

VI

ALL went on finely until the Latin examination. The gymnasiast with his neck bound up was first, Semenoff second, I was the third. I even began to feel proud, and to think that, in spite of my youth, I was not to be taken in jest.

From the very first examination, everybody had been talking with terror of the Latin professor, who was represented as a kind of wild beast who took delight in the destruction of young men, especially of such as lived at their own expense, and as speaking only in the Latin or Greek tongue. St. Jérôme, who was my instructor in the Latin language, encouraged me; and it really seemed to me, that since I could translate from Cicero and several odes of Horace without a lexicon, and since I knew Zumpt very well indeed, I was no worse prepared than the rest. But it turned out otherwise. All the morning there was nothing to be heard but tales of the failures of those who preceded me; this one had been marked zero; another, one; and still another had been scolded terribly, and had been on the point of getting turned out, and so forth, and so forth. Semenoff and the first gymnasiast alone went up and returned with as much composure as usual, having each received five. I already had a presentiment of disaster, when I was called up with Ikonin to the little table, facing which the terrible professor sat quite alone. The terrible professor was a small, thin, yellow man, with long oily hair and a very thoughtful countenance.

He gave Ikonin a volume of Cicero's Orations, and made him translate.

To my great amazement, Ikonin not only read, but even translated several lines, with the aid of the professor, who prompted him. Conscious of my superiority over such a feeble rival, I could not refrain from smiling, and from doing so in a rather scornful way too, when the question of analysis came up, and Ikonin, as before, sank into stubborn silence. I meant to conciliate the professor by that intelligent, slightly ironical smile; but it turned out the other way.

"You evidently know better, since you smile," said the professor to me in bad Russian. "Let me see. Come, do you say it."

I learned afterward that the Latin professor was Ikonin's protector and that Ikonin even lived with him. I immediately replied to the question in syntax which had been propounded to Ikonin; but the professor put on a sad expression, and turned away from me.

"Very good, sir; your turn will come; we shall see how much you know," said he, not looking at me, and began to explain to Ikonin what he had questioned him on.

"Go," said he; and I saw him set down four for Ikonin in the register. "Well," thought I, "he is not nearly as stern as they said." After Ikonin's departure,—for at least five minutes, which seemed to me five hours,—he arranged his books and cards, blew his nose, adjusted his armchair, threw himself back in it, and looked round the room, and on all sides except in my direction. But all this dissimulation seemed to him insufficient. He opened a book, and pretended to read it, as though I were not there. I stepped up nearer, and coughed.

"Ah, yes! Are you still there? Well, translate something," said he, handing me a book. "But no; better take this one." He turned over the leaves of a copy of Horace, and opened it at a passage which it seemed to me nobody ever could translate.

"I have not prepared this," said I.

"And you want to recite what you have learned by heart? Very good! No; translate this."

I managed to get the sense of it after a fashion; but the professor only shook his head at each of my inquiring glances, and merely answered "No," with a sigh. At last he closed his book with such nervous quickness that he pinched his own finger between the leaves. He jerked it out angrily, gave me a card in grammar, and, flinging himself back in the chair, he continued to preserve the most malicious silence. I was on the point of answering; but the expression of his countenance fettered my tongue, and everything which I said appeared to me to be wrong.

"That's not it! that's not it! that's not it at all!" he suddenly broke out with his horrible pronunciation as he briskly changed his attitude, leaned his elbows on the table, and played with the gold ring which clung weakly to a thin finger of his left hand. "It's impossible, sir, to prepare for the higher educational institutions in this manner. All you want is to wear the uniform, with its blue collar, and brag of being first, and think that you can be students. No, gentlemen; you must be thoroughly grounded in your subject"; and so forth, and so forth.

During the whole of this speech, which was uttered in broken language, I gazed with dull attention at his eyes, which were fixed on the floor. At first, the disenchantment of not being third tortured me; then the fear of not getting through my examination at all; and, finally, a sense of injustice was added, of wounded vanity and unmerited humiliation. Besides this, contempt for the professor because he was not, in my opinion, a man *comme il faut*,—which I discerned by looking at his short, strong, round nails,—influenced me still more, and rendered all these feelings poisonous. He glanced at me, and, perceiving my quivering lips and my eyes filled with tears, he must have construed my emotion into a prayer to increase my mark, and he said, as though compassionating me (and before another professor, too, who had come up),—

“Very good, sir. I will give you a very fine mark” (that meant two), “although you do not deserve it, out of respect to your youth, and in the hope that you will not be so light-minded in the university.”

This last phrase, uttered in the presence of the strange professor, who looked at me as if to say, “There, you see, young man!” completed my confusion. For one moment, a mist veiled my eyes; the terrible professor, with his table, seemed to me to be sitting somewhere in the far distance, and the wild thought came into my mind, with a terrible one-sided distinctness: “And what if—what will come of this?” But I did not do it, for some reason; on the contrary, I saluted both professors mechanically, with special courtesy, and left the table, smiling slightly, with the same smile, apparently, that Ikonin had exhibited.

This injustice affected me so powerfully at the time that, had I been master of my own actions, I should not have gone to any more examinations. I lost all my vanity (it was impossible to think any longer of being number three), and I let the remaining examinations pass without any exertion, and even without emotion. My average, however, was somewhat over four, but this did not interest me in the least; I made up my mind, and proved it to myself very clearly, that it was bad form to try to be first, and that one ought to be neither too good nor too bad, like Volodya. I meant to keep to this in the university, although I, for the first time, differed from my friend on this point.

I was already thinking of my uniform, my three-cornered hat, my own drozhky, my own room, and, most of all, of my freedom.

VII

ON MY RETURN from the last examination in the Law of God, on the eighth of May, I found at the house a tailor’s apprentice, whom I knew, from Rosanoff, who had already brought my hastily finished uniform and a coat of glossy black cloth, open at the throat, and had marked the *revers* with chalk, and had now brought the finished garment with brilliant gilt buttons, enveloped in papers.

I put on this garment, and thought it very fine (although St. Jérôme

declared that it wrinkled in the back), and went downstairs with a self-satisfied smile, which spread over my face quite involuntarily, to find Volodya, conscious of the glances of the domestics which were eagerly fixed on me from the anteroom and corridor, but pretending that I was not Gavril, the butler, overtook me in the hall, congratulated me on my entrance, handed over to me, by papa's orders, four white bank bills, and also, by papa's direction, Kuzma the coachman, a *prolyótka*, [drozhky], and the brown horse Beauty, to be at my exclusive disposal from that day forth.

We decided to dine at Jahr's at five o'clock; but as Volodya went off with Dubkoff, and Dmitry also disappeared somewhere according to custom, saying that he had an affair to attend to before dinner, I could dispose of two hours as I pleased. I walked about through all the rooms for quite a while, inspecting myself in all the mirrors, now with my coat buttoned, again with it quite unbuttoned, then with only the upper button fastened; and every way seemed excellent to me. Then, ashamed as I was to exhibit too much joy, I could not refrain from going to the stable and coach house, to inspect Beauty, Kuzma, and the drozhky; then I went back and began to wander through the rooms, looking in the mirrors, counting the money in my pocket, and smiling in the same blissful manner all the while. But an hour had not elapsed when I felt rather bored, or sorry that there was no one to see me in that dazzling state; and I craved movement and activity. As a consequence of this, I ordered the drozhky to be brought round, and decided that it would be better to go to the Kuznetzky Most, and make some purchases.

I recollected that when Volodya entered the university he had bought himself a lithograph of Victor Adam's horses, some tobacco, and a pipe; and it seemed to me that it was indispensable that I should do the same.

I drove to the Kuznetzky Most with glances turned on me from all sides, with the bright sunlight on my buttons, on the cockade in my hat, and on my sword, and drew up near Datziaro's picture shop. I glanced about me on all sides, and entered. I did not want to buy Victor Adam's horses, lest I should be accused of aping Volodya; but hurrying to make my choice as quickly as possible, out of shame at the trouble to which I was putting the polite shopman, I took a female head painted in water colors, which stood in the window, and paid twenty rubles for it. But after expending twenty rubles I felt rather conscience-stricken at having troubled the two handsomely dressed shopmen with such trifles, and yet it seemed as though they looked at me in altogether too negligent a way. Desirous of letting them understand who I was, I turned my attention to a small silver piece which lay beneath the glass, and, learning that it was a pencil holder worth eighteen rubles, I ordered it done up in paper, paid my money, and, learning also that good pipes and tobacco were to be had in the adjoining tobacco shop, I bowed politely to the two shopmen, and stepped into the street with my picture under my arm. In the neighboring shop, on whose sign was painted a negro smoking a cigar, I bought (also out of a desire not to imitate anyone) not Zhukoff, but

Sultan tobacco, a Turkish pipe, and two tchibouks, one of linden, the other of rosewood. On emerging from the shop, on my way to my drozhky, I perceived Semenoff, who was walking along the sidewalk at a rapid pace, dressed in civil costume, and with his head bent down. I was vexed that he did not recognize me. I said in quite a loud tone, "Drive up!" and, seating myself in the drozhky, I overtook Semenoff.

"How do you do?" I said to him.

"My respects," he answered, pursuing his way.

"Why are you not in uniform?" I inquired.

Semenoff halted, screwed up his eyes, and showed his white teeth, as though it pained him to look at the sun, but in reality to express his indifference towards my drozhky and uniform, gazed at me in silence, and walked on.

From the Kuznetzky bridge I drove to the confectioner's shop on the Tversky; and though I tried to pretend that the newspapers in the shop interested me principally, I could not restrain myself, and I began to devour one sweet tart after another. Although I was ashamed before the gentlemen who gazed at me with curiosity from behind their papers, I ate eight cakes, of all the sorts which were in the shop, with great rapidity.

On arriving at home, I felt a little heartburn, but, paying no attention to it, I busied myself with examining my purchases. The picture so displeased me that I not only did not have it framed, and hang it in my room, as Volodya had done, but I even hid it behind the chest of drawers, where no one could see it. The *porte-crayon* did not please me either, now that I had got it home. I laid it on the table, comforting myself with the thought that the thing was made of silver, first-class, and extremely useful to a student.

But I resolved to put my smoking utensils into immediate use, and try them.

Having unsealed a quarter-pound package, and carefully filled my Turkish pipe with the reddish-yellow, fine-cut Sultan tobacco, I laid a burning coal upon it, and taking one of my pipestems between my middle and third fingers (the position of the hand pleased me extremely), I began to draw in the smoke.

The odor of the tobacco was very agreeable, but my mouth tasted bitter, and my breathing was interrupted. But I took courage, and drew the smoke into myself for quite a long time, tried to puff it out in rings, and draw the smoke in. The whole room was soon filled with clouds of bluish smoke; the pipe began to bubble, the hot tobacco to leap; I felt a bitterness in my mouth, and a slight swimming in my head; I tried to rise, and look at myself in the glass with my pipe; when, to my amazement, I began to stagger, the room whirled round, and as I glanced in the mirror, which I had reached with difficulty, I saw that my face was as pale as a sheet. I barely succeeded in dropping upon a divan, when I was sensible of such illness and feebleness that, fancying the pipe had

been fatal to me, I thought that I was dying I was seriously alarmed, and wanted to summon assistance, and send for the doctor.

But this terror did not last long. I quickly understood where the trouble was; and I lay for a long time on the lounge, weak, with a frightful pain in my head, gazing with dull attention at Bostandzhoglo's coat of arms delineated on the quarter-pound package, on the pipe and cigar ends, and the remains of the confectioner's patties rolling on the floor, and thought sadly in my disenchantment, "I surely am not grown up yet, if I cannot smoke like other people; and it is plain that it is not my fate to hold my pipe, like others, between my middle and my third fingers, to swallow my smoke, and puff it out through my blonde mustache."

When Dmitry came to me at five o'clock, he found me in this unpleasant condition. But after I had drank a glass of water I was nearly well again, and ready to go with him.

VIII

THIS WAS the last day I was to spend in Moscow; and, by papa's orders, I was to make some calls which he had himself written down for me. Papa's solicitude for us was not so much on the point of morals and learning as on that of worldly connections. On the paper was written in his rapid, pointed hand: "(1) To Prince Ivan Ivanitch *without fail*; (2) to the Ivins *without fail*; (3) to Prince Mikhailo; (4) to Princess Nekhludoff and Madame Valakhin if possible"; and, of course, to the curator, the rector, and the professors.

Dmitry dissuaded me from paying these last calls, saying that it not only was not necessary, but would even be improper; but all the rest must be made today.

IX

THE NEXT DAY Volodya and I set off for the country, with post horses. As I went over all my Moscow memories in my mind on the way, I remembered Sonitchka Valakhin, but only in the evening, when we had traveled five stages. "But it is strange," thought I, "that I am in love, and quite forgot it; I must think of her." And I did begin to think of her, as one thinks while traveling, incoherently but vividly; and I meditated to such a degree that I considered it indispensable, for some reason or other, to appear sad and thoughtful for two days after our arrival in the country, before all the household, and especially in the presence of Katenka, whom I regarded as a great connoisseur in matters of this sort, and to whom I gave a hint of the condition in which I found my heart. But, in spite of all my attempts at dissimulation before others and before myself, in spite of my deliberate assumption of all the signs which I had observed in others in an enamoured condition, in the course of those two days I did not constantly bear it in mind that I was in love, but

remembered it chiefly in the evening; and finally I fell into the new round of country life and occupations so quickly that I quite forgot about my love for Sonitchka.

We arrived at Petrovskoe at night; and I was sleeping so soundly that I saw neither the house nor the birch avenue, nor any of the household, who had already retired and had long been asleep. Old bent Foka, barefooted, and wrapped in a kind of woman's wadded dressing gown, with a candle in his hand, shoved back the door fastenings for us. He quivered with joy on beholding us, kissed us on the shoulder, hastily gathered up his felt rug, and began to dress himself. I traversed the vestibule and staircase without being thoroughly awake; but in the ante-room the lock on the door, the bolt, the crooked boards, the clothespress, the ancient candlestick spotted with tallow as of old, the shadow of the cold, bent, recently lighted tallow candle in the image lamp, the always dusty double window which was never removed, behind which, as I remembered, there grew a mountain-ash tree,—all this was so familiar, so full of memories, so harmonious with itself, as though united in one thought, that I suddenly felt upon me the caress of this dear old house. The question involuntarily presented itself to me, "How could we, the house and I, go on without each other so long?" and I ran in haste to see whether these were the same rooms. Everything was the same, only everything had grown smaller, lower. But the house received me joyously into its embrace just as I was; and every floor, every window, every step of the stairs, every sound, awakened in me a world of forms, feelings, occurrences of the happy past, which would never return. We went to the bedroom of our childhood: all my childish terrors were hiding again in the darkness of the corners and doors. We went into the drawing room: the same gentle motherly love was diffused over every object which was in the room. We went to the hall: it seemed as though boisterous, careless childish mirth had lingered in this apartment, and was only waiting to be revived. In the boudoir, whither Foka led us and where he had made up beds for us, it seemed as if everything—the mirror, the screen, the ancient wooden image, every inequality of the walls covered with white paper—all spoke of suffering, of death, of that which would never exist again.

We lay down, and Foka left us after wishing us good night.

"Mamma died in this room, surely," said Volodya.

I did not answer him, and pretended to be asleep. If I had said a word, I should have burst out crying. When I awoke the next morning, papa, not yet dressed, was sitting on Volodya's bed, in fanciful slippers and dressing gown, chatting and laughing with him. He sprang up from Volodya with a merry bound, came up to me, and, slapping me on the back with his large hand, he presented his cheek to me, and pressed it to my lips.

"Well, capital, thanks, diplomat," said he, with his own peculiar jesting caress, gazing at me with his small, twinkling eyes. "Volodya says that you got through well, young fellow; that's glorious. You're my fine

little fellow when you take a notion not to be stupid. Thanks, my friend. We shall live very pleasantly here now, but we shall go to Petersburg for the winter; only it's a pity that the hunting is over, for I might have amused you. You can hunt with a gun, Waldemar; there's any quantity of game, and I will go with you myself someday. So if it be God's will, we shall go to Petersburg for the winter; you shall see people, make connections. You are grown up now, my children, and I was just telling Waldemar that you now stand on the road, and my task is over; you can walk alone. But if you want to confer with me, to ask advice, I am no longer your daddy, but your friend and comrade and counselor, wherever I can be of use, and nothing more. How does that suit your philosophy, Koko? Heh? is it good or bad? heh?"

Of course I answered that it was capital, and I really thought it so. Papa had a perfectly fascinating, merry, happy expression that day; and these novel relations with me, as with an equal, a companion, made me love him more than ever.

"Now tell me, did you call on all our relatives, and on the Ivins? Did you see the old man? What did he say to you?" he continued to interrogate me. "Did you go to see Prince Ivan Ivanitch?"

And we chatted so long before dressing that the sun had already begun to desert the windows of the divan room; and Yakoff, who was just exactly as old as ever, and twisted his fingers behind his back and spoke just the same as ever, came to our room, and announced to papa that the calash was ready.

"Where are you going?" I asked papa.

"Ah, I had nearly forgotten," said papa, with a twitch and cough of vexation. "I promised to go to the Epifanoffs' today. Do you remember the Epifanova, *la belle Flamande*? She used to visit your mamma. They are very nice people," and papa left the room, twitching his shoulders in embarrassment, as it seemed to me.

Liubotchka had come to the door several times during our chat, and inquired, "Can I come in?" but each time papa shouted to her through the door that it was utterly impossible, because we were not dressed.

"What's the harm? I've seen you in your dressing gown."

"It's impossible for you to see your brothers without their *inexpressibles*," he shouted to her; "and if each one of them knocks on the door to you, will you be satisfied? Knock, and it is even improper for them to speak to you in such *négligé*."

"Ah, how unbearable you are! At all events, do come to the drawing room as quickly as possible. Mimi wants so much to see you!" called Liubotchka outside the door.

As soon as papa went away I dressed myself as quickly as possible in my student's coat, and went to the drawing room. Volodya, on the contrary, did not hurry himself, and sat upstairs for a long time, talking with Yakoff about the places to find snipe and woodcock. As I have already said, there was nothing in the world which he dreaded so much as sentiment with his brother, his sister, or papa, as he expressed it; and,

in avoiding every expression of feeling, he fell into the other extreme,—coldness,—which often hurt the feelings of people who did not understand its cause. In the anteroom I met papa, who was on his way to the carriage with short, brisk steps. He had on his fashionable new Moscow coat, and he was redolent of perfume. When he caught sight of me, he nodded gayly, as much as to say, “You see, isn’t it fine?” and again I was struck by the happy expression of his eyes, which I had already observed that morning.

The drawing room was the same bright, lofty apartment, with the yellowish English grand piano, and its great open windows, through which the green trees and the yellowish red paths of the garden peeped gayly. Having kissed Mimi and Liubotchka, it suddenly occurred to me, as I approached Katenka, that it was not proper to kiss her; and I came to a standstill, silent and blushing. Katenka, who was not at all embarrassed, offered me her white hand, and congratulated me on my entrance to the university. When Volodya entered the room, the same thing happened to him at the sight of Katenka. In fact, it was hard to decide, after having grown up together, and having been in the habit of seeing each other every day during all that time, how we ought to meet now, after our first separation. Katenka blushed far more deeply than all the rest of us. Volodya suffered no embarrassment, but, bowing slightly to her, he walked off to Liubotchka, with whom he talked a little, but not seriously; then he went off somewhere for a solitary walk.

X

VOLODYA had such queer views about the girls, that he could interest himself in the questions: were they fat? had they slept enough? were they properly dressed? did they make mistakes in French which he should be ashamed of before strangers? But he never admitted the idea that they could think or feel anything human, and still less did he admit the idea that it was possible to discuss anything with them. When they chanced to have occasion to appeal to him with any serious question (which, however, they already endeavored to avoid), if they asked his opinion about a novel or his occupations in the university, he made a face at them, and walked off in silence, or answered with some mutilated French phrase, such as *comme ci tri joli* and the like; or, putting on a serious and thoughtfully stupid face, he uttered some word which had no sense or connection at all with the question, made his eyes dull all at once, and said, *a toll*, or *they have gone away*, or *cabbage*, or something of that sort. When I chanced to repeat to him these words which Liubotchka or Katenka had reported to me, he always said:

“Hm! so you still discuss matters with them? Yes, I see you are still in a bad way.”

XI

IN SPITE OF THIS, I came into nearer relations with our young ladies that summer than in other years, by reason of a passion for music which had made its appearance in me. That spring, a young man, a neighbor, came to call upon us in the country, who had no sooner entered the drawing room than he began to gaze at the piano, and to move his chair imperceptibly toward it as he conversed, among others, with Mimi and Katenka. Having discussed the weather, and the pleasures of country life, he skilfully led the conversation to a tuner, to music, to the piano, and finally he announced that he played; and very soon he had executed three waltzes, while Liubotchka, Mimi, and Katenka stood around the piano and looked at him. This young man never came again; but his playing pleased me extremely, and his attitude at the piano, and the way he shook his hair, and, in particular, the manner in which he took octaves with his left hand, swiftly extending his thumb and little finger over the space of the octave, then slowly drawing them away, and again briskly extending them. This graceful gesture, his careless *pose*, the way he tossed his hair, and the attention which our ladies paid to his talent, inspired me with the idea of playing on the piano. Having convinced myself, in consequence of this idea, that I had talent and a passion for music, I undertook to learn. In this respect, I behaved like millions of the male and especially of the female sex, who study without a good teacher, without a real vocation, and without the slightest comprehension of what art can give, and of how necessary it is to apply to it in order that it may furnish something. Music, or rather playing on the piano, was for me a means of captivating girls through their feelings. With the help of Katenka, who taught me my notes and broke my thick fingers in a little, in which process, by the way, I consumed two months of such zeal that I even exercised my disobedient fourth finger on my knee at dinner and on my pillow in bed, I at once began to play *pieces*, and played them, of course, soulfully (*avec âme*), as even Katenka confessed, but utterly out of time.

The perusal of French romances, of which Volodya had brought down a great many, was another of my occupations during this summer. At that time *Monte Cristo* and various "Mysteries" had just begun to make their appearance; and I buried myself in the romances of Sue, Dumas, and Paul de Kock. All the most unnatural personages and occurrences were as living for me as reality; and I not only did not dare to suspect the author of lying, but the author himself did not even exist for me, but living, acting people and adventures appeared before me out of the printed book. If I had never anywhere met people like those I read about, still I did not for a second doubt their *existence*.

I discovered in myself all the passions which were described, and a

likeness to all the characters, and to the heroes and the villains of every romance, as a sensitive man finds in himself all the symptoms of all possible diseases when he reads a medical book I even endeavored to resemble, in my personal appearance and habits, the heroes who possessed any of these qualities. I remember that in one, out of the hundreds of novels which I read that summer, there was an excessively passionate hero, with thick eyebrows, and I so much desired to be like him externally (I felt myself to be exactly like him morally) that, as I examined my eyebrows in the mirror, it occurred to me to cut them a little, in order that they might grow thicker; but when I began to cut them I chanced to shear away more in one place. I had to trim it down evenly; and when that was accomplished I looked in the glass, and beheld myself, to my horror, without any eyebrows, and consequently very ugly indeed. However, I took comfort in the hope that my brows would soon grow out thick, like the passionate man's, and was only disturbed as to what our family would say when they should see me without my eyebrows. I got some powder from Volodya, rubbed it on my eyebrows, and set fire to it. Although the powder did not flash up, I was sufficiently like a person who had been burned. No one suspected my trick, and my brows really did grow out much thicker after I had already forgotten the passionate man.

XII

SEVERAL TIMES ALREADY, in the course of this narrative, I have referred to the idea corresponding to the French phrase *comme il faut*; and now I feel the necessity of devoting a whole chapter to this idea, which was one of the most false and pernicious with which I was inoculated by education and society.

The human race may be separated into many classes,—into rich and poor, good and bad, soldiers and civilians, into clever people and stupid, and so on. But every man, without exception, has his own favorite principal subdivisions under which he mechanically classes each new individual. My chief and favorite subdivision of people, at the time of which I write, was into people who were *comme il faut*, and people who were *comme il ne faut pas*. The second class was again subdivided into people who were simply not *comme il faut*, and the common people. People who were *comme il faut*, I considered worthy of holding equal intercourse with me; as for the second class, I pretended to despise them, but in reality I hated them, and cherished towards them a certain sense of personal injury; the third did not exist for me—I scorned them utterly. My *comme il faut* consisted first and chiefly in an excellent knowledge of the French tongue, and a good pronunciation in particular. A man who did not pronounce French well instantly awakened a feeling of hatred in me. “Why do you want to talk like us, when you don’t know how?” I asked him mentally, with biting irony. The second condition of *comme il faut* was long, clean, polished fingernails; a third was a knowledge of how

to bow, dance, and converse; a fourth, and very important one, was indifference to everything, and the constant expression of a certain elegant, scornful ennui. Besides these, I had general indications, by means of which I decided without having spoken to a man, to which class he belonged. The chief of these, besides the arrangement of his room, his seal, his handwriting, and his equipage, was his feet. The relations of his boots to his trousers immediately settled the status of the man in my eyes. Boots without heels, with pointed toes, and trousers with narrow bottoms, and without straps,—this was *common*, boots with round, narrow toes and heels, and trousers narrow below with straps surrounding the feet, or wide with straps and arched over the toes like canopies,—this was a man of *mauvais genre*; and so on.

It is strange that this idea should have so deeply inoculated me, who was decidedly disqualified to be *comme il faut*. But perhaps the very reason that it took such deep root in me was because it cost me vast labor to acquire this *comme il faut*. It is fearful to recall how much of my priceless time at the best period of life, sixteen, I wasted in the acquirement of this quality. It all seemed to come easily to all those whom I imitated,—Volodya, Dubkoff, and the greater part of my acquaintances. I gazed at them with envy, and labored secretly at the French tongue, at the art of bowing, without regard to the person I bowed to, at conversation, at dancing, at cultivating indifference and ennui, at my fingernails,—where I cut my flesh with the scissors,—and all the while I felt that much labor yet remained before I should attain my object. But as for my room, my writing table, my equipage—all these I did not in the least know how to arrange in such a manner that they should be *comme il faut*, although I strove to attend to it, in spite of my repugnance to practical matters. But it seemed as though these troubles all settled themselves excellently with everyone else, and as though they could not be otherwise. I remember, once, after arduous and fruitless labor over my nails, asking Dubkoff, whose nails were wonderfully fine, whether they had been so long and how he managed it. Dubkoff replied, "I have never done anything, as far back as I can remember, to make them so, and I don't understand how any nice man can have any other kind of nails." This answer wounded me deeply. I did not then know that one of the chief conditions of being *comme il faut* is secrecy with regard to the labors with which that *comme il faut* is obtained. *Comme il faut* was not only a great merit, in my opinion, a very fine quality, a perfection which I desired to attain, but it was the indispensable condition in life, without which there could be neither happiness, nor glory, nor anything good in the world. I should not have respected a renowned artist, nor a *savant*, nor a benefactor of the human race, if he had not been *comme il faut*. The man who was *comme il faut* stood incomparably higher than they; he allowed them the liberty of painting pictures, writing music and books, of doing good; he even praised them for so doing, for why should not good be praised, in whatever it consisted? but he could not stand on one level with them: he was *comme il faut*, and

they were not, and that was enough. It even seems to me that if we had had a brother, a mother, or a father who was not *comme il faut*, I should have said it was a misfortune, but that there could be nothing in common between them and me. But neither the loss of golden time, employed in constant worry over the observation of all the conditions of *comme il faut* which were so difficult for me, which excluded every serious interest, nor the hatred and contempt for nine tenths of the human race, nor the lack of attention to all the fine deeds which took place outside the circle of the *comme il faut*,—this was not the chief harm which this idea did me. The chief harm consisted in the conviction that *comme il faut* is a fixed position in society; that a man need not exert himself to become either an official or a cartwright, a soldier or a *savant*, if he is *comme il faut*, that, having once attained this state, he has fulfilled his vocation, and has even placed himself above the level of the majority of mankind.

At a certain period of adolescence, after many blunders and distractions, every man, as a rule, feels the necessity of taking an active part in social life, selects some branch of industry, and devotes himself to it; but this rarely happens with a man *comme il faut*. I have known, and I still know, many, very many old people who are proud, self-confident, sharp in their judgments, who, if the question were put to them in the other world, "Who are you? What have you done there below?" would not be able to return any other answer than, "*Je fus un homme très comme il faut*" [I was a thoroughly genteel man].

This fate awaited me.

XIII

I HAD BEEN very much surprised, the first day we were in the country, that papa should call the Epifanoffs fine people, and still more surprised that he should go to their house. There was a lawsuit of long standing between us and the Epifanoffs. I had heard papa rage over this lawsuit many a time when I was a child, storm at the Epifanoffs, and summon various people to defend him against them, as I understood it; I had heard Yakoff call them our enemies, and *serfs*, and I remember how mamma requested that no mention of these people might be made in her house or in her presence.

On these data I had constructed for myself, in my childhood, such a fine and clear idea that the Epifanoffs were our *enemies*, who were ready not only to cut papa's throat or to strangle him, but that of his son also if they could catch him, and that they were *black people* in the literal sense of the word, that when I beheld Avdotya Vasilievna Epifanoff, *la belle Flamande*, waiting upon mamma the year she died, it was with difficulty that I could believe that she was one of that family of black people; and I still retained the basest opinion of this family. Although we often met them in the course of this summer, I continued to be strongly prejudiced against the whole family. In reality, this was what

the Epifanoffs were. The family consisted of the mother, a widow of fifteen years' standing, who was still a fresh and merry old lady, the beautiful daughter, Avdotya Vasilievna, and a stuttering son, Piotr Vasilievitch, who was a retired lieutenant, and a bachelor of a very serious character.

The characters of the mother and daughter differed in many respects. The mother was one of the most agreeable and cheerful women in society, and always equably good-natured. She really rejoiced in everything that was gay and pleasing. She even possessed, in the highest degree, the capacity of enjoying the sight of young people making merry, which is a trait encountered only in the most good-natured old people. Her daughter, Avdotya Vasilievna, on the contrary, was of a serious character; or, rather, she possessed that peculiarly indifferent, dreamy disposition, united to haughtiness which was utterly without grounds, and which unmarried beauties generally possess. When she wished to be gay, her mirth proved rather strange, as though she were laughing at herself, at those with whom she spoke, or at all the world, which she assuredly did not mean to do. I often wondered and questioned myself as to what she meant by such phrases as these "Yes, I am awfully handsome! of course everybody is in love with me," and so on. Anna Dmitrievna was always active. She had a passion for arranging the little house and garden, for flowers, canaries, and pretty things. Her chambers and garden were not large or luxurious, but everything was so clean, so neatly arranged, and everything bore such a general imprint of that daintily light mirth which a pretty waltz or polka expresses, that the word *toy*, which was often used in commendation by her guests, was particularly suited to Anna Dmitrievna's tiny garden and apartments. And Anna Dmitrievna herself was a toy—small, thin, with a bright complexion and pretty little hands, always merry, and always becomingly dressed. Only the rather excessively swollen, dark-lilac veins which were traced upon her little hands disturbed this general character.

Avdotya Vasilievna, on the contrary, hardly ever did anything, and not only was not fond of busying herself over flowers and dainty trifles, but she occupied herself too little with herself, and always ran off to dress when visitors arrived. But when she returned, dressed, to the room, she was remarkably pretty, with the exception of the cold monotonous expression of her eyes and smile which is characteristic of all very handsome faces. Her strictly regular and very beautiful face and her stately figure seemed to be constantly saying to you, "You may look at me if you please."

But, notwithstanding the vivacious character of the mother, and the indifferent, dreamy exterior of the daughter, something told you that the former had never loved anything, either now or in times past, except what was pretty and gay; and that Avdotya Vasilievna was one of those natures which, if they once love, will sacrifice their whole life to the one they love.

At the end of August, papa again began to visit our neighbors; and

on the day before Volodya and I set out for Moscow, he announced to us that he was going to marry Avdotya Vasilievna.

XIV

EVERYONE in the house had known the fact on the day before the official announcement, and various verdicts had been pronounced on it. Mimi did not leave her room all day, and cried. Katenka sat with her, and only came out to dinner, with an injured expression of countenance which she had evidently borrowed from her mother. Liubotchka, on the contrary, was very cheerful, and said at dinner that she knew a splendid secret that she would not tell anyone.

"There's nothing splendid in your secret," said Volodya, who did not share her satisfaction: "on the contrary, if you were capable of thinking of anything serious, you would understand that it is very bad." Liubotchka looked at him intently in amazement, and said nothing.

The weather was bad on the following day, and neither papa nor the ladies had come down for their tea when I entered the drawing room. There had been a cold autumnal rain during the night; the remains of the clouds, which had emptied themselves overnight, were still flying through the sky; the sun, which had already risen quite high, shone dimly through them, and was designated by a bright circle. It was windy, damp, and cold. The door was open into the garden; pools of the night rain were drying off the pavement of the terrace, which was black with moisture. The wind was swinging the open door back and forth on its hinges; the paths were damp and muddy; the old birches, with their bare white boughs, the bushes and the grass, the nettles, the currants, the elder, with the pale side of its leaves turned out, struggled each on its own spot, and seemed to want to tear themselves from their roots; round yellow leaves flew, whirling and chasing each other, from the linden alley, and, as they became wet through, spread themselves on the wet road, and on the damp, dark green aftermath of the meadow. My thoughts were occupied with my father's second marriage, from the point of view from which Volodya had looked at it. The future of my sister, our future, and even that of my father, promised nothing good to me. I was troubled by the thought that an outsider, a stranger, and, most of all, a *young* woman, who had no right to it, should all at once take the place, in many respects,—of whom? She was a simple *young* lady, and she was taking the place of my dead mother! I was sad, and my father seemed to me more and more guilty. At that moment I heard his voice and Volodya's talking in the butler's pantry. I did not want to see my father just at that moment, and I passed out through the door; but Liubotchka came for me, and said that papa was asking for me.

He was standing in the drawing room, resting one hand on the piano, and gazing in my direction impatiently, and at the same time triumphantly. That expression of youth and happiness which I had

observed upon his face during all this period was not there now. He looked troubled. Volodya was walking about the room with a pipe in his hand. I went up to my father, and said good morning to him.

"Well, my friends," he said, with decision, as he raised his head, and in that peculiar, brisk tone in which palpably disagreeable things, which it is too late to judge, are spoken of, "you know, I think, that I am going to marry Avdotya Vasilievna." (He remained silent for a while) "I never wanted to marry after your mamma, but"—(he paused for a moment) "but—but it's evidently fate. Dunitchka is a dear, kind girl, and no longer very young. I hope you will love her, children; and she already loves you heartily, and she is good. Now," he said, turning to me and Volodya, and apparently making haste to speak, lest we should succeed in interrupting, "it's time for you to leave here; but I shall remain until the new year, when I shall come to Moscow" (again he hesitated) "with my wife and Liubotchka." It pained me to see my father seem so timid and guilty before us, and I stepped up closer to him; but Volodya continued to smoke, and paced the room with drooping head. "So, my friends, this is what your old man has devised," concluded papa, as he blushed and coughed, and pressed Volodya's hand and mine. There were tears in his eyes when he said it; and I observed that the hand which he extended to Volodya, who was at the other end of the room at the moment, trembled a little. The sight of this trembling hand impressed me painfully, and a strange thought occurred to me, and touched me still more: the thought came to me that papa had served in the year '12, and had been a brave officer, as was well known. I retained his large, muscular hand, and kissed it. He pressed mine vigorously; and, gulping down his tears, he suddenly took Liubotchka's black head in both hands, and began to kiss her on the eyes. Volodya pretended to drop his pipe; and, stooping over, he slyly wiped his eyes with his fist, and left the room, making an effort to do so unobserved.

XV

THE WEDDING was to take place in two weeks; but our lectures had begun, and Volodya and I went back to Moscow at the beginning of September. The Nekhliudoffs had also returned from the country. Dmitry (we had promised, when we parted, to write to each other, and of course we had not done so a single time) immediately came to me, and we decided that, on the following day, he should take me to the university for my first lecture.

It was a brilliant, sunny day.

As soon as I entered the auditorium, I felt that my personality disappeared in this throng of gay young fellows which undulated noisily through all the doors and corridors in the brilliant sunlight. The sensation of knowing that I was a member of this large company was very pleasant. But very few among all these individuals were known to me,

and the acquaintance was limited to a nod of the head, and the words, "How are you, Irteneff?" But, all around me, they were shaking hands with each other and chatting,—words of friendship, smiles, good-will, jests, showered from all quarters. Everywhere I was conscious of the bond which united all this youthful company, and I felt sadly that this bond had missed me in some way. But this was only a momentary impression. In consequence of this and of the vexation thereby engendered, on the contrary, I even discovered very speedily that it was a very good thing that I did not belong to this *oulié* society; that I must have my own little circle of nice people; and I seated myself on the third bench, where sat Count B., Baron Z., Prince R., Ivin, and other gentlemen of that class, of whom I knew only Ivin and the count. But those gentlemen stared at me in a way which made me feel that I did not belong to their social set at all.

When the professor entered, and all began to rustle about, and then became silent, I remember that I extended my satirical view of things to the professor, and I was surprised that the professor should begin his lecture with an introductory phrase which had no sense, according to my opinion. I wanted the lecture to begin at the end, and to be so wise that nothing could be cut out nor a single word added to it. Having been undecieved in this respect, I immediately sketched eighteen profiles, joined together in a circle like a wreath, under the heading, "First Lecture," inscribed in the handsomely bound notebook which I had brought with me, and only moved my hand across the paper now and then so that the professor (who, I was convinced, was paying a great deal of attention to me) might think that I was writing. Having decided, during this same lecture, that it was not necessary to write down everything that every professor said, and that it would even be stupid to do so, I kept to that rule during the whole of my course.

At the succeeding lectures I did not feel my isolation so strongly; I made many acquaintances, shook hands and chatted: but for some reason or other no real union took place between me and my comrades, and it still frequently happened that I was sad, and that I dissimulated. I could not join the company of Ivin and the aristocrats, as they were called, because, as I now remember, I was shy and rude with them, and only bowed to them when they bowed to me; and they evidently had very little need of my acquaintance. But this took place for a very different reason with the majority. As soon as I was conscious that a comrade was beginning to be favorably inclined toward me, I immediately gave him to understand that I dined at Prince Ivan Ivanitch's, and that I had a *drozhky*. All this I said simply for the sake of showing myself off in a more favorable light, and in order that my comrade might love me all the more; but, in almost every instance, on the contrary, to my amazement, my comrade suddenly became proud and cold toward me in consequence of the news of my relationship with Prince Ivan.

We had among us a student maintained at the expense of the

crown, Operoff, a modest, extremely capable, and zealous young man, who always gave his hand to everyone like a board, without bending his fingers or making any movement with it, so that the jesters among his comrades sometimes shook hands with him in the same way, and called it shaking hands "like a shingle." I almost always sat beside him, and we frequently conversed. Operoff pleased me particularly by the free opinions about the professors to which he gave utterance. He defined, in a very clear and categorical manner, the merits and defects of each professor's instruction; and he even ridiculed them sometimes, which produced a particularly strange and startling effect upon me, as it came from his very small mouth in his quiet voice. Nevertheless, he carefully wrote down all the lectures, without exception, in his minute hand. We had begun to make friends, we had decided to prepare our lessons together, and his small, gray, shortsighted eyes had already begun to turn to me with pleasure, when I went and seated myself beside him in my own place. But I found it necessary to explain to him once, in the course of conversation, that when my mother was dying she had begged my father not to send us to any institutions supported by the crown, and that all crown scholars, though they might be very learned, were not at all the thing for me: "*Ce ne sont pas des gens comme il faut.*" "They are not genteel," said I, stammering, and conscious that I blushed for some reason or other. Operoff said nothing to me; but at succeeding lectures he did not greet me first, did not give me his board, did not address me, and when I seated myself in my place he bent his head sideways on his finger away from the books, and pretended that he was not looking on. I was surprised at Operoff's causeless coldness. But I considered it improper for a young man of good birth to coax the crown student Operoff; and I left him in peace, although his coolness grieved me, I must confess.

XVI

Affairs of the heart engrossed my attention a good deal in the course of the winter. I was in love three times. Once I fell passionately in love with a very plump lady who rode in the Freytag riding school, in consequence of which I went to the school every Tuesday and Friday—the days on which she rode—in order to gaze at her.

I fell in love again with Sonitchka when I saw her with my sister. My second love for her had passed away long ago; but I fell in love for the third time, because Liubotchka gave me a volume of verses which Sonitchka had copied, in which many gloomily amorous passages from Lermontoff's *Demon* were underlined in red ink, and had flowers laid in to mark them. Recalling how Volodya had kissed his ladylove's little purse the year before, I tried to do the same; and in fact, when, alone in my room in the evening, I fell into reveries, and pressed my lips to the flowers as I gazed upon them, I was conscious of a certain agreeably

tearful sentiment, and was in love again, or at least fancied I was, for several days.

And, finally, I fell in love for the third time that winter, with the young lady with whom Volodya was in love, and who visited at our house. As I now recall that young lady, there was nothing pretty about her, and nothing of that particular beauty which generally pleased me. As I felt that the news that *two brothers were in love with the same young woman* would not be agreeable to Volodya, I did not mention my love to him. But, on the contrary, what afforded me the greatest satisfaction in this sentiment was that our love was so pure that, although its object was one and the same charming being, we should remain friends, and ready, should the emergency occur, to sacrifice ourselves for each other. It appeared, however, with regard to the readiness for sacrifice, that Volodya did not share my feeling at all; for he was so passionately enamored that he wanted to slap a genuine diplomat's face, and challenge him to a duel, because he was to marry her, as it was said. It was very agreeable to me to sacrifice my feelings, probably because it cost me no great effort, so that I only spoke to the young lady once, and that in a fantastic kind of way, about the worth of scientific music; and my love passed away on the following week, as I made no endeavor to cherish it.

XVII

ALTHOUGH I had not as yet, in consequence of Dmitry's influence, given myself up to the usual pleasures of students, which are called *carouses*, it had been my lot once, during the course of this winter, to take part in such merrymaking; and I carried away with me a not wholly agreeable impression. This is the way it was.

One day, during a lecture at the beginning of the year, Baron Z., a tall, blond young man, with a very serious expression upon his regular features, invited us all to his house to pass an evening as comrades together. All of us meant, of course, all the members of our class who were more or less *comme il faut*; among whose number, of course, neither Grap nor Semenoff nor Operoff were included, nor any of the meaner fellows. Volodya smiled contemptuously when he heard that I was going to a carouse of first-year men; but I expected great and remarkable pleasure from this to me entirely novel mode of passing the time, and I was at Baron Z.'s punctually at eight o'clock,—the hour indicated.

Baron Z., in a white vest and with his coat unbuttoned, was receiving his guests in the brilliantly lighted hall and drawing room of the small house in which his parents dwelt; they had given up the state apartments to him for that evening's festivity. In the corridor, the heads and dresses of the curious maids were visible; and in the butler's pantry, the dress of a lady, whom I took to be the baroness herself, flashed by once.

The guests were twenty in number, and were all students, with the exception of Herr Frost, who had come with Ivín, and a tall, ruddy-com-

plexioned gentleman in plain clothes who attended to the banquet, and who was known to everybody as a relative of the baron, and a former student at the University of Dorpat. The overbrilliant illumination, and the usual regal decoration of the state apartments, produced a chilling effect at first upon this youthful company, all of whose members involuntarily kept close to the walls, with the exception of a few bold spirits and the student from Dorpat, who had already unbuttoned his waistcoat, and seemed to be in every room and in every corner of every room at one and the same time, and to fill the whole apartment with the sound of his resonant and agreeable and never silent tenor voice. But most of the fellows either remained silent or modestly discussed the professors, the sciences, the examinations, and serious and interesting subjects, on the whole. Everyone, without exception, stared at the door of the supper room, and wore the expression which said, though they strove to hide it, "Why, it's time to begin!" I also felt that it was time to begin, and I awaited the *beginning* with impatient joy.

After tea, which the footman handed round to the guests, the Dorpat student asked Frost in Russian,—

"Do you know how to make punch, Frost?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Frost, wriggling his calves; but the Dorpat student again addressed him in Russian.—

"Then set about it" (he called him *thou*, as a fellow student at Dorpat); and Frost began to go from the drawing room to the supper room, from the supper room to the drawing room, with great strides of his curved and muscular legs; and there speedily made its appearance on the table a large soup tureen, and in it a ten-pound loaf of sugar, surrounded by three student daggers laid crosswise. During this time, Baron Z. had kept incessantly approaching all the guests, who were assembled in the drawing room, and saying to all, with an immovably serious face and in almost the same words, "Come, gentlemen, let us mutually drink to brotherhood in student fashion, or we shall have no comradeship at all in our class." And, in fact, the Dorpat student, after taking off his coat, and stripping up his white shirt sleeves above his white elbows, and planting his feet far apart in a decided fashion, had already set fire to the rum in the soup tureen.

"Put out the lights, gentlemen!" cried the Dorpat student suddenly, as loudly and pleasantly as he could have done if we had all shouted. But we all gazed silently at the soup tureen, and at the Dorpat student's white shirt, and all felt that the solemn moment had arrived.

"Extinguish the lights, Frost!" cried the Dorpat student again, and in German, having evidently become too much heated. Frost and all the rest of us set about extinguishing the candles. All was dark in the room, only the white sleeves and the hands which lifted the loaf of sugar on the swords were illuminated by the bluish flame. The Dorpat student's loud tenor was no longer alone, for talking and laughter proceeded from every quarter of the room. Many took off their coats (especially those who had fine and perfectly clean shirts). I did the same, and understood that *it*

had begun. Although nothing jolly had happened so far, I was firmly convinced that it would be capital when we had drunk a glass of the beverage which had been prepared.

The beverage was a success. The Dorpat student poured the punch into glasses, spotting the table a good deal in the process, and shouted, "Now, gentlemen, go ahead!" And when we took a full, sticky glass in our hands, the Dorpat student and Frost struck up a German song, in which the exclamation *juchhe!* was frequently repeated; we joined in discordantly, began to clink our glasses, to shout something, to praise the punch, and to quaff the sweet, strong liquor from our glasses or hands. There was nothing to wait for now, therefore the carouse was in full swing. I had already drunk a full glass of punch, they poured me another; my temples began to throb, the fire seemed crimson, everyone was shouting and laughing around me: but still it not only did not seem jolly, but I was even convinced that I, and everyone else, was bored, and that I and the others considered it indispensable, for some reason or other, to pretend that it was very jolly. The only one who could not have been dissimulating was the Dorpat student. He grew constantly redder and more talkative, filled everyone's empty glass, and spilled more and more on the table, which became all sweet and sticky. I do not remember in just what order things occurred, but I recollect that I was awfully fond of Frost and the Dorpat student that evening, that I learned a German song by heart, and kissed them both on their sweet lips. I also recollect that I hated the Dorpat student that same evening, and wanted to fling a chair at him, but refrained. I recollect that in addition to the consciousness of the insubordination of all my limbs, which I had experienced at Jahr's, my head ached and swam so that evening that I was awfully afraid I was going to die that very minute. I also recollect that we all seated ourselves on the floor, for some reason or other, flourished our arms in imitation of oars, sang "Adown our Mother Volga," and that, meantime, I was thinking that it was not at all necessary to do so. Furthermore, I recollect that, as I lay on the floor, I hooked one leg around the other, stretched myself out in gypsy fashion, twisted someone's neck, and thought that it would not have happened if he had not been drunk. I remember, too, that we had supper, and drank something else; that I went out into the courtyard to refresh myself, and my head felt cold; and that I noticed when I went away that it was dreadfully dark, that the step of my drozhky (*prolyótka*) had become steep and slippery, and that it was impossible to hold on to Kuzma, because he had become weak, and swayed about like a rag. But I remember chiefly that in the course of the evening I constantly felt that I was behaving very stupidly in feigning to be very jolly, to be very fond of drinking a great deal, and did not think of being drunk, and all the time I felt that the others were behaving very foolishly in pretending the same. It seemed to me that it was disagreeable for each one individually, as it was for me; but as each supposed that he alone experienced this disagreeable sensation, he considered himself bound to feign gayety in order not to interfere with the

general jollity. Moreover, strange to say, I felt that dissimulation was incumbent on me simply because three bottles of champagne at ten rubles apiece, and ten bottles of rum at four rubles, had been poured into the soup tureen, which amounted to seventy rubles, besides the supper. I was so fully convinced of this that I was very much surprised, the next day at the lecture, when my comrades who had been at Baron Z's not only were not ashamed to mention that they had been there, but talked about the party so that other students could hear. They said that it was a splendid carouse; that the Dorpat fellows were great hands at these things, and that twenty men had drunk forty bottles of rum between them, and that many had been left for dead under the tables. I could not understand why they talked about it, and even lied about themselves.

XVIII

DURING the winter, I not only saw a great deal of Dmitry, who came to our house quite frequently, but of all his family, with whom I began to associate.

XIX

ALTHOUGH papa had not meant to come to Moscow with his wife until after the New Year, he arrived in October, at a season when there was excellent autumn hunting to be had with the dogs. Papa said that he had changed his plan because his case was to be heard in the senate; but Mimi told us that Avdotya Vasilievna had become so bored in the country, had spoken so frequently of Moscow, and feigned illness, that papa had decided to comply with her wishes. For she had never loved him, but had only murmured her love in everybody's ears, out of a desire to marry a rich man, said Mimi, sighing thoughtfully, as much as to say, "It's not what *some people* would have done for him, if he had but known how to prize them."

Some people were unjust to Avdotya Vasilievna. Her love for papa, passionate, devoted love, and self-sacrifice were evident in every word, every look, and every movement. But this love did not in the least prevent her cherishing a desire, in company with the desire not to leave her husband, for remarkable headdresses from Madame Annette, for bonnets with extraordinary blue ostrich feathers, and gowns of blue Venetian velvet, that artistically revealed her fine white arms and bosom, which had hitherto been exhibited to no one except to her husband and dressing maids. Katenka took her mother's part, of course; while between our stepmother and us certain, odd, jesting relations established themselves from the very day of her arrival. As soon as she alighted from the carriage, Volodya went up, scraping and swaying back and forth, to kiss her hand, having assumed a grave face and troubled eyes, and said, as though he were introducing someone:

"I have the honor to offer my congratulations on the arrival of a dear mamma, and to kiss her hand."

"Ah, my dear son!" said Avdotya Vasilievna, with her beautiful, monotonous smile.

"And do not forget your second little son," said I, also approaching to kiss her hand, and involuntarily trying to assume the expression of Volodya's face and voice.

If our stepmother and we had been sure of our mutual attachment, this expression might have indicated scorn of the exhibition of any tokens of affection; if we had already been ill-disposed towards each other, it might have indicated irony, or scorn of hypocrisy, or a desire to conceal our real relations from our father, who was present, and many other thoughts and feelings: but in the present case this expression, which suited Avdotya Vasilievna's taste extremely well, indicated nothing at all, and only pointed to an utter absence of all relations. I have often observed these false and jesting relations since, in other families, where the members of them foresee that the actual relations will not be quite agreeable; and these relations involuntarily established themselves between us and Avdotya Vasilievna. We hardly ever departed from them; we were always hypocritically polite to her, spoke French, scraped and bowed, and called her "*chère maman*," to which she always replied with jests, in the same style, and her beautiful, monotonous smile. Tearful Liubotchka alone, with her crooked legs and innocent prattle, took a liking to the stepmother and strove very naïvely, and sometimes awkwardly, to bring her into closer connection with all our family; and, in return, the only creature in all the world for whom Avdotya Vasilievna had a drop of affection, with the exception of her passionate love for papa, was Liubotchka. Avdotya Vasilievna even exhibited for her a certain ecstatic admiration and a timid respect, which greatly amazed me.

XX

THE WINTER passed away unperceived, and the thaw had already begun again, and at the university the lists of examinations had already been nailed up; when all at once I remembered that I must answer about the eighteen subjects to which I had listened and not one of which I had heard, written down, or prepared. Strange that such a plain question, "How am I to pass the examinations?" had never once presented itself to me. But I had been in such a mist the whole winter, arising from my delight in being grown up and being *comme il faut*, that when it did occur to me, "How am I to pass the examinations?" I compared myself with my comrades, and thought, "They will pass, but the majority of them are not *comme il faut* yet; so I still have an extra advantage over them, and I must pass." I went to the lectures simply because I had become accustomed to do so, and because papa sent me out of the house.

Moreover, I had a great many acquaintances, and I often had a jolly time at the university. I loved the noise, the chattering, the laughter in the auditorium; I loved to sit on the rear bench during the lecture, and dream of something or other to the monotonous sound of the professor's voice, and to observe my comrades; I liked to run out at times with someone to Materna's, to drink vodka and take a bite, and, knowing that I might be punished for it, to enter the auditorium after the professor, creaking the door timidly; I loved to take part in a piece of mischief when class after class congregated amid laughter in the corridors. All this was very jolly.

When everybody had begun to attend the lectures more faithfully, and the professor of physics had finished his course and had taken leave until the examinations, the students began to collect their notebooks and prepare themselves. I also began to think of preparing myself. Operoff and I continued to bow to each other, but were on the very coolest terms, as I have already said. He not only offered me his notebooks, but invited me to prepare myself from them with him and other students. I thanked him, and consented, hoping by this honor to entirely smooth over my former disagreement with him; but all I asked was that all would be sure to meet at my house every time, as I had fine quarters.

I was told that the preparations would be made in turn at one house or another, according to its nearness. The first meeting took place at Zukhin's. It was a little room, behind a partition, in a large house on the Trubnoi Boulevard. I was late on the first day named, and came when they had already begun the reading. The little room was full of smoke from the coarse tobacco which Zukhin used, which was *makhorka*. On the table stood a square bottle of *vodka*, glasses, bread, salt, and a mutton bone.

Zukhin invited me, without rising, to take a drink of *vodka*, and to take off my coat.

"I think you are not accustomed to such an entertainment," he added.

All were in dirty calico shirts, with false bosoms. I removed my coat, trying not to show my scorn for them, and laid it on the sofa with an air of comradeship. Zukhin recited, referring now and then to the notebooks: the others stopped him to ask questions; and he explained concisely, intelligently, and accurately. I began to listen; and as I did not understand much, not knowing what had gone before, I asked a question.

"Eh, batiushka, you can't listen if you don't know that," said Zukhin. "I will give you the notebooks, and you can go through them for tomorrow."

I was ashamed of my ignorance, and, conscious at the same time of the entire justice of Zukhin's remark, I ceased to listen, and busied myself with observations on these new associates. According to the classification of men into those who were *comme il faut* and those who were *comme il ne faut pas*, they evidently belonged to the second division, and awakened in me, consequently, a feeling not only of scorn, but of a cer-

tain personal hatred which I experienced for them because, though they were not *comme il faut*, they not only seemed to regard me as their equal, but even patronized me in a good-natured way. This feeling was aroused in me by their feet, and their dirty hands with their closely bitten nails, and one long nail on Operoff's little finger, and their pink shirts, and their false bosoms, and the oaths with which they affectionately addressed each other, and the dirty room, and Zukhin's habit of constantly blowing his nose a little, while he pressed one nostril with his finger, and in particular their manner of speaking, of employing and accenting certain words. For instance, they used *blockhead* instead of fool; *just so* instead of exactly; *splendid* instead of very beautiful; and so on; which seemed to me to be book language, and disgustingly ungentlemanly. But that which aroused my *comme il faut* hatred was the accent which they placed on certain Russian and especially on foreign words: they said *máchine*, *áctivity*, *ón purpose*, in the *chimnéy*, *Shákespeare* instead of *Shakespeare*, and so forth, and so forth.

But, in spite of their exterior, which at that time was insuperably repugnant to me, I had a presentiment that there was something good about these people; and, envious of the jolly comradeship which united them, I felt attracted to them, and wanted to get better acquainted with them, which was not a difficult thing for me to do. I already knew the gentle and upright Operoff. Now, the dashing and remarkably clever Zukhin, who evidently reigned over this circle, pleased me extremely. He was a small, stout, dark-complexioned man, with somewhat swollen and always shining, but extremely intelligent, lively, and independent face. This expression was especially due to his forehead, which was not lofty, but arched over deep black eyes, his short, bristling hair, and his thick black beard, which bore the appearance of never being shaved. He did not seem to think of himself (a thing which always pleased me in people), but it was evident that his mind was never idle. His was one of those expressive countenances which undergo an entire and sudden change in your eyes a few hours after you have seen them for the first time. This is what happened in my eyes with Zukhin's face towards the end of the evening. New wrinkles suddenly made their appearance on his countenance, his eyes retreated still deeper, his smile became different, and his whole face was so changed that it was with difficulty that I recognized him.

After a little further conversation, all rose to go, having agreed to meet at Zukhin's on the following days, because his quarters were the nearest to all the rest. When we all emerged into the courtyard, I was rather conscience-stricken that they should all be on foot, while I alone rode in a *drozhky*; and in my shame I proposed to Operoff to take him home. Zukhin had come out with us, and, borrowing a silver ruble of Operoff, he went off somewhere to visit for the night.

For two weeks I went nearly every evening to study at Zukhin's. I studied very little; for, as I have already said, I had fallen behind my comrades, and as I had not sufficient force to study alone, in order to

catch up with them, I only pretended to listen and understand what was read. It seemed to me that my companions divined my dissimulation; and I observed that they frequently skipped passages which they knew themselves, and never asked me

Every day I became more and more lenient toward the disorder of this circle, I felt drawn toward it, and found much that was poetical in it. My word of honor alone, which I had given to Dmitry, not to go anywhere on a carouse with them, restrained my desire to share their pleasures.

Once I attempted to brag before them of my knowledge of literature, and particularly of French literature; and I led the conversation to that subject. It turned out, to my amazement, that, although they pronounced titles of foreign books in Russian fashion, they had read a great deal more than I, that they knew and prized English and even Spanish writers, and Lesage of whom I had never even heard. Pushkin and Zhukovsky were literature to them (and not, as to me, little books in yellow bindings which I had read and learned as a child). They despised Dumas, Sue, and Féval equally; and passed judgment, Zukhin in particular, upon literature much better and more clearly than I, as I could not but acknowledge. Neither had I any advantage over them in my knowledge of music. Still more to my amazement, Operoff played on the violin, another of the students who studied with us played the violoncello and the piano; and both played in the university orchestra, knew music very well, and prized it highly. In a word, with the exception of the French and German accent, they knew everything that I attempted to brag about before them, much better than I did, and were not in the least proud of it. I might have boasted of my social position; but, unlike Volodya, I had none. What, then, was that height from which I looked down upon them? my acquaintance with Prince Ivan Ivanitch? my pronunciation of French? my *drozhky*? my cambric shirts? my fingernails? And was not this all nonsense?—began to pass dimly through my mind at times, under the influence of envy for the fellowship and good-natured youthful mirth which I saw before me. They all called each other *thou*. The simplicity of their intercourse approached coarseness, but even beneath this rough exterior a fear of offending each other in any way was constantly visible. *Scamp* and *pig*, which were employed by them in an affectionate sense, only made me recoil, and gave me cause for inward ridicule; but these words did not offend them in the least, or prevent their standing on the most friendly footing with one another. They were careful and delicate in their dealings with one another, as only very poor and very young people are. But the chief point was that I scented something broad and wild in the character of Zukhin and his adventures in Lisbon. I had a suspicion that these carouses must be something quite different from the sham with burnt rum and champagne in which I had participated at Baron Z.'s.

XXI

AT LENGTH the first examination arrived, on the differential and integral calculus; but I was in a kind of strange mist, and had no clear conception of what awaited me. It occurred to me during the evening, after enjoying the society of Zukhin and his comrades, that it was necessary to make some change in my convictions; that there was something about them which was not nice, and not just what it should be: but in the morning, in the light of the sun, I again became *comme il faut*, was very well content with that, and desired no alterations in myself.

It was in this frame of mind that I came to the first examination. I seated myself on a bench on the side where sat the princes, counts, and barons, and began to converse with them in French; and, strange as it may seem, the thought never occurred to me that I should presently be called upon to answer questions upon a subject which I knew nothing about. I gazed coolly at those who went up to be examined, and I even permitted myself to make fun of some of them.

"Well, Grap, how goes it?" I said to Ilinka when he returned from the table. "Did you get frightened?"

"We'll see how you come out," said Ilinka, who had utterly rebelled against my influence from the day he entered the university, did not smile when I spoke to him, and was ill-disposed toward me.

I smiled scornfully at Ilinka's reply, although the doubt which he expressed alarmed me for a moment. But the mist again spread itself over this feeling; and I remained indifferent and absent-minded, so that I promised to go and lunch with Baron Z. at Materna's just as soon as I had been examined (as though this was a matter of the utmost insignificance to me). When I was called up with Ikonin, I arranged the skirts of my uniform, and stepped up to the examination table with perfect nonchalance.

A slight chill of terror coursed through my back only when the young professor—the same one who had questioned me at the entrance examination—looked me straight in the face, and I touched the note paper on which the questions were written. Although Ikonin took his ticket with the same swaying of his whole body as during the preceding examinations, he answered after a fashion, though very badly. And I did what he had done at the first examination: I did even worse; for I took a second card, and made no reply at all. The professor looked me compassionately in the face and said in a firm but quiet voice:—

"You will not pass into the second class, Mr. Irteneff. It will be better not to present yourself for examination. This course must be weeded out.—And the same with you, Mr. Ikonin," he added.

Ikonin asked permission to be re-examined, as though it were an alms; but the professor replied that he could not accomplish in two days what he had not accomplished in the course of a year, and that he could

not possibly pass Ikonin begged again in a humble and pitiful manner, but the professor again refused.

"You may go, gentlemen," he said in the same low but firm voice.

It was only then that I could make up my mind to leave the table; and I was ashamed at having, as it were, taken part by my silence in Ikonin's prayers. I do not remember how I traversed the hall, past the students; what reply I made to their questions; how I made my way into the anteroom, and got home.

For three days I did not leave my room; I saw no one; I found solace in tears, as in my childhood, and wept a great deal. I looked at my pistols, in order that I might shoot myself if I should want to do so very much. I thought that Ilinka Grap would spit in my face when he met me, and that he would be quite right in so doing; that Operoff would rejoice in my misfortune, and tell everybody about it; that Kolpikoff was quite correct in insulting me at Jahr's; that my stupid speeches to Princess Kornakova could have no other result; and so on, and so on. All the moments of my life which had been torturing to my self-love, and hard to bear, passed through my mind one after the other; and I tried to blame someone else for my misfortunes. I thought that someone had done this on purpose; I invented a whole intrigue against myself; I grumbled at the professors, at my comrades, at Volodya, at Dmitry, at papa because he had sent me to the university; I complained of Providence for having allowed me to live to see such disgrace. Finally, conscious of my complete ruin in the eyes of all who knew me, I begged papa to let me enter the hussars or go to the Caucasus. Papa was displeased with me; but, on seeing my terrible grief, he comforted me by saying that it was not so very bad; that matters might be arranged if I would take a different course of study. Volodya too, who did not see anything dreadful in my misfortune, said that in another course I should at least not feel ashamed before my fellow students.

Our ladies did not understand it at all, and would not, or could not, comprehend what an examination was,—what it meant to fail to pass; and only pitied me, because they saw my grief.

Dmitry came to see me every day, and was extremely gentle and tender during this whole period; but, for that very reason, it seemed to me that he had grown cold towards me. It always seemed to me a pain and an insult when, mounting to my room, he sat down close to me in silence, with a little of that expression which a doctor wears when he seats himself at the bedside of a very sick man. Sophia Ivanovna [a Moscow friend] and Varenka [Dmitry's sister] sent me books by him, which I had formerly wanted, and wished me to come to see them; but, in this very attention, I perceived a haughty and insulting condescension toward me, the man who had fallen so very low. At the end of three days, I became somewhat composed; but, even up to our departure for the country, I did not leave the house; and, thinking only of my grief, I lounged idly from room to room, endeavoring to avoid all members of the household.

I thought and thought; and finally, late in the evening, as I was sit-

ting downstairs and listening to Avdotya Vasilievna's waltz, I suddenly sprang up, ran upstairs, got my notebook on which was written "Rules of Life," opened it, and a moment of repentance and moral expansion came over me. I wept, but no longer with tears of despair. When I recovered myself, I decided to write down my rules of life again, and was firmly convinced that I should never henceforth do anything wrong, nor spend a single minute in idleness, nor ever alter my rules.

THE EDUCATION OF
HENRY ADAMS

by

HENRY ADAMS

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HENRY ADAMS

1838-1918

OUR COLLECTION of great autobiographies concludes, appropriately enough, with a volume that was hailed on its publication as one of the very great autobiographies of our literature. We began our survey of the field of self-portraiture with St. Augustine; we close with the work of a man who once said that it was his ambition to complete St. Augustine's *Confessions*. Oddly enough, the author of *The Education of Henry Adams* did not, at first, regard his work as an autobiography, but when it was made available to the general public, the book almost immediately took its place as an American classic.

Henry Adams has much to say in the *Education* of the advantages and disadvantages of his heritage. It was indeed a remarkable one. His great-grandfather was John Adams, second President of the United States, his grandfather was John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the United States, and his father was Charles Francis Adams, minister to England, like John and John Quincy, and a distinguished diplomat during the period of the Civil War. Perhaps it is not strictly true that one must know the Adams family in order to understand American history, and yet it is a fact that for three generations an Adams was always to be found taking a significant part in the foreign and domestic affairs of the American nation.

When Henry Adams was a boy, this great heritage seemed natural enough. Speaking of Sunday service in Quincy, he says: "It was unusual for boys to sit behind a President grandfather, and to read over his head the tablet in memory of a President great-grandfather, who had 'pledged his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor' to secure the independence of his country and so forth; but boys naturally supposed, without much reasoning, that other boys had the

equivalent of President grandfathers. . . . To him, that there should be a doubt of his being President was a new idea. What had been would continue to be. He doubted neither about Presidents nor about Churches, and no one ever suggested at that time a doubt whether a system of society which had lasted since Adam would outlast one Adams more."

Henry Adams was sixty-nine when he wrote the *Education*, and in it he calls himself a failure, despite his brilliant career as journalist, teacher, and writer. His "failure" was the inevitable result of his heritage. Like his distinguished ancestors, he sought power through public service, but in the America of his day there was little or no opportunity for a man of his abilities, great though they were. Adams also calls his education a failure. Readers of his autobiography are not likely to be misled, however, by this judgment. In his first chapter Adams says that the problem of education is "the problem of running order through chaos, direction through space, discipline through freedom, unity through multiplicity." If anyone has succeeded in approaching a solution of this problem, it is the author of *The Education of Henry Adams*. Throughout his long life he sought education; in his autobiography he attempts to differentiate those experiences that have, as he says, turned out to be useful from those that have not. If he looks upon his life as in any sense a model for a young man to follow, he insists that the model is merely a model, and can and should be discarded once the young man has gained what he calls "economy of his forces."

The Education of Henry Adams begins with Henry's birth in New England in 1838 and concludes with the death of his friend John Hay in 1905. The narrative falls into two parts: Part One carries the chronicle to 1871; Part Two continues after an interval of twenty years.

Briefly, the facts of the author's life are these: he attended Harvard College (1854-58); he continued his studies (after a fashion) in Europe (1858-60); he served as secretary to his father, Charles Francis Adams, during the latter's career as minister to England in the Civil War years and for a time afterward (1860-68); he turned to journalism as a means to power (1868-70); he abandoned hope of winning preferment at Washington during the presidency of Grant and, somewhat reluctantly, he says, became an assistant professor of history at Harvard (1871). At the same time he served as editor of the *North American Review*.

Adams tells us little or nothing of his life during the period from 1871 to 1892. We know that he taught history for seven years and that he made a notable contribution to American education through his use of the seminar method of in-

struction. He married in 1872 and lived contentedly with his wife in Boston and later in Washington until her untimely death in 1885. Much of his best writing he did at this time, notably his *Life of Gallatin* and his two novels *Democracy* and *Esther*. After a voyage to Japan and the South Seas in 1886, he began his great historical work, a nine-volume *History of the United States 1807-1817*. When he resumes the narrative of his life in Part Two of the *Education*, Adams, we find, is less interested in narrating events and more concerned with philosophical speculations. Of his frequent visits to Europe he speaks but little; of his developing "dynamic theory of history" he has much to say.

In 1893 he visited the Exposition at Chicago. What he saw there of the tremendous new forces at the disposal of twentieth-century man impressed him with the importance of the sciences and with the need of bringing historical study in line with the sciences. Two significant books were the outcome of this interest: *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* and *The Education of Henry Adams*. The author's own account of their conception cannot be improved upon:

Any schoolboy could see that man as a force must be measured by motion from a fixed point. Psychology helped here by suggesting a unit—the point of history when man held the highest idea of himself as a unit in a unified universe. Eight or ten years of study had led Adams to think he might use the century 1150-1250, expressed in Amiens Cathedral and the Works of Thomas Aquinas, as the unit from which he might measure motion down to his own time, without assuming anything as true or untrue, except relation. The movement might be studied at once in philosophy and mechanics. Setting himself to the task, he began a volume which he mentally knew as "Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres: a Study of Thirteenth-Century Unity." From that point he proposed to fix a position for himself, which he could label: "The Education of Henry Adams: A Study of Twentieth-Century Multiplicity." With the help of these two points of relation, he hoped to project his lines forward and backward indefinitely, subject to correction from anyone who should know better.

THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS

Part One

QUINCY (1838-48)

UNDER the shadow of Boston State House, turning its back on the house of John Hancock, the little passage called Hancock Avenue runs, or ran, from Beacon Street, skirting the State House grounds, to Mount Vernon Street, on the summit of Beacon Hill, and there, in the third house below Mount Vernon Place, February 16, 1838, a child was born, and christened later by his uncle, the minister of the First Church after the tenets of Boston Unitarianism, as Henry Brooks Adams.

Had he been born in Jerusalem under the shadow of the Temple and circumcised in the Synagogue by his uncle the high priest, under the name of Israel Cohen, he would scarcely have been more distinctly branded, and not much more heavily handicapped in the races of the coming century, in running for such stakes as the century was to offer; but, on the other hand, the ordinary traveller, who does not enter the field of racing, finds advantage in being, so to speak, ticketed through life, with the safeguards of an old, established traffic. Safeguards are often irksome, but sometimes convenient, and if one needs them at all, one is apt to need them badly. A hundred years earlier, such safeguards as his would have secured any young man's success; and although in 1838 their value was not very great compared with what they would have had in 1738, yet the mere accident of starting a twentieth-century career from a nest of associations so colonial—so troglodytic—as the First Church, the Boston State House, Beacon Hill, John Hancock and John Adams, Mount Vernon Street and Quincy, all crowding on ten pounds of unconscious babyhood, was so queer as to offer a subject of curious speculation to the baby long after he had witnessed the solution. What could become of such a child of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when he should wake up to find himself required to play the game of the twentieth?

As it happened, he never got to the point of playing the game at all; he lost himself in the study of it, watching the errors of the players; but this is the only interest in the story, which otherwise has no moral and little incident. A story of education—seventy years of it—the practical value remains to the end in doubt, like other values about which men

have disputed since the birth of Cain and Abel; but the practical value of the universe has never been stated in dollars. Although every one cannot be a Gargantua-Napoleon-Bismarck and walk off with the great bells of Notre Dame, every one must bear his own universe, and most persons are moderately interested in learning how their neighbors have managed to carry theirs.

This problem of education, started in 1838, went on for three years, while the baby grew, like other babies, unconsciously, as a vegetable, the outside world working as it never had worked before, to get his new universe ready for him.

Boys are wild animals, rich in the treasures of sense, but the New England boy had a wider range of emotions than boys of more equable climates. He felt his nature crudely, as it was meant. To the boy Henry Adams, summer was drunken. Among senses, smell was the strongest—smell of hot pine-woods and sweet-fern in the scorching summer noon; of new-mown hay; of ploughed earth; of box hedges; of peaches, lilacs, syringas; of stables, barns, cow-yards; of salt water and low tide on the marshes; nothing came amiss. Next to smell came taste, and the children knew the taste of everything they saw or touched, from pennyroyal and flagroot to the shell of a pignut and the letters of a spelling-book—the taste of A-B, AB, suddenly revived on the boy's tongue sixty years afterwards. Light, line, and color as sensual pleasures, came later and were as crude as the rest. The New England light is glare, and the atmosphere harshens color. The boy was a full man before he ever knew what was meant by atmosphere; his idea of pleasure in light was the blaze of a New England sun. His idea of color was a peony, with the dew of early morning on its petals. The intense blue of the sea, as he saw it a mile or two away, from the Quincy hills; the cumuli in a June afternoon sky; the strong reds and greens and purples of colored prints and children's picture-books, as the American colors then ran; these were ideals. The opposites or antipathies, were the cold grays of November evenings, and the thick, muddy thaws of Boston winter. With such standards, the Bostonian could not but develop a double nature. Life was a double thing. After a January blizzard, the boy who could look with pleasure into the violent snow-glare of the cold white sunshine, with its intense light and shade, scarcely knew what was meant by tone. He could reach it only by education.

The magnificence of his grandfather Brooks's house in Pearl Street or South Street has long ago disappeared, but perhaps his country house at Medford may still remain to show what impressed the mind of a boy in 1845 with the idea of city splendor. The President's place at Quincy was the larger and older and far the more interesting of the two; but a boy felt at once its inferiority in fashion. It showed plainly enough its want of wealth. It smacked of colonial age, but not of Boston style or plush curtains. To the end of his life he never quite overcame the prejudice thus drawn in with his childish breath. He never could compel himself to care for nineteenth-century style. He was never able to adopt it,

any more than his father or grandfather or great-grandfather had done. Not that he felt it as particularly hostile, for he reconciled himself to much that was worse; but because, for some remote reason, he was born an eighteenth-century child. The old house at Quincy was eighteenth century.

The attachment to Quincy was not altogether sentimental or wholly sympathetic. Quincy was not a bed of thornless roses. Even there the curse of Cain set its mark. There as elsewhere a cruel universe combined to crush a child. As though three or four vigorous brothers and sisters, with the best will, were not enough to crush any child, every one else conspired towards an education which he hated. From cradle to grave this problem of running order through chaos, direction through space, discipline through freedom, unity through multiplicity, has always been, and must always be, the task of education, as it is the moral of religion, philosophy, science, art, politics, and economy; but a boy's will is his life, and he dies when it is broken, as the colt dies in harness, taking a new nature in becoming tame. Rarely has the boy felt kindly towards his tamers. Between him and his master has always been war. Henry Adams never knew a boy of his generation to like a master, and the task of remaining on friendly terms with one's own family, in such a relation, was never easy.

The end of this first, or ancestral and Revolutionary, chapter came on February 21, 1848—and the month of February brought life and death as a family habit—when the eighteenth century, as an actual and living companion, vanished. If the scene on the floor of the House, when the old President fell, struck the still simple-minded American public with a sensation unusually dramatic, its effect on a ten-year-old boy, whose boy-life was fading away with the life of his grandfather, could not be slight. One had to pay for Revolutionary patriots; grandfathers and grandmothers; Presidents; diplomats; Queen Anne mahogany and Louis Seize chairs, as well as for Stuart portraits. Such things warp young life. Americans commonly believed that they ruined it, and perhaps the practical common-sense of the American mind judged right. Many a boy might be ruined by much less than the emotions of the funeral service in the Quincy church, with its surroundings of national respect and family pride. By another dramatic chance it happened that the clergyman of the parish, Dr. Lunt, was an unusual pulpit orator, the ideal of a somewhat austere intellectual type, such as the school of Buckminster and Channing inherited from the old Congregational clergy. His extraordinarily refined appearance, his dignity of manner, his deeply cadenced voice, his remarkable English and his fine appreciation, gave to the funeral service a character that left an overwhelming impression on the boy's mind. He was to see many great functions—funerals and festivals—in after-life, till his only thought was to see no more, but he never again witnessed anything nearly so impressive to him as the last services at Quincy over the body of one President and the ashes of another.

BOSTON (1848-54)

PETER CHARDON BROOKS, the other grandfather, died January 1, 1849, bequeathing what was supposed to be the largest estate in Boston, about two million dollars, to his seven surviving children: four sons—Edward, Peter Chardon, Gorham, and Sydney; three daughters—Charlotte, married to Edward Everett; Ann, married to Nathaniel Frothingham, minister of the First Church; and Abigail Brown, born April 25, 1808, married September 3, 1829, to Charles Francis Adams, hardly a year older than herself.

The Adams connection was singularly small in Boston, but the family of Brooks was singularly large and even brilliant, and almost wholly of clerical New England stock. One might have sought long in much larger and older societies for three brothers-in-law more distinguished or more scholarly than Edward Everett, Dr. Frothingham, and Mr. Adams. One might have sought equally long for seven brothers-in-law more unlike. No doubt they all bore more or less the stamp of Boston, or at least of Massachusetts Bay, but the shades of difference amounted to contrast. Mr. Everett belonged to Boston hardly more than Mr. Adams. One of the most ambitious of Bostonians, he had broken bounds early in life by leaving the Unitarian pulpit to take a seat in Congress where he had given valuable support to J. Q. Adams' administration; support which, as a social consequence, led to the marriage of the President's son, Charles Francis, with Mr. Everett's sister-in-law, Abigail Brooks. The wreck of parties which marked the reign of Andrew Jackson had interfered with many prominent careers, that of Edward Everett among the rest, but he had risen with the Whig Party to power, had gone as Minister to England, and had returned to America with the halo of a European reputation, and undisputed rank second only to Daniel Webster as the orator and representative figure of Boston. The other brother-in-law, Dr. Frothingham, belonged to the same clerical school, though in manner rather the less clerical of the two. Neither of them had much in common with Mr. Adams, who was a younger man, greatly biassed by his father, and by the inherited feud between Quincy and State Street; but personal relations were friendly so far as a boy could see, and the innumerable cousins went regularly to the First Church every Sunday in winter, and slept through their uncle's sermons, without once thinking to ask what the sermons were supposed to mean for them. For two hundred years the First Church had seen the same little boys, sleeping more or less soundly under the same or similar conditions, and dimly conscious of the same feuds; but the feuds had never ceased and the boys had always grown up to inherit them. Those of the generation of 1812 had mostly disappeared in 1850; death had cleared that score; the quarrels of John Adams and those of John Quincy Adams were no longer acutely personal; the game

was considered as drawn; and Charles Francis Adams might then have taken his inherited rights of political leadership in succession to Mr. Webster and Mr. Everett, his seniors. Between him and State Street the relation was more natural than between Edward Everett and State Street; but instead of doing so, Charles Francis Adams drew himself aloof and renewed the old war which had already lasted since 1700. He could not help it. With the record of J. Q. Adams fresh in the popular memory, his son and his only representative could not make terms with the slave-power, and the slave-power overshadowed all the great Boston interests. No doubt Mr. Adams had principles of his own, as well as inherited, but even his children, who as yet had no principles, could equally little follow the lead of Mr. Webster or even of Mr. Seward. They would have lost in consideration more than they would have gained in patronage. They were anti-slavery by birth, as their name was Adams and their home was Quincy. No matter how much they had wished to enter State Street, they felt that State Street never would trust them, or they it. Had State Street been Paradise, they must hunger for it in vain, and it hardly needed Daniel Webster to act as archangel with the flaming sword, to order them away from the door.

Time and experience, which alter all perspectives, altered this among the rest, and taught the boy gentler judgment, but even when only ten years old, his face was already fixed, and his heart was stone, against State Street; his education was warped beyond recovery in the direction of Puritan politics. Between him and his patriot grandfather at the same age, the conditions had changed little. The year 1848 was like enough to the year 1776 to make a fair parallel. The parallel, as concerned bias of education, was complete when, a few months after the death of John Quincy Adams, a convention of anti-slavery delegates met at Buffalo to organize a new party and named candidates for the general election in November: for President, Martin Van Buren; for Vice-President, Charles Francis Adams.

For any American boy the fact that his father was running for office would have dwarfed for the time every other excitement, but even apart from personal bias, the year 1848, for a boy's road through life, was decisive for twenty years to come. There was never a side-path of escape. The stamp of 1848 was almost as indelible as the stamp of 1776, but in the eighteenth or any earlier century, the stamp mattered less because it was standard, and every one bore it; while men whose lives were to fall in the generation between 1865 and 1900 had, first of all, to get rid of it, and take the stamp that belonged to their time. This was their education. To outsiders, immigrants, adventurers, it was easy, but the old Puritan nature rebelled against change. The reason it gave was forcible. The Puritan thought his thought higher and his moral standards better than those of his successors. So they were. He could not be convinced that moral standards had nothing to do with it, and that utilitarian morality was good enough for him, as it was for the graceless. Nature had given to the boy Henry a character that, in any previous century, would have led him into

the Church; he inherited dogma and *a priori* thought from the beginning of time; and he scarcely needed a violent reaction like anti-slavery politics to sweep him back into Puritanism with a violence as great as that of a religious war.

Of all the conditions of his youth which afterwards puzzled the grown-up man, this disappearance of religion puzzled him most. The boy went to church twice every Sunday; he was taught to read his Bible, and he learned religious poetry by heart; he believed in a mild deism; he prayed; he went through all the forms; but neither to him nor to his brothers or sisters was religion real. Even the mild discipline of the Unitarian Church was so irksome that they all threw it off at the first possible moment, and never afterwards entered a church. The religious instinct had vanished, and could not be revived, although one made in later life many efforts to recover it. That the most powerful emotion of man, next to the sexual, should disappear, might be a personal defect of his own; but that the most intelligent society, led by the most intelligent clergy, in the most moral conditions he ever knew, should have solved all the problems of the universe so thoroughly as to have quite ceased making itself anxious about past or future, and should have persuaded itself that all the problems which had convulsed human thought from earliest recorded time, were not worth discussing, seemed to him the most curious social phenomenon he had to account for in a long life.

By way of educating and amusing the children, Mr. Adams read much aloud, and was sure to read political literature, especially when it was satirical, like the speeches of Horace Mann and the "Epistles" of "Hosea Biglow," with great delight to the youth. So he read Longfellow and Tennyson as their poems appeared, but the children took possession of Dickens and Thackeray for themselves. Both were too modern for tastes founded on Pope and Dr. Johnson. The boy Henry soon became a desultory reader of every book he found readable, but these were commonly eighteenth-century historians because his father's library was full of them. In the want of positive instincts, he drifted into the mental indolence of history. So, too, he read shelves of eighteenth-century poetry, but when his father offered his own set of Wordsworth as a gift on condition of reading it through, he declined. Pope and Gray called for no mental effort; they were easy reading; but the boy was thirty years old before his education reached Wordsworth.

In any and all its forms, the boy detested school, and the prejudice became deeper with years. He always reckoned his school days, from ten to sixteen years old, as time thrown away. Perhaps his needs turned out to be exceptional, but his existence was exceptional. Between 1850 and 1900 nearly every one's existence was exceptional. For success in the life imposed on him he needed, as afterwards appeared, the facile use of only four tools: Mathematics, French, German, and Spanish. With these, he could master in very short time any special branch of inquiry, and feel at home in any society. Latin and Greek, he could, with the help of the modern languages, learn more completely by the intelligent work of six

weeks than in the six years he spent on them at school. These four tools were necessary to his success in life, but he never controlled any one of them.

Thus, at the outset, he was condemned to failure more or less complete in the life awaiting him, but not more so than his companions. Indeed, had his father kept the boy at home, and given him half an hour's direction every day, he would have done more for him than school ever could do for them. Of course, school-taught men and boys looked down on home-bred boys, and rather prided themselves on their own ignorance, but the man of sixty can generally see what he needed in life, and in Henry Adams's opinion it was not school.

Most school experience was bad. Boy associations at fifteen were worse than none. Boston at that time offered few healthy resources for boys or men. The bar-room and billiard-room were more familiar than parents knew. As a rule boys could skate and swim and were sent to dancing-school; they played a rudimentary game of baseball, football, and hockey; a few could sail a boat; still fewer had been out with a gun to shoot yellow-legs or a stray wild duck; one or two may have learned something of natural history if they came from the neighborhood of Concord; none could ride across country, or knew what shooting with dogs meant. Sport as a pursuit was unknown. Boat-racing came after 1850. For horse-racing, only the trotting-course existed. Of all pleasures, winter sleighing was still the gayest and most popular. From none of these amusements could the boy learn anything likely to be of use to him in the world. Books remained as in the eighteenth century, the source of life, and as they came out—Thackeray, Dickens, Bulwer, Tennyson, Macaulay, Carlyle, and the rest—they were devoured; but as far as happiness went, the happiest hours of the boy's education were passed in summer lying on a musty heap of Congressional Documents in the old farmhouse at Quincy, reading "Quentin Durward," "Ivanhoe," and "The Talisman," and raiding the garden at intervals for peaches and pears. On the whole he learned most then. The surface was ready to take any form that education should cut into it, though Boston, with singular foresight, rejected the old designs. What sort of education was stamped elsewhere, a Bostonian had no idea, but he escaped the evils of other standards by having no standard at all; and what was true of school was true of society. Boston offered none that could help outside. Every one now smiles at the bad taste of Queen Victoria and Louis Philippe—the society of the forties—but the taste was only a reflection of the social slack-water between a tide passed, and a tide to come. Boston belonged to neither, and hardly even to America.

After February, 1848, but one slight tie remained of all those that, since 1776, had connected Quincy with the outer world. The Madam stayed in Washington, after her husband's death, and in her turn was struck by paralysis and bedridden. From time to time her son Charles, whose affection and sympathy for his mother in her many tribulations were always pronounced, went on to see her, and in May, 1850, he took

with him his twelve-year-old son. The journey was meant as education, and as education it served the purpose of fixing in memory the stage of a boy's thought in 1850. He could not remember taking special interest in the railroad journey or in New York; with railways and cities he was familiar enough. His first impression was the novelty of crossing New York Bay and finding an English railway carriage on the Camden and Amboy Railroad. This was a new world; a suggestion of corruption in the simple habits of American life; a step to exclusiveness never approached in Boston; but it was amusing. The boy rather liked it. At Trenton the train set him on board a steamer which took him to Philadelphia where he smelt other varieties of town life; then again by boat to Chester, and by train to Havre de Grace; by boat to Baltimore and thence by rail to Washington. This was the journey he remembered. The actual journey may have been quite different, but the actual journey has no interest for education. The memory was all that mattered; and what struck him most, to remain fresh in his mind all his lifetime, was the sudden change that came over the world on entering a slave State. He took education politically. The mere raggedness of outline could not have seemed wholly new, for even Boston had its ragged edges, and the town of Quincy was far from being a vision of neatness or good repair; in truth, he had never seen a finished landscape; but Maryland was raggedness of a new kind. The railway, about the size and character of a modern tram, rambled through unfenced fields and woods, or through village streets, among a haphazard variety of pigs, cows, and negro babies, who might all have used the cabins for pens and styes, had the Southern pig required styes, but who never showed a sign of care. This was the boy's impression of what slavery caused, and, for him, was all it taught.

Slavery struck him in the face; it was a nightmare; a horror; a crime; the sum of all wickedness! Contact only made it more repulsive. He wanted to escape, like the negroes, to free soil. Slave states were dirty, unkempt, poverty-stricken, ignorant, vicious! He had not a thought but repulsion for it; and yet the picture had another side. The May sunshine and shadow had something to do with it; the thickness of foliage and the heavy smells had more; the sense of atmosphere, almost new, had perhaps as much again; and the brooding indolence of a warm climate and a negro population hung in the atmosphere heavier than the catalpas. The impression was not simple, but the boy liked it: distinctly it remained on his mind as an attraction, almost obscuring Quincy itself.

This first step in national politics was a little like the walk before breakfast; an easy, careless, genial, enlarging stride into a fresh and amusing world, where nothing was finished, but where even the weeds grew rank. The second step was like the first, except that it led to the White House. He was taken to see President Taylor. Outside, in a paddock in front, "Old Whitey," the President's charger, was grazing, as they entered; and inside, the President was receiving callers as simply as if he were in the paddock too. The President was friendly, and the boy felt no sense of strangeness that he could ever recall. In fact, what strangeness

should he feel? The families were intimate; so intimate that their friendliness outlived generations, civil war, and all sorts of rupture. President Taylor owed his election to Martin Van Buren and the Free Soil Party. To him, the Adamses might still be of use. As for the White House, all the boy's family had lived there, and, barring the eight years of Andrew Jackson's reign, had been more or less at home there ever since it was built. The boy half thought he owned it, and took for granted that he should some day live in it. He felt no sensation whatever before Presidents. A President was a matter of course in every respectable family; he had two in his own; three, if he counted old Nathaniel Gorham, who was the oldest and first in distinction. Revolutionary patriots, or perhaps a Colonial Governor, might be worth talking about, but any one could be President, and some very shady characters were likely to be. Presidents, Senators, Congressmen, and such things were swarming in every street.

HARVARD COLLEGE (1854-58)

ONE DAY in June, 1854, young Adams walked for the last time down the steps of Mr. Dixwell's school in Boylston Place, and felt no sensation but one of unqualified joy that this experience was ended. Never before or afterwards in his life did he close a period so long as four years without some sensation of loss—some sentiment of habit—but school was what in after life he commonly heard his friends denounce as an intolerable bore. He was born too old for it.

The next regular step was Harvard College. He was more than glad to go. For generation after generation, Adamses and Brookses and Boylsons and Gorhams had gone to Harvard College, and although none of them, as far as known, had ever done any good there, or thought himself the better for it, custom, social ties, convenience, and, above all, economy, kept each generation in the track. Any other education would have required a serious effort, but no one took Harvard College seriously. All went there because their friends went there, and the College was their ideal of social self-respect.

Harvard College, as far as it educated at all, was a mild and liberal school, which sent young men into the world with all they needed to make respectable citizens, and something of what they wanted to make useful ones.

What caused the boy most disappointment was the little he got from his mates. Speaking exactly, he got less than nothing, a result common enough in education. Yet the College Catalogue for the years 1854 to 1861 shows a list of names rather distinguished in their time. Alexander Agassiz and Phillips Brooks led it; H. H. Richardson and O. W. Holmes helped to close it. As a rule the most promising of all die early, and never get their names into a Dictionary of Contemporaries, which seems to be the only popular standard of success. Many died in the war. Adams knew them all, more or less; he felt as much regard, and quite as much respect

for them then, as he did after they won great names and were objects of a vastly wider respect; but, as help towards education, he got nothing whatever from them or they from him until long after they had left college.

If the student got little from his mates, he got little more from his masters. The four years passed at college were, for his purposes, wasted. Harvard College was a good school, but at bottom what the boy disliked most was any school at all. He did not want to be one in a hundred—one per cent of an education. He regarded himself as the only person for whom his education had value, and he wanted the whole of it. He got barely half of an average. Long afterwards, when the devious path of life led him back to teach in his turn what no student naturally cared or needed to know, he diverted some dreary hours of faculty-meetings by looking up his record in the class-lists, and found himself graded precisely in the middle. In the one branch he most needed—mathematics—barring the few first scholars, failure was so nearly universal that no attempt at grading could have had value, and whether he stood fortieth or ninetieth must have been an accident or the personal favor of the professor. Here his education failed lamentably. At best he could never have been a mathematician; at worst he would never have cared to be one; but he needed to read mathematics, like any other universal language, and he never reached the alphabet.

Beyond two or three Greek plays, the student got nothing from the ancient languages. Beyond some incoherent theories of free-trade and protection, he got little from Political Economy. He could not afterwards remember to have heard the name of Karl Marx mentioned, or the title of "Capital." He was equally ignorant of Auguste Comte. These were the two writers of his time who most influenced its thought. The bit of practical teaching he afterwards reviewed with most curiosity was the course in Chemistry, which taught him a number of theories that befogged his mind for a lifetime. The only teaching that appealed to his imagination was a course of lectures by Louis Agassiz on the Glacial Period and Palæontology, which had more influence on his curiosity than the rest of the college instruction altogether. The entire work of the four years could have been easily put into the work of any four months in after life.

BERLIN (1858-59)

EVERY YEAR some young person alarmed the parental heart even in Boston, and although the temptations of Europe were irresistible, removal from the temptations of Boston might be imperative. The boy Henry wanted to go to Europe; he seemed well behaved, when any one was looking at him; he observed conventions, when he could not escape them; he was never quarrelsome, towards a superior; his morals were apparently good, and his moral principles, if he had any, were not known to be bad. Above all, he was timid and showed a certain sense of self-respect, when in pub-

lic view. What he was at heart, no one could say; least of all himself; but he was probably human, and no worse than some others. Therefore, when he presented to an exceedingly indulgent father and mother his request to begin at a German university the study of the Civil Law—although neither he nor they knew what the Civil Law was, or any reason for his studying it—the parents dutifully consented, and walked with him down to the railway-station at Quincy to bid him good-bye, with a smile which he almost thought a tear.

Dropped into Berlin one morning without guide or direction, the young man in search of education floundered in a mere mess of misunderstandings. He could never recall what he expected to find, but whatever he expected, it had no relation with what it turned out to be. A student at twenty takes easily to anything, even to Berlin, and he would have accepted the thirteenth century pure and simple since his guides assured him that this was his right path; but a week's experience left him dazed and dull. Faith held out, but the paths grew dim. Berlin astonished him, but he had no lack of friends to show him all the amusement it had to offer. Within a day or two he was running about with the rest to beer-cellars and music-halls and dance-rooms, smoking bad tobacco, drinking poor beer, and eating sauerkraut and sausages as though he knew no better. This was easy. One can always descend the social ladder. The trouble came when he asked for the education he was promised. His friends took him to be registered as a student of the university; they selected his professors and courses; they showed him where to buy the Institutes of Gaius and several German works on the Civil Law in numerous volumes; and they led him to his first lecture.

His first lecture was his last. The young man was not very quick, and he had almost religious respect for his guides and advisers; but he needed no more than one hour to satisfy him that he had made another failure in education, and this time a fatal one. That the language would require at least three months' hard work before he could touch the Law was an annoying discovery; but the shock that upset him was the discovery of the university itself. He had thought Harvard College a torpid school, but it was instinct with life compared with all that he could see of the University of Berlin. The German students were strange animals, but their professors were beyond pay. The mental attitude of the university was not of an American world. What sort of instruction prevailed in other branches, or in science, Adams had no occasion to ask, but in the Civil Law he found only the lecture system in its deadliest form as it flourished in the thirteenth century. The professor mumbled his comments; the students made, or seemed to make, notes; they could have learned from books or discussion in a day more than they could learn from him in a month, but they must pay his fees, follow his course, and be his scholars, if they wanted a degree. To an American the result was worthless. He could make no use of the Civil Law without some previous notion of the Common Law; but the student who knew enough of the Common Law to understand what he wanted, had only to read the Pan-

dects or the commentators at his ease in America, and be his own professor. Neither the method nor the matter nor the manner could profit an American education.

So the young man fell back on the language, and being slow at languages, he found himself falling behind all his friends, which depressed his spirits, the more because the gloom of a Berlin winter and of Berlin architecture seemed to him a particular sort of gloom never attained elsewhere. Adams one day complained of his trials to Mr. Robert Apthorp, of Boston, who was passing the winter in Berlin for the sake of its music. Mr. Apthorp told of his own similar struggle, and how he had entered a public school and sat for months with ten-year-old boys, reciting their lessons and catching their phrases. The idea suited Adams's desperate frame of mind. At least it ridded him of the university and the Civil Law and American associations in beer-cellars. Mr. Apthorp took the trouble to negotiate with the head-master of the Friedrichs-Wilhelm-Werdersches Gymnasium for permission to Henry Adams to attend the school as a member of the Ober-tertia, a class of boys twelve or thirteen years old, and there Adams went for three months as though he had not always avoided high schools with singular antipathy. He never did anything else so foolish, but he was given a bit of education which served him some purpose in life.

Before the month of April arrived, the experiment of German education had reached this point. Nothing was left of it except the ghost of the Civil Law shut up in the darkest of closets, never to gibber again before any one who could repeat the story. The derisive Jew laughter of Heine ran through the university and everything else in Berlin. Of course, when one is twenty years old, life is bound to be full, if only of Berlin beer, although German student life was on the whole the thinnest of beer, as an American looked on it, but though nothing except small fragments remained of the education that had been so promising—or promised—this is only what most often happens in life, when by-products turn out to be more valuable than staples. The German university and German law were failures.

When his companions insisted on passing two or three afternoons in the week at music-halls, drinking beer, smoking German tobacco, and looking at fat German women knitting, while an orchestra played dull music, Adams went with them for the sake of the company, but with no pretence of enjoyment; and when Mr. Apthorp gently protested that he exaggerated his indifference, for of course he enjoyed Beethoven, Adams replied simply that he loathed Beethoven; and felt a slight surprise when Mr. Apthorp and the others laughed as though they thought it humor. He saw no humor in it. He supposed that, except musicians, every one thought Beethoven a bore, as every one except mathematicians thought mathematics a bore. Sitting thus at his beer-table, mentally impassive, he was one day surprised to notice that his mind followed the movement of a Sinfonie. He could not have been more astonished had he suddenly read a new language. Among the marvels of education, this was the most

marvellous. A prison-wall that barred his senses on one great side of life suddenly fell, of its own accord, without so much as his knowing when it happened. Amid the fumes of coarse tobacco and poor beer, surrounded by the commonest of German Haus-frauen, a new sense burst out like a flower in his life, so superior to the old senses, so bewildering, so astonished at its own existence, that he could not credit it, and watched it as something apart, accidental, and not to be trusted. He slowly came to admit that Beethoven had partly become intelligible to him, but he was the more inclined to think that Beethoven must be much overrated as a musician, to be so easily followed. This could not be called education, for he had never so much as listened to the music. He had been thinking of other things. Mere mechanical repetition of certain sounds had stuck to his unconscious mind. Beethoven might have this power, but not Wagner, or at all events not the Wagner later than "Tannhäuser." Near forty years passed before he reached the "Götterdämmerung."

When, at last, April came, and some genius suggested a tramp in Thuringen, his heart sang like a bird; he realized what a nightmare he had suffered, and he made up his mind that, wherever else he might, in the infinities of space and time, seek for education, it should not be again in Berlin.

For the next eighteen months the young man pursued accidental education, since he could pursue no other; and by great good fortune, Europe and America were too busy with their own affairs to give much attention to his. Accidental education had every chance in its favor, especially because nothing came amiss.

All experience is an arch, to build upon. Yet Adams admitted himself unable to guess what use his second winter in Germany was to him, or what he expected it to be. Even the doctrine of accidental education broke down. There were no accidents in Dresden. As soon as the winter was over, he closed and locked the German door with a long breath of relief, and took the road to Italy. He had then pursued his education, as it pleased him, for eighteen months, and in spite of the infinite variety of new impressions which had packed themselves into his mind, he knew no more, for his practical purposes, than the day he graduated. He had made no step towards a profession. He was as ignorant as a schoolboy of society. He was unfit for any career in Europe, and unfitted for any career in America, and he had not natural intelligence enough to see what a mess he had thus far made of his education.

To a young Bostonian, fresh from Germany, Rome seemed a pure emotion, quite free from economic or actual values, and he could not in reason or common sense foresee that it was mechanically piling up conundrum after conundrum in his educational path, which seemed unconnected but that he had got to connect; that seemed insoluble but had got to be somehow solved. Rome was not a beetle to be dissected and dropped; not a bad French novel to be read in a railway train and thrown out of the window after other bad French novels, the morals of which

could never approach the immorality of Roman history. Rome was actual; it was England; it was going to be America. Rome could not be fitted into an orderly, middle-class, Bostonian, systematic scheme of evolution. No law of progress applied to it. Not even time-sequences—the last refuge of helpless historians—had value for it. The Forum no more led to the Vatican than the Vatican to the Forum. Rienzi, Garibaldi, Tiberius Gracchus, Aurelian might be mixed up in any relation of time, along with a thousand more, and never lead to a sequence. The great word Evolution had not yet, in 1860, made a new religion of history, but the old religion had preached the same doctrine for a thousand years without finding in the entire history of Rome anything but flat contradiction.

Adams explained to himself that he was absorbing knowledge. He would have put it better had he said that knowledge was absorbing him. He was passive. In spite of swarming impressions he knew no more when he left Rome than he did when he entered it. As a marketable object, his value was less. His next step went far to convince him that accidental education, whatever its economical return might be, was prodigiously successful as an object in itself. Everything conspired to ruin his sound scheme of life, and to make him a vagrant as well as pauper. He went on to Naples, and there, in the hot June, heard rumors that Garibaldi and his thousand were about to attack Palermo. Calling on the American Minister, Chandler of Pennsylvania, he was kindly treated, not for his merit, but for his name, and Mr. Chandler amiably consented to send him to the seat of war as bearer of despatches to Captain Palmer of the American sloop of war Iroquois. Young Adams seized the chance, and went to Palermo in a government transport filled with fleas, commanded by a charming Prince Caracciolo.

He told all about it to the *Boston Courier*, where the narrative probably exists to this day, unless the files of the *Courier* have wholly perished; but of its bearing on education the *Courier* did not speak.

Captain Palmer of the Iroquois, who was a friend of the young man's uncle, Sydney Brooks, took him with the officers of the ship to make an evening call on Garibaldi, whom they found in the Senate House towards sunset, at supper with his picturesque and piratic staff, in the full noise and color of the Palermo revolution. As a spectacle, it belonged to Rossini and the Italian opera, or to Alexandre Dumas at the least, but the spectacle was not its educational side. Garibaldi left the table, and, sitting down at the window, had a few words of talk with Captain Palmer and young Adams. At that moment, in the summer of 1860, Garibaldi was certainly the most serious of the doubtful energies in the world; the most essential to gauge rightly. Even then society was dividing between banker and anarchist. One or the other, Garibaldi must serve. Himself a typical anarchist, sure to overshadow Europe and alarm empires bigger than Naples, his success depended on his mind; his energy was beyond doubt.

Adams had the chance to look this sphinx in the eyes, and, for five minutes, to watch him like a wild animal, at the moment of his greatest achievement and most splendid action. One saw a quiet-featured, quiet-

voiced man in a red flannel shirt; absolutely impervious; a type of which Adams knew nothing.

The lesson of Garibaldi, as education, seemed to teach the extreme complexity of extreme simplicity; but one could have learned this from a glow-worm. One did not need the vivid recollection of the low-voiced, simple-mannered, seafaring captain of Genoese adventurers and Sicilian brigands, supping in the July heat and Sicilian dirt and revolutionary clamor, among the barricaded streets of insurgent Palermo, merely in order to remember that simplicity is complex.

Adams left the problem as he found it, and came north to stumble over others, less picturesque but nearer. He squandered two or three months on Paris.

Life was amusing. Paris rapidly became familiar. In a month or six weeks he forgot even to disapprove of it; but he studied nothing, entered no society, and made no acquaintance. Accidental education went far in Paris, and one picked up a deal of knowledge that might become useful; perhaps, after all, the three months passed there might serve better purpose than the twenty-one months passed elsewhere; but he did not intend it—did not think it—and looked at it as a momentary and frivolous vacation before going home to fit himself for life. Therewith, after staying as long as he could and spending all the money he dared, he started with mixed emotions but no education, for home.

TREASON (1860-61)

WHEN, forty years afterwards, Henry Adams looked back over his adventures in search of knowledge, he asked himself whether fortune or fate had ever dealt its cards quite so wildly to any of his known antecessors as when it led him to begin the study of law and to vote for Abraham Lincoln on the same day.

He dropped back on Quincy like a lump of lead; he rebounded like a football, tossed into space by an unknown energy which played with all his generation as a cat plays with mice. The simile is none too strong. Not one man in America wanted the Civil War, or expected or intended it. A small minority wanted secession. The vast majority wanted to go on with their occupations in peace. Not one, however clever or learned, guessed what happened. Possibly a few Southern loyalists in despair might dream it as an impossible chance; but none planned it.

As for Henry Adams, fresh from Europe and chaos of another sort, he plunged at once into a lurid atmosphere of politics, quite heedless of any education or forethought. His past melted away. The prodigal was welcomed home, but not even his father asked a malicious question about the Pandects. At the utmost, he hinted at some shade of prodigality by quietly inviting his son to act as private secretary during the winter in Washington, as though any young man who could afford to throw away two winters on the Civil Law could afford to read Blackstone for

another winter without a master. The young man was beyond satire, and asked only a pretext for throwing all education to the east wind.

Profoundly ignorant, anxious, and curious, the young man packed his modest trunk again, which had not yet time to be unpacked, and started for Washington with his family. Ten years had passed since his last visit, but very little had changed. As in 1800 and 1850, so in 1860, the same rude colony was camped in the same forest, with the same unfinished Greek temples for workrooms, and sloughs for roads. The Government had an air of social instability and incompleteness that went far to support the right of secession in theory as in fact; but right or wrong, secession was likely to be easy where there was so little to secede from. The Union was a sentiment, but not much more, and in December, 1860, the sentiment about the Capitol was chiefly hostile, so far as it made itself felt. John Adams was better off in Philadelphia in 1776 than his great-grandson Henry in 1860 in Washington.

Rightly or wrongly the new President and his chief advisers in Washington decided that, before they could administer the Government, they must make sure of a government to administer, and that this chance depended on the action of Virginia. The whole ascendancy of the winter wavered between the effort of the cotton States to drag Virginia out, and the effort of the new President to keep Virginia in. Governor Seward representing the Administration in the Senate took the lead; Mr. Adams took the lead in the House; and as far as a private secretary knew, the party united on its tactics. In offering concessions to the border States, they had to run the risk, or incur the certainty, of dividing their own party, and they took this risk with open eyes. As Seward himself, in his gruff way, said at dinner, after Mr. Adams and he had made their speeches: "If there's no secession now, you and I are ruined."

They won their game; this was their affair and the affair of the historians who tell their story; their private secretaries had nothing to do with it except to follow their orders. On that side a secretary learned nothing and had nothing to learn. The sudden arrival of Mr. Lincoln in Washington on February 23, and the language of his inaugural address, were the final term of the winter's tactics, and closed the private secretary's interest in the matter forever. Perhaps he felt, even then, a good deal more interest in the appearance of another private secretary, of his own age, a young man named John Hay, who lighted on La Fayette Square at the same moment. Friends are born, not made, and Henry never mistook a friend except when in power. From the first slight meeting in February and March, 1861, he recognized Hay as a friend, and never lost sight of him at the future crossing of their paths; but, for the moment, his own task ended on March 4 when Hay's began. The winter's anxieties were shifted upon new shoulders, and Henry gladly turned back to Blackstone. He had tried to make himself useful, and had exerted energy that seemed to him portentous, acting in secret as newspaper correspondent, cultivating a large acquaintance and even haunting ballrooms where the simple, old-fashioned, Southern tone was

pleasant even in the atmosphere of conspiracy and treason. The sum was next to nothing for education, because no one could teach; all were as ignorant as himself; none knew what should be done, or how to do it; all were trying to learn and were more bent on asking than on answering questions. The mass of ignorance in Washington was lighted up by no ray of knowledge. Society, from top to bottom, broke down.

With the close of the session, his own functions ended. Ceasing to be private secretary he knew not what else to do but return with his father and mother to Boston in the middle of March, and, with child-like docility, sit down at a desk in the law-office of Horace Gray in Court Street, to begin again: "My Lords and Gentlemen"; dozing after a two o'clock dinner, or waking to discuss politics with the future Justice. There, in ordinary times, he would have remained for life, his attempt at education in treason having, like all the rest, disastrously failed.

DIPLOMACY (1861)

HARDLY a week passed when the newspapers announced that President Lincoln had selected Charles Francis Adams as his Minister to England. Once more, silently, Henry put Blackstone back on its shelf. As Friar Bacon's head sententiously announced many centuries before: Time had passed! The Civil Law lasted a brief day; the Common Law prolonged its shadowy existence for a week. The law, altogether, as path of education, vanished in April, 1861, leaving a million young men planted in the mud of a lawless world, to begin a new life without education at all. They asked few questions, but if they had asked millions they would have got no answers. No one could help. Looking back on this moment of crisis, nearly fifty years afterwards, one could only shake one's white beard in silent horror. Mr. Adams once more intimated that he thought himself entitled to the services of one of his sons, and he indicated Henry as the only one who could be spared from more serious duties. Henry packed his trunk again without a word. He could offer no protest. Ridiculous as he knew himself about to be in his new rôle, he was less ridiculous than his betters. He was at least no public official, like the thousands of improvised secretaries and generals who crowded their jealousies and intrigues on the President. He was not a vulture of carrion—patronage.

The private secretary was no worse off than his neighbors except in being called earlier into service. On April 13 the storm burst and rolled several hundred thousand young men like Henry Adams into the surf of a wild ocean, all helpless like himself, to be beaten about for four years by the waves of war. Adams still had time to watch the regiments form ranks before Boston State House in the April evenings and march southward, quietly enough, with the air of business they wore from their cradles, but with few signs or sounds of excitement. He had time also to go down the harbor to see his brother Charles quartered

in Fort Independence before being thrown, with a hundred thousand more, into the furnace of the Army of the Potomac to get educated in a fury of fire. Few things were for the moment so trivial in importance as the solitary private secretary crawling down to the wretched old Cunard steamer *Niagara* at East Boston to start again for Liverpool. This time the pitcher of education had gone to the fountain once too often; it was fairly broken; and the young man had got to meet a hostile world without defence—or arms.

Of what they had to expect, the Minister knew no more than his son. What he or Mr. Seward or Mr. Sumner may have thought is the affair of history and their errors concern historians. The errors of a private secretary concerned no one but himself, and were a large part of his education. He thought on May 12 that he was going to a friendly Government and people, true to the anti-slavery principles which had been their steadiest profession. For a hundred years the chief effort of his family had aimed at bringing the Government of England into intelligent coöperation with the objects and interests of America. His father was about to make a new effort, and this time the chance of success was promising. The slave States had been the chief apparent obstacle to good understanding. As for the private secretary himself, he was, like all Bostonians, instinctively English. He could not conceive the idea of a hostile England. He supposed himself, as one of the members of a famous anti-slavery family, to be welcome everywhere in the British Islands.

On May 13, he met the official announcement that England recognized the belligerency of the Confederacy. This beginning of a new education tore up by the roots nearly all that was left of Harvard College and Germany. He had to learn—the sooner the better—that his ideas were the reverse of truth; that in May, 1861, no one in England—literally no one—doubted that Jefferson Davis had made or would make a nation, and nearly all were glad of it, though not often saying so. They mostly imitated Palmerston, who, according to Mr. Gladstone, “desired the severance as a diminution of a dangerous power, but prudently held his tongue.” The sentiment of anti-slavery had disappeared. Lord John Russell, as Foreign Secretary, had received the rebel emissaries, and had decided to recognize their belligerency before the arrival of Mr. Adams in order to fix the position of the British Government in advance. The recognition of independence would then become an understood policy; a matter of time and occasion.

One afternoon when he was struggling to resist complete nervous depression in the solitude of Mansfield Street, during the absence of the Minister and Mrs. Adams on a country visit, Reuter's telegram announcing the seizure of Mason and Slidell from a British mail-steamer was brought to the office. All three secretaries, public and private, were there—nervous as wild beasts under the long strain on their endurance—and all three, though they knew it to be not merely their order of departure—not merely diplomatic rupture—but a declaration of war—broke into

shouts of delight. They were glad to face the end. They saw it and cheered it! Since England was waiting only for its own moment to strike, they were eager to strike first.

They telegraphed the news to the Minister, who was staying with Monckton Milnes at Fryston, in Yorkshire. How Mr. Adams took it, is told in the "Lives" of Lord Houghton and William E. Forster who was one of the Fryston party. The moment was for him the crisis of his diplomatic career; for the secretaries it was merely the beginning of another intolerable delay, as though they were a military outpost waiting orders to quit an abandoned position. At the moment of sharpest suspense, the Prince Consort sickened and died. Portland Place at Christmas in a black fog was never a rosy landscape, but in 1861 the most hardened Londoner lost his ruddiness. The private secretary had one source of comfort denied to them—he should not be private secretary long.

He was mistaken—of course! He had been mistaken at every point of his education, and, on this point, he kept up the same mistake for nearly seven years longer, always deluded by the notion that the end was near.

FOES OR FRIENDS (1862)

OF THE YEAR 1862 Henry Adams could never think without a shudder. The war alone did not greatly distress him; already in his short life he was used to seeing people wade in blood, and he could plainly discern in history, that man from the beginning had found his chief amusement in bloodshed; but the ferocious joy of destruction at its best requires that one should kill what one hates, and young Adams neither hated nor wanted to kill his friends the rebels, while he wanted nothing so much as to wipe England off the earth. Never could any good come from that besotted race! He was feebly trying to save his own life. Every day the British Government deliberately crowded him one step further into the grave. He could see it; the Legation knew it; no one doubted it; no one thought of questioning it. The Trent Affair showed where Palmerston and Russell stood. The escape of the rebel cruisers from Liverpool was not, in a young man's eyes, the sign of hesitation, but the proof of their fixed intention to intervene. Lord Russell's replies to Mr. Adams's notes were discourteous in their indifference, and, to an irritable young private secretary of twenty-four, were insolent in their disregard of truth. Whatever forms of phrase were usual in public to modify the harshness of invective, in private no political opponent in England, and few political friends, hesitated to say brutally of Lord John Russell that he lied. This was no great reproach, for, more or less, every statesman lied, but the intensity of the private secretary's rage sprang from his belief that Russell's form of defence covered intent to kill. Not for an instant did the Legation draw a free breath. The suspense was hideous and unendurable.

The Minister, no doubt, endured it, but he had support and con-

sideration, while his son had nothing to think about but his friends who were mostly dying under McClellan in the swamps about Richmond, or his enemies who were exulting in Pall Mall. He bore it as well as he could till midsummer, but, when the story of the second Bull Run appeared, he could bear it no longer, and after a sleepless night, walking up and down his room without reflecting that his father was beneath him, he announced at breakfast his intention to go home into the army. His mother seemed to be less impressed by the announcement than by the walking over her head, which was so unlike her as to surprise her son. His father, too, received the announcement quietly. No doubt they expected it, and had taken their measures in advance. In those days, parents got used to all sorts of announcements from their children. Mr. Adams took his son's defection as quietly as he took Bull Run; but his son never got the chance to go. He found obstacles constantly rising in his path. The remonstrances of his brother Charles, who was himself in the Army of the Potomac, and whose opinion had always the greatest weight with Henry, had much to do with delaying action; but he felt, of his own accord, that if he deserted his post in London, and found the Capuan comforts he expected in Virginia where he would have only bullets to wound him, he would never forgive himself for leaving his father and mother alone to be devoured by the wild beasts of the British amphitheatre. This reflection might not have stopped him, but his father's suggestion was decisive. The Minister pointed out that it was too late for him to take part in the actual campaign, and that long before next spring they would all go home together.

The young man had copied too many affidavits about rebel cruisers to miss the point of this argument, so he sat down again to copy some more.

ECCENTRICITY (1863)

KNOWLEDGE of human nature is the beginning and end of political education, but several years of arduous study in the neighborhood of Westminster led Henry Adams to think that knowledge of English human nature had little or no value outside of England. In Paris, such a habit stood in one's way; in America, it roused all the instincts of native jealousy. The English mind was one-sided, eccentric, systematically unsystematic, and logically illogical. The less one knew of it, the better.

The English themselves hardly conceived that their mind was either economical, sharp, or direct; but the defect that most struck an American was its enormous waste in eccentricity. Americans needed and used their whole energy, and applied it with close economy; but English society was eccentric by law and for sake of the eccentricity itself.

The commonest phrase overheard at an English club or dinner-table was that So-and-So "is quite mad." It was no offence to So-and-So; it hardly distinguished him from his fellows; and when applied to a public man, like Gladstone, it was qualified by epithets much more forcible.

Eccentricity was so general as to become hereditary distinction. It made the chief charm of English society as well as its chief terror.

The American delighted in Thackeray as a satirist, but Thackeray quite justly maintained that he was not a satirist at all, and that his pictures of English society were exact and good-natured. The American, who could not believe it, fell back on Dickens, who, at all events, had the vice of exaggeration to extravagance, but Dickens's English audience thought the exaggeration rather in manner or style, than in types.

The private secretary, like every other Bostonian, began by regarding British eccentricity as a force. Contact with it, in the shape of Palmerston, Russell, and Gladstone, made him hesitate; he saw his own national type—his father, Weed, Evarts, for instance—deal with the British, and show itself certainly not the weaker; certainly sometimes the stronger. Biassed though he were, he could hardly be biassed to such a degree as to mistake the effects of force on others, and while—labor as he might—Earl Russell and his state papers seemed weak to a secretary, he could not see that they seemed strong to Russell's own followers. Russell might be dishonest or he might be merely obtuse—the English type might be brutal or might be only stupid—but strong, in either case, it was not, nor did it seem strong to Englishmen.

By natural affinity the social eccentrics commonly sympathized with political eccentricity. The English mind took naturally to rebellion—when foreign—and it felt particular confidence in the Southern Confederacy because of its combined attributes—foreign rebellion of English blood—which came nearer ideal eccentricity than could be reached by Poles, Hungarians, Italians or Frenchmen. All the English eccentrics rushed into the ranks of rebel sympathizers, leaving few but well-balanced minds to attach themselves to the cause of the Union. None of the English leaders on the Northern side were marked eccentrics.

One day in early spring, March 26, 1863, the Minister requested his private secretary to attend a Trades-Union Meeting at St. James's Hall, which was the result of Professor Beesly's patient efforts to unite Bright and the Trades-Unions on an American platform. The secretary went to the meeting and made a report which reposes somewhere on file in the State Department to this day, as harmless as such reports should be; but it contained no mention of what interested young Adams most—Bright's psychology. With singular skill and oratorical power, Bright managed at the outset, in his opening paragraph, to insult or outrage every class of Englishman commonly considered respectable, and, for fear of any escaping, he insulted them repeatedly under consecutive heads. The rhetorical effect was tremendous:—

"Privilege thinks it has a great interest in the American contest," he began in his massive, deliberate tones; "and every morning with blatant voice, it comes into our streets and curses the American Republic. Privilege has beheld an afflicting spectacle for many years past. It has beheld thirty million of men happy and prosperous, without emperors—without king (*cheers*)—without the surroundings of a court (*renewed cheers*)—

without nobles, except such as are made by eminence in intellect and virtue—without State bishops and State priests, those vendors of the love that works salvation (*cheers*)—without great armies and great navies—without a great debt and great taxes—and Privilege has shuddered at what might happen to old Europe if this great experiment should succeed."

An ingenious man, with an inventive mind, might have managed, in the same number of lines, to offend more Englishmen than Bright struck in this sentence; but he must have betrayed artifice and hurt his oratory. The audience cheered furiously, and the private secretary felt peace in his much troubled mind, for he knew how careful the Ministry would be, once they saw Bright talk republican principles before Trades-Unions; but, while he did not, like Roebuck, see reason to doubt the courage of a man who, after quarrelling with the Trades-Unions, quarreled with all the world outside the Trades-Unions, he did feel a doubt whether to class Bright as eccentric or conventional. Every one called Bright "un-English," from Lord Palmerston to William E. Forster; but to an American he seemed more English than any of his critics. He was a liberal hater, and what he hated he reviled after the manner of Milton, but he was afraid of no one. He was almost the only man in England, or, for that matter, in Europe, who hated Palmerston and was not afraid of him, or of the press or the pulpit, the clubs or the bench, that stood behind him. He loathed the whole fabric of sham religion, sham loyalty, sham aristocracy, and sham socialism. He had the British weakness of believing only in himself and his own conventions. In all this, an American saw, if one may make the distinction, much racial eccentricity, but little that was personal. Bright was singularly well poised; but he used singularly strong language.

The sum of these experiences in 1863 left the conviction that eccentricity was weakness. The young American who should adopt English thought was lost. From the facts, the conclusion was correct, yet, as usual, the conclusion was wrong. The years of Palmerston's last Cabinet, 1859 to 1865, were avowedly years of truce—of arrested development. The British system, like the French, was in its last stage of decomposition. Never had the British mind shown itself so *décousu*—so unravelled, at sea, floundering in every sort of historical shipwreck. Eccentricities had a free field. Contradictions swarmed in State and Church. England devoted thirty years of arduous labor to clearing away only a part of the *débris*. A young American in 1863 could see little or nothing of the future. He might dream, but he could not foretell, the suddenness with which the old Europe, with England in its wake, was to vanish in 1870. He was in dead-water, and the parti-colored, fantastic cranks swam about his boat, as though he were the ancient mariner, and they saurians of the prime.

DILETTANTISM (1865-66)

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1864 and the re-election of Mr. Lincoln in November set the American Minister on so firm a footing that he could safely regard his own anxieties as over, and the anxieties of Earl Russell and the Emperor Napoleon as begun. With a few months more his own term of four years would come to an end, and even though the questions still under discussion with England should somewhat prolong his stay, he might look forward with some confidence to his return home in 1865. His son no longer fretted. The time for going into the army had passed. If he were to be useful at all, it must be as a son, and as a son he was treated with the widest indulgence and trust. He knew that he was doing himself no good by staying in London, but thus far in life he had done himself no good anywhere, and reached his twenty-seventh birthday without having advanced a step, that he could see, beyond his twenty-first. For the most part, his friends were worse off than he. The war was about to end and they were to be set adrift in a world they would find altogether strange.

At this point, as though to cut the last thread of relation, six months were suddenly dropped out of his life in England. The London climate had told on some of the family, the physicians prescribed a winter in Italy. Of course the private secretary was detached as their escort, since this was one of his professional functions; and he passed six months, gaining an education as Italian courier, while the Civil War came to its end.

The assassination of President Lincoln fell on the party while they were at Rome, where it seemed singularly fitting to that nursery of murderers and murdered, as though America were also getting educated. Again one went to meditate on the steps of the Santa Maria in Ara Cœli, but the lesson seemed as shallow as before. Nothing happened. The travellers changed no plan or movement. The Minister did not recall them to London. The season was over before they returned; and when the private secretary sat down again at his desk in Portland Place before a mass of copy in arrears, he saw before him a world so changed as to be beyond connection with the past. His identity, if one could call a bundle of disconnected memories an identity, seemed to remain; but his life was once more broken into separate pieces; he was a spider and had to spin a new web in some new place with a new attachment.

In any ordinary system he would have been called back to serve in the State Department, but, between the President and the Senate, service of any sort became a delusion. The choice of career was more difficult than the education which had proved impracticable. Adams saw no road; in fact there was none.

One profession alone seemed possible—the press. In 1860 he would have said that he was born to be an editor, like at least a thousand other

young graduates from American colleges who entered the world every year enjoying the same conviction; but in 1866 the situation was altered; the possession of money had become doubly needful for success, and double energy was essential to get money. America had more than doubled her scale. Yet the press was still the last resource of the educated poor who could not be artists and would not be tutors. Any man who was fit for nothing else could write an editorial or a criticism. The enormous mass of misinformation accumulated in ten years of nomad life could always be worked off on a helpless public, in diluted doses, if one could but secure a table in the corner of a newspaper office. The press was an inferior pulpit; an anonymous schoolmaster; a cheap boarding-school; but it was still the nearest approach to a career for the literary survivor of a wrecked education. For the press, then, Henry Adams decided to fit himself, and since he could not go home to get practical training, he set to work to do what he could in London.

While drifting, after the war ended, many old American friends came abroad for a holiday, and among the rest, Dr. Palfrey, busy with his "History of New England." His work was rather an Apologia in the Greek sense; a justification of the ways of God to Man, or, what was much the same thing, of Puritans to other men; and the task of justification was onerous enough to require the occasional relief of a contrast or scapegoat. When Dr. Palfrey happened on the picturesque but unpuritanic figure of Captain John Smith, he felt no call to beautify Smith's picture or to defend his moral character; he became impartial and penetrating. The famous story of Pocahontas roused his latent New England scepticism. He suggested to Adams, who wanted to make a position for himself, that an article in the *North American Review* on Captain John Smith's relations with Pocahontas would attract as much attention, and probably break as much glass, as any other stone that could be thrown by a beginner. Adams could suggest nothing better. The task seemed likely to be amusing. So he planted himself in the British Museum and patiently worked over all the material he could find, until, at last, after three or four months of labor, he got it in shape and sent it to Charles Norton, who was then editing the *North American*. Mr. Norton very civilly and even kindly accepted it. The article appeared in January, 1867.

Surely, here was something to ponder over, as a step in education; something that tended to stagger a sceptic! In spite of personal wishes, intentions, and prejudices; in spite of civil wars and diplomatic education; in spite of determination to be actual, daily, and practical, Henry Adams found himself, at twenty-eight, still in English society, dragged on one side into English dilettantism, which of all dilettantism he held the most futile: and, on the other, into American antiquarianism, which of all antiquarianism he held the most foolish. This was the result of five years in London. Even then he knew it to be a false start. He had wholly lost his way. If he were ever to amount to anything, he must begin a new education, in a new place, with a new purpose.

DARWINISM (1867-68)

POLITICS, diplomacy, law, art, and history had opened no outlet for future energy or effort, but a man must do something, even in Portland Place, when winter is dark and winter evenings are exceedingly long. At that moment Darwin was convulsing society. The geological champion of Darwin was Sir Charles Lyell, and the Lyells were intimate at the Legation. Sir Charles constantly said of Darwin, what Palgrave said of Tennyson, that the first time he came to town, Adams should be asked to meet him, but neither of them ever came to town, or ever cared to meet a young American, and one could not go to them because they were known to dislike intrusion.

He never tried to understand Darwin; but he still fancied he might get the best part of Darwinism from the easier study of geology; a science which suited idle minds as well as though it were history. Every curate in England dabbled in geology and hunted for vestiges of Creation. Darwin hunted only for vestiges of Natural Selection, and Adams followed him, although he cared nothing about Selection, unless perhaps for the indirect amusement of upsetting curates. He felt, like nine men in ten, an instinctive belief in Evolution, but he felt no more concern in Natural than in unnatural Selection, though he seized with greediness the new volume on the "Antiquity of Man" which Sir Charles Lyell published in 1863 in order to support Darwin by wrecking the Garden of Eden. Sir Charles next brought out, in 1866, a new edition of his "Principles," then the highest text-book of geology; but here the Darwinian doctrine grew in stature. Natural Selection led back to Natural Evolution, and at last to Natural Uniformity. This was a vast stride. Unbroken Evolution under uniform conditions pleased every one—except curates and bishops; it was the very best substitute for religion; a safe, conservative, practical, thoroughly Common-Law deity. Such a working system for the universe suited a young man who had just helped to waste five or ten thousand million dollars and a million lives, more or less, to enforce unity and uniformity on people who objected to it; the idea was only too seductive in its perfection; it had the charm of art. Unity and Uniformity were the whole motive of philosophy, and if Darwin, like a true Englishman, preferred to back into it—to reach God *a posteriori*—rather than start from it, like Spinoza, the difference of method taught only the moral that the best way of reaching unity was to unite. Any road was good that arrived.

Life depended on it. One had been, from the first, dragged hither and thither like a French poodle on a string, following always the strongest pull, between one form of unity or centralization and another. The proof that one had acted wisely because of obeying the primordial habit of nature flattered one's self-esteem. Steady, uniform, unbroken evolution from lower to higher seemed easy. So, one day when Sir Charles came to the Legation to inquire about getting his "Principles" properly no-

ticed in America, young Adams found nothing simpler than to suggest that he could do it himself if Sir Charles would tell him what to say. Youth risks such encounters with the universe before one succumbs to it, yet even he was surprised at Sir Charles's ready assent, and still more so at finding himself, after half an hour's conversation, sitting down to clear the minds of American geologists about the principles of their profession. This was getting on fast; Arthur Pendennis had never gone so far.

The geologists were a hardy class, not likely to be much hurt by Adams's learning, nor did he throw away much concern on their account. He undertook the task chiefly to educate, not them, but himself, and if Sir Isaac Newton had, like Sir Charles Lyell, asked him to explain for Americans his last edition of the "Principia," Adams would have jumped at the chance.

Quite serious about it, he set to work at once. While confusing his ideas about geology to the apparent satisfaction of Sir Charles who left him his field-compass in token of it, Adams turned resolutely to business, and attacked the burning question of specie payments.

With labor and caution he made one long article on British Finance in 1816, and another on the Bank Restriction of 1797-1821, and, doing both up in one package, he sent it to the *North American* for choice. He knew that two heavy, technical, financial studies, thus thrown at an editor's head, would probably return to crush the author; but the audacity of youth is more sympathetic—when successful—than his ignorance. The editor accepted both.

When the post brought his letter, Adams looked at it as though he were a debtor who had begged for an extension. He read it with as much relief as the debtor, if it had brought him the loan. The letter gave the new writer literary rank. Henceforward he had the freedom of the press. These articles, following those on Pocahontas and Lyell, enrolled him on the permanent staff of the *North American Review*. Precisely what this rank was worth, no one could say; but, for fifty years the *North American Review* had been the stage coach which carried literary Bostonians to such distinction as they had achieved.

Thus it turned out that the last year in England was the pleasantest. He was already old in society, and belonged to the Silurian horizon. The Prince of Wales had come. Mr. Disraeli, Lord Stanley, and the future Lord Salisbury had thrown into the background the memories of Palmerston and Russell. Europe was moving rapidly, and the conduct of England during the American Civil War was the last thing that London liked to recall. The revolution since 1861 was nearly complete, and, for the first time in history, the American felt himself almost as strong as an Englishman. He had thirty years to wait before he should feel himself stronger. Meanwhile even a private secretary could afford to be happy. His old education was finished; his new one was not begun; he still loitered a year, feeling himself near the end of a very long, anxious, tempestuous, successful voyage, with another to follow, and a summer sea between.

He made what use he could of it. In February, 1868, he was back in Rome with his friend Milnes Gaskell. For another season he wandered on horseback over the campagna or on foot through the Rome of the Middle Ages, and sat once more on the steps of Ara Cœli, as had become with him almost a superstition, like the waters of the fountain of Trevi. Rome was still tragic and solemn as ever, with its mediæval society, artistic, literary, and clerical, taking itself as seriously as in the days of Byron and Shelley. The long ten years of accidental education had changed nothing for him there. He knew no more in 1868 than in 1858. He had learned nothing whatever that made Rome more intelligible to him, or made life easier to handle. The case was no better when he got back to London and went through his last season. London had become his vice. He loved his haunts, his houses, his habits, and even his hansom cabs. He loved growling like an Englishman, and going into society where he knew not a face, and cared not a straw. He lived deep into the lives and loves and disappointments of his friends. When at last he found himself back again at Liverpool, his heart wrenched by the act of parting, he moved mechanically, unstrung, but he had no more acquired education than when he first trod the steps of the Adelphi Hotel in November, 1858. He could see only one great change, and this was wholly in years. Eaton Hall no longer impressed his imagination; even the architecture of Chester roused but a sleepy interest; he felt no sensation whatever in the atmosphere of the British peerage, but mainly an habitual dislike to most of the people who frequented their country houses; he had become English to the point of sharing their petty social divisions, their dislikes and prejudices against each other; he took England no longer with the awe of American youth, but with the habit of an old and rather worn suit of clothes. As far as he knew, this was all that Englishmen meant by social education, but in any case it was all the education he had gained from seven years in London.

THE PRESS (1868)

AT TEN O'CLOCK of a July night, in heat that made the tropical rain-shower simmer, the Adams family and the Motley family clambered down the side of their Cunard steamer into the government tugboat, which set them ashore in black darkness at the end of some North River pier. Had they been Tyrian traders of the year B.C. 1000, landing from a galley fresh from Gibraltar, they could hardly have been stranger on the shore of a world, so changed from what it had been ten years before. The historian of the Dutch, no longer historian but diplomatist, started up an unknown street, in company with the private secretary who had become private citizen, in search of carriages to convey the two parties to the Brevoort House. The pursuit was arduous but successful. Towards midnight they found shelter once more in their native land.

Henry Adams reached Quincy once more, ready for the new start.

His brother Charles had determined to strike for the railroads; Henry was to strike for the press; and they hoped to play into each other's hands. They had great need, for they found no one else to play with. After discovering the worthlessness of a so-called education, they had still to discover the worthlessness of so-called social connection. No young man had a larger acquaintance and relationship than Henry Adams, yet he knew no one who could help him. He was for sale, in the open market. So were many of his friends. All the world knew it, and knew too that they were cheap; to be bought at the price of a mechanic. There was no concealment, no delicacy, and no illusion about it.

Since no other path seemed to offer itself, he stuck to his plan of joining the press, and selected Washington as the shortest road to New York.

After seven years' arduous and unsuccessful effort to explore the outskirts of London society, the Washington world offered an easy and delightful repose. When he looked round him, from the safe shelter of Mr. Evarts's roof, on the men he was to work with—or against—he had to admit that nine-tenths of his acquired education was useless, and the other tenth harmful. He would have to begin again from the beginning. He must learn to talk to the Western Congressman, and to hide his own antecedents. The task was amusing. He could see nothing to prevent him from enjoying it, with immoral unconcern for all that had gone before and for anything that might follow. The lobby offered a spectacle almost picturesque. Few figures on the Paris stage were more entertaining and dramatic than old Sam Ward, who knew more of life than all the departments of the Government together, including the Senate and the Smithsonian. Society had not much to give, but what it had, it gave with an open hand. For the moment, politics had ceased to disturb social relations. All parties were mixed up and jumbled together in a sort of tidal slack-water. The Government resembled Adams himself in the matter of education. All that had gone before was useless, and some of it was worse.

PRESIDENT GRANT (1869)

THE FIRST EFFECT of this leap into the unknown was a fit of low spirits new to the young man's education; due in part to the overpowering beauty and sweetness of the Maryland autumn, almost unendurable for its strain on one who had toned his life down to the November grays and browns of northern Europe. Life could not go on so beautiful and so sad. Luckily, no one else felt it or knew it. He bore it as well as he could, and when he picked himself up, winter had come.

Two or three months remained to the old administration, but all interest centered in the new one. The town began to swarm with office-seekers, among whom a young writer was lost. He drifted among them, unnoticed, glad to learn his work under cover of the confusion. He never aspired to become a regular reporter; he knew he should fail in trying

a career so ambitious and energetic; but he picked up friends on the press—Nordhoff, Murat Halstead, Henry Watterson, Sam Bowles—all reformers, and all mixed and jumbled together in a tidal wave of expectation, waiting for General Grant to give orders. No one seemed to know much about it. Even Senators had nothing to say. One could only make notes and study finance.

He gave three months to an article on the finances of the United States, just then a subject greatly needing treatment; and when he had finished it, he sent it to London to his friend Henry Reeve, the ponderous editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. Reeve probably thought it good; at all events, he said so; and he printed it in April. Of course it was reprinted in America, but in England such articles were still anonymous, and the author remained unknown.

At least four-fifths of the American people—Adams among the rest—had united in the election of General Grant to the Presidency, and probably had been more or less affected in their choice by the parallel they felt between Grant and Washington. Nothing could be more obvious. Grant represented order. He was a great soldier, and the soldier always represented order. He might be as partisan as he pleased, but a general who had organized and commanded half a million or a million men in the field, must know how to administer.

Adams was young and easily deceived, in spite of his diplomatic adventures, but even at twice his age he could not see that this reliance on Grant was unreasonable. Had Grant been a Congressman one would have been on one's guard, for one knew the type. One never expected from a Congressman more than good intentions and public spirit.

Therefore no one, and Henry Adams less than most, felt hope that any President chosen from the ranks of politics or politicians would raise the character of government; and by instinct if not by reason, all the world united on Grant. The Senate understood what the world expected, and waited in silence for a struggle with Grant more serious than that with Andrew Johnson.

With this thought in mind, he went to the Capitol to hear the names announced which should reveal the carefully guarded secret of Grant's Cabinet. To the end of his life, he wondered at the suddenness of the revolution which actually, within five minutes, changed his intended future into an absurdity so laughable as to make him ashamed of it. He was to hear a long list of Cabinet announcements not much weaker or more futile than that of Grant, and none of them made him blush, while Grant's nominations had the singular effect of making the hearer ashamed, not so much of Grant, as of himself. He had made another total misconception of life—another inconceivable false start. Yet, unlikely as it seemed, he had missed his motive narrowly, and his intention had been more than sound, for the Senators made no secret of saying with senatorial frankness that Grant's nominations betrayed his intent as plainly as they betrayed his incompetence. A great soldier might be a baby politician.

Badeau took Adams to the White House one evening and introduced him to the President and Mrs. Grant. First and last, he saw a dozen Presidents at the White House, and the most famous were by no means the most agreeable, but he found Grant the most curious object of study among them all. About no one did opinions differ so widely. Adams had no opinion, or occasion to make one. A single word with Grant satisfied him that, for his own good, the fewer words he risked, the better. Thus far in life he had met with but one man of the same intellectual or unintellectual type—Garibaldi. Of the two, Garibaldi seemed to him a trifle the more intellectual, but, in both, the intellect counted for nothing; only the energy counted. The type was pre-intellectual, archaic, and would have seemed so even to the cave-dwellers. Adam, according to legend, was such a man.

Adams did not feel Grant as a hostile force; like Badeau he saw only an uncertain one. When in action he was superb and safe to follow; only when torpid he was dangerous. Simple-minded beyond the experience of Wall Street or State Street, he resorted, like most men of the same intellectual calibre, to commonplaces when at a loss for expression: "Let us have peace!" or, "The best way to treat a bad law is to execute it"; or a score of such reversible sentences generally to be gauged by their sententiousness; but sometimes he made one doubt his good faith; as when he seriously remarked to a particularly bright young woman that Venice would be a fine city if it were drained. In Mark Twain, this suggestion would have taken rank among his best witticisms; in Grant it was a measure of simplicity not singular. Robert E. Lee betrayed the same intellectual commonplace, in a Virginian form, not to the same degree, but quite distinctly enough for one who knew the American. What worried Adams was not the commonplace; it was, as usual, his own education. Education became more perplexing at every phase.

Before he got back to Quincy, the summer was already half over, and in another six weeks the effects of President Grant's character showed themselves. They were startling—astounding—terrifying. The mystery that shrouded the famous, classical attempt of Jay Gould to corner gold in September, 1869, has never been cleared up—at least so far as to make it intelligible to Adams. Gould was led, by the change at Washington, into the belief that he could safely corner gold without interference from the Government.

This meant that any criminal lawyer would have been bound to start an investigation by insisting that Gould had assurances from the White House or the Treasury, since none other could have satisfied him. To young men wasting their summer at Quincy for want of some one to hire their services at three dollars a day, such a dramatic scandal was Heaven-sent. Charles and Henry Adams jumped at it like salmon at a fly, with as much voracity as Jay Gould, or his *âme damnée* Jim Fisk, had ever shown for Eric; and with as little fear of consequences. They risked something; no one could say what; but the people about the Erie office were not regarded as lambs.

The unravelling a skein so tangled as that of the Erie Railway was a task that might have given months of labor to the most efficient District Attorney, with all his official tools to work with. Charles took the railway history, Henry took the so-called Gold Conspiracy; and they went to New York to work it up. The surface was in full view. They had no trouble in Wall Street, and they paid their respects in person to the famous Jim Fisk in his Opera-House Palace; but the New York side of the story helped Henry little. He needed to penetrate the political mystery, and for this purpose he had to wait for Congress to meet. At first he feared that Congress would suppress the scandal, but the Congressional Investigation was ordered and took place. He soon knew all that was to be known; the material for his essay was furnished by the Government.

Grant's administration outraged every rule of ordinary decency, but scores of promising men, whom the country could not well spare, were ruined in saying so. The world cared little for decency. What it wanted, it did not know, probably a system that would work, and men who could work it; but it found neither. Adams had tried his own little hands on it, and had failed. His friends had been driven out of Washington or had taken to fisticuffs. He himself sat down and stared helplessly into the future.

The result was a review of the Session for the July *North American* into which he crammed and condensed everything he thought he had observed and all he had been told. He thought it good history then, and he thought it better twenty years afterwards; he thought it even good enough to reprint. As it happened, in the process of his devious education, this "Session" of 1869-70 proved to be his last study in current politics, and his last dying testament as a humble member of the press. As such, he stood by it. He could have said no more, had he gone on reviewing every session in the rest of the century. The political dilemma was as clear in 1870 as it was likely to be in 1970.

Adams never had been so busy, so interested, so much in the thick of the crowd. He knew Congressmen by scores and newspaper-men by the dozen. He wrote for his various organs all sorts of attacks and defences. He enjoyed the life enormously, and found himself as happy as Sam Ward or Sunset Cox; much happier than his friends Fish or J. D. Cox, or Chief Justice Chase or Attorney-General Hoar or Charles Sumner. When spring came, he took to the woods, which were best of all, for after the first of April, what Maurice de Guérin called "the vast maternity" of nature showed charms more voluptuous than the vast paternity of the United States Senate. Senators were less ornamental than the dogwood or even the judas-tree. They were, as a rule, less good company. Adams astonished himself by remarking what a purified charm was lent to the Capitol by the greatest possible distance, as one caught glimpses of the dome over miles of forest foliage. At such moments he pondered on the distant beauty of St. Peter's and the steps of Ara Cœli.

Yet he shortened his spring, for he needed to get back to London

for the season. He had finished his New York "Gold Conspiracy," which he meant for his friend Henry Reeve and the *Edinburgh Review*. It was the best piece of work he had done, but this was not his reason for publishing it in England. The Erie scandal had provoked a sort of revolt among respectable New Yorkers, as well as among some who were not so respectable; and the attack on Erie was beginning to promise success. London was a sensitive spot for the Erie management, and it was thought well to strike them there, where they were socially and financially exposed. The tactics suited him in another way, for any expression about America in an English review attracted ten times the attention in America that the same article would attract in the *North American*. Habitually the American dailies reprinted such articles in full. Adams wanted to escape the terrors of copyright; his highest ambition was to be pirated and advertised free of charge, since, in any case, his pay was nothing. Under the excitement of chase, he was becoming a pirate himself, and liked it.

CHAOS (1870)

ONE FINE May afternoon in 1870 Adams drove again up St. James's Street wondering more than ever at the marvels of life.

In this year of all years, Adams lost sight of education. Things began smoothly, and London glowed with the pleasant sense of familiarity and dinners. He sniffed with voluptuous delight the coal-smoke of Cheapside and revelled in the architecture of Oxford Street. May Fair never shone so fair to Arthur Pendennis as it did to the returned American. The country never smiled its velvet smile of trained and easy hostess as it did when he was so lucky as to be asked on a country visit. He loved it all—everything—had always loved it! He felt almost attached to the Royal Exchange. He thought he owned the St. James's Club. He patronized the Legation.

The first shock came lightly, as though Nature were playing tricks on her spoiled child, though she had thus far not exerted herself to spoil him. Reeve refused the Gold Conspiracy. Adams had become used to the idea that he was free of the Quarterlies, and that his writing would be printed of course; but he was stunned by the reason of refusal. Reeve said it would bring half-a-dozen libel suits on him.

He gladly set down Reeve's refusal of the Gold Conspiracy to respectability and editorial law, but when he sent the manuscript on to the *Quarterly*, the editor of the *Quarterly* also refused it. The literary standard of the two Quarterlies was not so high as to suggest that the article was illiterate beyond the power of an active and willing editor to redeem it. Adams had no choice but to realize that he had to deal in 1870 with the same old English character of 1860, and the same inability in himself to understand it. As usual, when an ally was needed, the American was driven into the arms of the radicals. Respectability, everywhere and always, turned its back the moment one asked to do it a favor. Called

suddenly away from England, he despatched the article, at the last moment, to the *Westminster Review* and heard no more about it for nearly six months.

He had been some weeks in London when he received a telegram from his brother-in-law at the Bagni di Lucca telling him that his sister had been thrown from a cab and injured, and that he had better come on. He started that night, and reached the Bagni di Lucca on the second day. Tetanus had already set in.

The last lesson—the sum and term of education—began then. He had passed through thirty years of rather varied experience without having once felt the shell of custom broken. He had never seen Nature—only her surface—the sugar-coating that she shows to youth. Flung suddenly in his face, with the harsh brutality of chance, the terror of the blow stayed by him thenceforth for life, until repetition made it more than the will could struggle with; more than he could call on himself to bear. He found his sister, a woman of forty, as gay and brilliant in the terrors of lockjaw as she had been in the careless fun of 1859, lying in bed in consequence of a miserable cab-accident that had bruised her foot. Hour by hour the muscles grew rigid, while the mind remained bright, until after ten days of fiendish torture she died in convulsions.

While at Wenlock, he received a letter from President Eliot inviting him to take an Assistant Professorship of History, to be created shortly at Harvard College. After waiting ten or a dozen years for some one to show consciousness of his existence, even a *Terebratula* would be pleased and grateful for a compliment which implied that the new President of Harvard College wanted his help; but Adams knew nothing about history, and much less about teaching, while he knew more than enough about Harvard College; and wrote at once to thank President Eliot, with much regret that the honor should be above his powers. His mind was full of other matters. The summer, from which he had expected only amusement and social relations with new people, had ended in the most intimate personal tragedy, and the most terrific political convulsion he had ever known or was likely to know. He had failed in every object of his trip. The Quarterlies had refused his best essay. He had made no acquaintances and hardly picked up the old ones. He sailed from Liverpool, on September 1, to begin again where he had started two years before, but with no longer a hope of attaching himself to a President or a party or a press. He was a free lance and no other career stood in sight or mind. To that point education had brought him.

Yet he found, on reaching home, that he had not done quite so badly as he feared. His article on the Session in the July *North American* had made a success. Though he could not quite see what partisan object it served, he heard with flattered astonishment that it had been reprinted by the Democratic National Committee and circulated as a campaign document by the hundred thousand copies. He was henceforth in opposition, do what he might; and a Massachusetts Democrat, say what he pleased; while his only reward or return for this partisan service con-

sisted in being formally answered by Senator Timothy Howe, of Wisconsin, in a Republican campaign document, presumed to be also freely circulated, in which the Senator, besides refuting his opinions, did him the honor—most unusual and picturesque in a Senator's rhetoric—of likening him to a begonia.

No sooner had Adams made at Washington what he modestly hoped was a sufficient success, than his whole family set on him to drag him away. For the first time since 1861 his father interposed; his mother entreated; and his brother Charles argued and urged that he should come to Harvard College. Charles had views of further joint operations in a new field. He said that Henry had done at Washington all he could possibly do; that his position there wanted solidity; that he was, after all, an adventurer; that a few years in Cambridge would give him personal weight; that his chief function was not to be that of teacher, but that of editing the *North American Review* which was to be coupled with the professorship, and would lead to the daily press. In short, that he needed the university more than the university needed him.

Henry knew the university well enough to know that the department of history was controlled by one of the most astute and ideal administrators in the world—Professor Gurney—and that it was Gurney who had established the new professorship, and had cast his net over Adams to carry the double load of mediæval history and the *Review*. He could see no relation whatever between himself and a professorship. He sought education; he did not sell it. He knew no history; he knew only a few historians; his ignorance was mischievous because it was literary, accidental, indifferent. On the other hand he knew Gurney, and felt much influenced by his advice. One cannot take one's self quite seriously in such matters; it could not much affect the sum of solar energies whether one went on dancing with girls in Washington, or began talking to boys at Cambridge. The good people who thought it did matter had a sort of right to guide. One could not reject their advice; still less disregard their wishes.

The sum of the matter was that Henry went out to Cambridge and had a few words with President Eliot which seemed to him almost as American as the talk about diplomacy with his father ten years before. "But, Mr. President," urged Adams, "I know nothing about mediæval history." With the courteous manner and bland smile so familiar for the next generation of Americans, Mr. Eliot mildly but firmly replied, "If you will point out to me any one who knows more, Mr. Adams, I will appoint him." The answer was neither logical nor convincing, but Adams could not meet it without overstepping his privileges. He could not say that, under the circumstances, the appointment of any professor at all seemed to him unnecessary.

So, at twenty-four hours' notice, he broke his life in halves again in order to begin a new education, on lines he had not chosen, in subjects for which he cared less than nothing; in a place he did not love, and before a future which repelled. Thousands of men have to do the same

thing, but his case was peculiar because he had no need to do it. He did it because his best and wisest friends urged it, and he never could make up his mind whether they were right or not. To him this kind of education was always false. For himself he had no doubts. He thought it a mistake; but his opinion did not prove that it was one, since, in all probability, whatever he did would be more or less a mistake. He had reached cross-roads of education which all led astray. What he could gain at Harvard College he did not know, but in any case it was nothing he wanted. What he lost at Washington he could partly see, but in any case it was not fortune. Grant's administration wrecked men by thousands, but profited few. Perhaps Mr. Fish was the solitary exception. One might search the whole list of Congress, Judiciary, and Executive during the twenty-five years 1870 to 1895, and find little but damaged reputation. The period was poor in purpose and barren in results.

FAILURE (1871)

FOR THE next nine months the Assistant Professor had no time to waste on comforts or amusements. He exhausted all his strength in trying to keep one day ahead of his duties. Often the stint ran on, till night and sleep ran short. He could not stop to think whether he were doing the work rightly. He could not get it done to please him, rightly or wrongly, for he never could satisfy himself what to do.

The fault he had found with Harvard College as an undergraduate must have been more or less just, for the college was making a great effort to meet these self-criticisms, and had elected President Eliot in 1869 to carry out its reforms. Professor Gurney was one of the leading reformers, and had tried his hand on his own department of history. The two full professors of history—Torrey and Gurney, charming men both—could not cover the ground. Between Gurney's classical courses and Torrey's modern ones lay a gap of a thousand years, which Adams was expected to fill. The students had already elected courses numbered 1, 2, and 3, without knowing what was to be taught or who was to teach. If their new professor had asked what idea was in their minds, they must have replied that nothing at all was in their minds, since their professor had nothing in his, and down to the moment he took his chair and looked his scholars in the face, he had given, as far as he could remember, an hour, more or less, to the Middle Ages.

Not that his ignorance troubled him! He knew enough to be ignorant. His course had led him through oceans of ignorance; he had tumbled from one ocean into another till he had learned to swim; but even to him education was a serious thing. A parent gives life, but as parent, gives no more. A murderer takes life, but his deed stops there. A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops. A teacher is expected to teach truth, and may perhaps flatter himself that he does so, if he stops with the alphabet or the multiplication table, as a mother teaches truth

by making her child eat with a spoon; but morals are quite another truth and philosophy is more complex still. A teacher must either treat history as a catalogue, a record, a romance, or as an evolution; and whether he affirms or denies evolution, he falls into all the burning faggots of the pit. He makes of his scholars either priests or atheists, plutocrats or socialists, judges or anarchists, almost in spite of himself. In essence incoherent and immoral, history had either to be taught as such—or falsified.

The college expected him to pass at least half his time in teaching the boys a few elementary dates and relations, that they might not be a disgrace to the university. This was formal; and he could frankly tell the boys that, provided they passed their examinations, they might get their facts where they liked, and use the teacher only for questions. The only privilege a student had that was worth his claiming, was that of talking to the professor, and the professor was bound to encourage it. His only difficulty on that side was to get them to talk at all. He had to devise schemes to find what they were thinking about, and induce them to risk criticism from their fellows. Any large body of students stifles the student. No man can instruct more than half-a-dozen students at once. The whole problem of education is one of its cost in money.

All his pretty efforts to create conflicts of thought among his students failed for want of system. None met the needs of instruction. In spite of President Eliot's reforms and his steady, generous, liberal support, the system remained costly, clumsy and futile. The university—as far as it was represented by Henry Adams—produced at great waste of time and money results not worth reaching.

He made use of his lost two years of German schooling to inflict their results on his students, and by a happy chance he was in the full tide of fashion. The Germans were crowning their new emperor at Versailles, and surrounding his head with a halo of Pepins and Merwigs, Othos and Barbarossas. James Bryce had even discovered the Holy Roman Empire. Germany was never so powerful, and the assistant professor of history had nothing else as his stock in trade. He imposed Germany on his scholars with a heavy hand. He was rejoiced; but he sometimes doubted whether they should be grateful. On the whole, he was content neither with what he had taught nor with the way he had taught it. The seven years he passed in teaching seemed to him lost.

The only part of education that the professor thought a success was the students. He found them excellent company. Cast more or less in the same mould, without violent emotions or sentiment, and, except for the veneer of American habits, ignorant of all that man had ever thought or hoped, their minds burst open like flowers at the sunlight of a suggestion. They were quick to respond; plastic to a mould; and incapable of fatigue. Their faith in education was so full of pathos that one dared not ask them what they thought they could do with education when they got it. Adams did put the question to one of them, and was surprised at the answer: "The degree of Harvard College is worth money to me in Chicago." This reply upset his experience; for the degree of Harvard College

had been rather a drawback to a young man in Boston and Washington.

Thus it turned out that of all his many educations, Adams thought that of school-teacher the thinnest. Yet he was forced to admit that the education of an editor, in some ways, was thinner still. The editor had barely time to edit; he had none to write. If copy fell short, he was obliged to scribble a book-review on the virtues of the Anglo-Saxons or the vices of the Popes; for he knew more about Edward the Confessor or Boniface VIII than he did about President Grant. For seven years he wrote nothing; the *Review* lived on his brother Charles's railway articles. The editor could help others, but could do nothing for himself. As a writer, he was totally forgotten by the time he had been an editor for twelve months. As editor he could find no writer to take his place for politics and affairs of current concern. The *Review* became chiefly historical. Russell Lowell and Frank Palgrave helped him to keep it literary. The editor was a helpless drudge whose successes, if he made any, belonged to his writers; but whose failures might easily bankrupt himself. Such a *Review* may be made a sink of money with captivating ease. The secrets of success as an editor were easily learned; the highest was that of getting advertisements. Ten pages of advertising made an editor a success; five marked him as a failure. The merits or demerits of his literature had little to do with his results except when they led to adversity.

A year or two of education as editor satiated most of his appetite for that career as a profession. After a very slight experience, he said no more on the subject. He felt willing to let any one edit, if he himself might write. Vulgarly speaking, it was a dog's life when it did not succeed, and little better when it did. A professor had at least the pleasure of associating with his students; an editor lived the life of an owl. A professor commonly became a pedagogue or a pedant; an editor became an authority on advertising. On the whole, Adams preferred his attic in Washington. He was educated enough. Ignorance paid better, for at least it earned fifty dollars a month.

With this result Henry Adams's education, at his entry into life, stopped, and his life began.

Part Two

CHICAGO (1893)

HE SET OFF to Chicago to study the Exposition, and stayed there a fortnight absorbed in it. He found matter of study to fill a hundred years, and his education spread over chaos. Indeed, it seemed to him as though, this year, education went mad. The silver question, thorny as it was, fell into relations as simple as words of one syllable, compared with the problems of credit and exchange that came to complicate it; and when one

sought rest at Chicago, educational game started like rabbits from every building, and ran out of sight among thousands of its kind before one could mark its burrow. The Exposition itself defied philosophy. One might find fault till the last gate closed, one could still explain nothing that needed explanation. As a scenic display, Paris had never approached it, but the inconceivable scenic display consisted in its being there at all—more surprising, as it was, than anything else on the continent, Niagara Falls, the Yellowstone Geysers, and the whole railway system thrown in, since these were all natural products in their place; while, since Noah's Ark, no such Babel of loose and ill-joined, such vague and ill-defined and unrelated thoughts and half-thoughts and experimental outcries as the Exposition, had ever ruffled the surface of the Lakes.

The first astonishment became greater every day. That the Exposition should be a natural growth and product of the Northwest offered a step in evolution to startle Darwin; but that it should be anything else seemed an idea more startling still; and even granting it were not—admitting it to be a sort of industrial, speculative growth and product of the Beaux Arts artistically induced to pass the summer on the shore of Lake Michigan—could it be made to seem at home there? Was the American made to seem at home in it? Honestly, he had the air of enjoying it as though it were all his own; he felt it was good; he was proud of it; for the most part, he acted as though he had passed his life in landscape gardening and architectural decoration. If he had not done it himself, he had known how to get it done to suit him, as he knew how to get his wives and daughters dressed at Worth's or Paquin's. Perhaps he could not do it again; the next time he would want to do it himself and would show his own faults; but for the moment he seemed to have leaped directly from Corinth and Syracuse and Venice, over the heads of London and New York, to impose classical standards on plastic Chicago. Critics had no trouble in criticising the classicism, but all trading cities had always shown traders' taste, and, to the stern purist of religious faith, no art was thinner than Venetian Gothic. All trader's taste smelt of bric-à-brac; Chicago tried at least to give her taste a look of unity.

One sat down to ponder on the steps beneath Richard Hunt's dome almost as deeply as on the steps of Ara Cœli, and much to the same purpose. Here was a breach of continuity—a rupture in historical sequence! Was it real, or only apparent? One's personal universe hung on the answer, for, if the rupture was real and the new American world could take this sharp and conscious twist towards ideals, one's personal friends would come in, at last, as winners in the great American chariot-race for fame. If the people of the Northwest actually knew what was good when they saw it, they would some day talk about Hunt and Richardson, La Farge and St. Gaudens, Burnham and McKim, and Stanford White when their politicians and millionaires were otherwise forgotten. The artists and architects who had done the work offered little encouragement to hope it; they talked freely enough, but not in terms that one cared to quote; and to them the Northwest refused to look artistic. They talked as

though they worked only for themselves; as though art, to the Western people, was a stage decoration; a diamond shirt-stud; a paper collar; but possibly the architects of Pæstum and Gurgenti had talked in the same way, and the Greek had said the same thing of Semitic Carthage two thousand years ago.

Jostled by these hopes and doubts, one turned to the exhibits for help, and found it. The industrial schools tried to teach so much and so quickly that the instruction ran to waste. Some millions of other people felt the same helplessness, but few of them were seeking education, and to them helplessness seemed natural and normal, for they had grown up in the habit of thinking a steam-engine or a dynamo as natural as the sun, and expected to understand one as little as the other. For the historian alone the Exposition made a serious effort. Historical exhibits were common, but they never went far enough; none were thoroughly worked out. One of the best was that of the Cunard steamers, but still a student hungry for results found himself obliged to waste a pencil and several sheets of paper trying to calculate exactly when, according to the given increase of power, tonnage, and speed, the growth of the ocean steamer would reach its limits. His figures brought him, he thought, to the year 1927; another generation to spare before force, space, and time should meet. The ocean steamer ran the surest line of triangulation into the future, because it was the nearest of man's products to a unity; railroads taught less because they seemed already finished except for mere increase in number; explosives taught most, but needed a tribe of chemists, physicists, and mathematicians to explain; the dynamo taught least because it had barely reached infancy, and, if its progress was to be constant at the rate of the last ten years, it would result in infinite costly energy within a generation. One lingered long among the dynamos, for they were new, and they gave to history a new phase. Men of science could never understand the ignorance and naiveté of the historian, who, when he came suddenly on a new power, asked naturally what it was; did it pull or did it push? Was it a screw or thrust? Did it flow or vibrate? Was it a wire or a mathematical line? And a score of such questions to which he expected answers and was astonished to get none.

Education ran riot at Chicago, at least for retarded minds which had never faced in concrete form so many matters of which they were ignorant. Chicago asked in 1893 for the first time the question whether the American people knew where they were driving. Adams answered, for one, that he did not know, but would try to find out. Chicago was the first expression of American thought as a unity; one must start there.

Washington was the second. When he got back there, he fell headlong into the extra session of Congress called to repeal the Silver Act. The silver minority made an obstinate attempt to prevent it, and most of the majority had little heart in the creation of a single gold standard. The banks alone, and the dealers in exchange, insisted upon it; the political parties divided according to capitalistic geographical lines.

All one's friends, all one's best citizens, reformers, churches, colleges,

educated classes, had joined the banks to force submission to capitalism; a submission long foreseen by the mere law of mass. Of all forms of society or government, this was the one he liked least, but his likes or dislikes were as antiquated as the rebel doctrine of State rights. A capitalistic system had been adopted, and if it were to be run at all, it must be run by capital and by capitalistic methods; for nothing could surpass the nonsensicality of trying to run so complex and so concentrated a machine by Southern and Western farmers in grotesque alliance with city day-laborers, as had been tried in 1800 and 1828, and had failed even under simple conditions.

INDIAN SUMMER (1898-99)

THE SUMMER of the Spanish War began the Indian summer of life to one who had reached sixty years of age, and cared only to reap in peace such harvest as these sixty years had yielded. He had reason to be more than content with it. Since 1864 he had felt no such sense of power and momentum, and had seen no such number of personal friends wielding it. The sense of solidarity counts for much in one's contentment, but the sense of winning one's game counts for more; and in London, in 1898, the scene was singularly interesting to the last survivor of the Legation of 1861. He thought himself perhaps the only person living who could get full enjoyment of the drama. He carried every scene of it, in a century and a half since the Stamp Act, quite alive in his mind—all the interminable disputes of his disputatious ancestors as far back as the year 1750—as well as his own insignificance in the Civil War, every step in which had the object of bringing England into an American system. For this they had written libraries of argument and remonstrance, and had piled war on war, losing their tempers for life, and souring the gentle and patient Puritan nature of their descendants, until even their private secretaries at times used language almost intemperate; and suddenly, by pure chance, the blessing fell on Hay. After two hundred years of stupid and greedy blundering, which no argument and no violence affected, the people of England learned their lesson just at the moment when Hay would otherwise have faced a flood of the old anxieties. Hay himself scarcely knew how grateful he should be, for to him the change came almost of course. He saw only the necessary stages that had led to it, and to him they seemed natural; but to Adams, still living in the atmosphere of Palmerston and John Russell, the sudden appearance of Germany as the grizzly terror which in twenty years effected what Adamsses had tried for two hundred in vain—frightened England into America's arms—seemed as melodramatic as any plot of Napoleon the Great. He could feel only the sense of satisfaction at seeing the diplomatic triumph of all his family, since the breed existed, at last realized under his own eyes for the advantage of his oldest and closest ally.

This was history, not education, yet it taught something exceedingly serious, if not ultimate, could one trust the lesson. For the first time in

his life, he felt a sense of possible purpose working itself out in history. Probably no one else on this earthly planet—not even Hay—could have come out on precisely such extreme personal satisfaction, but as he sat at Hay's table, listening to any member of the British Cabinet, for all were alike now, discuss the Philippines as a question of balance of power in the East, he could see that the family work of a hundred and fifty years fell at once into the grand perspective of true empire-building, which Hay's work set off with artistic skill. The roughness of the archaic foundations looked stronger and larger in scale for the refinement and certainty of the arcade. In the long list of famous American Ministers in London, none could have given the work quite the completeness, the harmony, the perfect ease of Hay.

Adams returned to Paris with a broken and contrite spirit, prepared to admit that his life had no meaning, and conscious that in any case it no longer mattered. Hunted by ennui, he could no longer escape, and, by way of a summer school, he began a methodical survey—a triangulation—of the twelfth century.

His solitude was broken in November by the chance arrival of John La Farge. At that moment, contact with La Farge had a new value. Of all the men who had deeply affected their friends since 1850 John La Farge was certainly the foremost, and for Henry Adams, who had sat at his feet since 1872, the question how much he owed to La Farge could be answered only by admitting that he had no standard to measure it by. Of all his friends La Farge alone owned a mind complex enough to contrast against the commonplaces of American uniformity, and in the process had vastly perplexed most Americans who came in contact with it.

Even the gloom of a Paris December at the Élysée Palace Hotel was somewhat relieved by this companionship, and education made a step backwards towards Chartres, but La Farge's health became more and more alarming, and Adams was glad to get him safely back to New York, January 15, 1900, while he himself went at once to Washington to find out what had become of Hay. Nothing good could be hoped, for Hay's troubles had begun, and were quite as great as he had foreseen. Adams saw as little encouragement as Hay himself did, though he dared not say so. He doubted Hay's endurance, the President's firmness in supporting him, and the loyalty of his party friends; but all this worry on Hay's account fretted him not nearly so much as the Boer War did on his own.

Always unselfish, generous, easy, patient, and loyal, Hay had treated the world as something to be taken in block without pulling it to pieces to get rid of its defects; he liked it all: he laughed and accepted; he had never known unhappiness and would have gladly lived his entire life over again exactly as it happened. In the whole New York school, one met a similar dash of humor and cynicism more or less pronounced but seldom bitter. Yet even the gayest of tempers succumbs at last to constant friction. The old friend was rapidly fading. The habit remained, but the easy intimacy, the careless gaiety, the casual humor, the equality of indifference, were sinking into the routine of office; the mind lingered in the

Department; the thought failed to react; the wit and humor shrank within the blank walls of politics, and the irritations multiplied. To a head of bureau, the result seemed ennobling.

Although, as education, this branch of study was more familiar and older than the twelfth century, the task of bringing the two periods into a common relation was new. Ignorance required that these political and social and scientific values of the twelfth and twentieth centuries should be correlated in some relation of movement that could be expressed in mathematics, nor did one care in the least that all the world said it could not be done, or that one knew not enough mathematics even to figure a formula beyond the schoolboy $s = \frac{gt^2}{2}$. If Kepler and Newton could take liberties with the sun and moon, an obscure person in a remote wilderness like La Fayette Square could take liberties with Congress, and venture to multiply half its attraction into the square of its time. He had only to find a value, even infinitesimal, for its attraction at any given time. A historical formula that should satisfy the conditions of the stellar universe weighed heavily on his mind; but a trifling matter like this was one in which he could look for no help from anybody—he could look only for derision at best.

All his associates in history condemned such an attempt as futile and almost immoral—certainly hostile to sound historical system. Adams tried it only because of its hostility to all that he had taught for history, since he started afresh from the new point that, whatever was right, all he had ever taught was wrong. He had pursued ignorance thus far with success, and had swept his mind clear of knowledge. In beginning again, from the starting-point of Sir Isaac Newton, he looked about him in vain for a teacher. Few men in Washington cared to overstep the school conventions, and the most distinguished of them, Simon Newcomb, was too sound a mathematician to treat such a scheme seriously. The greatest of Americans, judged by his rank in science, Willard Gibbs, never came to Washington, and Adams never enjoyed a chance to meet him. After Gibbs, one of the most distinguished was Langley, of the Smithsonian.

He generously let others doubt what he felt obliged to affirm; and early put into Adams's hands the "Concepts of Modern Science," a volume by Judge Stallo, which had been treated for a dozen years by the schools with a conspiracy of silence such as inevitably meets every revolutionary work that upsets the stock and machinery of instruction. Adams read and failed to understand; then he asked questions and failed to get answers.

Probably this was education. Perhaps it was the only scientific education open to a student sixty-odd years old, who asked to be as ignorant as an astronomer. For him the details of science meant nothing: he wanted to know its mass. Solar heat was not enough, or was too much. Kinetic atoms led only to motion; never to direction or progress. History had no use for multiplicity; it needed unity; it could study only motion, direction, attraction, relation. Everything must be made to move together;

one must seek new worlds to measure; and so, like Rasselas, Adams set out once more, and found himself on May 12 settled in rooms at the very door of the Trocadero.

THE DYNAMO AND THE VIRGIN (1900)

UNTIL the Great Exposition of 1900 closed its doors in November, Adams haunted it, aching to absorb knowledge, and helpless to find it. He would have liked to know how much of it could have been grasped by the best-informed man in the world. While he was thus meditating chaos, Langley came by, and showed it to him. At Langley's behest, the Exhibition dropped its superfluous rags and stripped itself to the skin, for Langley knew what to study, and why, and how; while Adams might as well have stood outside in the night, staring at the Milky Way. Yet Langley said nothing new, and taught nothing that one might not have learned from Lord Bacon, three hundred years before; but though one should have known the "Advancement of Science" as well as one knew the "Comedy of Errors," the literary knowledge counted for nothing until some teacher should show how to apply it. Bacon took a vast deal of trouble in teaching King James I and his subjects, American or other, towards the year 1620, that true science was the development or economy of forces; yet an elderly American in 1900 knew neither the formula nor the forces; or even so much as to say to himself that his historical business in the Exposition concerned only the economies or developments of force since 1893, when he began the study at Chicago.

Nothing in education is so astonishing as the amount of ignorance it accumulates in the form of inert facts. Adams had looked at most of the accumulations of art in the storehouses called Art Museums; yet he did not know how to look at the art exhibits of 1900. He had studied Karl Marx and his doctrines of history with profound attention, yet he could not apply them at Paris. Langley, with the ease of a great master of experiment, threw out of the field every exhibit that did not reveal a new application of force, and naturally threw out, to begin with, almost the whole art exhibit. Equally, he ignored almost the whole industrial exhibit. He led his pupil directly to the forces. His chief interest was in new motors to make his airship feasible, and he taught Adams the astonishing complexities of the new Daimler motor, and of the automobile, which, since 1893, had become a nightmare at a hundred kilometres an hour, almost as destructive as the electric tram which was only ten years older; and threatening to become as terrible as the locomotive steam-engine itself, which was almost exactly Adams's own age.

Then he showed his scholar the great hall of dynamos, and explained how little he knew about electricity or force of any kind, even of his own special sun, which spouted heat in inconceivable volume, but which, as far as he knew, might spout less or more, at any time, for all the certainty he felt in it. To him, the dynamo itself was but an ingenious channel for

conveying somewhere the heat latent in a few tons of poor coal hidden in a dirty engine-house carefully kept out of sight; but to Adams the dynamo became a symbol of infinity. As he grew accustomed to the great gallery of machines, he began to feel the forty-foot dynamos as a moral force, much as the early Christians felt the Cross.

Historians undertake to arrange sequences,—called stories, or histories—assuming in silence a relation of cause and effect. These assumptions, hidden in the depths of dusty libraries, have been astounding, but commonly unconscious and childlike; so much so, that if any captious critic were to drag them to light, historians would probably reply, with one voice, that they had never supposed themselves required to know what they were talking about. Adams, for one, had toiled in vain to find out what he meant. He had even published a dozen volumes of American history for no other purpose than to satisfy himself whether, by the severest process of stating, with the least possible comment, such facts as seemed sure, in such order as seemed rigorously consequent, he could fix for a familiar moment a necessary sequence of human movement. The result had satisfied him as little as at Harvard College. Where he saw sequence, other men saw something quite different, and no one saw the same unit of measure. He cared little about his experiments and less about his statesmen, who seemed to him quite as ignorant as himself and, as a rule, no more honest; but he insisted on a relation of sequence, and if he could not reach it by one method, he would try as many methods as science knew. Satisfied that the sequence of men led to nothing and that the sequence of their society could lead no further, while the mere sequence of time was artificial, and the sequence of thought was chaos, he turned at last to the sequence of force; and thus it happened that, after ten years' pursuit, he found himself lying in the Gallery of Machines at the Great Exposition of 1900, his historical neck broken by the sudden irruption of forces totally new.

The historian was thus reduced to his last resources. Clearly if he was bound to reduce all these forces to a common value, this common value could have no measure but that of their attraction on his own mind. He must treat them as they had been felt; as convertible, reversible, interchangeable attractions on thought. He made up his mind to venture it; he would risk translating rays into faith. Such a reversible process would vastly amuse a chemist, but the chemist could not deny that he, or some of his fellow physicists, could feel the force of both. When Adams was a boy in Boston, the best chemist in the place had probably never heard of Venus except by way of scandal, or of the Virgin except as idolatry; neither had he heard of dynamos or automobiles or radium; yet his mind was ready to feel the force of all, though the rays were unborn and the women were dead.

Here opened another totally new education, which promised to be by far the most hazardous of all. The knife-edge along which he must crawl, like Sir Lancelot in the twelfth century, divided two kingdoms of force which had nothing in common but attraction. They were as different as

a magnet is from gravitation, supposing one knew what a magnet was, or gravitation, or love. The force of the Virgin was still felt at Lourdes, and seemed to be as potent as X-rays; but in America neither Venus nor Virgin ever had value as force—at most as sentiment. No American had ever been truly afraid of either.

The result of a year's work depends more on what is struck out than on what is left in; on the sequence of the main lines of thought, than on their play or variety. Compelled once more to lean heavily on this support, Adams covered more thousands of pages with figures as formal as though they were algebra, laboriously striking out, altering, burning, experimenting, until the year had expired, the Exposition had long been closed, and winter drawing to its end, before he sailed from Cherbourg, on January 19, 1901, for home.

THE ABYSS OF IGNORANCE (1902)

THE YEARS hurried past, and gave hardly time to note their work. Three or four months, though big with change, come to an end before the mind can catch up with it. Winter vanished; spring burst into flower; and again Paris opened its arms, though not for long. Mr. Cameron came over, and took the castle of Inverlochy for three months, which he summoned his friends to garrison. Lochaber seldom laughs, except for its children, such as Camerons, McDonalds, Campbells and other products of the mist; but in the summer of 1902 Scotland put on fewer airs of coquetry than usual. Since the terrible harvest of 1879 which one had watched sprouting on its stalks on the Shropshire hillsides, nothing had equalled the gloom. Even when the victims fled to Switzerland, they found the Lake of Geneva and the Rhine not much gayer, and Carlsruhe no more restful than Paris; until at last, in desperation, one drifted back to the Avenue of the Bois de Boulogne, and, like the Cuckoo, dropped into the nest of a better citizen. Diplomacy has its uses. Reynolds Hitt, transferred to Berlin, abandoned his attic to Adams, and there, for long summers to come, he hid in ignorance and silence.

Life at last managed of its own accord to settle itself into a working arrangement. After so many years of effort to find one's drift, the drift found the seeker, and slowly swept him forward and back, with a steady progress oceanwards. Such lessons as summer taught, winter tested, and one had only to watch the apparent movement of the stars in order to guess one's declination. The process is possible only for men who have exhausted auto-motion. Adams never knew why, knowing nothing of Faraday, he began to mimic Faraday's trick of seeing lines of force all about him, where he had always seen lines of will. Perhaps the effect of knowing no mathematics is to leave the mind to imagine figures—images—phantoms; one's mind is a watery mirror at best; but, once conceived, the image became rapidly simple, and the lines of force presented themselves as lines of attraction. Repulsions counted only as battle of attrac-

tions. By this path, the mind stepped into the mechanical theory of the universe before knowing it, and entered a distinct new phase of education.

This was the work of the dynamo and the Virgin of Chartres. Like his masters, since thought began, he was handicapped by the eternal mystery of Force—the sink of all science. For thousands of years in history, he found that Force had been felt as occult attraction—love of God and lust for power in a future life. After 1500, when this attraction began to decline, philosophers fell back on some *vis a tergo*—instinct of danger from behind, like Darwin's survival of the fittest; and one of the greatest minds, between Descartes and Newton—Pascal—saw the master-motor of man in *ennui*, which was also scientific: "I have often said that all the troubles of man come from his not knowing how to sit still." Mere restlessness forces action. "So passes the whole of life. We combat obstacles in order to get repose, and, when got, the repose is insupportable; for we think either of the troubles we have, or of those that threaten us; and even if we felt safe on every side, *ennui* would of its own accord spring up from the depths of the heart where it is rooted by nature, and would fill the mind with its venom."

*If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast.*

Ennui, like Natural Selection, accounted for change, but failed to account for direction of change. For that, an attractive force was essential; a force from outside; a shaping influence. Pascal and all the old philosophies called this outside force God or Gods. Caring but little for the name, and fixed only on tracing the Force, Adams had gone straight to the Virgin at Chartres, and asked her to show him God, face to face, as she did for St. Bernard. She replied, kindly as ever, as though she were still the young mother of today, with a sort of patient pity for masculine dulness: "My dear outcast, what is it you seek? This is the Church of Christ! If you seek him through me, you are welcome, sinner or saint; but he and I are one. We are Love! We have little or nothing to do with God's other energies which are infinite, and concern us the less because our interest is only in man, and the infinite is not knowable to man. Yet if you are troubled by your ignorance, you see how I am surrounded by the masters of the schools! Ask them!"

This education startled even a man who had dabbled in fifty educations all over the world; for, if he were obliged to insist on a Universe, he seemed driven to the Church. Modern science guaranteed no unity. The student seemed to feel himself, like all his predecessors, caught, trapped, meshed in this eternal drag-net of religion.

In practice the student escapes this dilemma in two ways: the first is that of ignoring it, as one escapes most dilemmas; the second is that the Church rejects pantheism as worse than atheism, and will have nothing to do with the pantheist at any price. In wandering through the forests of

ignorance, one necessarily fell upon the famous old bear that scared children at play; but, even had the animal shown more logic than its victim, one had learned from Socrates to distrust, above all other traps, the trap of logic—the mirror of the mind. Yet the search for a unit of force led into catacombs of thought where hundreds of thousands of educations had found their end. Generation after generation of painful and honest-minded scholars had been content to stay in these labyrinths forever, pursuing ignorance in silence, in company with the most famous teachers of all time. Not one of them had ever found a logical highroad of escape.

Like most of his generation, Adams had taken the word of science that the new unit was as good as found. It would not be an intelligence—probably not even a consciousness—but it would serve. He passed sixty years waiting for it, and at the end of that time, on reviewing the ground, he was led to think that the final synthesis of science and its ultimate triumph was the kinetic theory of gases; which seemed to cover all motion in space, and to furnish the measure of time. So far as he understood it, the theory asserted that any portion of space is occupied by molecules of gas, flying in right lines at velocities varying up to a mile in a second, and colliding with each other at intervals varying up to 17,750,000 times in a second. To this analysis—if one understood it right—all matter whatever was reducible, and the only difference of opinion in science regarded the doubt whether a still deeper analysis would reduce the atom of gas to pure motion.

Any schoolboy could see that man as a force must be measured by motion, from a fixed point. Psychology helped here by suggesting a unit—the point of history when man held the highest idea of himself as a unit in a unified universe. Eight or ten years of study had led Adams to think he might use the century 1150–1250, expressed in Amiens Cathedral and the Works of Thomas Aquinas, as the unit from which he might measure motion down to his own time, without assuming anything as true or untrue, except relation. The movement might be studied at once in philosophy and mechanics. Setting himself to the task, he began a volume which he mentally knew as “Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres: a Study of Thirteenth-Century Unity.” From that point he proposed to fix a position for himself, which he could label: “The Education of Henry Adams: a Study of Twentieth-Century Multiplicity.” With the help of these two points of relation, he hoped to project his lines forward and backward indefinitely, subject to correction from any one who should know better. Thereupon, he sailed for home.

THE GRAMMAR OF SCIENCE (1903)

OF ALL the travels made by man since the voyages of Dante, this new exploration along the shores of Multiplicity and Complexity promised to be the longest, though as yet it had barely touched two familiar regions—race and sex. Even within these narrow seas the navigator lost his bear-

ings and followed the winds as they blew. By chance it happened that Raphael Pumpelly helped the winds; for, being in Washington on his way to Central Asia, he fell to talking with Adams about these matters, and said that Willard Gibbs thought he got most help from a book called the "Grammar of Science," by Karl Pearson. To Adams's vision, Willard Gibbs stood on the same plane with the three or four greatest minds of his century, and the idea that a man so incomparably superior should find help anywhere filled him with wonder. He sent for the volume and read it. From the time he sailed for Europe and reached his den on the Avenue du Bois until he took his return steamer at Cherbourg on December 26, he did little but try to find out what Karl Pearson could have taught Willard Gibbs.

The historian must not try to know what is truth, if he values his honesty; for, if he cares for his truths, he is certain to falsify his facts. The laws of history only repeat the lines of force or thought. Yet though his will be iron, he cannot help now and then resuming his humanity or simianity in face of a fear. The motion of thought had the same value as the motion of a cannon-ball seen approaching the observer on a direct line through the air. One could watch its curve for five thousand years. Its first violent acceleration in historical times had ended in the catastrophe of 310. The next swerve of direction occurred towards 1500. Galileo and Bacon gave a still newer curve to it, which altered its values; but all these changes had never altered the continuity. Only in 1900, the continuity snapped.

Vaguely conscious of the cataclysm, the world sometimes dated it from 1893, by the Roentgen rays, or from 1898, by the Curies' radium; but in 1904, Arthur Balfour announced on the part of British science that the human race without exception had lived and died in a world of illusion until the last year of the century. The date was convenient, and convenience was truth.

The child born in 1900 would, then, be born into a new world which would not be a unity but a multiple. Adams tried to imagine it, and an education that would fit it. He found himself in a land where no one had ever penetrated before; where order was an accidental relation obnoxious to nature; artificial compulsion imposed on motion; against which every free energy of the universe revolted; and which, being merely occasional, resolved itself back into anarchy at last. He could not deny that the law of the new multiverse explained much that had been most obscure, especially the persistently fiendish treatment of man by man; the perpetual effort of society to establish law, and the perpetual revolt of society against the law it had established; the perpetual building up of authority by force, and the perpetual appeal to force to overthrow it; the perpetual symbolism of a higher law, and the perpetual relapse to a lower one; the perpetual victory of the principles of freedom, and their perpetual conversion into principles of power; but the staggering problem was the outlook ahead into the despotism of artificial order which nature abhorred. The physicists had a phrase for it, unintelligible to the vulgar: "All that

we win is a battle—lost in advance—with the irreversible phenomena in the background of nature.”

All that a historian won was a vehement wish to escape. He saw his education complete, and was sorry he ever began it. As a matter of taste, he greatly preferred his eighteenth-century education when God was a father and nature a mother, and all was for the best in a scientific universe. He repudiated all share in the world as it was to be, and yet he could not detect the point where his responsibility began or ended.

As history unveiled itself in the new order, man's mind had behaved like a young pearl oyster, secreting its universe to suit its conditions until it had built up a shell of *nacre* that embodied all its notions of the perfect. Man knew it was true because he made it, and he loved it for the same reason. He sacrificed millions of lives to acquire his unity, but he achieved it, and justly thought it a work of art. The woman especially did great things, creating her deities on a higher level than the male, and, in the end, compelling the man to accept the Virgin as guardian of the man's God. The man's part in his Universe was secondary, but the woman was at home there, and sacrificed herself without limit to make it habitable, when man permitted it, as sometimes happened for brief intervals of war and famine; but she could not provide protection against forces of nature. She did not think of her universe as a raft to which the limpets stuck for life in the surge of a supersensual chaos; she conceived herself and her family as the centre and flower of an ordered universe which she knew to be unity because she had made it after the image of her own fecundity; and this creation of hers was surrounded by beauties and perfections which she knew to be real because she herself had imagined them.

Even the masculine philosopher admired and loved and celebrated her triumph, and the greatest of them sang it in the noblest of his verses:—

*Alma Venus, coeli subter labentia signa
Quae mare navigerum, quae terras frugiferentis
Concelebras
Quae quoniam rerum naturam sola gubernas,
Nec sine te quidquam dias in luminis oras
Exoritur, neque fit laetum neque amabile quidquam;
Te sociam studeo!*

Neither man nor woman ever wanted to quit this Eden of their own invention, and could no more have done it of their own accord than the pearl oyster could quit its shell; but although the oyster might perhaps assimilate or embalm a grain of sand forced into its aperture, it could only perish in face of the cyclonic hurricane or the volcanic upheaval of its bed. Her supersensual chaos killed her.

Such seemed the theory of history to be imposed by science on the generation born after 1900.

On Sunday, June 5, Adams found himself again in the town of Cou-

tances, where the people of Normandy had built, towards the year 1250, an Exposition which architects still admired and tourists visited, for it was thought singularly expressive of force as well as of grace in the Virgin. On this Sunday, the Norman world was celebrating a pretty church-feast—the Fête Dieu—and the streets were filled with altars to the Virgin, covered with flowers and foliage; the pavements strewn with paths of leaves and the spring handiwork of nature; the cathedral densely thronged at mass. The scene was graceful. The Virgin did not shut her costly Exposition on Sunday, or any other day, even to American Senators who had shut the St. Louis Exposition to her—or for her; and a historical tramp would gladly have offered a candle, or even a candle-stick in her honor, if she would have taught him her relation with the deity of the Senators. The power of the Virgin had been plainly One, embracing all human activity; while the power of the Senate, or its deity, seemed—might one say—to be more or less ashamed of man and his work. The matter had no great interest as far as it concerned the somewhat obscure mental processes of Senators who could probably have given no clearer idea than priests of the deity they supposed themselves to honor—if that was indeed their purpose; but it interested a student of force, curious to measure its manifestations. Apparently the Virgin—or her Son—had no longer the force to build expositions that one cared to visit, but had the force to close them. The force was still real, serious, and, at St. Louis, had been anxiously measured in actual money-value.

One late afternoon, at midsummer, the Virgin's pilgrim was wandering through the streets of Troyes in close and intimate conversation with Thibaut of Champagne and his highly intelligent seneschal, the Sieur de Joinville, when he noticed one or two men looking at a bit of paper stuck in a window. Approaching, he read that M. de Plehve had been assassinated at St. Petersburg. The mad mixture of Russia and the Crusades, of the Hippodrome and the Renaissance, drove him for refuge into the fascinating Church of St. Pantaleon near by. Martyrs, murderers, Cæsars, saints and assassins—half in glass and half in telegram; chaos of time, place, morals, forces and motive—gave him vertigo. Had one sat all one's life on the steps of Ara Cœli for this? Was assassination forever to be the last word of Progress? No one in the street had shown a sign of protest; he himself felt none; the charming Church with its delightful windows, in its exquisite absence of other tourists, took a keener expression of celestial peace than could have been given it by any contrast short of explosive murder; the conservative Christian anarchist had come to his own, but which was he—the murderer or the murdered?

The Virgin herself never looked so winning—so One—as in this scandalous failure of her Gracc. To what purpose had she existed, if, after nineteen hundred years, the world was bloodier than when she was born? The stupendous failure of Christianity tortured history. The effort for Unity could not be a partial success; even alternating Unity resolved itself into meaningless motion at last. To the tired student, the idea that he must give it up seemed sheer senility. As long as he could whisper, he

function as a force of nature was to assimilate other forces as he assimilated food. He called it the love of power. He felt his own feebleness, and he sought for an ass or a camel, a bow or a sling, to widen his range of power, as he sought a fetish or a planet in the world beyond.

To the highest attractive energy, man gave the name of divine, and for its control he invented the science called Religion, a word which meant, and still means, cultivation of occult force whether in detail or mass. Unable to define Force as a unity, man symbolized it and pursued it, both in himself and in the infinite, as philosophy and theology; the mind is itself the subtlest of all known forces, and its self-introspection necessarily created a science which had the singular value of lifting his education, at the start, to the finest, subtlest, and broadest training both in analysis and synthesis, so that, if language is a test, he must have reached his highest powers early in his history; while the mere motive remained as simple an appetite for power as the tribal greed which led him to trap an elephant. Hunger, whether for food or for the infinite, sets in motion multiplicity and infinity of thought, and the sure hope of gaining a share of infinite power in eternal life would lift most minds to effort.

He had reached this completeness five thousand years ago, and added nothing to his stock of known forces for a very long time. The mass of nature exercised on him so feeble an attraction that one can scarcely account for his apparent motion. Only a historian of very exceptional knowledge would venture to say at what date between 3000 B.C. and 1000 A.D. the momentum of Europe was greatest; but such progress as the world made consisted in economies of energy rather than in its development; it was proved in mathematics, measured by names like Archimedes, Aristarchus, Ptolemy, and Euclid; or in Civil Law, measured by a number of names which Adams had begun life by failing to learn; or in coinage, which was most beautiful near its beginning, and most barbarous at its close; or it was shown in roads, or the size of ships, or harbors; or by the use of metals, instruments, and writing; all of them economies of force, sometimes more forceful than the forces they helped; but the roads were still travelled by the horse, the ass, the camel, or the slave; the ships were still propelled by sails or oars; the lever, the spring, and the screw bounded the region of applied mechanics. Even the metals were old.

Much the same thing could be said of religious or supernatural forces. Down to the year 300 of the Christian era they were little changed, and in spite of Plato and the sceptics were more apparently chaotic than ever. The experience of three thousand years had educated society to feel the vastness of Nature, and the infinity of her resources of power, but even this increase of attraction had not yet caused economies in its methods of pursuit.

There the Western world stood till the year A.D. 305, when the Emperor Diocletian abdicated; and there it was that Adams broke down on the steps of Ara Cœli, his path blocked by the scandalous failure of civ-

ilization at the moment it had achieved complete success. In the year 305 the empire had solved the problems of Europe more completely than they have ever been solved since. The Pax Romana, the Civil Law, and Free Trade should, in four hundred years, have put Europe far in advance of the point reached by modern society in the four hundred years since 1500, when conditions were less simple.

A dynamic law requires that two masses—nature and man—must go on, reacting upon each other, without stop, as the sun and a comet react on each other, and that any appearance of stoppage is illusive.

The Church has never ceased to protest against the charge that Christianity ruined the empire, and, with its usual force, has pointed out that its reforms alone saved the State. Any dynamic theory gladly admits it. All it asks is to find and follow the force that attracts. The Church points out this force in the Cross, and history needs only to follow it. The empire loudly asserted its motive.

The empire pursued power—not merely spiritual but physical—in the sense in which Constantine issued his army order the year before, at the battle of the Milvian Bridge: *In hoc signo vinces!* using the Cross as a train of artillery, which, to his mind, it was. Society accepted it in the same character.

No doubt the Church did all it could to purify the process, but society was almost wholly pagan in its point of view, and was drawn to the Cross because, in its system of physics, the Cross had absorbed all the old occult or fetish-power. The symbol represented the sum of nature—the Energy of modern science—and society believed it to be as real as X-rays; perhaps it was! The emperors used it like gunpowder in politics; the physicians used it like rays in medicine; the dying clung to it as the quintessence of force, to protect them from the forces of evil on their road to the next life.

At last, in 410, Alaric sacked Rome, and the slave-ridden, agricultural, uncommercial Western Empire—the poorer and less Christianized half—went to pieces. Society, though terribly shocked by the horrors of Alaric's storm, felt still more deeply the disappointment in its new power, the Cross, which had failed to protect its Church. The outcry against the Cross became so loud among Christians that its literary champion, Bishop Augustine of Hippo—a town between Algiers and Tunis—was led to write a famous treatise in defence of the Cross, familiar still to every scholar, in which he defended feebly the mechanical value of the symbol—arguing only that pagan symbols equally failed—but insisted on its spiritual value in the *Civitas Dei* which had taken the place of the *Civitas Romae* in human interest. "Granted that we have lost all we had! Have we lost faith? Have we lost piety? Have we lost the wealth of the inner man who is rich before God? These are the wealth of Christians!" The *Civitas Dei*, in its turn, became the sum of attraction for the Western world, though it also showed the same weakness in mechanics that had wrecked the *Civitas Romae*. St. Augustine and his people perished at Hippo towards 430, leaving society in appearance dull to new attraction.

Yet the attraction remained constant. The delight of experimenting on occult force of every kind is such as to absorb all the free thought of the human race. The brain has not yet revealed its mysterious mechanism of gray matter. Never has Nature offered it so violent a stimulant as when she opened to it the possibility of sharing infinite power in eternal life, and it might well need a thousand years of prolonged and intense experiment to prove the value of the motive. During these so-called Middle Ages, the Western mind reacted in many forms, on many sides, expressing its motives in modes, such as Romanesque and Gothic architecture, glass windows and mosaic walls, sculpture and poetry, war and love, which still affect some people as the noblest work of man.

The dynamic scheme began by asserting rather recklessly that between the Pyramids (B.C. 3000) and the Cross (A.D. 300), no new force affected Western progress, and antiquarians may easily dispute the fact; but in any case the motive influence, old or new, which raised both Pyramids and Cross was the same attraction of power in a future life that raised the dome of Sancta Sofia and the Cathedral at Amiens, however much it was altered, enlarged, or removed to distance in space.

The fiction that society educated itself, or aimed at a conscious purpose, was upset by the compass and gunpowder which dragged and drove Europe at will through frightful bogs of learning. At first, the apparent lag for want of volume in the new energies lasted one or two centuries, which closed the great epochs of emotion by the Gothic cathedrals and scholastic theology. The moment had Greek beauty and more than Greek unity, but it was brief; and for another century or two, Western society seemed to float in space without apparent motion. Yet the attractive mass of nature's energy continued to attract, and education became more rapid than ever before. Society began to resist, but the individual showed greater and greater insistence, without realizing what he was doing. When the Crescent drove the Cross in ignominy from Constantinople in 1453, Gutenberg and Fust were printing their first Bible at Mainz under the impression that they were helping the Cross. When Columbus discovered the West Indies in 1492, the Church looked on it as a victory of the Cross. When Luther and Calvin upset Europe half a century later, they were trying, like St. Augustine, to substitute the *Civitas Dei* for the *Civitas Romae*. When the Puritans set out for New England in 1620, they too were looking to found a *Civitas Dei* in State Street; and when Bunyan made his Pilgrimage in 1678, he repeated St. Jerome. Even when, after centuries of license, the Church reformed its discipline, and, to prove it, burned Giordano Bruno in 1600, besides condemning Galileo in 1630—as science goes on repeating to us every day—it condemned anarchists, not atheists. None of the astronomers were irreligious men; all of them made a point of magnifying God through his works; a form of science which did their religion no credit. Neither Galileo nor Kepler, neither Spinoza nor Descartes, neither Leibnitz nor Newton, any more than Constantine the Great—if so much—doubted Unity. The utmost range of their heresies reached only its personality.

This persistence of thought-inertia is the leading idea of modern history. Except as reflected in himself, man has no reason for assuming unity in the universe, or an ultimate substance, or a prime-motor. The *a priori* insistence on this unity ended by fatiguing the more active—or reactive—minds; and Lord Bacon tried to stop it. He urged society to lay aside the idea of evolving the universe from a thought, and to try evolving thought from the universe. The mind should observe and register forces—take them apart and put them together—without assuming unity at all. "Nature, to be commanded, must be obeyed." "The imagination must be given not wings but weights." As Galileo reversed the action of earth and sun, Bacon reversed the relation of thought to force. The mind was thenceforth to follow the movement of matter, and unity must be left to shift for itself.

The revolution in attitude seemed voluntary, but in fact was as mechanical as the fall of a feather. Man created nothing. After 1500, the speed of progress so rapidly surpassed man's gait as to alarm every one, as though it were the acceleration of a falling body which the dynamic theory takes it to be. Lord Bacon was as much astonished by it as the Church was, and with reason. Suddenly society felt itself dragged into situations altogether new and anarchic—situations which it could not affect, but which painfully affected it. Instinct taught it that the universe in its thought must be in danger when its reflection lost itself in space. The danger was all the greater because men of science covered it with "larger synthesis," and poets called the undevout astronomer mad. Society knew better. Yet the telescope held it rigidly standing on its head; the microscope revealed a universe that defied the senses; gunpowder killed whole races that lagged behind; the compass coerced the most imbruted mariner to act on the impossible idea that the earth was round; the press drenched Europe with anarchism. Europe saw itself, violently resisting, wrenched into false positions, drawn along new lines as a fish that is caught on a hook; but unable to understand by what force it was controlled. The resistance was often bloody, sometimes humorous, always constant. Its contortions in the eighteenth century are best studied in the wit of Voltaire, but all history and all philosophy from Montaigne and Pascal to Schopenhauer and Nietzsche deal with nothing else; and still, throughout it all, the Baconian law held good; thought did not evolve nature, but nature evolved thought. Not one considerable man of science dared face the stream of thought; and the whole number of those who acted, like Franklin, as electric conductors of the new forces from nature to man, down to the year 1800, did not exceed a few score, confined to a few towns in Western Europe. Asia refused to be touched by the stream, and America, except for Franklin, stood outside.

Very slowly the accretion of these new forces, chemical and mechanical, grew in volume until they acquired sufficient mass to take the place of the old religious science, substituting their attraction for the attractions of the *Civitas Dei*, but the process remained the same. Nature, not mind, did the work that the sun does on the planets. Man depended more

and more absolutely on forces other than his own, and on instruments which superseded his senses.

The stupendous acceleration after 1800 ended in 1900 with the appearance of the new class of supersensual forces, before which the man of science stood at first as bewildered and helpless, as in the fourth century, a priest of Isis before the Cross of Christ.

This, then, or something like this, would be a dynamic formula of history. Any schoolboy knows enough to object at once that it is the oldest and most universal of all theories. Church and State, theology and philosophy, have always preached it, differing only in the allotment of energy between nature and man. Whether the attractive energy has been called God or Nature, the mechanism has been always the same, and history is not obliged to decide whether the Ultimate tends to a purpose or not, or whether ultimate energy is one or many. Every one admits that the will is a free force, habitually decided by motives. No one denies that motives exist adequate to decide the will; even though it may not always be conscious of them. Science has proved that forces, sensible and occult, physical and metaphysical, simple and complex, surround, traverse, vibrate, rotate, repel, attract, without stop; that man's senses are conscious of few, and only in a partial degree; but that, from the beginning of organic existence his consciousness has been induced, expanded, trained in the lines of his sensitiveness; and that the rise of his faculties from a lower power to a higher, or from a narrower to a wider field, may be due to the function of assimilating and storing outside force or forces. There is nothing unscientific in the idea that, beyond the lines of force felt by the senses, the universe may be—as it has always been—either a supersensuous chaos or a divine unity, which irresistibly attracts, and is either life or death to penetrate. Thus far, religion, philosophy, and science seem to go hand in hand. The schools begin their vital battle only there. In the earlier stages of progress, the forces to be assimilated were simple and easy to absorb, but, as the mind of man enlarged its range, it enlarged the field of complexity, and must continue to do so, even into chaos, until the reservoirs of sensuous or supersensuous energies are exhausted, or cease to affect him, or until he succumbs to their excess.

For past history, this way of grouping its sequences may answer for a chart of relations, although any serious student would need to invent another, to compare or correct its errors; but past history is only a value of relation to the future, and this value is wholly one of convenience, which can be tested only by experiment. Any law of movement must include, to make it a convenience, some mechanical formula of acceleration.

A LAW OF ACCELERATION (1904)

IMAGES are not arguments, rarely even lead to proof, but the mind craves them, and, of late more than ever, the keenest experimenters find twenty

images better than one, especially if contradictory; since the human mind has already learned to deal in contradictions.

The image needed here is that of a new centre, or preponderating mass, artificially introduced on earth in the midst of a system of attractive forces that previously made their own equilibrium, and constantly induced to accelerate its motion till it shall establish a new equilibrium. A dynamic theory would begin by assuming that all history, terrestrial or cosmic, mechanical or intellectual, would be reducible to this formula if we knew the facts.

For convenience, the most familiar image should come first; and this is probably that of the comet, or meteoric streams, like the Leonids and Perseids; a complex of minute mechanical agencies, reacting within and without, and guided by the sum of forces attracting or deflecting it. Nothing forbids one to assume that the man-meteorite might grow, as an acorn does, absorbing light, heat, electricity—or thought; for, in recent times, such transference of energy has become a familiar idea; but the simplest figure, at first, is that of a perfect comet—say that of 1843—which drops from space, in a straight line, at the regular acceleration of speed, directly into the sun, and after wheeling sharply about it, in heat that ought to dissipate any known substance, turns back unharmed, in defiance of law, by the path on which it came. The mind, by analogy, may figure as such a comet, the better because it also defies law.

Motion is the ultimate object of science, and measures of motion are many; but with thought as with matter, the true measure is mass in its astronomic sense—the sum or difference of attractive forces. Science has quite enough trouble in measuring its material motions without volunteering help to the historian, but the historian needs not much help to measure some kinds of social movement; and especially in the nineteenth century, society by common accord agreed in measuring its progress by the coal-output. The ratio of increase in the volume of coal-power may serve as dynamometer.

A law of acceleration, definite and constant as any law of mechanics, cannot be supposed to relax its energy to suit the convenience of man. No one is likely to suggest a theory that man's convenience had been consulted by Nature at any time, or that Nature has consulted the convenience of any of her creations, except perhaps the *Terebratulæ*. In every age man has bitterly and justly complained that Nature hurried and hustled him, for inertia almost invariably has ended in tragedy. Resistance is its law, and resistance to superior mass is futile and fatal.

Fifty years ago science took for granted that the rate of acceleration could not last. The world forgets quickly, but even today the habit remains of founding statistics on the faith that consumption will continue nearly stationary. Two generations, with John Stuart Mill, talked of this stationary period, which was to follow the explosion of new power. All the men who were elderly in the forties died in this faith, and other men grew old nursing the same conviction, and happy in it; while science, for fifty years, permitted, or encouraged, society to think that force would

prove to be limited in supply. This mental inertia of science lasted through the eighties before showing signs of breaking up; and nothing short of radium fairly awakened men to the fact, long since evident, that force was inexhaustible. Even then the scientific authorities vehemently resisted.

Nothing so revolutionary had happened since the year 300. Thought had more than once been upset, but never caught and whirled about in the vortex of infinite forces. Power leaped from every atom, and enough of it to supply the stellar universe showed itself running to waste at every pore of matter. Man could no longer hold it off. Forces grasped his wrists and flung him about as though he had hold of a live wire or a runaway automobile; which was very nearly the exact truth for the purposes of an elderly and timid single gentleman in Paris, who never drove down the Champs Elysées without expecting an accident, and commonly witnessing one; or found himself in the neighborhood of an official without calculating the chances of a bomb. So long as the rates of progress held good, these bombs would double in force and number every ten years.

Impossibilities no longer stood in the way. One's life had fattened on impossibilities. Before the boy was six years old, he had seen four impossibilities made actual—the ocean-steamer, the railway, the electric telegraph, and the Daguerreotype; nor could he ever learn which of the four had most hurried others to come. He had seen the coal-output of the United States grow from nothing to three hundred million tons or more. What was far more serious, he had seen the number of minds, engaged in pursuing force—the truest measure of its attraction—increase from a few scores or hundreds, in 1838, to many thousands in 1905, trained to sharpness never before reached, and armed with instruments amounting to new senses of indefinite power and accuracy, while they chased force into hiding-places where Nature herself had never known it to be, making analyses that contradicted being, and syntheses that endangered the elements. No one could say that the social mind now failed to respond to new force, even when the new force annoyed it horribly. Every day Nature violently revolted, causing so-called accidents with enormous destruction of property and life, while plainly laughing at man, who helplessly groaned and shrieked and shuddered, but never for a single instant could stop. The railways alone approached the carnage of war; automobiles and fire-arms ravaged society, until an earthquake became almost a nervous relaxation. An immense volume of force had detached itself from the unknown universe of energy, while still vaster reservoirs, supposed to be infinite, steadily revealed themselves, attracting mankind with more compulsive course than all the Pontic Seas or Gods or Gold that ever existed, and feeling still less of retiring ebb.

In 1850, science would have smiled at such a romance as this, but, in 1900, as far as history could learn, few men of science thought it a laughing matter. If a perplexed but laborious follower could venture to guess their drift, it seemed in their minds a toss-up between anarchy

and order. Unless they should be more honest with themselves in the future than ever they were in the past, they would be more astonished than their followers when they reached the end. If Karl Pearson's notions of the universe were sound, men like Galileo, Descartes, Leibnitz, and Newton should have stopped the progress of science before 1700, supposing them to have been honest in the religious convictions they expressed. In 1900 they were plainly forced back on faith in a unity unproved and an order they had themselves disproved. They had reduced their universe to a series of relations to themselves. They had reduced themselves to motion in a universe of motions, with an acceleration, in their own case, of vertiginous violence.

To educate—one's self to begin with—had been the effort of one's life for sixty years; and the difficulties of education had gone on doubling with the coal-output, until the prospect of waiting another ten years, in order to face a seventh doubling of complexities, allured one's imagination but slightly. The law of acceleration was definite, and did not require ten years more study except to show whether it held good. No scheme could be suggested to the new American, and no fault needed to be found, or complaint made; but the next great influx of new forces seemed near at hand, and its style of education promised to be violently coercive. The movement from unity into multiplicity, between 1200 and 1900, was unbroken in sequence, and rapid in acceleration. Prolonged one generation longer, it would require a new social mind. As though thought were common salt in indefinite solution it must enter a new phase subject to new laws. Thus far, since five or ten thousand years, the mind had successfully reacted, and nothing yet proved that it would fail to react—but it would need to jump.

NUNC AGE (1905)

NEARLY forty years had passed since the ex-private secretary landed at New York with the ex-Ministers Adams and Motley, when they saw American society as a long caravan stretching out towards the plains. As he came up the bay again, November 5, 1904, an older man than either his father or Motley in 1868, he found the approach more striking than ever—wonderful—unlike anything man had ever seen—and like nothing he had ever much cared to see. The outline of the city became frantic in its effort to explain something that defied meaning. Power seemed to have outgrown its servitude and to have asserted its freedom. The cylinder had exploded, and thrown great masses of stone and steam against the sky. The city had the air and movement of hysteria, and the citizens were crying, in every accent of anger and alarm, that the new forces must at any cost be brought under control. Prosperity never before imagined, power never yet wielded by man, speed never reached by anything but a meteor, had made the world irritable, nervous, querulous, unreasonable and afraid. All New York was demanding new men, and all

the new forces, condensed into corporations, were demanding a new type of man—a man with ten times the endurance, energy, will and mind of the old type—for whom they were ready to pay millions at sight.

Having nothing else to do, the traveller went on to Washington to wait the end. There Roosevelt was training Constantines and battling Trusts.

Of the forces behind the Trusts, one could see something; they owned a complete organization, with schools, training, wealth and purpose; but of the forces behind Roosevelt one knew little; their cohesion was slight; their training irregular; their objects vague. The public had no idea what practical system it could aim at, or what sort of men could manage it. The single problem before it was not so much to control the Trusts as to create the society that could manage the Trusts. The new American must be either the child of the new forces or a chance sport of nature. The attraction of mechanical power had already wrenched the American mind into a crab-like process which Roosevelt was making heroic efforts to restore to even action, and he had every right to active support and sympathy from all the world, especially from the Trusts themselves so far as they were human; but the doubt persisted whether the force that educated was really man or nature—mind or motion. The mechanical theory, mostly accepted by science, seemed to require that the law of mass should rule. In that case, progress would continue as before.

In that, or any other case, a nineteenth-century education was as useless or misleading as an eighteenth-century education had been to the child of 1838; but Adams had a better reason for holding his tongue. For his dynamic theory of history he cared no more than for the kinetic theory of gas; but, if it were an approach to measurement of motion, it would verify or disprove itself within thirty years. At the calculated acceleration, the head of the meteor-stream must very soon pass perihelion. Therefore, dispute was idle, discussion was futile, and silence, next to good-temper, was the mark of sense. If the acceleration, measured by the development and economy of forces, were to continue at its rate since 1800, the mathematician of 1950 should be able to plot the past and future orbit of the human race as accurately as that of the November meteoroids.

On reaching Washington, November 14, 1904, Adams saw at a glance that Hay must have rest. Already Mrs. Hay had bade him prepare to help in taking her husband to Europe as soon as the Session should be over, and although Hay protested that the idea could not even be discussed, his strength failed so rapidly that he could not effectually discuss it, and ended by yielding without struggle. He would equally have resigned office and retired, like Purun Dass, had not the President and the press protested; but he often debated the subject, and his friends could throw no light on it. Adams himself, who had set his heart on seeing Hay close his career by making peace in the East, could only urge that vanity for vanity, the crown of peacemaker was worth the cross of martyrdom; but the cross was full in sight, while the crown was still uncertain. Adams

found his formula for Russian inertia exasperatingly correct. He thought that Russia should have negotiated instantly on the fall of Port Arthur, January 1, 1905; he found that she had not the energy, but meant to wait till her navy should be destroyed. The delay measured precisely the time that Hay had to spare.

Laughing frankly at his dozen treaties hung up in the Senate Committee-room like lambs in a butcher's shop, one could still remind him of what was solidly completed. In his eight years of office he had solved nearly every old problem of American statesmanship, and had left little or nothing to annoy his successor. He had brought the great Atlantic powers into a working system, and even Russia seemed about to be dragged into a combine of intelligent equilibrium based on an intelligent allotment of activities. For the first time in fifteen hundred years a true Roman *pax* was in sight, and would, if it succeeded, owe its virtues to him. Except for making peace in Manchuria, he could do no more; and if the worst should happen, setting continent against continent in arms—the only apparent alternative to his scheme—he need not repine at missing the catastrophe.

Arrived at Genoa, the party hid itself for a fortnight at Nervi, and he gained strength rapidly as long as he made no effort and heard no call for action. Then they all went on to Nauheim without relapse. There, after a few days, Adams left him for the regular treatment, and came up to Paris. The medical reports promised well, and Hay's letters were as humorous and light-handed as ever. To the last he wrote cheerfully of his progress, and amusingly, with his usual light scepticism, of his various doctors; but when the treatment ended, three weeks later, and he came on to Paris, he showed, at the first glance, that he had lost strength, and the return to affairs and interviews wore him rapidly out. He was conscious of it, and in his last talk before starting for London and Liverpool he took the end of his activity for granted. "You must hold out for the peace negotiations," was the remonstrance. "I've not time!" he replied. "You'll need little time!" was the rejoinder. Each was correct.

There it ended! Shakespeare himself could use no more than the commonplace to express what is incapable of expression. "The rest is silence!" The few familiar words, among the simplest in the language, conveying an idea trite beyond rivalry, served Shakespeare, and, as yet, no one has said more. A few weeks afterwards, one warm evening in early July, as Adams was strolling down to dine under the trees at Armenonville, he learned that Hay was dead. He expected it; on Hay's account, he was even satisfied to have his friend die, as we would all die if we could, in full fame, at home and abroad, universally regretted, and wielding his power to the last. One had seen scores of emperors and heroes fade into cheap obscurity even when alive; and now, at least, one had not that to fear for one's friend. It was not even the suddenness of the shock, or the sense of void, that threw Adams into the depths of Hamlet's Shakespearcan silence in the full flare of Paris frivolity in its favorite haunt where worldly vanity reached its most futile climax in human

history; it was only the quiet summons to follow—the assent to dismissal. It was time to go. The three friends had begun life together; and the last of the three had no motive—no attraction—to carry it on after the others had gone. Education had ended for all three, and only beyond some remoter horizon could its values be fixed or renewed. Perhaps some day—say 1938, their centenary—they might be allowed to return together for a holiday, to see the mistakes of their own lives made clear in the light of the mistakes of their successors; and perhaps then, for the first time since man began his education among the carnivores, they would find a world that sensitive and timid natures could regard without a shudder.